

here give the weight-lifting brotherhood what is probably the earliest attempt made in the art to which they are devoted. It is certainly the first statue wherein it is embodied.

Here the genial never-known-to-be-sober Silenus is doing what looks very like an "after-supper lift." His "form," I fear, would hardly pass muster in these scientific days. Still, the old boy is evidently doing his best, and no doubt his "act" got considerable applause.

"The Discobolus" (after Myron).

In a short article such as this it is impossible to touch on more than the very fringe of such a wide subject as Greek Sculpture. Therefore, I shall try to give readers a bird's-eye view of what appears to my humble judgment "the pick of the basket," from the physical point of view.

Let us then take as a start the "Discobolus after Myron." Alas, how very often one has in this subject to use the word "after"—so few, so very few, of the great masterpieces having come down to us.

Lucian very graphically describes this statue:

"The quoit player, who is stooping in the attitude of one about to make his throw, twisting round towards the hand holding the quoit and bending his knee, as it is about to spring up after the cast."

It is, indeed, a wonderful snap, and shows the marvellous powers of observation of the sculptor, combined with faultless knowledge of the anatomy of the athlete. Note the absence of strain, the freedom of the muscles not in use. Note also the well-developed shoulder muscles, the clean abdominals, the arched instep. Would that space allowed for a long panegyric on this masterpiece. Readers will find a marble copy of the Discobolus in the second Roman room of the British Museum. Go and have a look at it; it does one good. Myron flourished in the fifth century, B.C., and it is a "pasty jar," is it not, to contemplate how that same "A.C. 500" shows up A.D. 1910—I mean in sculpture, not physique.

"Doryphoros" (after Polyclethus). The Perfect Figure of 440 B.C.

The Doryphoros or "Spear-bearer" is quite specially interesting, as he was, so to speak, "made to measure"—what a catalogue would call a "bespoke order." Polyclethus invented a rule of human proportions, and wrote a book called the "Canon," and to prove his theory that the perfect human figure is formed in accordance with certain laws of



Silenus.

proportions, that each part is relative in size to the others, he made a statue called the "Canon," and Doryphoros is thought to be an ancient copy of this very statue.

You will note, therefore, you "HEALTH & STRENGTH" readers, this was the perfect human figure of 440 B.C.

The most cursory glance will convince you that here was an exceptionally powerful wrestler or weight-lifter, certainly not what I should call a boxer, as the figure lacks elasticity, and is over-developed, to my mind, for that art. The striking thing here, and indeed in practically all the statues of this period, is the wonderful development of the senatus and abdominal muscles. One notices that even in the figures of quite young athletes, little more in fact than boys, and yet weight-lifting, as we know it, was excluded from the Olympic games.

The perfect figure, then, at this period was a man of medium height, squarely built, and very powerfully developed "all over." Now let us contrast this sturdy specimen of the art of Polyclethus with that well-known and justly-

admired statue of the Apoxyomenos, or, as it is usually called, the man with the strigil or metal scraper, by Lysippos. This, as you know, is a favourite pose of Lient. J. P. Müller.

(I made many attempts to get a front view of this athlete, but failed. The front view gives a much better idea of his height and graceful proportions.)

The Greek youths always anointed themselves with oil before doing their exercising. Now it appears to me, on looking at their beautiful smooth forms, that this same oiling must have had something to do with that noticeable characteristic of Greek statuary: There is no doubt it must have kept the muscles flexible. They knew a thing or two these Greeks, eh? and yet they took all this trouble for a wreath of olive leaves!

Mr. Eustace Miles, no less an authority on Greek Physical Culture than he is on British games, agrees with this view, and in addition considers their smoothness of skin due to better air, more sensible clothes, very little meat, and perspiration brought on by exercise and hot air.

Well, in comparing our strigil friend with the spear-bearer, one notices a distinct alteration in the proportion. The head of the former is smaller and the figure not so thick, though distinctly more graceful. There is that free, mobile look about the poise that makes one think here one should find an ideal, all-round man. The face, too, is more refined and thoughtful. Altogether, I think Lysippos went "one better" than Polyclethus, don't you?

"The Age of Praxiteles."

Praxiteles was born at Athens in the early years of the 4th century B.C.

His Hermes (Mercury) has the unique distinction of being the only statue in the world on which we can look and say: "This is the original work of one of the six greatest sculptors among the ancient Greeks, not a copy by a later artist, but the production of his own hand." I also show the unrestored copy in the British Museum.

This statue, it is interesting to note, was dug up in 1875 by the Germans, at Olympia. It is noticeable that all Praxiteles' statues lean against a support. This gave rise to what has been called the "Praxitelean curve," and I fancy I can hear the remedial gymnasts gently murmuring "Curvature!"

Note here that wonderful expression of the muscles beneath the skin, the beautifully-formed knee, the length of limb, and the straight line from hip-joint to ankle. It is that of an ideal runner, and yet a well-



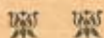
The Farnese Hercules.



Discobolus (after Myron).



Hercules (from the Vatican).



The
Statue of
Apoxyomenos
at
Rome.



The Ancient Athlete and What He Can Teach Us.

By Lieut. T. A. W. FLYNN, N.S.P.E., G.T.D.

frame. The frames are generally black, and have what you might call plenty of "margin"; knock out the picture, and you really get very good value for your money. Always go to these shops when you want frames.

Of course, all this nonsense has nothing whatever to do with the Discobolus, but I went through a lot before I secured him, and I mean to let you know all about it.

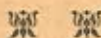
At one shop there were certainly plenty of antiques, but not the kind I wanted; Nellie Farren, Kate Vaughan, Fred Leslie, Emily Soldene, Henry Irving, were all unearthed for my benefit, and really it went quite against the grain to turn one's back on such old-time favourites.

Eventually, however, I secured the address of a place at which I should be "dead certain" to find what I wanted, so thither "I hied me"—when you're writing on antiques your language ought to coincide, eh? Well, my "hiesing" thither was not in vain, and I trust the samples I have chosen may be to your liking.

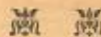
"Why Greek Art Should Appeal to 'H. & S.' Readers."

In the first place, Greek sculptors loved whatever was healthy, whatever was beautiful, and if ever there was a nation who carried out that motto you all know so well, "Sacred thy body even as thy soul," that nation was the Greeks. And the clean, healthy, manly outlook on life their sculptors revealed to us in their masterpieces—so few of which have, alas! come down to us—have been an inspiration to all succeeding ages.

By Jove! (the oath, if such it be, is appropriately classical) the next best thing to being a modern Irishman would be the part of an ancient Greek, living in that golden age when "glory and sport were one," as our friend Yorick Grady expressed it in his poem, "Paced by a Vow":



The
Doryphoros
or Spear Bearer,
(after
Praxiteles).



"And the greatest prize of the greatest race
Was the rapturous shout, 'Well done!'"

"The British Museum as a Nerve Tonic."

There is another cogent reason why we should cherish these reminders of a splendid past. The ideals they set before us must inevitably do us good. To contemplate dignity, manliness, gentleness, repose, must tend to raise a man, even if he is somewhat hazy as to whether the Elgin marbles are in Trafalgar Square or in the British Museum.

Therefore, just take my advice, and have a look round the sculpture galleries of the British Museum. It will do you more good than many of the "nerve restorers," and isn't nearly so expensive.

"A Slow Press" by Silenus.

As a spoonful of jam is, or rather was, in the days of yore usually given with a powder,

HEY-HO! what a deuce of a lag this burrowing among the old 'uns is, to be sure; a sort of perpetual exam, which never seems to finish. You don't know the grind I've had to get this little lot together. You go to a shop and ask for a photo of Discobolus, and the shopman answers:

"No, sir, we haven't got *her*, but we have some nice ones of Phyllis Dare." Of course, you "don't say things," you just look and stammer:

"Sorry to trouble you, but that is not quite what I require. Figure is all right, but costume not quite the period." You try another shop, this time not the common or garden picture postcard place, but a real art shop.

There are not many pictures on view, and those you do see want a lot of "finding out." Their great merit is that they are really not expensive, i.e., not if you want a really good



Agred statue at the Vatican.



The Strangford Apollo.



Hermes, with Infant Dionysos (at the British Museum).

developed one, for note the rounded neck and well-set head, the deltoid muscles, and once more the "abdominals."

It is indeed a chef-d'œuvre of graceful ease.

"A Contrast."—"The Farnese Hercules."

Although not in strict chronological order, I should like next to present to your inspection that well-known statue, "The Farnese Hercules." A certain clever writer on the subject calls this statue a good illustration of the defects of a Græco-Roman copy. The original was by Lysippos, whose man with the strigil you have already seen. But the copyist, Glycon, an Athenian, displays certain qualities and defects which mark the work of Græco-Roman copyists. There is a strong leaning towards exaggeration. Note the huge, clumsy muscles and the too small head, and, above all, the over-accentuation of weariness, amounting almost to depression—repose, in fact, overdone; not a pleasing picture in spite of enormous power, but one we rather turn from with relief. In contrast to this over-developed figure is the Hercules from the Vatican.

The Over-rated Apollo Belvedere.

Great Scott!—I mean Great Zeus! who dares to talk of the great Apollo being over-rated? Well, I do. I, T. A. W. F., think "his godship" puts on far too much "side." Note the disdainful curl of the lip, note what a lady could call her "coiffure."

A great rowing authority stated some years ago that, in his opinion, the Apollo Belvedere "was the ideal type of a heavy-weight rowing man." Well, he's welcome to his opinion, only I very much doubt if such an Apollo would take the trouble to pull that weight, and I'm quite certain that nothing could persuade him to get into a good old scull. Why, he would quite spoil that beautiful "coiffure"! No, Apollo is a very fine fellow—on a pedestal. He would make havoc among the matinee girls. Put him in melo-drama, and Lewis Waller might retire. Put him in musical comedy, and "Hayden would be in his Coffin." But athlete—other than pedestal type, beauty show man—no, emphatically no: He's far too soft.



Apollo Belvedere.

And just to show I'm not quite alone in my opinion, let me quote Miss Helen Edith Legge, an acknowledged authority on Greek art, who, in speaking of this Apollo, says: "Nowadays, with the Parthenon marbles and other Greek originals before my eyes, we rank it lower, feeling that it is graceful but not great, seeing that it is refined away into smoothness" (just what I said, "soft"), "the veins are not indicated, and the hair" (how I should like to see it after "a scrum" at Rugby) "is over-elaborated."

I Like the Strangford Apollo.

But I bear no ill-will to the Apollo clan (here is a goodly number of them). I should like to draw attention to what is known as the Strangford Apollo, from the collection of

Lord Strangford, and now in the British Museum. Go and have a look at him, readers, and see if you don't agree with me that "he's the man for your money," even if he does look a bit down in the mouth. Note those clean, lengthy limbs, those wide shoulders, and the arch of the instep, the firm poise. I particularly like that manly position, and yet graceful. The two don't too often combine. You will find our friend in the Archaic room, right-hand corner as you enter. Go, therefore, and pay your respects, and take off your hat to him, as I did.

A Lesson in Repose and Control.

What I think strikes one most when looking at these splendid forms of a bygone age is the strong yet kindly, almost benevolent, expression of the features, which, without doubt, shows that with them the intellectual went hand in hand with the physical. No doubt the sculptors idealised what they saw, but still, allowing for all such artistic licence, "the dominant note" is one of repose, self-control, and perfect harmony, both from the mental and physical standpoints. And this mental balance goes, I think, a long way in solving that question one naturally feels inclined to ask, "Why were the Greeks so noted for their grace?" No true grace and beauty can exist without harmony within, and when once that is established its outward portrayal follows as naturally as day follows night. The last thing I wish to do is to preach, but I do think that from these great masterpieces, or to be more correct replicas, of the ancients, we can, if we try, learn to be a little less tense and a little less fretful over small things, and a little more charitable to others.

Let us emulate these heroic youths in their grand simplicity, their fairness, their uprightness, so that all men may know that the British athlete, although "after," in point of time only, these models of the past, is yet their equal in clean, straightforward manliness. And in the words of Tennyson, that master poet of the 19th century, let each exclaim:

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Are You a Greek or a Physical Philistine?

By F. MEREDITH CLEAVE.



The Modern Greek.

muscles to demonstrate the prowess of his physique. Recall the glory of fine form of your statuary, and it needs a slight exercise of thought to appreciate how highly they valued, how nobly they prized "the likeness of man." One can see the results easily enough—their bodies being their superb physical

statue at the Vatican).

fitness, the fine, vigorous consonance of their entire system, in which every muscle was tuned true, every function of the body discharged with the wonderful efficiency of natural health. It must have been beautiful to see such men, beautiful even to watch the firm elasticity of their step, to listen to the even-toned range of their voice.

But the Philistine is an altogether different matter. In its modern sense, applied to modern men, the term denotes an uncultured person—a person devoid of a sense of appreciation of the wider issues, and of the intrinsic cleanliness and healthiness of life as Nature gave it to us—for the term applies in a physical connection just as well as in any other. You see them every day—men and women of poor development, of mean carriage, of awkward gait, men and women of portly obsession—physical Philistines all!

Now, the contrast is clear enough, so clear that no one can possibly mistake it; so clear that to the eye of the most casual passer-by your body proclaims aloud under which classification it must immediately fall. You cannot disguise it from yourself, and your tailor cannot disguise it for you. From your friends, your relatives, your associates, customers, clients, employees, employers—whom you will—it is wholly impossible to hide it. And what is, after all, even more important, you cannot ignore your own sensations of virile, bodily harmony in the one case, and

The Strangford Apollo.

insipid, tedious inertia in the other. For these things go to the very root of your life, and make or mar it accordingly.

The reference to such an obvious and fundamental contrast would have been at the outset insistent and ill-judged were its purpose merely to chronicle the irrefutability of these facts. But, fortunately, it is far other than this. It is to show how, in spite of modern conditions, in spite of the continuous demand upon one's time, or other considerations, the old Greek ideal may be cherished as truly as ever it was, and the inestimable benefits derived from it made accessible to everyone.

Of course everybody in these days has heard of Physical Culture. There are a hundred and one so-called schools of Physical Culture, all clamouring for the attention of the public.

Be careful in your choice, and avoid those that seek to develop a certain muscular system, beyond all the bounds of nature, at the expense of your general health.



The Physical Philistine.