



## ANGELS OF BEAUTY AND OF ART

BY  
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Everything divine is beautiful, expressing in its degree the perfect beauty of the Absolute.

The greater the density in which God limits Himself, the deeper His beauty lies hidden. Some among the Angel hosts, seeing the beauty of their God, themselves embody it, and take it as their duty in the world of form to aid the builders of forms, that they may fashion all things, never forgetting the beauty of the pattern by which they work.

These Angels of Beauty seek to mould both growing and completed forms; that more and more the hidden loveliness may shine forth. As Music angels are the voice of God, these angels are His Hand, with which He paints upon the canvas of the universe the picture of the vision He has seen.

Every time a man aspires towards the Beautiful, and tries to model, paint or draw according to The Highest he can see, he makes himself akin to the angels of the Hand of God; for a time their rhythm becomes his. If he called them they would come and add their vision to his own, their genius of colour and of form, would wake in him their thirst for all things beautiful, would strive to stimulate his mind to break the conventions and the limitations of his time. They would implant new theories, fresh ideals within his brain; so that the tendency of human mind to set a limit and fix a law would be overcome, and creative genius, hid deep as though within a prison, would be released. So his soul would be set free, and mounting on the wings of art might attain the vision that is ever new, might override the canons of the past; for even the Beauty of

God is subject to the law of change, and grows in splendour day by day.

The Angels of Colour and of Form would bring to man this growing beauty, this ever-increasing wonder, this infinite loveliness of God, that every man might share with them the honour which is theirs of acting as the Hand of the Supreme Artist. Invoke angels in your schools of art, invite them to your aid; then ugliness shall be banished and all the world be more beautiful.

Their message to men is that Beauty ranks high among the offerings on the altar of the Gods, that Beauty should be regarded as a virtue, and ugliness be branded as a sin; that every child from birth should see only what is lovely, graceful and delicate.

Beauty is not born, nor can it die, it is eternal. Only a fragment of Beauty's self can become manifest, only a gleam from the eternal Sun of Beauty can shine through a universe; men seeing it, and dazzled by the sight, think that they see the whole, though the whole can never be seen by angel or by man. But the fragment grows, the radiance of the gleam increases, as more and more the universe embodies it. More and more the Self and Beauty appears as one in manifested worlds, as they are one in worlds unmanifest.

True beauty is ever new; and this is the sign by which you may distinguish between the false and the true. False beauty, product of the lesser selves, changes not, is fixed, and like all things that are "fixed" in a universe which is ever growing, is old from the moment it is born.

As there is a motion throughout the universe, so motion must be suggested by true beauty. There is no beauty in a picture of death, though death itself is not without beauty. Beauty is the soul of all natural things, and lies hid in every virtue, especially love. You need no other standard, require no other law; nor is there any other virtue so great as the love of the beautiful, for beauty is the essence of them all.

Every law you frame, and every statue you enact, should be tested by this question: "Will the result be beautiful?" This is the ideal by which a citizen should measure his conduct and his duty to the State. This is the standard for the nations in their Councils and their Leagues, for with one glance the artist Ruler of a world can estimate the worth of governments and kings. To Him, the measure of a nation's ugliness is the measure of its mismanagement of affairs; the measure of a nation's beauty, as of the true royalty of its king, is that of the progress it has made. Welcome, then, as continents, as nations, as men, the presence of the angels of the Hand of God, the Devas of Beauty, for they will fill your worlds of feeling and of thought with such an impress of their gift that your more solid selves will be unable to resist. Aided by the angels of the Hand of God, all men may become artists, for the Vision Splendid will come so close that even the dumbest eyes must see. Poets, dreamers, painters, sculptors, will arise in every family, till all the world becomes a studio, and earth and stone and brick are recognised as clay for the modeller's hand.

You shall build cities fairer than were ever seen in Greece, for you are Greece reincarnate; but you have grown since then; the angels who taught in Greece have grown since then. Together we might fill whole continents with cities fairer than those of old.

You shall mould your thoughts, your feelings and your flesh; you shall build a Race godlike in its beauty and its strength; the angel hosts will come to aid you in your task.

This is the vision of the future that we bring, a future of limitless possibilities of splendour, when once more the children of God, angels and men, come together for the fulfilment of the Plan.

*Sources:*

Text: Geoffrey Hodson, *The Brotherhood of Angels and of Men*

Paintings: Annael Pavlova, <http://www.annael.com/>

