

Art

Covelo Village Garden
25 May 1977

The subject this morning is so vast that there is no preface. Also I have no means in this subject of referring to anyone else, the one and only area where that takes place. The subject is art. Art and craft are always put together. We will talk a little bit about craft, as craft is a separate entity as well.

We have considered the seasons. We have now perceived what is behind the tangible, separated, *touchingnesses* of time and place, and we have discovered the mystery: the four Archangels. If you will hold that in your attitude, the *avenue* will lead to the distance of the *avenue* of art.

Art is classic, beyond all accessible limits, forever. Art can never be amateur. It is not created in the mind. It is not reason, nor is it intellect. It is visual. Craft is in technique, reason, and intellect. Art is *idée*. The marriage of the leadership of art, demanding the ego-separated magnetic force, within craft, technique—to come out and use it: is creation. The craft and the art married are horticulture: the visible hand of God. Art is seed, is *idée*. Craft is plant, metamorphosis. Art is the utmost *idée* with no metamorphosis. Everything that we have in life is that, except growth. The art of color, the art of sound, the art of form, the arts of the senses, can all be in ratio, divorced, separated. The art of horticulture cannot be separated. Lives within itself.

Art in the human aspect—which as I have already mentioned in the first statement is beyond all accessible, forever—therefore in the human element is the attempt to touch *idée*, the invisible, into birth, unseparated. There is no reason in it. Oscar Wilde¹ made the astonishing statement that bewildered everybody for a long time. They scattered on their heels when he said, publicly, “All art is useless!” When we look deeply into this, we discover further methods in reflection.

Art is without question joy, and joy is without question mystery. Therefore, technique is craft and is the procedure to physically, in

separation, fulfill the art in a tangible form. Art is invisible. Art is then, within the kingdom of the stars, and is within the essence of seed. And seed contains the essence of mystery.

Look then at what we call art. You have a participle of separations: that the more classic that your focus becomes in art, the more classic does the art, of course, become. And the more that you create separations, the more that you have to cross the bridge—which your very voice has to cross when you speak on your level—you have to cross the bridge that links the visible to the invisible.

Today, we are so utterly tied up with ahrimanic, that luciferic, although it is playing the utmost, is completely bewildering to us. The whole laboratory, the whole mis-art of agriculture, is this ahrimanic action: only that which is touchable by the physical, that there is only physical, that there is only death, not birth. It is this that has become stagnant for us. It is this whole mystery that art leads us out of. The whole of the arts that concern separatenesses are color, sound, and form, with the senses; they are the whole permanent and perpetual leaderships that are the radii of mystery that never leave us alone. *Never* leave us alone. They are our entire *environnement*. They confuse us, they worry us, they trick us, and all our senses inwardly are reactive.

And the great envision-ments of classic art always strike to the very center of each individual, whether they accept it or not, whether they can perceive it or not. Just as the trees and the grass and the plants are the resuscitators and the forgivers: thus is art. The whole connection with what we must assess as religion, which takes the pomegranate as its fruit: being all seed and no fruit, therefore being all mystery, therefore being all essence of *idée*, and no metamorphosis. With the whole astonishment of humanity perceiving this, ad infinitum.

In the B.C., the whole attitude to gods and goddesses under God and Olympus, the whole essence of forms of Olympus, came about after the A.D. to become the cathedral, the monastery. Within the very essence of the focus of that is almost the center point of the approach to art. Was not the whole form formed by the tree, of the building? Was it not a majesty of this separation of *idée*? Was not the color, the light, was not the sound of the instrumentation, all *separatenesses* of *idée*? The art in ascension, wholly, in essence within a seed of the belief in mystery

beyond all accessible limits. The whole beauty of that matter was that the cathedral, true mystery to total birth, creation of God, should be the greatest achievement of the art constructed through craft, that man could reflect. More so the feeling that this held, more so than his self, his family, everything around him, his possessions.

No art can possibly be empty. It is not. It is the reverse, the opposite course to separation. It's a total marriage. The whole concept of every person who is called a 'great artist'—and of course, none of them have the right to be called a great artist—there is no consideration of return of balance in the scale whatever to the ahrimanic, to the luciferic. It is utter *image, idée*. When everything is sacrificed to the *idée*, then everything can be sacrificed to the technique, the craft, to bring it about.

The whole astonishment of this therefore, in music: how like a copy of the bee hive is the whole orchestra that we know of today, where every single entity in the hive operates upon her reflection to a leadership. Not one of the female workers require to have the sexuality of life, but they all do, through the queen. How interesting that all the musicians in an orchestra do not wish to compose the piece that they are playing. It has already been composed by art. And they are performing craft. But in performing craft, they have in their very essence, in their heart, the seed of art. Creation is there and they are fulfilling it.

But every one of them is one hundred percent obedient to a conductor. And the conductor did not compose the score. The score was composed and thrown in the air and written on the wall in notation. That notation is craft, technique. And it's the possibility for every technical ability to follow it, compose it into paper. How astonishing that you can take a score of music and everybody can play it. It is only black dots on a piece of white paper, and this is verbosity, and this is wordism. They can play nothing themselves, nothing whatever. But out of rhythm, out of true art, true language, comes creation.

The whole of consideration of the art of medicine: when man lived in balance, his food was his natural balance. The word 'medicine' did not exist. It was complete. It *was* complete. It was art. And as man separated his reason and intellect, his mind from *idée*—art—his internal organs became unbalanced and required more focus from the craft, technique, of the juices of plants, to restore, and the doctor came in. Before the

doctors came in, it was the participle of the Druidae, who of course, as you know, were vastly B.C., it was them whose duty it was to be what is called the priest and the doctor, who attended to the spirit of man: the vision, the seed, the art, *and* the craft; the health of the people. It is the duty of the Druidae priest to be the priest and the doctor. And then reason and intellect divorced, till it limits the art. Too hot; too cold. And the medico, as the family doctor, was no longer valued, and became a specialist, and then became a specialist dietician, and then became a mental specialist, and well you have got some idea of where it has got today.

Remember, then, the statement that origin essence contains the utmost energy. The more *divertissement* of that origin contains less and less degree of the energy. Now you understand why herbs are moral forces. They contain the utmost energy. The figure, if you like, of the modern horticulturalist, the self-appropriated, divorcing horticulturalist, who is thinking more of himself and his fellow men than Nature, produces a plant that has less energies. The herb is a moral force. The herb is art, contains art. Plants of the garden, generally, not as energies at the present, contain less art and more craft.

Now enters the word 'arty-crafty', what you approach in that, what it is. And then invariably you say, "Oh that person. Brilliant, absolutely brilliant! Very clever. Terribly crafty!" Hmmm. So much acumen, that looks so wonderful to the physical eye, and contains no essence, so little *idée*. Very crafty: complete bewilderment, do you see? But also perceive that all craft, technique, completed with the marriage of *idée*, is so perfect that craft cannot perceive it. You cannot find the technique of perfect art through the imperfect art. And what is imperfect art? That craft which has not been properly married to *idée*.

It was in this matter that Leonardo², as a huge informative within, which he realized that the silhouette of the great Dutch period that followed the van Eyck³, where van Eyck, the van Eyck family, placed the whole background of Nature to the background of the human being, marrying *idée* with metamorphosis. And that following that, metamorphosis came into the major picture of wanting a subject. *It*, that we can see them, we can touch. And so they painted everybody's face on brown sauce. Nature was gone. Essence, *idée*, was beginning

to disappear. You couldn't go 'round the back of the head, it was just brown sauce. And you can't go on swimming in brown sauce.

Leonardo, the enormous observer all the time of the scene, as Plato says, "I do not know, but I do perceive": he looked always at Nature. He realized that the whole attitude of draftsmanship was a basis and that it was deceptive in that it was touchable, like a photograph is, that is so acceptable to the ice cream palette. The children may swallow it, but the aroma of *Angelica* is not. And in his perception he realized the nearest that could be got with color and form was that it must exhibit the vision of *idée*, the almost bringing of invisible birth into the very painting that is completely a constriction of patterns.

For the astonishing thing is, that when you go into a gallery and look at a picture, you never go up and touch it. But everybody does want to. They go right up and try look 'round. And because they can't make it out, they have to look and see what is written underneath to tell them what the painting is about.

This whole matter that he realized, where he perceived Nature always, because he lived in *idée*. He never really lived in metamorphosis, as when he proceeded from the plan he made (of flying machines), flying in the height of the sky, and led his vision right out of himself, and left it there. And so he realized that all of anything he wanted to paint as a subject, must absolutely be lost in totality. In this he discovered that he must use some synergist that would make no silhouette, no edge, no line. For there is no edge in Nature. There is not an edge to the stem of a tree, which only our educated parental mind pretends that is there. It's a pretense.

So he discovered that the juice of the fig was that magic synergist. And so secret was his discovery, that of course, like all great artists, as they must, must hide it in the dark and never reveal this. All great artists are secret. They will not confide. Nobody is ever allowed into the rehearsal of a great player. Nobody is ever allowed into the studio of a great painter whilst the painting is going on. When music is being practiced, it is not open to the public. It couldn't be. That would become amateur. But nobody must perceive the craft, the technique, for that is going to surround and be obliterated by *idée*. This then is art. This is classic art.