THE
ARYAN PATH

Canst thou destroy divine Compassion? Compassion is no attribute. It is the Law of Laws—eternal Harmony, Alaya's Self; a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting right, and fitness of all things, the law of Love eternal. The more thou dost become at one with it, thy being melted in its Being, the more thy Soul unites with that which Is, the more thou wilt become Compassion Absolute. Such is the Aryan Path, Path of the Buddhas of perfection.

—*The Voice of the Silence*

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XV JANUARY 1944 No. 1

A LAMP UNTO MY FEET"

That is what the old Hebrew psalmist called the scriptures of his people—"a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." And that is the rôle of all the great scriptures whose light, like that of the ever-burning lamps whose preparation is a lost secret of antiquity, does not dim with the passage of time. The perpetual lamps of old will retain their fire when the arc-lamps of modernity have burned out. The light they give is varicoloured, but in each of those old scriptures shines a ray of the white light of Truth; however overlaid today with superstitions, rituals, creeds, the points of general agreement are in all. They indicate a single common source, a body of archaic knowledge, well worth the effort that its rediscovery entails.

In the last century science dethroned superstition and set up Law in its stead, a great achievement, surely, for law, however understood, is better than the caprice of a Personal God. But the law which science offers is a cold, dead thing. Causation as determinism, put forward by the science of the West, is a *cul-de-sac*, as discouraging to effort, and as repellent to man's innate sense of justice as is its Eastern equivalent, the misunderstanding of Karma as fatalism. Both have to be discarded. Men have to be convinced of their responsibility and encouraged to demonstrate the superiority of present effort over self-made destiny; the ancient scriptures carry that conviction and that encouragement.

For science cannot guide men all the way to truth. It has led the vanguard of the thoughtful out of the valley of irrationality, but it has left them stranded in the desert of negation and despair. Scientific education enthrones scepticism and imprisons spirituality. Reliance on the old faiths is crumbling fast, undermined by scientific teachings, and nothing is more needed by mankind today than a sound basis of philosophy on which to reconstruct a way of life. Agnosticism

is at best a temporary halting-place.

Clear thinkers who have seen the inadequacy of modern knowledge—and their number is growing—are bound to seek a better basis. And where shall they turn for it but to the accumulated wisdom of the ages, and especially to old Asiatic literature? The Brahmanical and Buddhist philosophies, and those of India's great neighbour to the East can throw a flood of light on modern problems.

Lin Yutang is a modern who has recognised the materialistic interpretation of life for what it is, a signpost on the road to chaos and despair. Himself "a lover of books that are eternal in their wisdom," he has brought together in a rich anthology, *The Wisdom of China and India*, ideas of ancient sages which can furnish inspiration for our life today.

The comparative study of religions is the natural recourse of the thoughtful whom science has freed from orthodoxy. That such study has so often been sterile is the fault of the approach. The searcher for truth has sometimes been submerged in the philologist and the heart doctrine lost in intellectual subtleties. Studying the ancient scriptures as but the record of the religious views of civilisations long since dead and gone is like half-hearted stirring of dead ashes. It fails to disclose the glowing embers which they hide and which must be uncovered and fanned into a flame for the illumination they can throw upon our path.

The chief defect of modern knowledge is that, dealing with the world of the senses alone, it has failed to place on a firm basis the concept of the brotherhood of man. That brotherhood rests upon a unity of spiritual essence far beyond the reach of scientific probe or microscope. It is the flouting of that fact of brotherhood that has brought the world to its present sorry pass. Clear, unequivocal conceptions of ethic ideas and duties are needed as the basis of social reforms which will satisfy the right and altruistic feelings in man. The growing urge to justice must find channels of expression. The ancient scriptures offer the necessary lead.

The ground is not all covered by Lin Yutang's anthology. He should have emulators to collate the gems from other ancient treasuries and reset them for us. All of the great religions and philosophies of the past have shown a single way of life, not different ways. But we need all the light that all can shed upon our modern problems, both individual and corporate. The Light of the Ancient East, however dim it may appear, does burn and the use of it in human service has become an imperative necessity.

THE CLASSICS

[**Mr. E. H. Blakeney** has had a distinguished career as an educationist, a poet and a classical scholar. He writes here out of lifelong familiarity with the classics of Greece and Rome, several of which he has edited. Much that he says of those is applicable to the still older classics of the ancient East.—ED.]

Ingenuas didicisse fidelitur artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.
OVID.

We commonly speak of the "classics" without always reminding ourselves how the word passed into everyday use. Originally *classicus* meant belonging to the highest *class*; then we find the word modified later by the sense of "used in the classes of schools." In the seventeenth century, it took on the signification it usually has today: that is, it was applied to the standard Greek and Latin writers, though it ultimately was expanded so as to embrace any writer of established reputation. And the word is often now applied to art, style, appearance. In the present article "classic" will be used mainly in its old restricted meaning, though it is hardly necessary to point out that, when we talk of the "classics," we have every right to attach that designation to literatures that have no connexion with Greece or Rome. Many years ago a splendid series of volumes was published in Oxford, entitled *The Chinese Classics*--translations from the great works that have so long been treasured by the Chinese people, as part of an immemorial heritage. And what would be thought of us in England if we failed to recognize the "classics" of ancient India? The vast peninsula of the East, where learning and religion, poetry and art, have pursued their path for more than three thousand years, is (so to say) the matrix from which has issued—to name but a few—such splendours of the past as the Hymns of the *Rig-Veda*, or the imposing *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*. It would be easy indeed to mention other "classics" which have left an indelible mark on the thoughts and speculations of the Orient—the *Avesta*, the *Dhammapada*, the *Korán*: but their name is legion. Century after century these books, many of whose authors are unknown to us or but dimly surmised, have silently but surely affected the lives of men in a hundred ways, stimulating thought, quickening activity, kindling imagination. How could it be otherwise for those who, day by day, year by year, have listened to the message of the books, and tried, however imperfectly, to put the teaching into practice?

Matthew Arnold, in a well known essay on the Study of Poetry, rightly

emphasized the importance, in any fully civilized community, of a just appreciation of all that is *best* in literature,—especially the best in poetry, which is literature at its highest level. And this because of the supreme destiny of poetry as a "criticism of life." That famous phrase is right, up to a point, because it is powerful in proportion as it helps to keep the domain of the excellent, in life and in art, free from the incursions of the inferior and the half true. But the definition is not enough : I, for one, should prefer to speak of great literature as an *interpretation* of life, because "interpretation" has a wider scope than "criticism," though it implies the presence of the critical faculty at all times. What, we may ask, may the best in literature accomplish for us ? Surely this : it can both sustain and delight us, and therefore become, as it were, a "discipline," touching to fine issues both mind and emotion. In so doing, it has no rival,—save religion itself, which may in some degree aptly be termed the poetry of God, as revealed to mankind in moments of intense emotion, and noble aspiration. All the most vital poetry of the world has the power to awaken that transcendental feeling, which we can never wholly explain, though we are (in our most precious hours) conscious of its presence in our inmost hearts.

The value of the Classics (that is, the highest thought of the world's greatest men enshrined in the written page) cannot easily be overestimated. Consider for a brief space one or two examples of the power of the "Word" in its impact on life. Has the literature of the past or present any more magnificent asseveration of the glory and immensity of the Divine than these lines in the first *Mandala* of the *Rig-Veda ?*

> He giveth life, He giveth strength,
> Whose hiding-place is immortality,
> Whose shadow death.

Or that pregnant saying in the Upanishads ? "Know thou that the divine Spirit is one alone ; He is the bridge of immortality." And it would be easy to pick out many jewelled words from Indian Epic or drama, words which, once uttered, have enriched the thought of all subsequent generations and, therefore, helped to ennoble character.

But to return to the "classics," in the ordinary sense of that term. Naturally we think first, and perhaps foremost, of Homer, whose *Iliad* and *Odyssey* take us to a period at least "a thousand summers ere the birth of Christ." For a long while Homer's lays remained unwritten ; yet they were familiar enough, recited as they were by minstrels at important gatherings in royal courts and elsewhere. These lays—later assembled together in the order in which they have come down to us—are full of fine chivalric feeling, starred with many a goodly maxim, inspired with wisdom of the past ; and yet how surprisingly modern, in some ways, they still seem to be ! Human nature remains pretty well the same all through the

ages. It was inevitable that men and women as they listened, rapt, to the poetic outpourings of those wandering minstrels, should have their imaginations quickened, their thoughts enlarged, their souls moved. Heard in youth, these Epics were treasured in old age. And when, finally, these poems were written down, they remained a treasury of splendid memories; nay more, they became, as it were, all but a manual of devotion. Their influence on character must have been immense. It is true that Plato would have banished Homer from his educational system, and the reasons he alleged are not contemptible, because Homer's theology appeared to him so terribly defective—as indeed it was; but then how he must have delighted in the poetry of the Epics, for he is constantly quoting from them.

What shall we say of the influence of such poets as Pindar, whose poems were sung at festivals when multitudes gathered to hear choirs chant his odes? Well may they have been stirred alike by his patriotism and his deep sense of religion. There were many others, too, like Tyrtaeus and Simonides whose utterances left an indelible mark on the thought and aspirations of their time. Perhaps the famous eleven words of Simonides are worth quoting here, written as they were to commemorate the heroic stand of the Spartans at Thermopylae when they were called upon to face the embattled hosts of the Persian invader:—

Go, tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to their words, we lie.

The echoes of that distich have reverberated down the files of time.

Of the great Athenian dramatists of the wonderful fifth century, it would be easy and delightful to speak at length; enough to indicate here the massive thought of Aeschylus, with his almost Hebraic note, as it is exemplified in (let us say) the choruses of the *Agamemnon*, where the vital lesson is driven home that sin must bring punishment in its train δρᾶσαντα παθειν. When we come to Sophocles, in whose hands the Attic drama reached its perfection of poise and beauty, we may think, with special admiration, of his noble play, the *Antigone*. Deeply impressive are those lines where the heroine, choosing at the risk of her life "to obey God rather than man," utters these memorable words: "The laws of righteousness are not for today nor yesterday: nobody knows whence their source, but they live for ever." Can it be supposed that, if this maxim were duly acted upon, we should still be cursed by war and revolution? Such a sentiment must have profoundly moved the poet's audience, and the best of his hearers would instinctively be aware of its reaction on their outlook upon life. Again, how deeply must the tragedies of Euripides have helped to modify religious and ethical thought, and

so helped to mould character! That poet's rationalism was a just protest against all debasing views of the Gods commonly worshipped, and did much to break the entail of that popular mythology which had too long usurped the place of any true conception of the Godhead.

As for the lessons which Plato strove to impress on the minds of his disciples, these have long become part of the world's intellectual and moral possessions. We need those lessons today, and it is not without significance that Christianity was not slow to embody in much of its teaching something of the Platonic ηθος. Similarly it may be said of his greatest pupil, Aristotle—"master of those that know," to employ the phrase of Dante—that his powerful influence, through the books he wrote, became part of the tradition of the world, in almost every department of human thought. Perhaps no two men have ever controlled the ethical and mental life of Europe more than, in their several provinces, did Aristotle and Augustine; for centuries their supremacy was never disputed. And they are with us even now. In such philosophers as Plato, in poets like Homer and Aeschylus, and at a later date, Virgil himself (the truest representative of the Roman tradition at its loftiest), one is curiously conscious of a θειον τι a divine quality, which holds within it a subtle nature, hard to define, yet with a presage of "something far more deeply interfused"—the promise and potency of a life beyond the material being of this world. How then can we doubt that noble literature has its appointed part in the disciplining and moulding of human character? It is mainly, perhaps, the *poetry* of the classic writers that, taught and inculcated in school and college, and recollected in after years, has had the most permanent effect on individual conduct—next, that is, to the permeating influences of religion in its highest flights. Nor should this surprise us, if Wordsworth was justified in his assertion that poetry is the finer breath of all knowledge.

It would be easy and attractive to illustrate my theme by laying stress on the "classic" writers of later ages than those of ancient Greece and Rome--to say nothing of the immensely significant and enduring work of the psalmists and seers of Israel. Such illustration might be given from the writings of men like Aquinas, Dante, Pascal, Goethe abroad; of Shakespeare, Milton, Ruskin, in our own land. They have all, in their several ways and provinces, left their mark on the minds of individual readers, and possibly of whole nations. Enough perhaps has been said, in however slight and imperfect a degree, to indicate the value of the written word in all times and in all circumstances. We are the heirs of the ages, with intellectual and spiritual treasures, stored up for our admonition and instruction, in the pages of books.

The great literatures of the world —those "classics" that have left a permanent impress on the life and development of mankind—are never without their ennobling reactions alike upon manners and morals. They have done even more: they have helped to bring us into closer communion with Beauty itself in all its manifold manifestations. And Beauty, we do well to remember, is an integral and necessary part of the divine scheme of things.

Added Notes

(A) It may be observed that I have said nothing about historians and orators, whether Greek or Latin. This is owing to lack of space: I am fully cognizant of their great importance. But I may just chronicle here such outstanding authors as (among the Greeks) Thucydides—the father of scientific history, indicating as he does its true province, *i.e.*, that of philosophy teaching by examples with a rigorous adherence to fact; and (among the Latins) to such men as Tacitus and Ammianus Marcellinus. Among Greek orators Demosthenes stands first; among Romans, Cicero, to whose genius and geniality we are so much indebted for enlightenment.

(B) Those (and they are in the majority) who cannot read the "classics" in the originals, need not therefore feel shut out from acquaintance with the masterpieces of antiquity. There are many admirable translations easily obtainable, such, for example, as Jowett's renderings both of Plato and Thucydides.

E. H. Blakeney

PERSONAL SERVICE

The Universities' functions include the kindling of the fire of service in the hearts of their students, Sir R. K. Shanmukham Chetti declared in his Convocation Address at the Annamalai University on the 30th November. Voluntary social service by individuals, he emphasised, has an important rôle in supplementing the larger schemes for social security and human happiness. Such larger schemes will never do away with the need for the human touch, for personal exertion for others, personal sympathy with the suffering, personal service to the afflicted. The basis of society is unfair and unjust. Granted. And that must be remedied. But work for the distant greater end entitles no man to refuse assistance to the suffering at his door. If every human being would but do his duty to those weaker and poorer than himself whom he contacts directly the sum of human misery would be reduced to an appreciable extent. It would be a grave indictment against any religion that it failed to kindle this spirit in the heart of its votaries. India of all countries has a long and glorious record of dedicated lives. If the impulse to service is weak in the moderns, the greater their need to renew their inspiration at the ancient springs from which those great exemplars drew their impetus to serve.

BUDDHISM AND THE CULTIVATION OF BEAUTY

[Two years ago Mr. Clifford Bax, in sending us his review of a Buddhist anthology, suggested "Buddhism-versus-Beauty" as a great theme. "It is useless," he declared, "to stand complacently half way between the Artist and the Ascetic....We can't say 'The world is maya. I turn away from it, except for its music and architecture.' It isn't cricket."

The denial of such an authority on Indian art as **Shri O. C. Gangoly** of any irreconcilable antithesis between the ascetic and the æsthetic will come as a reassurance to many who have looked but a little way into Buddhism and found it bleak. As well claim that the love of truth may prompt a man to folly, or love of virtue to an act of crime as that the love of beauty leads a man to the essential ugliness of vice! That indiscipline so often marks the life of the æsthetic is not the fault of his love of beauty but of the limitations of that love, of his inadequate appreciation of beauty's higher aspects and its implications, which are not different from those of goodness and of truth.—Ed.]

It has been frequently asked whether Buddhism was inimical to the cultivation of Beauty. The answer is dependent on what one understands by Beauty and the Beautiful. If we take the words as suggesting the sensuous snares of shapely forms which merely delight the eyes, without ennobling the Spirit, they were certainly regarded as antagonistic to the early tenets of Buddhism, which, while they enjoined self-culture or self-illumination (*atta-dīpā, anañña-saraṇā*), began by inhibiting all manner of sensuous indulgence. Early Buddhism set up a *summum bonum* closely akin to the Christian mystic conception of "self-naughting." And the "Psalms of the Sisters" (*Therigāthās*), although they now and then draw little vignettes setting down the beauties of natural scenes, are unequivocal in their condemnation of all manner of sensual indulgence, or of the enjoyment of Beauty for its own sake. Thus, one Sister exclaims: "Speak not to me of delighting in aught of sensuous pleasures! Verily all such vanities now no more may delight me."

A Religion of Asceticism (such as Early Buddhism or Early Christianity) would naturally shut its doors against all manner of beauty understood as sensual pleasures. Yet, we find even Early Buddhist monuments (Pataliputra, Bharhut, Sanchi, Amaravati) covered with exquisitely designed, if somewhat primitive or "crude" forms of beauty, illustrating the stirring stories of the life of the Buddha and other edifying legends, and with the representations of significant symbols put into patterns of superb, if

somewhat intricate, forms. Even long before Mahayanism introduced the "Image" into the cult of the Buddha, the symbolic worship of the Buddha-*pādukā* (*vestigium pedium*) had offered to the sculptors of Amaravati in the early phase (*c.* 100 B. C.) excellent opportunity for designing votive tablets in marble of somewhat severe symbolism, in satisfying forms of Beauty. And, a little later, at the same centre of Buddhist culture, the same theme—the *Padukā-Vandanā*, inspired a marvellous masterpiece of beauty (Madras Museum), depicting a garland of women worshippers who express, in their semi-nude gesticulating limbs, thrown into exquisite poses and graceful gestures, their passionate devotion to the personality of the pious preacher of Asceticism. The sensuous and sinuous grace of their bending knees, their bowing heads and their clasping hands, as they assume moving and pulsating poses of supplication and of prayer,—break out into exquisite ripples of luscious curves and garlands of beauty—which in their sensuous appeal appear to be emphatic protests against all forms of asceticism. Again, the extremely dramatic scene where the Buddha tears himself away from the bedchamber where His sleeping wife unconsciously stretches herself in an entrancing pose, amongst the group of women musicians, in disgusting poses—is similarly exploited in another marble relief (Madras Museum) to set forth the charms of the human body in moving forms of beauty of great intensity and nobility of design. Even the early cult of the Chaitya-Vandakas—who confined themselves to homage to the memorial mounds of the Śtūpas,—inspired the early school of Buddhist builders—as at Asokan Sanchi (*c.* 250 B. C.), at Anuradhapura of Duttha Gamini (101-77 B. C.)—(Abhayagiri Dagoba, Thuparama Dagoba, with their moving "Moonstones" and pious pillars)—and at the Chaitya shrines and pagodas of Pagan (Burma),—to construct wonderful forms of architectural beauty,—even where there was little opportunity for sculptural forms, votive or iconic. We need not allude to the beautiful monuments of the Gupta, the Pala, the Nepalese and the Indonesian Schools—and the array of beautifully conceived painted frescoes and sculptural masterpieces in stone and metal, which the development of the different phases of Mahayanism richly contributed to the glowing pages of Buddhist art—for several centuries. Indeed, the whole array of Buddhist art, inspired by Buddhist culture, constitutes a valuable contribution to the world's culture of beauty.

Yet the Message which the Buddha preached does not appear to have been a Message of Beauty by any manner of means. It was a call to Asceticism,—a call to abandon social life and joyous living, and to accept a life of seclusion and solitude. Yet this call to live in forest

retreats or mountain caves was no appeal to hold spiritual communion with Nature, in a Wordsworthian sense. It was only a pointer to a way of spiritual isolation—a path of psychic development through contemplation (*dhyāna*) of which Zen Buddhism later developed many mystic and philosophical phases. But Primitive Buddhism differs essentially from Zen Buddhism in its attitude towards Nature. The call of the Buddha to the higher types of men, capable of attaining *arhatta*, to leave the market-place in order to develop a forest sense of things (*arañña-saññino*) and love of the solitude of the hills—is not basically a doctrine of the worship of Nature—to find in natural objects the symbols of the Great Mystery within,—in the Socratic sense—"to find *within* God whom I find everywhere without." It is recognized, no doubt, that

> Great things are done when men and mountains meet.
> They are not done by jostling in the street.

But the Buddhist cave-dwellers turned their gaze away from the Beauty of Nature—to dive within themselves in introspective meditation.

He who attains the State of Awakening (Buddha-hood) is unresponsive to the call and the appeal of Nature, unconscious of the sights and sounds of Nature. This is made quite clear by the Buddha Himself—in the *Mahā-Parinibbāna Sutta* where he holds up to highest admiration the man who "being conscious and awake neither *sees* nor *hears* the sound thereof when the falling rain is beating and splashing, and the lightnings are flashing forth, and the thunderbolts are crashing." Let us place these words beside those uttered by the Zen visitors to the Chinese island of Puto, who, when asked to explain their religious beliefs, said: "Our eyes have seen the ocean, our ears have heard the winds sighing, the rain descending, the sea waves dashing, and the wild birds calling." This appears to be echoed by the words of Blake: "When thou see'st an eagle, thou see'st a fragment of God" and "The pride of the peacock is the glory of God."

Let us take another pair of contrasts. It is related of a Zen philosopher, the Sage Huen Sha, that when he was on the point of beginning a sermon to an assembled congregation, a bird was heard to sing very sweetly close by. Huen Sha immediately descended from his pulpit with the remark that the *Sermon had been preached*, justifying the principle of Zen Buddhism that *the Universe is the scripture of Zen*. The Face of Nature is "the Sermon of the Infinite."

Let us recall the story of Citta Gutta to illustrate the monastic aloofness and indifference to the beauties of Nature preached by the Hinayanist doctrines of Primitive Buddhism. It is recorded in the *Visuddhi Magga* that the Monk Citta Gutta dwelt for sixty years in

a painted cave, before which grew a beautiful tree—a rose-chestnut. Yet not only had he never observed the paintings on the roof of the cave, but he only knew when the tree flowered every year, through seeing the fallen pollen and the petals on the ground.

This attitude towards the beauties of nature is actually justified by the doctrines of Early Buddhism, set down in various passages in the Hinayanist texts. Thus, in the *Cetokila Sutta* (*Majjhima-Nikāya*, I, pp. 101-104), the Buddha says that there are Five Mental Enslavements, or Bondages of the Mind (*Cetaso vinibandhā*) from which every monk has to free himself in order to achieve the highest goal—(1) Attachment to sensual pleasures (*kāma*), (2) Attachment to the body (*kāye*), (3) Attachment to visible forms (*rūpe*), (4) Attachment to mundane riches (*alle*), (5) Attachment to Angelic Powers (*devalle*). In the same text it is enjoined how monks should set their faces against "Forms of Beauty accessible through the eyes". (*cakkuviññeyyā rūpā*) and attain the state of aversion to visible forms (*rūpe vîta-rāgo hoti*). In the *Dîgha-Nikāya* the Buddha similarly rebukes all "cravings for things visible—things that are dear, things that are pleasant."

Somewhat similar injunctions are recorded in the Buddhist formula of "Grace before Meat" in the *Sutta-Nipāta* (II, 14, 12):—

Before thou seekest thy meal, clear thou thy mind of zest for forms, sounds, odours, taste and touch—which turn men's heads....Formless is calmer than what has Form. Cessation is calmer than Formless....From license purge thy life and keep thy heart from things of beauty (*rūpe sneham na kubbaye*).

In another passage in the same text, it is pointed out that the objects of sense are variegated, sweet and attractive, and in their transfigured forms pulverise the mind (*kamma hi citra madhurā manoramā virupa-rupena mathenti cittâm*). There are other passages in analogous texts which prohibit the contemplation of beauty in any form, and offer bans against the arts of forms: "Form, sound, taste, smell, touch, these intoxicate beings; cut off the yearning which is inherent in them" (*Dhammika sutta*). Likewise, the *Dasa Dhamma sutta* asserts: "Beauties are nothing to me, neither the beauty of the body, nor that which comes from dress."

Enough citations have been given which go to establish that from the point of view of the early phases of Hinayana, Art and the cultivation of beauty were regarded as inimical to spiritual discipline.

Then, must we regard Buddhist art—(with its richly radiant pages shining with superb colour and form), as a protest against the letter of the doctrines of Buddhism? Were the monk-artists of the Abbey of Ajanta, the devoted Icon-makers of the *ateliers* of Mathura, faithless to the letter and the spirit of their own Faith? It is said that "Much

that passes for Christianity lacks the spirit of Christ." Does Buddhist art lack the spirit of the Buddha? The answer is an emphatic negative. Buddhist Art through forms of elevating beauty has preached and propagated the doctrines of the Buddha. Long before any Buddhist texts were translated —the sight of an Image of the Buddha—(the handiwork of devoted sculptors and painters)—has converted to the Faith whole regions and races—in far-off places beyond the boundaries of the birthplace of Buddhism. And the Buddhist monumental mound, the Śtūpa and the Image have been potent æsthetic instruments in awakening faith in the Doctrine in the hearts of millons. The story of the conversion of the King of Roruka, the story of Māra and Upagupta, and the Dream of the Chinese Emperor Ming-Ti are typical illustrations of this æsthetic appeal.

And we may seek in the words of the Buddha Himself supports for the effective use of Beauty as a visible instrument for the propagation of the Faith. Thus, the Hinayanist text which records the assertion of the Buddha "that whoever gazes at Me looks at my Doctrine" has been interpreted in Mahayanist formulation as encouraging the æsthetic use of Images of the Buddha in winning ever new converts to the Faith. So that the *Arya-Ganda Vyuha* (a Mahayanist text) asserts in emphatic terms: "For this reason, the mere sight of the Image of Jina (the Buddha) is conducive to the accession of spiritual knowledge." But this mode of exploitation of the paths of beauty for the propagation of the Faith owes perhaps its origin to the recommendation of the Buddha (*Dîgha-Nikāya*, II, 141, 142) to set up memorial mounds (*cetiyas*) at four "sightly places," by which believing clansmen should be deeply moved by æsthetic thrills (*cattari kula puttassa dassaniyāni samvejaniyāni thānāni*). And looking at the monuments set up at the Four Sacred Places, or Pilgrim Stations, the visitors could say "Here the Buddha was born!" "Here he attained to a Total Awakening," "Here did he first set going the incomparable Wheel of the Law" and "Here was he despirated with the despiration (*nibbāna*) that leaves no residuum of occasion of becoming!"

As we know from the surviving archæological evidences, in addition to actual monuments set up at the Four Sacred Places, serving as reminders of the great moments of the Buddha's life, tablets in stone depicting the Four Great Events were set up in private chapels or carried about as votive icons, the sight of which awakened "shocks" or æsthetic thrills (*samvega*) in the hearts of monks or laymen. This emotional experience was very much akin to and perhaps identical with feelings experienced in the presence of a work of art. In tracing the history of the connotation of the word *samvega* through Vedic sources, Coomaraswamy has demonstrated

that it has an emotive significance and suggests an agitation of the mind through æsthetic stimulation —leading to a "shock of conviction which an intellectual art can deliver." And the Buddha in using, in the Sermon referred to above, the word *samvega* (æsthetic agitation) has, perhaps unconsciously, extended a charter of liberty to artists to formulate, in the path of beauty, devices and designs of iconic or monumental import,—intended to awaken in the hearts of pilgrims elevating æsthetic emotions in which thrills of awe, or religious raptures commingle in happy unity. In the deepest experience that serious and worthy works of art invoke within us, our whole being is shaken (*samvîjita*) to its root. And the power of exciting such horripilation —which is the special function of artifacts of beauty—is very appropriately demonstrated in the story of Rudrāyana of Roruka (*Divyāvadāna*, Ch. xxxvii, p. 547) in which the first sight of a portrait of Buddha makes a whole crowd break out into exclamations expressive of æsthetic thrills and into the words "Homage to the Buddha!" (*Namo Buddhāya*) which excite horripilation (*sarva-roma-kupāni āhṛiṣṭhāni*) in the assembled crowd. On this occasion also the portrait was painted under the express direction of the Buddha Himself—and sent to King Rudrāyana as a message of invitation to join the Order.

Could not the Buddhist artists rightfully claim that the Path of Beauty as a direct route to Righteousness derived its authority from the very lips of the Blessed One?

O. C. GANGOLY

THE DEFEAT OF VICTORY

Mr. Robert Herring points to some home truths in his September editorial in *Life and Letters To-day*.

Victory as such always seems to me like a glimpse of sky seen through the sockets of a skull. One is glad to see the sky again, but it is only at the price of having gouged out the living eyes, since our passion for destroying is greater even than our courage in defending.

As Laotse puts it:—

The slaying of multitudes should be mourned with sorrow. A victory should be celebrated with the Funeral Rite.

He reminds his readers that only afterwards will the realisation come of how much has been destroyed that it was not intended to destroy. And that "a victory of arms...will turn out to be no victory at all if it is not followed by a victory of brains."

It will not be enough to have answers either ready or improvised for the questions; "What is to be done about Germany?" "What is to be done about Europe?" and slink into a tepid torpor, doing nothing about ourselves "What is to be done about us?" is as important a question as any other. And it is to be answered by each one of us taking the trouble to obtain conquest over the dark forces in ourselves.

THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD

[Many readers will remark, after finishing this article by our old friend **Mr. J. D. Beresford**—"Not much new; we have heard all this before." It raises, however, a few points which deserve attention.

The article stresses the economic aspect of the post-war world; till leaders arise who give second place to economic theories and view and value them in the light of moral principles, giving to the latter the first and fundamental position, there will be no salvation for humanity from the miseries of war.

Then, it is a mistake for Mr. Beresford to place Japan in "an entirely different category." Japan has copied Western politico-economic modes and methods in a thoroughgoing fashion: if Britain were to plan and organise herself, not for muddling through projects and problems but for realising desired objectives, Britain would be like Japan. Europe has talked of organisation and efficiency, and Germany has shown itself an adept in that line; Japan has only gone Germany one better in the application of economic "laws and principles" to itself.

Then, Mr. Beresford complains about many citizens of the U.S.A. preferring isolationism in world affairs; but does Britain really desire the U.S.A. to "interfere" in world-affairs, including its own imperial affairs, *e.g.*, in India?

Again, in suggesting a plan Mr. Beresford keeps only Europe in mind. There can never be lasting peace in the world without a just settlement of Asiatic problems.

And, finally, no use looking up to the Himalayas for guidance when the simple truths of Its Wisdom that are echoing in the world of today are not heeded!

It is in the hands of publicists like Mr. J. D. Beresford to educate his countrymen to destroy their pride of caste, their spirit of exploitation and their selfish desire to keep what they have regardless of what may happen to mankind as a whole. Reform, like charity, should begin at home. Though this is implicit in the following article, a more direct effort along the same line is urgently needed, for Britain can wield enormous power for weal or woe, and her own sons and daughters are the makers of her destiny.—ED.]

The ideal of a World Commonwealth, a fellowship of all mankind with a common aim, may seem hopelessly distant at a time when the nations are so unanimously concerned in sowing hatred and dissension, not only by the brutality and reckless cruelty of total war, but by the furious antagonism of their ideologies. Nevertheless, some of our best minds are now realising, as they so signally failed to do at the conclusion of the last war, that the only possible remedy for the horrible disease from which we are all now suffering, must be by way of the "Parliament of man, the federation of the world."

Politically, psychologically and religiously, the main streams of

modern tendency can be recognised as coming from two sources. The first is shown in the various forms of Fascism, exemplified in the government of such nations as Germany, Italy, Spain and Japan. Its ultimate purpose is regimentation, the enslavement of its people to the service of the State. The perfect model, however dimly visualised by the Dictators, is to be found in the hive, the ant-hill and the termitary. Every man and woman is to be trained and educated to fulfil a specialised function in the community, and to have no other purpose or desire. The directorate might come in time to replace the function of "natural selection," and with a perverted eugenism breed the desired type of citizen, something after the manner described by H. G. Wells in *The First Men in the Moon*, or Aldous Huxley in his *Brave New World*. We may picture the species *Homo Sapiens* coming at last to one of those "dead ends" that have been reached by other species as a result of the evolutionary process, and finally becoming extinct,—an inconceivable result, but clearly foreshadowed by the tendency of the various forms of Fascism. And it must not be forgotten that regimentation of this order is willingly accepted by that familiar type of mind which prefers obedience to orders to the trying necessity for exercising initiative. We need not look further for an instance than the members of the Roman Catholic community.

The second source is less clearly distinguishable. We speak of it rather indeterminately as "democracy," as government of, by and for the people, the stress for present purposes lying on the relative freedom of the individual. But how far can we include Communism in this category? Politically, it appears as a rival method of government. Actually, judging by the direction in which the Russian experiment is steadily moving, its aims should not be incompatible with the general principles underlying the broad theory of democracy. And it would seem that the trend of political evolution during the past half-century has been steadily towards state-ownership.

As an instance of a definite step towards this object, Sir Richard Acland's initiation of a promising movement known as Common Wealth deserves special attention. The first plank in Sir Richard's platform is the abolition of private ownership, undoubtedly one of the fruitful causes of war in the past and responsible for so many of the flagrant injustices of our present society. This tendency towards a form of Communism is not, however, incompatible with what he calls "a vital democracy," and government on this model would not be seriously at odds with that of the U. S. S. R.

Another indication of progressive thinking in the desired direction, is found in a recently published book, *Social Studies and World Citizenship* by L. J. F. Brimble and F. J. May,

the former an educationist and a scientist, the latter a practising head-master. This work is not ostensibly political, although the substance of its teaching would certainly not be destructive of the principles of Common Wealth, but the kind of education here advocated would, if it were put into general practice, have a great influence upon the thought of the next generation in relation to home as well as world affairs. It is, for instance, almost inconceivable that young men and women whose opinions had been formed on the lines here laid down could possibly tolerate the present economic system, while a sufficient antidote to Fascism is provided by the conception of world citizenship as a primary necessity for laying the foundations upon which to build a safer and more progressive state of society.

There are also other societies in Great Britain, founded in the course of the present war, whose objects are specifically the same, such as, to mention one only, the World Unity Movement. They are, at present, working under immense disadvantages, but it is reasonable to hope that when they are released from the restrictions imposed by "military necessity," all such societies will amalgamate and have a powerful influence upon public opinion. Finally, in this relation, it should not be forgotten that the will to peace is evidenced in the Atlantic Charter in the fifth clause by the "desire to bring about the fullest co-operation between all nations in the economic field."

If then we may assume from such indications as these that the movement towards world unity is taking shape as a practical policy, as it certainly was not twenty-five years ago, and that there is at least a fair probability that the movement will gather force after the war, it is evident that the first and greatest problem with which we shall be faced will arise from the conflicting theories of government posed by Democracy and Fascism.

In the first place, it will be as well to consider how far Fascism is the expression of a world movement, and how far it is the result of national reactions arising from the state of the world after the war of '14-'18. In the earliest case, that of Italy, Fascism was in its preliminary stages largely a purgative movement, and it cannot be denied that it was at that time beneficial. Unfortunately a dictator can only retain power by a series of progressive demonstrations which, as things are, must ultimately take the form of war. When the will of the people gives signs of resistance to authority, it can be diverted only by the lure of national ambitions. In Germany, Fascism was almost the direct result of the underlying resentment against the conditions imposed by the Treaty of Versailles; and it was a comparatively easy task for a single-minded leader of force and courage to unify the ambitions of the suppressed German people. In Spain, the rule

of Fascism was less organic in its origins and was achieved only at the expense of a disastrous civil war, won by Franco with foreign assistance. There are no indications in Spain of a unified people with a common purpose. But Japan is in an entirely different category. Japan is a young, vital and unethical nation and has achieved what is so far the nearest approach to the model set by the bees and ants, the submission of individual will and desire to the needs of what is regarded as the good of the community having reached a stage of automatism for which we shall find no parallel in Europe.

It would seem therefore, from this very brief analysis, that the phenomenon of Fascism—excluding the instance of Japan—is the result of local and temporary circumstances, and not symptomatic of a phase of world-wide degeneration, though we may pause to wonder if some of our present troubles may not be due to the reincarnation in large numbers of the non-moral, pugnacious legionaries of the Roman Empire. Wherefore, if we may assume the probability of a victory of the Allied Nations the ideal of world-unity should enter upon its opening phase in the negotiations for framing an acceptable peace.

There are immense difficulties to be faced, incurring psychological factors that must not be underrated. One such factor is the noticeable tendency in a large body of Americans to return to their policy of "isolation," a policy in direct antagonism to the spirit of world-co-operation, and one that would inevitably lead to fatal dissensions. For the only possible outcome of "isolation" in this connection will be the prosecution of national, commercial ambitions, the most fruitful cause of war in modern times. The second factor will be the consolidation of our friendship with Russia, a desirable object that will arouse fierce opposition from those British and American capitalists who represent the control of vested interests, an opposition that can be overcome only by the expressed will of the people as a whole to change our present economic system by supporting such a policy as that of Sir Richard Acland.

The third factor is of a different order. It may be defined briefly as the desire to "punish Germany"; and if this lamentable object should find expression in the peace terms, the hope of world-co-operation will be postponed for at least another generation. It may seem almost incomprehensible that with the lessons of the last twenty-five years before them, the representatives of the Allied Nations should again fall into the patent error of believing that any good can ultimately result from a policy of revenge and reprisal. Even in our prison reforms we are beginning to recognise that punishment induces nothing but resentment, and never leads to a new way of life. Every wise man knows that hate and anger can only breed their like, that good can never

come out of evil, that vendetta ends in the extermination of both parties. Common-sense not less than true morality condemns the practice of reprisal. But in the present state of man's evolution his animal instincts often overcome his reason, and the danger of vindictiveness in the framing of peace terms is a very real one.

Having now, however, taken brief stock of the many imposing but not necessarily insuperable obstacles that lie before us, we may consider, equally briefly, the broad lines of the plan we wish to lay down. The first step would be towards a Federation of all European countries, founded on a policy of mutual goodwill, excluding as far as possible all trade rivalries, permitting each country self-determination in the matter of its home policy, but referring all international questions to the judgment of an international court. It is obvious that this would be a work of time, and it would probably be initiated by a solid bloc of the principal countries concerned, notably Russia, Scandinavia, Germany, France, Great Britain and Italy, gradually absorbing the smaller nations which would inevitably be induced to join sooner or later in the interest of their own peoples. In this work we should seek the co-operation of the U. S. A., whose representatives would have a voice in any arbitration involving world affairs.

With such a basis, the work of world co-operation would be well-founded. By degrees, national rivalries and antagonisms would be absorbed in the conception of the commonweal, all foreign "possessions" would be abandoned and the idea of an "Empire" ruled by any single nation become an absurdity. Through free intercommunication and intermarriage the foolish prejudices of race hostility would gradually die out, and Tennyson's forecast of the "Federation of the World" be realised in fact.

This is but the roughest outline sketch of the plan which if it could find general acceptance would change the face of the earth. Can there be any question that such a change would be desirable to an overwhelming majority of the world's inhabitants? What, then, stands between us and the making of Utopia? The answer seems to be, "the force and initiative of the few, who stand to lose, whether in money or power, by the building of a world commonwealth; and the inertia of the many." And where are we to look for the new rulers who are willing to serve mankind with no thought of personal ambition? Two thousand four hundred years ago, Plato described all the qualifications for such a ruling class, as the ideal "guardians" of the Republic; and last year Mr. Gerald Heard gave us a very similar account of them in his *Man the Master*, in which they were called the "Neo-Brahmins." But where shall we find in the world today those representatives of a new order, those old souls who in the

last stages of their Earth lives are seeking release from the wheel, not by isolating themselves in contemplation but by the service of humanity? Yet find them we must if we are to be saved from disintegration, spiritual rulers in full accord with one another, or in some descending hierarchy from a new World-Teacher, Lords of Compassion endowed with a power and an authority beyond the scope of common man. Such rulers as these would clarify for us the great central truths of all religions, illuminate the futile absurdity of all the petty differences of dogma and ritual which to the churches have come to mean so much more than the plain duty of man to his neighbour, and thus establish the rule of love and justice in daily life, leaving the individual free to develop the potentiality of his own spirit. So few and so readily comprehensible are the precepts of what might become a world faith! And in the practice of it, the different creeds would learn to forget those grotesque conceptions of tribal gods and superstitious rites which have so long enslaved them.

Unity as a spiritual condition has forever existed, but the recognition of it demands that it must also be sought for in everyday life. For whatever stage of development has been reached by the individual, it is an essential part of true knowing to realise our fundamental brotherhood. That, indeed, is a teaching that is as old as the Ancient Wisdom, but it seems that every generation must learn it afresh.

J. D. BERESFORD

GAIN A WORLD OUTLOOK !

Delivering the Convocation Address at the Allahabad University, Dr. B. C. Roy answered questions which face the thoughtful young Indian today. Co-ordination between the discoveries of science and the teachings of philosophy, understanding between the East and the West, preservation of intellectual ideals, development of a vital cultural consciousness leading towards real unity, were some of the points on which he gave emphatic answers. The former uncritical adoption of Western ideals of thought and behaviour without reference to their suitability had given place to a considerable extent to an antagonism no less undiscriminating. India should profit by science to gain the strength and independence that its application can bestow. But India has a definite contribution to make out of her living philosophy, endowing such concepts as nationalism with a new content which shall lift them above the political, racial and economic antagonisms that are the roots of war. Knowing our cultural ideals and living up to them would make for unity.

A synthesis of all that may promote human happiness, whether such knowledge came from East or West, could lift one's outlook above short-sighted loyalties. Through a living faith in her culture and philosophy, a united India not only can regenerate herself but can contribute to the happiness of humanity by laying the spectre of annihilation, through her message.

HINDUISM

A WAY TO RIGHT LIVING

[**Dr. Radhakumud Mookerji** has rendered yeoman service to Hindu religious culture. His numerous books have shown the depth of spiritual thought and the splendour of material life of ancient Aryavarta. In this article he gives the reader a glimpse of a way of life which even today is not only possible but desirable. It must not be overlooked, however, that what our friend says of Hinduism is true of every other great religious philosophy. In this day and generation truly educated people everywhere are seeking for a way of life described and explained in universal instead of in sectarian terms. Also, knowing as we do that Hinduism itself springs from a more ancient source, it is fitting that we go to it. This is found adequately outlined in the works of H. P. Blavatsky. Furthermore, without the key which they provide, the very ideas of Brahamanical and Buddhistic tradition will not be fully comprehended. Wrote Madame Blavatsky :—

> Archaic Occultism would remain incomprehensible to all, if it were rendered otherwise than through the more familiar channels of Buddhism and Hinduism. For the former is the emanation of the latter ; and both are children of one mother—ancient *Lemuro-Atlantean Wisdom*.

The ideas presented so lucidly in this article deserve to be calmly reflected upon.—ED.]

Hinduism is a particular religion in the sense that it originated in a particular country, "the Land of the Sindhu," which the Achæmenian Emperor, Darius II, in his Bahistun inscription, spelt and pronounced as Hi(n)du, whence India became known as the land of the Hindus, or Hindusthan. But the religion of the Hindus is not to be understood as the religion of a particular people. It is a body of doctrines and practices which apply and should be acceptable to all human beings. It is a universal religion, establishing on a scientific basis the principles and practices which should govern man's struggle for salvation and emancipation. It is a system of Release from the ills to which the flesh is heir.

Hinduism starts with the assumption that life on this "petty spot in the universe which men call earth" is subject to suffering, to certain fundamental ills and limitations which seem to make life, as it is, not worth living. The sight of suffering has turned many a thoughtful man away from life, and made him lose interest in it. A sensitive soul like Gautama, for instance, who was born a prince and surrounded by all the pleasures of the palace, was rudely awakened to the realities of life, which made him realise how every human being is "subject to birth, to growth and

decay, to disease, to death, to sorrow and to stain," and filled him with misgivings regarding the very purpose of life. And then his pent-up feeling expressed itself in the following words of resolve : "What then am I doing ? Myself subject to birth, growth and decay, sickness, death, pain, impurity, and seeking also what is subject to these—how if I seek the birthless, the ageless, the diseaseless, the deathless, the stainless ?" Buddhist thought has admirably summed up the meaning and the mission of life in the Four Noble Truths (*Ārya-Satyas*) concerning (1) *Duḥkha* (suffering) (2) *Duḥkha Samudaya* (origin of suffering); (3) *Duḥkha nirodha* (the cessation of suffering) and (4) *Duḥkha-nirodha-gāmīm-pratipad* (the path to the end of suffering).

Hinduism thus believes that the central fact of life is the Fact of Death, that life is a biological process of inevitable growth, decay, decline and death. The question is—On what principles should life be lived so as to reconcile it with its inevitable destiny of Death ? How should the Fact of Death affect the scheme of Life ? Should Man accept death as his doom ? Or should Man the mortal consider the attainment of Immortality as his Supreme Mission ? Does not Siva call himself Mrityuñjaya, the conqueror of death ? This appropriate designation gives the pointer to the mission of man. It is his achievement of *amṛitatva* or Immortality.

Hinduism has no concern with those who do not take this view of the limitations of life or feel the need of emancipation from its inevitable suffering.

Thus the problem of attaining the Immortal in mortal existence becomes the all-absorbing problem. If life is to be dedicated to the pursuit of what is true, what is lasting, and not of what is untrue and for the moment, one has to live for the whole Truth and nothing but the Truth, and to give up the pursuit of phantoms, falsehoods, fallacies, half-truths, subsidiary truths and intermediate truths. Religious life must be a total pursuit of the Real and renunciation of the Unreal.

One must grasp the principle of death, as well as the principle of life or immortality. It is the personal that dies. The Whole does not die. Man must join himself to the Whole to escape from the clutches and the jaws of Death. This "joining" is called "yoga" by which the individual soul is merged in the universal soul. By Yoga, the *Jīvātmā* is united to the *Paramatmā*, the primary source from which it has sprung. The individual is a spark from the Flame of the Divine. Death lies in *Viyoga*, in disjunction of the Individual from the Universal. Their conjunction conquers Death. Such a process of conjunction or Yoga depends upon the disjunction (*Viyoga*) of desires from their objects, of the Mind from Matter.

Thus the central practice of religion must mean the practice of detach-

objects. The supreme duty of the individual is to be less and less an individual and to become more and more universal in his outlook and his sympathies. Religion thus reduces itself to a process of self-expansion on the basis of a progressive broadening and purification of the heart. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The purification of the heart depends upon the cultivation of certain attitudes and virtues. Patañjali's *Yoga-Sūtras* indicate some of these. One must cultivate and be full of *Maitrī*, which means that one must have a sincere desire for the happiness of others as if it were his own, and also must be able to enjoy the happiness of others as if it were his own. *Sarve sukhinaḥ bhavantu:* "May all be happy" should be our prayer.

This feeling of universal fellowship shuts out the taint of that common human foible known as *Irshā* or *Para-śrī Kātarata* (Envy). *Maitrī* is an antidote to that sin. Similarly, one must be full of *Karuṇā*, a natural sympathy for the suffering. *Karuṇā* or compassion means that one must feel for another's suffering as for his own, and must exert himself to remove it, as he does to relieve his own suffering.

Besides these positive virtues by which *chittaśuddhi* or purification of heart may be achieved, there are also prescribed certain negative virtues or abstentions. The first is *Ahiṁsā*, "abstinence from malice or violence towards all living creatures in every way (*sarvathā*) and at all times (*sarvadā*)." The *Yogi-Yājñavalkyam* defines *Ahiṁsā* (non-violence) as abstinence from causing pain (*Kleśa-Jananam*) by body, mind or speech. The next *Yama* or abstention is *Satya*, "truth of speech and thought corresponding to what is seen, inferred or heard." Truth of speech means that the hearer is not deceived by it and does not mistake its meaning and its implications, and that it is not purposeless. Truthfulness is also to be limited by a higher consideration for the good of all beings and should not cause injury (*sarvabhūtopakarārthaṁ na Bhūtopaghātāya*). Therefore, one should speak the truth which is consistent with the universal good (*Tasmāt Parīkshya Sarvabhūtahitam*).

All this purification of the heart or expansion of the self depends ultimately upon the discipline of the mind. The central point of the Hindu system is the training of the mind as an instrument of self-fulfilment and the increase of its potency. All human beings must agree that there is no other way to improve the mind and to magnify its powers than to follow the very first injunction laid down in the *Yoga Sutras*, *viz.*, *Chitta-vritti-nirodha*. The mind is recognised in the Yoga system as remaining in the five states called *Chitta-bhūmi*. In the first state, *Kshipta*, the mind is restless, distracted, wandering (*Bhramati*) from one object to another. In the second state, *Mūḍha*, the mind is more steady but is absorbed in Vishaya

or pleasures, and is also prone to passions like anger. In the third state, *Vikshipta*, there are lucid intervals of concentration, a state in which the mind generally cultivates the pleasant and avoids what is unpleasant. Next, in the *Ekāgra* state the mind is able to concentrate on the thought of one object. The highest state of the mind is *Niruddha*, marked by "concentration and inhibition of conflicting functions so that the mind is left with the substratum of its innate dispositions as its only content" (*Niruddha-sakala-vrittikam Sanskārā-avaśesham*).

The aim of Yoga is thus to lead the mind away from the first three conditions, which are not congenial to concentration, and to fix it on the last two states which constitute the *Yoga-bhūmi*, the mental plane favourable to the practice of Yoga or concentration.

There can be no doubt that the only way by which man can achieve self-expansion is by the instrumentality of the mind possessed of infinite potentialities, and that the only way by which the innate potency of the mind can be indefinitely magnified by the mental process called *Chitta-vritti-nirodha* or the detachment of the mind from matter. The first step of religion is thus to stop the functioning of the mind as the avenue or vehicle of objective knowledge, the inhibition of individuation. Individuation is the process by which the mind is linked through the senses with external objects, and begins to enjoy and to run after them, becoming absorbed more and more in the pursuit of pleasures which are fleeting. It is the pursuit of what is not real. The Real is what is changeless, everlasting. To cultivate individual objects is to cultivate the perishable, to tread the path towards death. Thus the principle of individuation is the principle of death.

The progress towards the deathless, the whole, the absolute, is to be achieved by the contrary process, by which individuation must cease and the Individual must approximate more and more to the Universal. Therefore the mind must be radically transformed. It must be purged of all impurities which it has gathered by its contact with matter. These impurities are the impressions or *Sanskaras* which are left imprinted on the mind by its perception and enjoyment of individual facts and objects. When the mind gets out of the fetters of individual experiences and their reactions, and rests in itself free and self-contained, there dawns upon it automatically the knowledge of things in the mass, the knowledge of the whole, Omniscience. Thus the religious process is the process of *Chitta-vritti-nirodha*.

Individuation may be described as going along the *Pravritti-marga*, a process of "Outgoing" as contrasted with the process of *nivritti* or "Ingoing." The outgoing tendency is part of the creative process of which the universe is the outcome. The *Rigveda* tells of the cosmic

principle of creation and the scheme of the universe. The cosmic law of universal being fixes the law of every being in the universe. The universe is the outcome of the impulse by which the One was stirred to manifest Himself in the Many. *Sa Akāmayata bahusyām Prajāyeya* (He the One desired that He should grow into the many). The One desired (*Asisha*) that He should have the enjoyment of creation (*dravianum Ichchhamanah*) but there could not be any creation unless He inhibited this primary self (*Prathama Chchhat*). Then alone could He externalise Himself in objects into which He had also to penetrate (*avarān aviveśa*). The supreme Being, bent upon creation, was at pains to find the material out of which the world could be constructed and the foundation upon which it could rest. He had to find both in Himself, for nothing is besides Brahma. The Creator as *Virāṭ Purusha* had to offer up His *Virāṭ-deha* as sacrifice for His projected creation. Nay, more; He has also to sustain His creation by constantly breathing life into every particle of this Universe thus created. The Creator cannot go to sleep over His creation even for a moment. If He does so and retires into the subjectivity of His primary self as *Hiraṇya Garbha*, it will mean the dissolution of the creation into the original source out of which it arose. Therefore, God cannot have any respite from His labours for His creation. He is *Guḍākeśa*, the Conqueror of sleep. He is organically connected with his creation, as the mother with her child in embryo. One vitalises the other. Thus Hindu thought arrives at the fundamental position that God is in every creature by His outgoing process of objectivity, of which the creation is the outcome, and that, further, every creature has as its ultimate destiny relapse into Him in the irresistible ingoing process.

The supreme Being offers up His creation as a sacrifice to Himself. Creation includes a process of evolution and its dissolution by a process of involution into the source from which it originated.

Every human being is the creator of his little system to which he must be related as God is to His creation. Dharma is the relationship which binds the Creator to His system, which holds and sustains the system. The Virat-Purusha is the exemplar of Dharma. The law by which God creates and sustains His Creation, must be the law for every individual creature. Man is made after God's image. The part takes after the whole. God creates and sustains the Universe by His infinite self-sacrifice. Man also must sustain his own system by his own self-sacrifice. He is not capable of the complete self-immolation of which the Almighty is capable, but he should undergo the self-sacrifice of which he, a finite being, is capable. The religious texts prescribe a programme of daily sacrifices for each individual by which his self is expanded and his

heart purified and widened. These *Pancha-Mahayajñas* are modelled upon the primordial *Purusha-Yajña*, the cosmic self-sacrifice of the Virat-Purusha. Thus religion is another name for self-sacrifice by which the narrow self of the individual is more and more merged in the universal.

The first sacrifice is the offer of worship to the Devas (*Deva Yajña*), the gods or the Ishtadevata, to whom the individual owes his first loyalty. The second sacrifice is that offered to the pitris, the ancestors, to whom the individual owes so much. One must be proud of his pedigree and pay all honour to it. The third sacrifice is the worship of the Rishis, the fathers of learning and culture to whom mankind owes its intellectual and spiritual heritage. By the fourth sacrifice man is trained to a catholic and cosmopolitan outlook by the worship he has daily to offer to humanity as a whole, symbolised in the guest to whom he is not at all related (*Nriyajña*). *Atithi Devo Bhava* is the injunction of the Upanishads. The guest is to be worshipped as a God. Lastly, there is the widest possible expansion of the heart achieved by the daily worship of all created beings (*Bhuta-Yajña*) so that the individual may feel his kinship with the entire creation and be able to live in the One, the Brahma.

Thus Hinduism in its essence and fundamentals is not a body of doctrine and practices to be followed by a particular community. It lays down the principles of self-culture, the way of life for all seekers after salvation (*Mumukshu*). It views religion as a code of conduct by which its principles are to be realised and applied to life. Supreme Knowledge, the Knowledge of the Atman or the Brahma as the sole Reality, is the fruit of Karma, a life of discipline and Brahamacharya.

Religion is a process of self-expansion or self-fulfilment. It means the progressive approach of the Individual towards the Universal by his steady cultivation of the cosmopolitan outlook and of the widest sympathies as indicated in the virtues of *Maitrī*, *Karuṇā*, *Ahimsā* and *Satya*, which must be assimilated as part of his nature. This widening or purification of the heart can only be achieved by the co-operation of both head and heart. The mind must aid in the purification of the heart. It must cease to think in terms of individual objects to which it must not be attached by the senses. The contact of mind with matter contaminates and materialises the mind and tends to destroy its inner essence. A materialised mind manifests itself in materialism. The only escape from this debasement is to free the mind from the clutches of matter by training it to detachment from objects, as explained above. Such detachment can be achieved only by the practice of Yoga and its various regulations, physical, moral and mental.

RADHAKUMUD MOOKERJI

CULTIVATING HONESTY

[**Miss Elizabeth Cross** sees moral issues with refreshing clarity. Her plea for mental honesty is timely. For cant not only is "the most loathsome of all vices." It also clouds the vision of nations as of individuals. And in the coming months there can be few needs greater than of clear sight of honest, open minds.—ED.]

"What is truth?" still remains a rhetorical question, used by many of us when we want to dodge more awkward ones. The fact being that we all, without exception, have a very good idea indeed as to what it is, in thought, word and deed. The honest way to behave is usually as obvious as the good way (being identical with it) but is generally hurtful in some measure to our more selfish urges. Honesty is not easy, but a lack of honesty piles up immense difficulties for the self and the community.

Advocates of truthfulness often lay stress on the airing of unpleasant thoughts towards others, failing to realise that this particular exercise is merely the expression of their own private spite! What is of far greater importance is for us to cultivate an honest attitude towards ourselves, to view our own capacities, achievements and failings in an impartial manner, so that we may have some hope of improvement.

Honesty must begin with the individual before it can spread beneficially outwards from the individual's social and workaday life. For the most part we are a mass of illusions concerning ourselves and these false ideas harm us first of all, and then harm the community. We all have our favourite illusions; some believe themselves to be particularly sensitive, so that they must avoid all crude and unpleasant scenes or work. They take pride in this pseudo-sympathy, saying "Oh, I shouldn't be the least use in an accident.... I faint at the slightest thing!" so leaving the work to the truly sympathetic who control their natural recoil and use their energy in selfless help. Other people have false ideas as to their capacities both artistic and intellectual, and when these so-called talents fail to find appreciation in the world they consider themselves the victims of persecution. (We have all met the man whose colleagues band together to prevent his obtaining promotion, or the woman whose love affairs are always ruined by interfering friends and relatives.)

The majority of us waste valuable energy and accumulate much sorrow through this false assessment of our talents and characters. Once we can manage to "come down to earth" and admit that we aren't really so remarkably gifted, so highly born or so wonderfully cultivated, then we do stand the chance of learning something. "For the lord's sake,"

said my old farm foreman, "don't send me one of they agricultural college young chaps, for he'll know everything and we'll never get nothing done!" He meant that he would have no chance to explain our special local conditions or say what particular kind of work we found most successful. "You can't teach 'em nothing," he said. "They know it all." This may sound exaggerated, but it is a real example of lack of honesty due to false ideas of the self and the person's talents. Really great men and women take an honest pride in their achievements and capacities, but they have an equally honest realisation of the immensity of knowledge and the infinity of improvement open to each individual soul.

A great deal of the general dishonesty that clogs the individual is due to our subservience to what we know to be worldly and false standards. We know that money and possessions are, in the final count, of no intrinsic value, yet how few of us fail to be impressed by the man who drives up in an immense car or the woman who is draped tastefully in expensive furs and who drips with valuable jewels. We say, with bated breath, "He's done wonderfully well you know" and "She married very well," meaning that he has made a great deal of money, no matter how, and that she has captured a rich husband, no matter how unpleasant. The same attitude is apparent in the phrases "He's bound to get on," "He's really successful," which is understood, by the Westerner at any rate, to refer entirely to worldly success. This attitude colours our whole outlook and makes for personal dishonesty and subtle bragging. Some people succumb more completely than others, but it is so very wide-spread that if, by contrast, you admit quite simply that you cannot afford a certain article, that you have very little money, it is taken as a joke. It is so unthinkable that any one should admit poverty cheerfully (without making plentiful excuses about the war and hinting at an affluent past), that no one believes you; they think you are merely mean and making a pretence of poverty. A cheerful avowal of poverty is so startling to most shopkeepers that they will then press goods upon you, on credit, believing that you *must* be rich! A mad world indeed, my masters. This dishonesty when it comes to the question of money may seem trivial, but it is truly serious. It leads people into innumerable difficulties, debt and a dreary life of "trying to keep up appearances."

In a less common form we get the dishonesty of pretending to be more cultivated, more "high-brow," more refined than one really is. This, although less wide-spread than the passion for appearing rich, is equally deadly, for it precludes the sufferer from finding out, cultivating and improving his own real tastes. Very large numbers of people, at any rate in England and America, spend very large quantities of time being bored

stiff at concerts, art shows and lectures, coming away more bewildered than ever and rarely finding the thread that might lead them towards appreciation. They cannot be honest—and humble—enough to realise that they need gentle teaching, and need also to make some earnest efforts before they can join the elect.

There is no time to discuss the prevalent attitude of dishonesty in trade, advertising, religion and politics. They are all reflections of the individual's false ideals of worldly success. They flatter, and also appeal to all the snob instincts that we have cultivated so successfully during the past hundred years. The only hopeful sign is that such dishonesty has been so overdone that it is beginning to lose its potency. In advertising, at least, there are signs of reaction. The most successful advertisers today are adopting a policy of understatement, such as "We don't say our stuff is wonderful, or the very best, but it is the best you can get for the money," and so on.

What can the ordinary person do about all this? At first sight it seems hopeless. Dishonesty is entrenched, supported by all our false ideals and backed up by a smug hypocrisy that is harder to fight than any startling evil. However, starting in a quiet manner each one can do something and can help others at the same time. It is surprising how one individual, who has taken honest stock of his own character and capacities and is content to admit his imperfections (while working for improvement) will encourage others to do the same. Once false pride is destroyed it is amazing how much can be done to help others. This applies particularly to any who are in a position of authority or who have charge of children or young people. For example a class was astonished when the teacher answered a question by saying, "I haven't the *slightest* idea!" One child said, "I thought *you* knew everything!" The teacher replied "Don't be silly, how could any one? But I've a good idea how to find things out and I'll show you how, too." That is, surely, the right attitude for any teacher, one of encouragement and honesty. Far too many adults have a false dignity when dealing with children; they must remain superior, even at the risk of a dishonesty the children discover.

It is, of course, with children that our greatest chance of cultivating honesty of attitude really lies. Children can be shown how to accept their own capacities and also their own limitations; how to cultivate their gifts and enjoy whatever work they choose. They must be shown (by someone who really believes in them) the worth-while standards of life, so that they may be saved from the money and snob attitude. Children, quite naturally, have excellent judgment and usually prefer a happy, poor father, to a disagreeable rich one, while they

also like a cheerful companionable mother who may not be a very good housewife, better than a nagging woman who has tidy cupboards!

Children, too, must be allowed the freedom of their own emotions. They should not be punished and then coerced into being "sorry" for ill-behaviour, for often the expression of sorrow is entirely hypocritical. Punishment is a subject too large to be considered here, but it certainly must not include a dragooning of the emotions, or a play upon children's natural feelings for their parents. "Mother won't love you if...." is still too often heard and is mere blackmail. As adults we all pretend too much when it comes to feeling; we pretend to be sorry, we pretend to love our relations, when very often we're not sorry a bit and we loathe the sight of certain people, only it would be so shocking to admit it. Dishonest expressions of emotion are often accompanied by honest and unpleasant actions, witness the loving fathers who prevent their daughters' happy marriages, and the loving mothers who keep their sons tied to their apron-strings. No, let us allow children to keep their emotions honest, even if we help them to control the expression of these emotions. It is necessary, this control, but it must not be applied too early, or we find that the well-trained toddler grows up into the vicious adult, having all his early rages bottled up inside.

Surely the world has had enough of bluff and swank, both of which have made their not inconsiderable contribution to the present war. Let us stop pretending to be what we are not, to have what we are never likely to have. Let us be ourselves, and being ourselves prepare to be something truly better.

ELIZABETH CROSS

THE HEART ALSO

The special needs of girls' education were emphasised by Sir Mirza Ismail, Prime Minister of Jaipur, in his address on 25th November at the opening ceremony of the Birla Balika Vidyapeeth, Pilani. Every nerve must be strained, he declared, to persuade parents generally that girls simply must be educated. That is a proposition that should not need debate. Self-realisation and happiness do not depend upon education but education can lay foundations on which these have at least a better chance of being reared. Wives and mothers educated on right lines can fill their rôle better than the uneducated. Domestic science is an indispensable part of women's education, Sir Mirza recognised. He approved its being a compulsory subject but he emphasised that a proper education whether for boys or girls was not in the main vocational.

Its chief aims are to develop natural gifts, among which those of the mind are very important; and to produce intelligent and well-informed citizens.

He recommended the development of "a sort of athletic fitness of mind" in every pupil, boy or girl, along with physical fitness. And along with training of mind and body, we are sure Sir Mirza would agree, there must go training of the heart. Great standards of conduct must be held up, noble characters studied, the sense of national and human unity fostered, the urge to serve one's country and those less fortunate aroused. Then only shall we have *whole* men and women as the products of our schools, free, steady, strong, to face all difficulties that the future holds.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A SOCIAL REVELATION *

I

The first evacuation of English towns in the early stages of the present war revealed certain distressing aspects of the living conditions prevailing in English towns, particularly the industrial towns with their overcrowding and absence of fresh air and light. From the reception areas went up a wave of protest and accusations against the habits and the conduct of the evacuees, mothers and children. The present survey—one of the few existing social surveys of its kind—was undertaken by a small group of experienced social workers with professional qualifications and familiar with poverty-stricken areas. The investigation in their hands presents a well-documented cross section of certain unexpected and unsuspected conditions found in English towns. 29.6.61

Habits of wrong spending, on drinks, tobacco, football pools and other things in parents; bad feeding and sleeping habits among children; prevalence of juvenile delinquency, want of discipline, bodily dirtiness, skin diseases; lice and filth, insanitary habits—the most shocking revelation of all; large-scale prevalence of enuresis and bed-wetting in children even up to the age of twelve to fifteen years in some cases; ignorance and poverty coupled with the playing of insurance companies upon this insecurity; clothing clubs; pawnshops and ticking; all these are closely examined. There are also constructive recommendations for the improvement of these conditions and the lines on which future hopes may be based are indicated. The book also contains an excellent bibliography and several useful appendices. It is an earnest attempt to bring to light the squalor that still prevails in English towns. *Our Towns— A Close Up* is an eye-opener for all field workers in social service and as such is a valuable guide to those who have at heart the betterment of those "living below the standard."

TARABAI M. PREMCHAND

II

[Since the above review was requested from our esteemed friend Shrimati Tarabai Premchand, we received from our London Office the following survey by George Godwin.—ED.]

In a brief preface Miss Bondfield says: "This book will be, I hope, the last of its kind." When one has read to the last page, indeed, long before that, one appreciates the hope expressed. It is a terrible book.

But first a necessary word as to its genesis. It is published without any named author by the Hygiene Committee of the Women's Group on Public Welfare in association with the National Council of Social Service. It is a

* *Our Towns : A Close Up.* WOMEN'S GROUP ON PUBLIC WELFARE; with Preface by the RT. HON. MARGARET BONDFIELD, J. P., LL. D. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London. 5s.)

Report, as Booth's *Life and Labour in London* and its successor, issued under the auspices of the London School of Economics a few years ago, were reports.

That is to say, *Our Towns* is the objective presentation of sociological material gathered during field research. That research was made among the evacuated children and women who left our towns and cities to become the "guests" of country "hosts and hostesses."

In this way there resulted the impact of two widely-separated standards of living, namely, that of the submerged town-dweller, economically and socially considered, and that of the rural cottage dweller and householder.

"The book, therefore," states the Introduction,

> represents the attempt of a small group of working professional women, all familiar at first hand with the conditions of poverty, to make a nation-wide survey of the conditions of town life in England which might be held responsible for those features in the physical condition, habits and conduct of the evacuees which were the subject of complaint by their hostesses.

War had thrown in the way of this group of highly-intelligent women an abnormal avenue of investigation of conditions pre-existing—and destined to continue to exist in the post-war world in the absence of the adoption of reforms and measures in many directions. How such measures and reforms should be applied are indicated through the book, chapter by chapter.

This method, and the purely objective approach, sans any attempt to work up the reader's emotions, is most highly to be commended. Reading these fœtid pages, the reader engenders his own reactions of disgust, indignation and revulsion of feeling.

And what, it may be asked, are the conditions which produce such feelings. The answer is that they are the conditions existing in towns and cities throughout England among large sections of the population.

It is not possible in short space to indicate more than some of the major aspects of the general deplorable total picture of ignorance, laziness, dirt, vermin and disease which the report, in its entirety, builds up.

With the book before me, but without turning back its pages, let me list some of the terrible facts. We learn of mothers who have never cooked a meal in their lives; of women who have never handled a needle; of women who claim that head lice are a natural phenomenon in children (some asserting them to be the result of spontaneous generation and indicative of the strength of the host). We learn of children who have never slept in a bed or eaten a cooked meal. (Their sustenance has been fish and chips and tinned foods.) We are told of children who are sewn into calico for the winter, and of children who thieve, lie, use obscene language quite naturally, and defecate on the floor.

Somebody has said of this book that nobody who has not a strong stomach should undertake the reading of it. But since the facts it sets forth form part of the pattern of the life of England today, there would seem to be a strong case for making the reading of it compulsory. And in particular among all those who assume moralizing attitudes, as, for example, some of the palace-housed Anglican bishops, so often vocal upon social reform, but so remote from the realities of life as lived

by men and women in a competitive society.

From initial disgust at the behaviour and standards of such people, one passes on to a consideration of the environmental factors which have resulted in the product. Disgust is then tempered by pity, and pity edged by indignation.

For, it seems quite clear, these submerged people are exploited and robbed with impunity. They are robbed by their landlords, by hire-purchase rogues, by the harsh trade of the illicit money lender. All that they buy is bought dear and is shoddy; and what they sell, their labour, is sold in a market where it commands so small wages that want becomes the normal condition of life.

I remember, some years ago, hearing a well-meaning woman animadvert upon the dirtiness of the very poor. "At least they could afford soap," she protested. But having been exceedingly poor myself, I was able to attempt some explanation, namely, that as morale declines and the battle against superior odds goes against one, self-respect and the will to fight on weaken. People reach a point where they accept dirt and vermin, reckoning themselves fortunate if they have sufficient clothing to maintain bodily warmth and such nutrition as will keep body and soul together.

The degradation, the sloth among the women, and their drunken habits; and the consequences of these defects in their children, stand as an indictment of our social system.

Let me quote briefly from the Conclusion.

A conversation overheard on a bus is not without appositeness here. As the vehicle passed down the main street of a prosperous seaside town, a group of poverty-stricken children was seen standing on the kerb. "They don't look much, do they?" said one housewife to another. "Well, anyhow," replied her companion, "that's what England always falls back on!"

They are indeed what Britain falls back on, for in 1937 one-third of her families had breadwinners earning less than £2.10.0 a week; and four-fifths of her population live in towns.

I suppose that extremes of poverty produce similar results wherever it may be. It involves its victims in a steady process of regression, in a vicious circle of want, under-nourishment, debt, poor health and the inertia that comes of it: disease. Vice.

That the folk of the English countryside are revealed as having a far higher standard, despite the fact that their own margin above the want line is a small one, suggests that there is an inherent evil in urban life for all who cannot escape it, and for whom it is the total experience of life.

In conclusion I would like to say that this book is commended to all who under normal conditions of peace lived fatly in this land and who, for all I know, dream today of living fatly when the last bomb has dropped and the last human life has been extinguished on the battle-field.

England must be changed. Only when this sinister chapter of our urban existence is ended can we hope for an end to such degradation and tragic waste of human life as the pages of this terrible book set before us.

GEORGE GODWIN

THE INDIAN POLITICAL PROBLEM*

Professor Coupland proposes to cover the constitutional problem of India in three volumes, of which these are the first two. The last is reserved for the possibilities of "an ultimate constitutional settlement."

Indians, and indeed some Englishmen, who are aware of the urgent necessity to awaken British public interest in the Indian case, will regret that Professor Coupland has chosen a form of survey which, from this point of view, can only have a soporific effect. While there is, of course, much masterly scholarship in the 160-odd pages of *The Indian Problem*, it is regrettable that it is so often exercised in arranging the facts in strategically advantageous positions for the British defence. Occasionally this manœuvering leads to comic results. For instance, Abdul Ghaffar Khan's "Red Shirts" (the Muslim equivalent of the Christian Church Lads' Brigade) are described as being on "a military basis," and classed with terrorist forces said to "challenge the very existence of the British Government."

If sometimes Professor Coupland descends to a biassed and ridiculous marshalling of evidence, other passages show fairness and good sense. He points out that "the Act of 1935 committed India—the Provinces completely, the States in part—to the parliamentary system." But there are throughout this book veiled hints that Indians may find the solution to the problem of self-government elsewhere than in adaptations of the British parliamentary system. We shall therefore await the last volume with hope and interest.

In these volumes he has laid the net of difficulties, constitutional and other, that lie between India and self-government, with skill and a good fisherman's judgment. There is no doubt that he will catch many formidable fish in the succeeding one.

"Makes you realise what we're up against in India, doesn't it?" said an Englishman who had read the first part.

It does. But we wish that more Englishmen would realise that the problems of constitution which Indians are up against are considerably more than half British-made.

It seems that the greatest creative periods of political thought are those which offer the most striking contrasts. Professor Coupland's second volume shows, perhaps unconsciously, the vast gulf fixed between the ideas of Churchill and of Gandhi, even more clearly than it does Hindu-Muslim differences, on which the author has lavished so much skill and space. Indeed, this second volume reveals but dimly how the Act of 1935 brought India a form of "constitutional progress" which resulted in an inevitable clash between Muslims and Hindus in 1937, when the Act came into operation, and entirely obscures the reasons for provincial autonomy's eventual collapse when the elected representatives of the Indian people either resigned or went to jail. Yet, even Professor Coupland's scholarly obscurantism, his most careful selection of fact and quotation, has

* *The Indian Problem: 1833-1935; Indian Politics: 1936-1942.* By R. COUPLAND. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London. 6*s.* and 7*s.* 6*d.* respectively.)

not enabled him to conceal the contrast between the British Government's policy as defined in the first sentence of that historic speech by Churchill:—

> The crisis in the affairs of India arising out of the Japanese advance has made Britain wish to rally all the forces of Indian life to guard their land from the menace of the invader.

And Gandhi's equally historic:—

> I claim the liberty of going through the streets of Bombay and saying that I shall have nothing to do with this war, because I do not believe in this war and in the fratricide that is going on in Europe.

Not since the clash between Jesus Christ and Roman Imperialism has there been a greater conflict of faiths than this. Here are two fighters—the one believing in war-without-violence and taking a Hindu view of the Sermon on the Mount; the other believing in war-with-violence and taking an Anglican view of the Book of Common Prayer. Both men have, of course, human liberty as their star. But Churchill sees liberty through the eyes of the ordinary Englishman. The liberty to talk, to discuss politics in pubs, and occasionally to vote within the very strict limits laid down by the government already in power. Gandhi, on the other hand, takes a curiously uncommon man's point of view. He thinks, as Bernard Shaw once put it, that the only kind of liberty worth having is the liberty of the oppressed to squeal when hurt and the liberty to remove the conditions which hurt them.

To be detached in the midst of an historical epoch such as this, when a very large section of humanity is seeking to throw off its chains, is admittedly difficult. But it surely does not require the merit of a Bodhisattva for a scholar like Professor Coupland to remain scholarly even though defending his own government. Such jibes as: "On October 13—waves of German bombers crossed the Kentish coast that day and some of them reached London—the Working Committee accepted Mr. Gandhi's plan of campaign and promised him "the fullest co-operation in all that he may require or expect them to do," are unworthy of the moral fairness and keenness of intellect of which, at his best, Oxford's Beit Professor of Colonial History is so capable. And surely, in view of the stream of war supplies and armaments which until recently flowed from Britain to Japan, he might have refrained from the not-too-subtle crack about "the eagerness of educated Indians to see their country purged at last of all foreign control and standing on its own footing beside other countries, with a government that is Indian in the same full sense as the government of neighbouring China is Chinese."

Indians have mnay hard present problems to face, in the solution of which Professor Coupland might, with more vision and less obscurantism, have helped them. For instance, how are they to meet Mr. Amery's condition of coming together to form their own constitution, when the people's elected representatives of the largest party are without exception in prison, and allowed no communication among themselves or with minority parties outside? This would have been an immediate problem of constitution worth solving. But, unhappily, Professor Coupland ignores it entirely. We offer it to him as a suggestion for the final volume of his report.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

LECTURES WORTH READING*

This representative selection from Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's lectures is likely to find considerable success in the Everyman series. Its influence should be wide and beneficent. The author belongs to the central tradition in English criticism, and the battle he fights against pedantries and specialisations—attacking, as their way is, from many directions—is a defence of the citadel. His declared "first principle" is "that in studying any work of genius we should begin by taking it *absolutely*"—for what it is, not as a subject for enquiries of "secondary importance." This is his definition of genius:—

> As we dwell here between two mysteries, of a soul within and an ordered universe without, so among us are granted to dwell certain men of more delicate intellectual fibre than their fellows—men whose minds have, as it were, filaments to intercept, apprehend, conduct, translate home to us stray messages between these two mysteries, as modern telegraphy has learnt to search out, snatch, gather home human messages astray over waste waters of the ocean.

I do not remember a better definition in our time.

The admirable essay "On Jargon," with its doctrine of the active verb and concrete noun, needs today no advertisement; but it bears rereading. The other essays are concerned less with writing—the teaching of which is not, as Sir Arthur allows, his main job as a university professor—but with the more difficult business of reading. To write adequately is within the compass, if not always the practice, of most educated people; but the ability to read adequately, that is, without gross prejudice or elementary blunders of one sort or another, is far more rare. Sir Arthur is throughout an excellent guide to appreciation, carrying his own wide reading lightly, deft and subtle in allusion, but even more helpful in strong grasp of the major outline.

Looking back on the intellectual fever and emotional paralysis of the inter-war period, one cannot, it is true, claim for these lectures an obvious influence: rather they stand apart, or above, the polemics of recent criticism, breathing, if not a rarer, certainly a kindlier and more humane air. Perhaps those most deeply influenced have remained less vocal. There is no harm in that:—

> ...the man we are proud to send forth from our Schools will be remarkable less for something he can take out of his wallet and exhibit for knowledge, than for *being* something, and that "something" a man of unmistakable intellectual breeding, whose trained judgment we can trust to choose the better and reject the worse.

Evidences of such judgment have not been widespread in print; but we are today perhaps on the edge of a new vision more catholic and more sane, including an understanding of our literature as "that which sundry men and women have written memorably in English about life"—as repository, therefore, of a living wisdom. The defence mechanisms are, of course, legion; and we need to be reminded, again and again, of the basic truths insisted on in these pages—that "there is not, nor ever has been, really fine literature—like Isaiah—composed about

* *Cambridge Lectures*. By SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. (Everyman's Library, J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 3s.)

nothing at all"; that a nineteenth-century poet may be as directly "inspired" as the author of *Revelation;* and that true education serves not knowledge merely but Life itself, and its purpose:—

So long as I hold that the Creator has an idea of a man, so long shall I be sure that no uneven specialist realizes it.

The most controversial piece concerns "the lineage of English literature," regarded as, in its essence, cosmopolitan and inclusive, with roots splaying wide and deep and sap gathered from the Mediterranean cultures of the ancient world. Teutonic origins are dismissed, perhaps, a trifle too curtly. The case argued against Beowulf and Anglo-Saxon prose becomes less strong when one remembers *The Wanderer* and *The Seafarer* at one end of the story and Wordsworth's *Prelude,* with its deliberate rejection of classical mythology, at the other. Some, but not all, may be willing to regard these as exceptions. To insist on the generating importance of the Provençal lyric appears eminently wise; and yet again the significance of the sea in our national literature—the grey, Nordic sea—raises a doubt. One can, however, readily expand Sir Arthur's thesis whilst leaving its central emphasis undisturbed.

The book's production is a creditable war-time achievement. There is one slip in discussion of *King Lear* on p. 157—either a lapse of the author's or a misprint—confusing Gloucester and Kent.

G. WILSON KNIGHT

FATE AND FREE-WILL *

About fifty years ago Ernest Haeckel wrote: "The great struggle between the determinist and the indeterminist, between the opponent and the sustainer of the freedom of the will, has ended today, after more than 2,000 years, completely in favour of the determinist." How unworthily dogmatic and how false this pronouncement was, the subsequent history of this controversy abundantly shows; even now a final solution seems no readier to hand than in Haeckel's day, and as Dr. Davidson observes—bequeathing the problem to posterity—seems even to recede with every fresh discovery.

That is too gloomy a view perhaps, though a justifiable one on the evidence which the author assembles, since scientists and even theologians have manifestly failed to work out any common agreement. Nor does Dr. Davidson assist them. Admirably objective in his treatment, he presents his subject historically and impartially, as an interpreter who pleads no cause but calls upon the chief witnesses one by one to state their case, whether it be for the prosecution or the defence.

Beginning with a brief chapter on Ancient Babylonia whose "astral fatalism" influenced the Greek systems, Dr. Davidson considers the problem as it appears in Greek and Roman philosophy and in the Hebrew conception of the origin of evil which so markedly affected Christian theology under the direction of teachers like St. Paul and

* *The Free Will Controversy.* By M. DAVIDSON, D. SC., F.R.A.S. (C. A. Watts and Co., Ltd., London. *7s. 6d.*)

St. Augustine and the sixteenth-century Reformers, all of whom believed in original sin and all of whom, with varying emphases, were predestinarians. Pelagius the heretic was a notable exception but his name is abhorred by the orthodox even today.

Chapters follow on Descartes, who held that animals are automata but that man's will is within limits free; on Spinoza and Leibnitz, whose systems converge in the thought that freedom is found through reason and insight into the nature of God; on Kant who posits free-will as a moral necessity; on David Hume, John Stuart Mill, Ernest Haeckel and some lesser lights. Further chapters describe the problem in the light of recent developments in Biology and Physics, with special attention to the Principle of Indeterminacy and the quantum hypothesis as developed by Eddington, Max Planck and others.

In a concluding chapter, forsaking impartiality, the author subjects Dr. William Temple (Archbishop of Canterbury) to searing criticism for some muddled thinking and in particular for displaying "an inner knowledge of the mind of God." In doing so he suggests that the number of Hindu gods "runs into millions," and asks, without answering, "Where is the theistic scheme in the Hindu Pantheon?" It is evident here that he is speaking from hearsay rather than knowledge.

The book must be assessed for what it is, a historical study, and not for what it might be, an argued presentation of the case for or against the doctrine of free-will. Even so, the author's reserve is itself an implicit indication of his own outlook on the problem he discusses. It is evident that he looks for no answer from spiritual experience, nor even allows that an answer is, or can be forthcoming from this source. He holds the mystics' testimony in low regard. Exigencies of space, he says, prevent his dealing with the moral aspects of his problem. But these omissions are crucial. That we have an awareness of free-will is a significant fact. Without this assurance we might exist as a unified concourse of atoms, but we could not *live* as conscious beings, alertly, strivingly, co-operatively. Consciousness loses its essential meaning in a closed deterministic system, for consciousness assumes choice, and if there be no possibility of choice ethics is a mere utilitarian device for preserving social order and the spiritual quest is a fantasmal pursuit. When Einstein avers that he "cannot understand what people mean when they talk about freedom of the human will" he is speaking as a scientist within the scientists' causal "universe." Freedom of the spirit is the transcending of that "universe"; as St. Paul poetically describes it, deliverance from the "bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

LESLIE BELTON

The Figure of Beatrice. A Study in Dante. By CHARLES WILLIAMS. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 10s. 6*d*.)

The works of great poets can so easily become the sepulchre of commentators, and when they invite the attention of ecclesiastical censors or theologians, the danger is all the greater. For this reason Dante has suffered in this way more than Shakespeare and it is a rare refreshment to read a study of him by a poet whose conception of the Christian mystery, of the meaning of the divine reconcilement of heaven and earth, of spirit and body, is so truly and finely imaginative. There are times when a certain doctrinal complacency dulls and dries a little Mr. Williams's sensitive interpretation, but for the most part he restores Dante's great work to that ground of human experience, open to the humblest of us, where its roots have always been. To say that his book is a study of Romantic Love is almost to vulgarise it in modern ears. So terribly has the loftiest of human devotions been debased in the modern usage of that word "romantic." As he himself writes,

> Since Dante the corrupt following of his way has spoiled the repute of the vision. But the vision has remained. People still fall in love, and fall in love as Dante did. It is not unusual to find them doing it.

How heartening it is to find a critic beginning at the beginning with the simple human experience. And Mr. Williams's excellence is never to forget the beginning in the end, while foreseeing, as Dante surely did without knowing what he saw, the end in the beginning. It was to know what he saw on that May morning of the year 1283, in a street in Florence when Beatrice dressed in white looked at him and "saluted" him, that he travelled the awesome and ecstatic way of which his poetry from the *Vita Nuova* to the *Paradiso* is the imaginative record. Towards the end of that way, in the realm of Gemini beyond the planetary heavens, he heard the voice of Beatrice saying, "Open your eyes; see what I am."

This is the great offer, comments Mr. Williams,

> and the great demand....This is what Dante's poetry had all along been trying to do, from the very first moment. Beatrice and Love had then both been "unknown modes of being." He had imaged them in the *Vita*, then he had analysed them in the *Convivio*; he had renewed them in the *Commedia*.

Now he sees and knows her as she is. And the wonder of it is that she is not only the image of adorable love, of heavenly perfection, but also the Florentine girl of the May morning. It is because Mr. Williams maintains the humanity of Beatrice even at the loftiest transhumanised height that her reality grows and grows as it did for Dante instead of fading into a spiritual abstraction. As he says of one of her sayings in the *Paradiso*, only truly to be experienced if it is a woman who speaks as well as Love and Wisdom incarnate,

> This union of laughter and knowledge, modesty and magnificence, humility and infallibility, may be difficult to imagine. The alternative is a cultured female psychiatrist, with an officially spiritual smile.

Too often, alas! Beatrice has been reduced by learned commentators to something like that. Mr. Williams restores her to her full, her infinitely expressive stature. She becomes the true image of heavenly human perfection which Dante journeyed and laboured and suffered to see.

As a guide to that journey, to the text of it and the meaning, step by step through the Hell of wilful falseness to the vision to the Heaven of the vision redeemed and shared, this book is of the greatest value. It is that rare thing, a marriage of learning and experience. What Mr. Williams has thought of Dante, he has also profoundly and sensitively felt.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

Sangitaratnākara of Sarngadeva. Vol. I, Adhyaya I. Edited by PANDIT S. SUBRAHMANYA SASTRI. (Adyar Library, Adyar, Madras. Rs. 9/-)

A melancholy interest attaches to this publication because the great scholar who was its editor died before it could see the light of day. He had got ready for the press all the seven Adhyāyas of the immortal work on Indian music by Sarngadeva but died before writing a critical and comprehensive introduction to the work. He was a great authority on the Indian arts of music and the dance as well as on Indian philosophy and religion.

Sarngadeva's great work is the standard treatise on Indian Music. Pandit Subrahmanya Sastri's edition is superior to all the previous ones because additional manuscripts of the commentaries of Kallinatha and Simhabhupala (Kalānidhi and Sudhāhara) have been scrutinised with care by the editor. The later portions of the great treatise are likely to be published soon in the Adyar Library Series. The seven chapters of the work deal with Swara, Raga, Prakirnaka, Prabandha, Tāla, Vādya and Nritya, respectively.

The author says that his family belonged originally to Kashmere. His father Sodhala was patronized by King Singhana who ruled at Deogiri (the modern Dowlatabad) from 1210 to 1247. Sarngadeva calls himself "one learned in all sciences" (*Kalitāsakalashāstrah*), Verse 10. He refers also to many previous expert writers on the subject.

The basic general and preliminary ideas in the work are of great beauty and value and are in accord with the traditional Indian ideas as contained in Bharata Nātya Sastra and other famous works. Sangita is the name given to the composite entity made up of Gita (vocal music), Vādya (instrumental music) and Nritta (the dance). It is of two kinds, Mārga and Desi. Mārga is the classical general type. Desi is the local special popular type. Of the three elements of Sangita, vocal music is the most important because instrumental music follows it while the dance follows the instrumental music. Vocal music is said to have been distilled from the *Sāma Veda.* Music appeals to all and dowers us with all the attainments of life (Dharma, Artha, Kāma and Moksha).

The author then enters into the philosophy of music. He calls music the captivator of the universe and the destroyer of samsāra (*Geyam Vitanvato Lokaranjanam Bhavabhanjanam*). He then proceeds to deal with Vādi, Samvādi, Vivādi and Amvādi Swaras, Grāma, Moorchana, Varna, Alankara, Jati, etc. The work has an appendix relating to swaraprastāra. Thus the work evolves the intricate harmonies of music from the basic primieval harmonies of the Spirit.

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

Letter to Andrew. By ROM LANDAU. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 8*s*. 6*d*.)

Let it first be fully conceded that this is an honest and sincere book. Indeed, it would be impossible to doubt the sincerity of a man who, dealing out death from the gun turret of an R. A. F. plane, can ask: "Why does God allow young men to be killed?" One begs leave, however, to doubt the wisdom of his perspective and the clarity of his thought. It would seem that Rom Landau possesses to a high degree what E. M. Forster has described as an Englishman's "power of confusing his own mind."

The book is addressed to Andrew, who was not only the author's personal friend and gunner companion, but obviously symbolises for him the many young Englishmen who have met their death prematurely in war. "You were so happy during the last few weeks," he writes, "so eager about the final refitting of your plane and about each detail of your own gun turret." But far from facing the spiritual and logical implications of such an attitude, and searching deep in his soul and heart and mind for an understanding, he dismisses it with a single sentence: "What you and many like you have died for, should by now be self-evident."

Self-evident to whom? To the children who are whipped for shouting peace slogans down the sordid lanes of Indian slums? To the starved corpses for whom "measures have been taken for quick removal" from the streets of Calcutta? To Mahatma Gandhi, perhaps?

"Probably no problem brought about by the war is more puzzling to those who believe in God than that of 'undeserved' suffering and death," Rom Landau admits. But having posed this problem, he devotes a whole chapter to the case of Captain Brown, a sex maniac at large in the R. A. F., and another to an ingenuous panegyric on a public demonstration of love by a young couple in the corner of a railway carriage, so that by the time he reaches his real problem there are no more pages left. If only he had extended his brief chapter on "The Meaning of Suffering" into a volume, we could add to our respect for his sincerity and honesty the virtue of illumination. One paragraph will suffice to show what, at his best, he is capable of:—

> ...few forms of happiness bring with them the sublime peace which we find within ourselves when sorrow has led us back finally to the true source of our being. Buddha called this state of unification Nirvana. For Nirvana corresponds in no sense to the conventional picture of it as an unconscious bliss in which the individuality has been extinguished. Nirvana is in the first place the waning out of suffering; then, an exalted state of consciousness, the Upanishadic *turiya*, in which the personal self gradually becomes absorbed in God-awareness; and finally it is God-identification. In Christian mysticism, we find this idea expressed in the words of Meister Eckhart, "God absorbs the soul, leaving no trace."

If Rom Landau will take that as his standard, and write another book without mental confusions, moral evasions, and otherwise putting on R. A. F. "blinkers," he will be doing the young Andrews, who may be called upon to die as gunners tomorrow, a great service.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

Unity. By MAHATMA GANDHI AND OTHERS; edited by J. P. GUPTA. (Hamara Hindostan Publications, Bombay. As. 8)

The Hamara Hindostan Publications, proclaiming that "Unity is our aim and freedom of our land is our goal," have brought out an inspiring collection of extracts from the writings and speeches of Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru, Abul Kalam Azad etc., under the striking title of *Unity*. They all reiterate in their characteristic way the imperishable truth of the Brotherhood of Man that has inspired and guided all great movements in history. Gandhiji's words strike one as the reverberating echo of the message of the sages of all lands. Jawaharlal Nehru reiterates the same Message charged with deep human sympathy and understanding. Maulana Abul Kalam Azad reminds one of the philosopher-statesmen of Islam who kept burning the flame of human culture in the engulfing darkness of medieval Europe. They prove the unity of India beyond the shadow of a doubt.

M. A. B.

Give Democracy a Chance. By "CACTUS." (Karnatak Publishing House, Bombay 2. Re. 1/12)

Indians of South Africa. By BHASKAR APPASAMY. (Current Topics Series No. 12, Padma Publications Ltd., Sir Pherozeshah Mehta Road, Bombay. As. 12/-)

How to Secure Indian Independence. By "SUTLEJ." (Oxford University Press, Bombay. As. 8)

"Cactus" attempts to present "a political and economic cross section of Europe between the two world wars." A revealing analysis, necessarily brief, of the complex of forces that made possible the rise of Hitlerism and the present disaster. He strikes the right note in his insistence on freedom, security and democracy for all, if contemporary travail holds any warning for the future.

The story of racial hatred in South Africa makes one less sanguine. Smuts tightens up discrimination while the Allied war lords are proclaiming democracy from the house-tops. Shri Appasamy tells a sorry tale.

"Sutlej" brings us to India which he divides into Hindustan, Pakistan and Princes-stan (grouped in nine other sovereign states) with option to federate. Britain's willingness to quit and also the minorities' and the princes' readiness to play a different rôle than that of pawns in the imperial game are too lightly assumed.

V. M. I.

Let India Fight for Freedom! By K. A. ABBAS. (Sound Magazine Publication Department, Bombay. Re. 1/8)

We congratulate K. A. Abbas on his book. It refutes the lie that the leaders of India have ever been pro-Fascist. One by one Mr. Abbas takes up the calumnies against Jawaharlal Nehru, against Gandhiji, against the Indian National Congress, and proves them baseless. This book should convince the most sceptical of "India's Front Against Fascism" and of the opposition of India's greatest leaders to aggression anywhere.

M. A. B.

The Revelations of Saint Meikandar. By YOGI SRI SHUDDHANANDA BHARATIAR. (Anbu Nilayam, Ramachandrapuram, Trichy Dist. Re. 1/8)

Sri Shuddhananda Bharatiar is a well-known Tamil poet and critic. In this small book he translates into plain English the aphorisms of a mediæval saint and seer, Meikandar. The latter's twelve aphorisms are lucidly commented upon and interpreted for the ordinary reader. They embody the basic teachings of the philosophical system called Siddhanta, which takes its origin in the Sanskrit Agamas or approaches to divine knowledge, which are intended to purify and prepare the imperfect man for final approach to self-realisation and Divinity. The twelve pithy aphorisms which are translated here from Tamil are claimed by the commentator to be more suggestive, of deeper and wider significance than the Sanskrit *Sutras* themselves. They embrace the subjects of Deity, the soul and the universe, their nature and their relationship. The modes of attaining intimate knowledge of these truths are suggested and the final goal of the human soul is explained. The answers and the explanations are given in the light of the philosophical teachings of the Shaiva Siddhanta.

The inflated claims for the system apart, the emphasis upon the need for real knowledge and for self-help, upon the reality of the graded progress of humanity on the evolutionary path, and above all upon the need to look within, is valuable. Shri Shuddhananda Bharatiar's commentary makes a brief but illuminating handbook of Shaiva Siddhanta, the principal teachings of which are epitomised in the revelations of the early-thirteenth-century saint and are lucidly explained by the modern one.

V. M. INAMDAR

The Dhamma-Cakka-Pavattana Sutta or The First Sermon of the Buddha Delivered at the Deer-Park (Sarnath) about Two Thousand Five Hundred Years Ago in the Month of July (Asādha). (Sister Vajirā, Maha Bodhi Society, Sarnath, U. P. As. 4)

Beyond the Intellect. By W. J. GABB; *The Way of Becoming: A Psychological Study of the Noble Eightfold Path.* By CLARE CAMERON. (Nos. 2 and 3. Foundations of Peace Series, The Buddhist Lodge, London. 9*d*. each)

The third of these little books is a commentary on the Enlightened One's Noble Eightfold Path. His first exposition of which is republished, in the first booklet, in Pali (Roman script) and English text. That sermon hardly needs a commentary, it is so simple and so clear, but Miss Cameron's thought turns the Wheel of the Law.

The practice of Zen is defined by Mr. Gabb as "the pursuit of purposelessness in the light of faith," and Zen as "the unfettered life of the spirit." But the startlingly inconsequent antitheses which mark Zen dialogue seem a far cry from the Buddha's own straightforward presentation, rich in examples and in homely similes!

E. M. H.

Wisdom of Men. Edited by J. A. G. BRUCE, with a Foreword by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 5*s*.)

A few anthologies, perhaps because they spring from a genuinely inspirational impulse in their compilers, have lived and lived deservedly; our shelves would be the poorer without *The Golden Treasury* and *The Spirit of Man*. But it is doubtful whether, in days when paper is so short that many new books must go unpublished, any positive service is done us by the collection and republication of most of these extracts. This book contains much that is first-rate, but much that is at best second-rate (for example, the mawkish and ill-written extract, on page 39, from a letter of Rupert Brooke's); and a good deal of the first-rate material is so familiar as to be available to any one who possesses a Bible, a Shakespeare, a *Pilgrim's Progress*, and a translation of *The Symposium*. Why, one wonders, add to the compiler's labour the reader's irritation on finding well-liked passages torn from their contexts?

The book's general effect is dull. If the remark does not seem too discourteous to a great profession, one may say that, had one not been told so by the publisher, one would have guessed that this anthology was the work of a schoolmaster—a conscientious schoolmaster, but one not infallible as far as either literary taste or philosophic insight is concerned. The book has the misfortune to be "uplifting"; it is also regrettably reactionary and conservative in much of its tone (though something has been done to strike a balance and make the best of two worlds): the extracts under the heading of Religion are largely drawn from our stuffier churchmen, and there are some distressingly unmemorable passages from royal and archiepiscopal broadcasts.

Apparently the book is intended more particularly for young persons. Some of us would consider many of the opinions it would seek to inculcate so reactionary as to be pernicious; we shall not help youth to make a decent future if we set them for precept the academic and unrealistic pomposities of a past directly responsible for an indecent present. Happily, however, one or two more progressive spirits have penetrated Mr. Bruce's defences—William Blake and Mr. Lewis Mumford, for example, and even D. H. Lawrence, though of course neither he nor any one else is allowed a direct word about sex, a subject on which, we are presumably meant to infer, men are lacking in wisdom. Happily, too, we can fairly take it that the reaction of the average youth to these rather boring examples (for the most parts so sadly dissociated from the wisdom of God) of men's spiritual and philosophical achievement would be one of instant flight; we can safely say that the book will do little harm.

R. H. WARD

CORRESPONDENCE

NEGATIVE FACT

I am immensely benefited by Mr. R. Naga Raja Sarma's criticism, in his review in THE ARYAN PATH for October 1943, of some of the points in my *Negative Fact, Negation and Truth*. There is, however, some misrepresentation of my point of view, which is apt to cause confusion. I am therefore impelled to say a few words more about negation and negative fact.

For example, the conclusion that in a situation of negation the ideal plays as important a rôle as the real, considerably neutralises the philosophic potency of my main conclusion.

Mr. Sarma withholds what he considers irrefutable reasons for negative fact, contenting himself with defining the different kinds of negation with which Indian logicians deal. "Annyonya-abhava" is discussed threadbare in my book. As regards the rest, the kinds of absence are determined by the relevant contexts of experience; they are absence all the same. On what absence is I find no reason to modify my view.

Mr. Sarma points to a forged currency note as a pure negative fact, although it presents a positive appearance. There need be no confusion between falsity of judgment and a corresponding negation. To recognise that this is a forged note is not to say that this is not a currency note.

Again, I have not as much Sanskrit as Mr. Sarma has; none-the-less I cannot accept the interpretation he puts upon the Vedantic *neti-neti*. It is absurd to hold that "*neti*" itself ends in reducing a positive to a pure negative.

ADHAR CHANDRA DAS

Calcutta

"INDIAN ARCHITECTURE"

I have again read with the greatest care Mr. Percy Brown's description of the Mandu monuments and must most positively repeat that the North Palace and the water pavilions on the west side of the Munja Talao are not mentioned. Mr. Percy Brown describes only the Hindola Mahal and the Jahaz Mahal which, as a consultation of Yazdani's authoritative book on Mandu proves, are not identical with the much older North Palace and with the comparatively small, but important water pavilions opposite the gigantic structure of the Jahaz Mahal. The singular position of these latter buildings in the history of Indian art has been pointed out by me in the *Journal of the University of Bombay*, Volume VIII, Part 4, 1940.

H. GOETZ

Baroda.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____*ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The ill effects of the materialistic concept of the Universe and man propounded by the scientists of the last century have not yet exhausted themselves; their cumulative influence is to be seen in the precipitation and even in the conduct of this war. Though science itself is no longer materialistic, having received its death-blow in the closing years of the last century, it itself is powerless to control the devil it evoked. Many a false doctrine of politics and economics responsible for the grave position of mankind today is traceable to that materialistic concept. This view is very ably presented by the Chinese scholar and thinker Lin Yutang in his latest book—*Between Tears and Laughter*.

The dead hand of Science is upon the West. Science or the objective study of matter has coloured man's thinking and brought us all three, Naturalism, Determinism, and Materialism. Science therefore has destroyed the human values. Naturalism has destroyed the belief in the power for good and co-operation. Materialism has destroyed subtlety and insight and faith in things unseen. Determinism has destroyed the capacity for hope.

In lucid manner Lin Yutang not only proves his case but suggests the remedy for the foul disease of our civilisation. He has little respect for the "scientific specialised knowledge" which has given us "swine-and-slop economic postwar planning." Nor does he point to Russia; that State's economics and politics seem to possess no charms for this clear thinker. Abandoning the West he turns to the wisdom of China and of India and especially does he quote Gautama the Buddha, whose view of the conduct of life is diametrically opposite to that of the men of modern knowledge. Mencius, the disciple of Confucius, is quoted at some length. Lin Yutang concludes:—

I have tried to show that war is inseparably related to power politics, power politics to the naturalistic view of human society, and the naturalistic view of human society to the influence of scientific materialism and determinism upon the human studies and modern thought. The deeper question of war and peace hinges upon what we think of man, whether he is a chemical compound and therefore a slave of mechanical laws of struggle, or whether he has the freedom of the will of which Buddha and all teachers of the past spoke....

Materialists cannot end wars or devise a peace. They have not the brains for it. Materialists have not the courage to hope. They are not hoping now.

Funny little man, how he conquers the world and is afraid of a little idea, determinism, as if from it he had no escape! A subtle thought might one day seep into man's mind and lend him an escape. It will be just a little idea, come like a tiny key, which the angels shall send us and which shall gently and easily open the chains of mortal man, and that little key is called Free Will. Then, with that little key, Prometheus shall be unbound.

Between Tears and Laughter is a great book written by a man of deep insight. It deserves more than one reading.

The aim of the needed national system of education should be the creation of a new type of administrator fitted to conduct the government of post-war India, declared the Rt. Hon. Dr. M. R. Jayakar on 26th November. Much of his Convocation Address at the Patna University was given to the Universities' part in the achievement of that aim. The working out of a new conception of citizenship and the cultivation of the appropriate ideology, he warned, was not a task for the politician but for the Universities.

The new administrator must be "a truly representative Indian," calm in judgment, with the toleration and the impartiality born of broad sympathies.

University distinctions are an admirable achievement in their own way. But they can be no substitute for the spirit of sacrifice, the capacity to bear each other's burdens, which are so needed in the outer world.

A nexus had to be created between the University and India's seven lakhs of villages. Their regeneration waited for educated youthful leaders whose training was adequate, whose instincts were sympathetic and whose methods modern.

The foundation of broad sympathies must be laid in the University years, which offered ideal facilities for broadening contacts. One friendship formed at college with a member of a different community or race, "will save us in later life from the extremes of racial or communal antipathy which are always the result of ignorance and prejudice."

But the development of mutual understanding is too vital to be left entirely to student initiative. It is the duty of the University itself to lay the foundation of "a common veneration of one another's culture and civilisation in India." This has the most intimate relation to politics.

History records not a few instances of nations being built out of elements, uniting in a common endeavour to understand, appreciate and revere the cultures and civilization of the component sections. That furnishes the adhesive element which ultimately clasps them together in bonds of steel.

Dr. Jayakar recommended a "Faculty of Indian Culture" as a compulsory branch of study at the University. Such study would reveal assimilative processes in art and culture at work in mediæval as in ancient India. The course of Muslim history in this country, he declared, "is replete with instances of cultural and other occupations which they laboured, jointly with the Hindu, to pursue, perfect and perpetuate with the utmost devotion." Appreciation of each other's cultural achievements is a long step towards understanding of each other's point of view. There is something very wrong with our educational system when so scholarly a product of it as Dr. Jayakar must confess that he is "ignorant, like an unlettered man, of all that is great in other literatures and histories in my own country." What are the Universities going to do about it?

Increasingly the concept of the regional cultures as shining bits in the mosaic pattern that is India is gaining ground. Sir R. K. Shanmukham Chetti in his Convocation Address at the Annamalai University on 30th November defended the revival of interest in the various linguistic cultures. He was not one who looked upon the spirit of renaissance in the different languages as a fissiparous tendency threatening the unity of India. In fact I consider that those who

oppose this spirit are the enemies of Indian nationalism. For, they forget that Indian culture and Indian nationalism are the synthesis of different cultures and multi-national forces, each with great traditions and a strong individuality.

It was the attempt to impose particular ideas and cultures on all India that caused discord. Sir Shanmukham regretted bitterly, when he took up in later years the study of the ancient Tamil classics, his earlier neglect of the treasures of his own land. He is not the first to find these fit to rank among the immortal works of the world. When will the Universities awaken to the opportunity they are neglecting, to turn out graduates with adequate acquaintance with their ancient heritage?

It was the same note of the inspiration of the Tamil classics that Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastri struck in his P. E. N. lecture at Bombay on 6th December on "Tamil Poetry—Ancient and Modern." And he too visualised a national cultural synthesis to which the culture of the Tamil Nad, with its history of thousands of years and its great modern poet-patriots, should make its worthy contribution.

The Indian ideal of Dharma as the coadjutor and the sustainer of political power was stressed by Shri K. M. Munshi at the bimillennial Vikramaditya Celebrations at Cawnpore on 9th December. Vikramaditya he described as "our Pillar of Fire, leading us on from bondage to the Land of Promise." Shri Munshi traced the glorious tradition of power wedded to Dharma from Asoka through the Empire of the Guptas, Shri Harsha, Mihira Bhoja, Bhoja the Magnificent, Akbar, whom India adopted as her own, and Sivaji. In the eras of confusion and conflict that intervened between and followed these mighty men of glorious renown there were many "Vikramadityas of frustrated destiny." These laid their lives down in defence of Dharma and their people's freedom.

In India, as perhaps nowhere else in the world, the inseparability of power from responsibility, the application of *noblesse oblige* to the king himself, is fully accepted. Bad rulers there have been and are, but no glamour of "divine right" excuses their flouting of Dharma, "the overarching law of life." But is it not a flouting of the ideal of Dharma to declare that "we went under, for we were too humane... we lacked the art of organised destruction"? Let us not confuse the obvious proximate with the underlying real cause. Not for being too humane but for being disunited; not for a too tender conscience but for such sins against brotherhood as untouchability represents, did India fall prey to foreign domination. She forged her own chains; who would dare to hold in servitude an India risen to the full height of her Dharma?

The basic importance of the teacher's attitude and point of view were emphasised by Shrimati Hansa Mehta in a symposium on "Education and Democracy" held at Bombay on the 7th December. Teachers, she declared, should eschew communalism and provincialism and themselves be clear that all in India were members of one nation, before they could inculcate tolerance in their charges. How could a teacher whose own outlook was not democratic teach what democracy meant and implied?

"Education for Democracy" would be a better subject than "Education and Democracy," she said. Democracy meant more than the power to vote, but a free individual who had that power needed moral education to exert it wisely. He ought to know right and wrong before giving his support to a principle or voting for the upholder of a particular policy. Lack of character was a great obstacle to true democracy (the greatest, we should say). Children should, Shrimati Hansa Mehta said, be taught to judge for themselves, to place principles before personal considerations, to believe in tolerance, justice, liberty, equality.

"There is no more important function of education or democracy than the production of individuals equipped in character to discharge worthily the duties of citizens. India cannot wait to produce democrats until freedom puts a democratic form of government within her grasp. Official rectitude, a *sine qua non* of democracy, must rest on the broad base of civic probity, and that on proper moral education.

"The Tyranny of Things" is the subtitle of a brilliant article by Miss Storm Jameson on "Literature Between the Wars" in *The Times Literary Supplement* of 18th September. Others than writers can gain from her analysis of that literature's "weakness, laced by a drop of wit." "More books than ever before, a great air of energy and industry, and no great writers." It is a fair description of our age. The poverty she traces partly to "the vertigo of change" and partly to the outstripping of lay comprehension by scientific and technical knowledge. But its roots lie deeper, firstly in the growing mechanical complexity of our civilization.

More things are being made and forced upon us than ever before, society approves of the possession of more and more things, and success is measured in things. We are distracted by the screams uttered by things in their furious need to make us attend to them.

And secondly, the metronome of civilisation goes on beating faster and faster, not giving us time "to adjust to it our deeper intuitive reactions." The complexity of civilisation has made the artist's hold on reality superficial. The deeper accents of life he has not heard. Since it is beyond him to resolve the disordered tangle and since he must live in the midst of distraction, Miss Jameson stresses the need for "a severe effort of detachment (the opposite of indifference), until it becomes possible and natural to see, separated from our fears and hungers, and thus to know, the world of objects."

The object which first blocks our sight is precisely our self. Only when we make ourselves free of it we are able to write with real knowledge—earned by living attentively—and without self-love, or the self-pity which blurs much of the new war poetry. A greater attentiveness is not possible unless we change our lives, to make them simpler.

One simplicity which she has in mind is not deprivation enforced by untoward circumstance but the deliberate choice among one's possible developments, which is "the art of accumulating and using riches" of one's interior world as well as of the larger world of thought and concrete images.

The writer, vowed to his technique, has to find a way of living among the riches of all the human beings he might have been, without distraction, bringing under the control of his chosen method as many of these ideas, doubts, contradictions as it can use.

But that demands self-knowledge and the formulation of a purpose and a plan. And those in turn demand "the real freedom, bought at the cost of time and energy, of silence in which to listen more attentively, look deeper."

THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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CULTURAL OSMOSIS

Mr. E. M. Forster is right when he says, in introducing Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar's recently published *Literature and Authorship in India*:—

It is unwise to ignore sensitiveness: you may win the short battle by so doing but you will lose the long one and will be condemned by the tribunal of history. It is unwise to suppose that culture is unimportant and that distance in space and differences in idiom are a sufficient excuse for superciliousness and obtuseness.

The ancient Indian poet who prayed to be spared the fate of "having to submit delicate things of beauty to the obtuse" was an unconscious prophet of his country's, nay, of modern Asia's, plight. For, though Mr. Forster is addressing his remonstrance to his countrymen for their indifference to India's culture, his words have a wider application. Europe and America in general must answer to the same indictment of knowing little and caring less about the vivid, varied culture of the Orient.

The last centuries have seen a vast spread of the sway of Western nations over Asiatic lands, but there has not been a proportional increase in assimilation of the cultures of the territories thus brought within the Western sphere of influence or under Western rule. Without such assimilation, amalgamation is not possible, nor is the achievement of organic unity. Such acquisition of territories may be likened to the physiological phenomenon of taking food. In any healthy organism ingestion is followed without a break by digestion and assimilation of everything that can be built into the bodily structure. A break in the process may mean discomfort, pain, disease and, if long continued, death. International groupings are organisms. When the extent of added territories is greater than the assimilative power, when, as it were, the reach exceeds the grasp, the necessary conditions are absent for healthy growth or even sometimes for the maintenance of the *status quo*. With-

out assimilation of another people's culture how can there be appreciation of its background, understanding of its difficulties, sympathy with its aspirations ?

Galsworthy traces all the troubles of our time, disharmony and greed, ugliness and restlessness, cruelty and wars, to there not being enough lovers of beauty among men :—

Men may have a mint of sterling qualities—be vigorous, adventurous, brave, upright, and self-sacrificing ; be preachers and teachers ; keen, cool-headed, just, industrious—if they have not the love of beauty they will still be making wars.

He was not far wrong. True beauty is the hall-mark of the spirit. Not for the form itself is any cultural expression to be valued so much as for the beauty which that form enshrines. And beauty knows no geographical frontiers.

Æsthetic obtuseness is no better than intellectual stupidity. Wordsworth's philistine *vis-à-vis* the yellow primrose is a not uncommon type. Such a man may be successful in business but he is a cultural moron all the same. Human evolution is only partly measurable in terms of increased control of the instrument and the environment. Increase of sensitiveness is no less important a criterion.

To return to the homely simile of ingestion and assimilation. The inability of the body to absorb particular nutritional elements is a symptom of disease. Unless there is lowered ability of the tissues to absorb a certain element, such as sugar in the case of diabetics, the nutritional value is only to a limited extent dependent on the medium. Wheat is wheat, whether in English bun or Indian puri, and all can learn to relish foreign fare.

There are those whose pulses are not quickened by beauty under any guise. But for the rest, if they but lay aside their insularity, beauty is beauty, whether in European stained-glass window or Ajanta painting. Canons of beauty differ and change, but only in so far as they are defective. The truly beautiful achieves a quasi-immortality. The meretricious may be praised today but it is sure to sink into deserved oblivion tomorrow. The beauty that we cannot recognise today, as shining through an unfamiliar medium, tomorrow may reward our study and enrich our lives.

Europe has, as Mr. Forster says of England, sent out soldiers and administrators and money-makers to the East, but few scholars and fewer artists. And Eastern scholars and artists who might have served as interpreters of the feelings of their people and their ways of expressing those feelings have not been adequately welcomed anywhere in the West.

The converse is only partly true. We are not thinking of Japan, which has adopted Western civilisation *en bloc*, with devastating thoroughness. Many in the East have made most earnest efforts to absorb the

culture, as distinguished from the civilisation, of the West. The English poets, the Russian masters of fiction, have exerted no less powerful an influence upon the literary development of the East than the Western thinkers have upon its political theories. The effort is commendable in so far as it has sought the understanding of an alien culture, in so far as there has been emulation, not imitation; adaptation, not blind adoption of unfamiliar canons; discriminating selection, not blind acceptance of exotic ways. True, an ebb-tide has set in which must be checked; "rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind."

The point that we want to make here is that *reciprocal* give and take is a primary condition of wholesome relationship. Take all and give nothing and you are an exploiter and a despot. Give all and take nothing and you play the philanthropist at the expense of your beneficiary's self-respect. The West has taken from the Asiatic countries much in physical wealth which they could ill afford to lose. But Asia's cultural riches, which she could have shared without impoverishment, have largely been ignored. The impact of Western culture upon the East has, as said, been culturally stimulating. It is to the West's inestimable loss that she does not seek payment in cultural kind. All these years she has, so to say, been carrying away triumphantly common lead when there have been and are diamonds of the spirit for the taking. The East has not withheld them, but the willingness to receive has not been equal to the readiness to instruct.

The promotion of a living synthesis between Eastern and Western thought is one of the important aims for which THE ARYAN PATH was launched and is conducted. For cultural osmosis is the cure for mutual suspicions, rivalries and failure to appreciate each other's best.

So much depends on genuine *rapprochement* between East and West that it should not be left to casual contacts to effect a blend of ideologies. The average traveller is an indifferent cultural ambassador. There should be planned exchange of some of our best minds as well as of our noblest works of art. Exchange professorships and scholarships are well-established institutions in the West. The Universities of Asia should be drawn into the scheme. The possibilities of cultural osmosis for mutual gain and for world amity are vast indeed.

TAGORE AND SCIENCE

[**Shri P. G. Shah** brings out here a little-realised facet of Rabindranath Tagore's world-view. As is to be expected of such a great synthetic mind, he gave science its proper place—a means and nothing more than a means, for the knowledge of the physical universe—what grammar is to the understanding of a poem.—ED.]

When the history of the Renaissance in India in the twentieth century comes to be written Rabindranath Tagore will occupy a prominent place. Even though no more, he stands as a beacon shedding lustre far and wide throughout this ancient land. Though known by the universal and endearing epithets of "Poet" and "*Gurudev*," and though his fame rests on his numerous works as a dramatist, a novelist, a philosopher and a thinker, little is known about him as a realistic student of modern science, its method and its philosophy.

The present writer was brought into direct contact with the scientific mind of the poet when the latter had planned to write a text-book of science in Bengali and had asked for the co-operation of workers in scientific terminology in the regional languages of India. In a long talk during one of his visits to Bombay about ten years ago, the poet discussed his views on simplifying scientific terminology without eschewing Western words. Though described as a dreamer and a visionary he has always remained on *terra firma*, as was made clear during these discussions, and it is a matter for satisfaction that the present writer's views on the subject had a large measure of support from this unexpected quarter. The poet's text-book on Science in Bengali was not published till 1938 but not only the title *Vishvaparichaya*, also the masterly and comprehensive treatment of science in all its branches demonstrates the deep scientific background of the mind of this great literary genius.

A man of international contacts like Tagore, who had travelled round the world not once but several times and who had closely examined the progress of new countries like Russia and Japan, could not have escaped the influence of science. There is sufficient internal evidence in his writings to indicate that his study of science was not skin-deep, and his metaphors and similes evince deep scientific study. For want of space I have omitted long quotations but a reader taking up any of his serious books like *The Religion of Man* or *Creative Unity* will find a large number of scientific phrases like "dark bands in the spectrum of our consciousness," "chronic malignity of a disease," and "explosive atoms whirling in space" which exhibit a wonderful familiarity with scientific thought and literature.

If Maharshi Debendranath Tagore dedicated Santiniketan to India, the greatest monument of the poet Tagore is the "Shri Niketan"—the institute of rural reconstruction. Visva-Bharati, the international centre of culture, never satisfied the inner soul of the poet, whose heart always yearned for the realistic and scientific solution of the problems of the country. The mere enumeration of the departments at this institute of rural reconstruction ("Shri-Niketan") gives a picture of the mind of Tagore: agriculture, dairying, animal husbandry, poultry-raising, carpentry, smithing, weaving, tanning, sanitation and health-work. His graphic condemnation of city life's proving a burden on the rural life of the country is worded in brilliant language, showing a scientific grasp of the problems as well as the feeling heart of a social worker:—

Cities there must be in man's civilization, just as in higher organisms there must be organized centres of life, such as the brain, heart or stomach. These never overwhelm the wholeness of the body; on the contrary, by a perfect federation of their functions they maintain its richness. But a tumour, round which the blood is congested, is the enemy of the whole body upon which it feeds as it swells. Our modern cities, in the same way, feed upon the whole social organism that runs through the villages; they continually drain away the life-stuff of the community, and slough off a huge amount of dead matter, while assuming a lurid counterfeit of prosperity. Thus, unlike a living heart, these cities imprison and kill the blood and create poison centres filled with the accumulation of death.

Even though he thus condemned the congested and artificial life of cities, he never departed from the conception of organic evolution of village life as a whole. His centre of culture, his ideal of a university is described thus:—

Our centre of culture should not only be the centre of the intellectual life of India but the centre of her economic life also. It must co-operate with the villages round it, cultivate land, breed cattle, spin clothes, press oil from oil seeds; it must produce all the necessaries, devising the best means, using the best materials and calling science to its aid.[1]

Science was a subject dear to the heart of Tagore, and his study and exposition of the philosophy and the facts of science were so thorough that he could beard a scientist like Einstein in his own den. In the brilliant conversation at Einstein's residence in Germany, between the propounder of the theory of relativity and the philosophic interpreter of Indian philosophy, it is Tagore, who fights his battle with the weapons of his opponent, that comes out more successful and who compels the scientist to exclaim at the end of the interview, "I am more religious than you are!" In explaining that the divine according to him is not isolated from the world, and that the infinite personality of man

[1] *Creative Unity*, p. 193.

comprehends the universe, the poet illustrates with a scientific fact.

Matter is composed of protons and electrons with gaps between them: but matter may seem to be solid. Similarly, —humanity is composed of individuals, yet they have their interconnection of human relationship, which gives solidarity to man's world.

Here are some more of Tagore's sallies:—

This world is a human world—the scientific view of it is also that of a scientific man.

Science is concerned with that which is not confined to individuals, it is the impersonal human world of truths.

In science we go through the discipline of eliminating the personal limitations of our individual minds and thus reach that comprehension of truth which is the mind of the Universal Man.

But Tagore, though a lover of science, was never a blind worshipper at its shrine. While appreciating its achievements and its glories, he recognised its misuse as caused by inherent limitations of the average human mind. The contributions of science to the methods of study, its constant insistence on reality and exactness, its impersonal judgment of evidence, has made all students, even of subjects like history, economics, law, literature and poetry, constantly appeal to scientific methods of investigation in their own subjects. In addition, the spirit of science, the humility of the scientific investigator, the self-abnegation, self-sacrifice and devotion of the scientist, as evinced in the lives of all great scientists throughout the world, form a glorious chapter in the history of the advancement of human knowledge. The abuse of science for the cruel purposes of war and personal aggrandisement is not due to the inherent weakness of Science. Put it to the moral failure of the leaders of society. Even poets and philosophers throughout the ages have been used by the princes in power for personal gains, and the misuse of science indicates the bankruptcy of human civilisation caused by its own lack of appreciation of spiritual values.

If the dazzle of a material and utilitarian civilisation prevents man from realising the inherent superiority of honesty and contentment as positive virtues in the life of nations, and if ruthless self-aggrandisement either in individuals or nations cannot be cured—even if the lessons of anthropology and psychology are lost on politicians and militaristic leaders of society—it must be recognised that science has given help in reducing the self-inflicted suffering caused by war, pestilence, ignorance and famine. Tagore's significant words are :—

I am not foolish to condemn science as materialistic. No truth can be that. Science means intellectual probity in our knowledge and dealings with the physical world, and such consciousness has a spiritual quality that encourages sacrifice and martyrdom. But in science the oft-used half-truth that

"honesty is the best policy" is completely made true.

While appreciating science, like a true seer Tagore was prepared to give it a proper place of dignity and utility.

Science has its proper place in analysing this world as a construction, just as grammar has its legitimate office in analysing the syntax of a poem. But the world as a creation is not a mere construction. It is a poem, which we are apt to forget, when grammar takes excessive hold of our minds.

With this wise reservation, Tagore is a great supporter of science and the scientific attitude of mind which he acclaims in no uncertain terms :—

Science is Europe's great gift to humanity for all time to come. We in India must claim it from her hands, and gratefully accept it in order to be saved from the curse of futility by lagging behind.

P. G. SHAH

BEAUTY

Of interest in connection with Shri O. C. Gangoly's "Buddhism and the Cultivation of Beauty," which appeared in our January issue, is Mr. T. F. Harvey Jacob's "Artist, Spectator and the Subconscious" in *The Dublin Magazine*, October-December 1943. The Western concept of art and its function, as the latter defines it, has certain points of approach, under its different terminology, to the æsthetic theory of ancient India. Mr. Jacob repudiates the attitude that "art has nothing to do with philosophy or morals or ordinary human emotions." He quotes Dean Inge :—

> Beauty gives neither information nor advice, but it satisfies a part of our nature which is not less divine than that which pays homage to truth and goodness.

The perception of beauty, in Mr. Jacob's view, is "something immediate, and hardly at all dependent upon detailed examination or the thoughts aroused by prolonged acquaintance with the beautiful object." Intense æsthetic satisfaction consists largely, he claims, in "*unconscious* associations," "a 'multiplication of echoes'" from the contents of the subconscious mind.

Substitute "superconscious" for "unconscious" and "subconscious" and you have a clue to Shri Gangoly's claim for the regenerating power of certain Buddhist works of art. For the source of the highest art is not emotional but spiritual. The release of his own emotions was not the serious artist's aim in ancient India or ancient Greece. The ancient works of art were deliberately designed as supports of contemplation, to effect, as Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy has put it, "our own metrical reintegration through the imitation of divine forms."

THE POET'S INFLUENCE ON THE WORLD

[**R. L. Megroz,** distinguished poet and critic, essays here the assessment of imponderables, which often are more real than objectivity itself. The poet's highest function is to help keep alive in man his spiritual intuitions. "The body's instinct for self-preservation is not more fundamental than the mind's conviction of a larger-than-life reality." But it is not necessary to regard the poet as the spokesman of "the unconscious will of mankind," to concede Mr. Megroz's point of the greatness of his influence. There *is* a mysterious dream foundation of our collective consciousness, formed of the floating reminiscences of the race and the broken links of the chain of time which those reminiscences unite. Upon that common fund of images created by man's thinking the poet may indeed draw, but if he be a true genius the result is *sui generis*. The "divine energy" that finds expression through the poet's pen is not, then, from "the dreaming mind of the race." The true poet's apprehensions of reality come from the superconscious, his own diviner part. The flame of true genius is lit by the hand of one's own Spirit. That, in the ordinary man, is veiled from view; through genius it shines forth.—ED.]

No sooner do we look for practical consequences of poetry than there arise some stubborn old difficulties of definition. Some of these difficulties can be side-stepped here, for the argument has to cover much ground inside the short span of this article. I can count on a rough measure of general agreement about the meaning of "poet" and "poetry," for instance, though it is worthy of note that in essentials the argument here could apply to "poet" in a wider than the literary sense. It happens to be most convenient to consider especially the masters of language and to take their work as the most obvious manifestation of the creative power which we believe influences and moulds the world of men.

The "world" is not a pretty picture today, and it is not surprising if impatient and defeatist critics of all kinds are often content with a bitter and sweeping generalisation before turning a contemptuous back upon the prospect. This is however a very futile gesture, since the critic is ineradicably a part of the world. The bitter and desperate attitude is usually the result of concentrating too much on the more striking and temporary factors of social disintegration. It requires to be emphasised today that the mass violence and destruction of *war is not necessarily the prime danger at all. Rather is it a symptom of more enduring and perilous evils.* The seemingly more trivial consequences of human greed and stupidity which in combination so often frustrate the nobler motives are far more serious in their implications. The lowering of standards of behaviour by individuals and groups, the numerous little antisocial vic-

tories of the meaner motives in the human make-up, do gradually eat into the moral foundations of society. Every worker who has no care to do his job well, whatever it may be; every individual of influence and power who in action is egotistical and selfish; every committee—whether public or private—which stultifies itself by putting truth and justice aside to avoid influential disapproval—all these are familiar and typical traitors to the general welfare, and not one of us can pretend that such things have nothing to do with ourselves.

But what has the poet to do with the ills of society? Is he not necessarily indifferent to such things, being dedicated to the pursuit of subjective experience? No, perhaps this need not be argued. Even Walter Pater's æsthetic philosophy did not go qûite so far as that, though it is safer to recall the extremely romantic view of the poet before considering the reality.

It becomes easier then to realise that the typical poet's conflict with the world is always and primarily with the chicaneries and deadly meannesses of individuals and groups who shelter behind the established society that they are undermining. So to take up a just attitude we need only remind ourselves that this conflict of the poet with the world is implicit in the creative spirit, and is not confined to poets in the narrowest sense.

Another point. The poet may not be ostensibly attacking a particular evil when writing poetry. Usually he is not. Sometimes he is. Shakespeare for example in most of his work is by no means the explicit critic who wrote:—

> Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
> As, to behold desert a beggar born,
> And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
> And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
> And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
> And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
> And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
> And strength by limping sway disabled,
> And art made tongue-tied by authority,
> And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
> And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
> And captive good attending captain ill....

Nor is Milton's poetry usually an explicit statement of such directed anger as it is in the sonnet of "The Late Massacres in Piedmont."

A still more extreme example is that of the self-centred dreamer, Rossetti, who while still young so surprisingly wrote that sonnet, "The Refusal of Aid Between Nations." I hope every reader remembers it, but lest some do not:—

> Not that the earth is changing, O my God!
> Nor that the seasons totter in their walk,—
> Not that the virulent ill of act and talk
> Seethes ever as a winepress ever trod,—
> Not therefore are we certain that the rod
> Weighs in thine hand to smite thy world; though now
> Beneath thine hand so many nations bow,
> So many kings:—not therefore, O my God!—
>
> But because Man is parcelled out in men
> Today; because, for any wrongful blow
> No man not stricken asks, "I would be told
> Why thou dost thus;" but his heart whispers then,
> "He is he, I am I." By this we know
> That our earth falls asunder, being old.

These examples of explicit criticism of society are representative of poets generally, first in the kinds of

meanness, cruelty and selfishness which are targets of their wrath, and also in that they are a very small portion of the poet's work. Having emphasised the existence of this direct criticism in poetry and the fact that it comprises a comparatively unimportant part of the creative effort of poets, we can approach with firmer steps to the essential nature of the poet's power over society.

It is very convenient and space-saving to refer at once to Shelley's "Defence of Poetry." This is so well worth rereading, even by the very latest version of the perennial Snob of culture, that it is a public service to mention it out loud, as if it had only just been published.

It is easier to accept the claim that "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world" if we remember that Shelley carefully avoided attributing any such intention to them. Indeed he insisted on likening the poet's disinterested activity to that of a nightingale singing to cheer himself in the dark, and maintained that though men were moved and elevated by his words they did not know how or why. But—no hesitation in statement here—poetry remains "the source of whatever of beautiful or generous or true can have place in an evil time."

Shelley naturally included as poets all creative writers in prose, not least the philosophers, from Plato to Bacon, and today he would certainly have stressed the inclusion of story-tellers like the author of *Erewhon* and playwrights like the author of *Heartbreak House*. If the general view of the poet and of poetry were still as just as Shelley's, it would not be possible to think of a W. B. Yeats, for instance, as an important poet of his period without thinking also of such authors.

But this implies a wide range of work, in which the application of the poet's thought to problems of society may be as obvious as it is in *Erewhon* or as remote and indirect as it is in the lyrics of *The Wind in the Reeds*. Nevertheless indirectness of application is nothing—all depends on the survival of power to influence other minds, not rationally but imaginatively. But behind the poet's integrity is a deep hatred of whatever degrades human nature.

How then can we define what the poet does for the community? The work of art is more than a representation of images passing by in the stream of time. It is also more than the result of selection and rearrangement of sensory impressions. Besides these characteristics of the work of art there is also necessarily an expression of belief, the kind of inherent, possibly merely implicit but essential belief that Blake meant when he wrote that if the Sun should doubt he'd immediately go out. This belief is to the imagination what air is to the lungs. *The body's instinct for self-preservation is not more fundamental than the mind's conviction of a larger-than-life reality*. The poet's gift of expres-

siveness makes him a spokesman of mankind's deepest knowledge.

It seems highly suggestive that many resemblances can be traced between the experiences of the creative process and those of religious mysticism. Dr. Rosamund Harding's book, *An Anatomy of Inspiration*, is mainly a compilation of testimony about the ways and means of artistic creation, but in it the reader will find interesting comparisons. Thus the stories of absorption and absence of mind of men and women of genius when "compelled" by an idea are often comparable with the devotee's rapture; so too are their tribulations in the periods of dryness, depression and doubt.

Interesting in our context is also the conclusion that Dr. Harding is led to by the testimony she has collected.

Inspiration places the recipient for the time being into a phase of existence different from that of his everyday world because in working out his theories in the pursuit of his artistic creation his own wishes and desires are overruled by his knowledge of natural sequences of events, colours, forms, rhythms, tones. This may be summed up by saying he follows and must follow where the truth leads him.

This devout and disinterested pursuit of truth in the guise of beauty is to the poet a pleasure, however arduous the effort involved; indeed it is better regarded as creative play than work, and as such is in itself a model of the most desirable state of existence for an individual. The finest Utopia ever envisaged could not improve on this strenuous and creative play as a substitute for the routine drudgeries of the individual in our present society. Thus, whatever sordid or tragic elements there may be in his life, the poet is, as poet, himself an image of the richer life that all human beings could live in that paradisal society which Man has never ceased dreaming of, praying for, and—as some thinkers maintain—remembering from some far past age of gold.

But there is more than an image and a promise of the better world in the creations of the poets. These are charged with a positive spiritual energy that influences the environment of the most autocratic of rulers not less than that of the State's humblest subject. As Tolstoy demonstrated in *War and Peace*, the apparently all-powerful sovereign and the "great" military commander are both the slaves of a necessity that they and their contemporaries do not realise. This unrealised compulsion of events comes from the dreaming mind of the race. The highest and most subtle statecraft can do no more than prepare the way for that unconscious will of mankind whose chief spokesman is the poet. It could be shown that through all the vicissitudes of civilisation the artists (and the scientists too) have been seeking forms which will externalise and control the divine energy that is in the dreaming mind. The forms found by the poet convey that divine energy through

language. Each word of the poet, declared Browning, writing of Shelley, "is as a spark, a burning atom of inextinguishable thought."

To sum up: Shelley said truly that poetry is

> the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds....It is as it were the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand.

The language is charged with renewed energy to express the poet's apprehensions of reality in concrete forms of beauty. The creating of such forms is as severe and accurate a mental process as a scientific investigation, though it may be less fully conscious.

The poet's perceptions thus leave their traces on the world by affecting other minds, enlarging, enfranchising and sensitising them through contact, by the medium of words, with the divine impulse in life.

R. L. MEGROZ

THE POWER OF LOVE

My children, know Love is not Love alone,
But in her name lie many names concealed:
For she is Death, imperishable Force,
Desire unmixed, wild Frenzy, Lamentation;
In her are summed all impulses that drive
To Violence, Energy, Tranquillity.
Deep in each living breast the Goddess sinks,
And all become her prey; the tribes that swim,
The fourfoot tribes that pace upon the earth,
Harbour her; and in birds her wing is sovereign,
In beasts, in mortal men, in gods above.
What god but wrestles with her and is thrown?
If I may tell—and truth is right to tell—
She rules the heart of Zeus without a spear,
Without a sword. Truly the Cyprian
Shatters all purposes of men and gods.

SOPHOCLES

ROMAIN ROLLAND AND INDIA

[**Dr. A. Aronson, M. A. (Cantab.) PH. D.,** of Santiniketan, Bengal, is a frequent contributor to several of our Indian journals, especially to *The Visva-Bharati Quarterly, The Modern Review,* and *The Calcutta Review.* He is also the author of *Rabindranath Through Western Eyes* which was reviewed in our November 1943 number. We are glad to publish his article on such a powerful contemporary figure as Romain Rolland, bringing out especially his relationship to our India.—ED.]

Romain Rolland's preoccupation with things Eastern, and in particular with India, is not the result of some abstract and purely intellectual conflict between the principles of contemplation and action, between the Oriental tendency towards introspection and the Occidental conception of a permanent dualism in the life of man: India for Romain Rolland was, first and foremost, an intensely personal experience, indeed almost a revelation which from his early youth served the purpose of creating an equilibrium, a stability, so sadly lacking in the life of most Westerners. The intensity of Rolland's Indian experience explains both his strength and his weakness as a champion of Indian thought and culture. Frequently purely mental phenomena are invested with an emotional glamour foreign to them, and, on the other hand, the Westerner's attempt to rationalise sometimes brings about an (to Indians) almost intolerable anti-climax and bathos. Whenever exaggerated emotions or rationalisation are introduced, Rolland the Frenchman seems to lose himself in an indefinite vagueness which at times is both painful and disconcerting.

Personal experiences, however, are undoubtedly of this kind: they begin as a voyage of discovery, exploring ever new vistas in as yet unconquered territory, until some unsurmountable obstacle is reached, a mountain which it requires superhuman strength to cross. Here the explorer hesitates, casting lingering glances at the snow-covered peaks and looking for valleys which would lead across the mountain to the plains beyond. And when, after overcoming all the difficulties, the tired traveller sets foot on the promised land, the sudden light blurs his vision, and blind and weary he stumbles across the plains. But he knows that it was worth it: for there is fulfilment in discovery and a never-ending joy in having reached one's destination.

Romain Rolland's Indian experience was such a voyage of discovery. Not the painstaking labours of a philologist, nor the far-fetched comparisons of a philosopher, nor the preconceived ideas of a social reformer nor the sentimentalising glorifications of a poet: it was an almost inborn tendency, inevitable

like life itself. And Rolland knew it, when he wrote in a letter :—

I am a Frenchman of France born in the heart of France in a family which has been nurtured on the soil for centuries. And when I was barely twenty I had no knowledge of the religions and philosophies of India.... I believe therefore that there is some direct family affinity between an Aryan of the Occident and an Aryan of the Orient. And I am convinced...that it was I who must have descended down the slopes of the Himalayas along with those victorious Aryans. I have their blue blood flowing in my veins.[1]

Let us follow Rolland on this voyage of discovery. The journey will lead us across many gigantic rivers, each one a landmark in the explorer's progress. And only after having crossed all of them, will Rolland realise that they all flow into the same ocean and that the same clouds shed their rain on all of them alike.

The fascination for Rolland of human greatness is of an intensely complex kind. The genius of three great artists attracted him before the last war ; three men in whom a continual and self-destructive dualism was striving for a solution beyond the boundaries of common human experience : Tolstoy, Beethoven, and Michelangelo. The struggle of the artist with his own art, with the limitations imposed upon him by his medium of self-expression, the word, the sound, tone and colour, the ever-repeated attempts to express the inexpressible, his ultimate failure to give the one and only perfect shape to the intensity of his experiences, it was always the same struggle, "always the same Man, the son of Man, the Eternal, our Son, our God reborn. With each return he reveals himself a little more fully, and more enriched by the universe."[2] Each one of them a creator of myths, unsurpassable and inimitable. And yet the mountain was still towering above them, unexplored and unconquered. Only an occasional glimpse of the plains beyond, in *The Death of Ivan Ilytch*, in the *Appassionata*, in the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. And Rolland turns towards a different medium of integrating reality ; no longer the word, the sound, or the colour, but the mind of man itself. In one of his early plays (1917), he creates a character, Saint Louis, half fictitious, half historical, who for the first time approaches the "ideal," the great and unique synthesis, which none of the three artists could achieve. Saint Louis is certainly no artist, no dreamer of dreams. His medium is faith, and his defeat on earth is his victory in the realm of the spirit :—

His leading quality is gentleness, but he has so much of it that the strong grow weak before him ; he has nothing but his faith, but this faith builds mountains of action. He neither can nor will lead his people to victory ; but he makes his subjects transcend themselves, transcend their inertia and the apparently futile venture of the crusade, to attain faith. Thereby he gives the

[1] Romain Rolland in a letter to Dilip Kumar Roy, October 1924 ; published in *Anami*.
[2] Romain Rolland : *The Life of Ramakrishna*, 1931, pp. 12-13.

whole nation the greatness which springs from self-sacrifice. In Saint Louis, Rolland for the first time presents his favourite type, that of the vanquished victor. The king never reaches his goal,—the more he seems to be crushed by things, the more does he dominate them.[1]

Indeed we wonder whether Rolland remembered his Saint Louis when, five years later, he began his book on Mahatma Gandhi.

The clue to a proper understanding of Rolland's Indian experience lies in his early attempts at finding a new frame of reference in the lives of great men. The step from Tolstoy to Mahatma Gandhi, from Beethoven to Ramakrishna and Vivekananda, is indeed much shorter than many people seem to believe. Already in his early book on Tolstoy, published in 1911, references to India can be found, and once even a comparison between Tolstoy's inherent dualism and the Hindu synthesis of thought and action :—

> But as he (Tolstoy) was no Indian mystic, for whom extasis is sufficient, as in him intermingled the dreams of the Asiatic with the Westerner's mania for reason and his need for action, he had to translate his revelation into practical faith and to deduce from this divine life rules for his day-to-day existence.[2]

This seemed to Rolland the ultimate problem all through his life. And nothing pained him more than Tolstoy's inability to live up to his faith. Rolland's early and unbounded admiration for Tolstoy was responsible for his first great disillusionment with the West ; but it was also the first stepping-stone leading across the mountains to the plains beyond : " But I must say nevertheless that Tolstoy is a bad guide. His tormented genius has always been incapable of finding a practical way out."[3] And when one year later his book on Mahatma Gandhi appeared, he found that " everything in Gandhi is natural, simple, modest, and pure : whereas in Tolstoy, pride fights against pride, anger against anger, everything is violent, not excepting even non-violence."[4]

It was during the last war—the period of greatest disillusionment in Rolland's life—that his Indian experience took a more definite shape. In neutral Switzerland many men of intellect, free-thinkers, revolutionaries, social reformers, used to meet. We do not know whether Rolland met any Indian there, either before or during the war. But in the course of conversations with friends India and the East were mentioned more than once. Tagore had delivered his lectures on Nationalism in Japan. Rolland read them, translated extracts from them, and printed them at the end of one of his own books.[5] Neither the war

[1] Quoted in Stefan Zweig's *Romain Rolland, The Man and His Work*, p. 81.
[2] Romain Rolland : *Life of Tolstoy*.
[3] Letter to Dilip Kumar Roy, March 1922, published in *Anami*.
[4] Romain Rolland : *Mahatma Gandhi*, Madras, 1923.
[5] See " *Aux peuples assassines*," first published in *Demain*, No. 11/12, Nov./Dec. 1916.

nor the peace brought a final solution to the tortured European soul. The alternative between East and West became in the eyes of Rolland the choice between two diametrically opposed attitudes to life. And already in 1918 he writes :—

Out of this battle of the nations two colossal powers will emerge, one facing the other : America and Asia. Europe will be engulfed by either of them.... I am no prophet and nobody can say which of the two currents will engulf Europe. But I believe that the salvation of humanity, the hope of its future unity resides in the latter.[1]

Rolland is even more definite in his Preface to the French translation of Mahatma Gandhi's *Young India*. Speaking of "the spiritual tide rising from the East," he concludes : "This tide will not recede until it has covered the shores of Europe." Again and again, after the last war, Rolland makes the same kind of statement. His disillusionment with the West is boundless, and so is his hope for some light from the East :—

We are a certain number of people in Europe who are no longer satisfied with European civilization....There are among us some who look towards Asia....I do not suggest to Europeans to adopt an Asiatic faith. I only want them to taste of the blessing of this magic rhythm, this large and slow breath. They will learn there what the soul of Europe (and America) is most in need of : quietness, patience, virile hope, serene joy.[2]

The evolution of Rolland's Indian experience is also his own personal evolution from the artistic impulse considered as the most vital factor in human life to Faith in its most spiritual expression ; it is his own personal development starting from Tolstoy, Beethoven, and Michelangelo, and ending in Mahatma Gandhi, Ramakrishna, and Vivekananda. And each one of the biographies he wrote was indeed part of his own autobiography. Does he not admit it himself at the beginning of his book on Ramakrishna ?

Neither Shakespeare nor Beethoven nor Tolstoy nor Rome, the masters that nurtured me, ever revealed anything to me except the "Open Sesame" of my subterranean city.[3]

But the standards by which human greatness is measured are the same everywhere. Again and again Rolland comes across similarities in the struggle for self-realization, and his comparisons between Occidental artists and Oriental religious leaders are intensely illuminating. For the dualism of the European "tragic hero" is resolved in the Indian saint. What neither language, nor music, nor painting could do, was fulfilled by Faith. A new frame of reference had been discovered. Once again reality could be integrated :—

But he (Ramakrishna) had realised

[1] Open letter published in *Avanti*, Oct. 1918 ; quoted in P. J. Jouve : *Romain Rolland Vivant*. 1921. (Translated by the author.)

[2] Preface to the translation of Coomaraswamy's *Dance of Siva*. (Translated by the author.)

[3] Romain Rolland : *The Life of Ramakrishna*, 1931, p. 11.

cosmic joy more fully than our tragic heroes. Joy appeared to Beethoven only as a gleam of blue through the chaos of conflicting clouds, while the Paramahamsa—the Indian swan—rested his great white wings on the sapphire lake of eternity beyond the veil of tumultuous days....It was not given to his proudest disciples to emulate him. The greatest of them, the spirit with the widest wings--Vivekananda—could only attain his heights by sudden flights amid tempests which remind me over and over again of Beethoven.[1]

Romain Rolland spent the last few years writing a new book on Beethoven. Significantly enough, this book is in the main an analysis of some of Beethoven's last works, those in which he attained the very highest and probably the most abstract form of self-expression. Beethoven's complete deafness at that time led him to a degree of non-attachment to the things of this earth very rarely achieved by any Western artist. Has Rolland realised the ultimate similarity of the process of creation in the East and in the West? Did he reach the shores of that immense ocean into which all rivers flow? And did he find in those abstract and yet intensely simplified sound-structures of Beethoven's last quartettes the collective and anonymous voice of the uncounted millions who, in the East as well as in the West, long for the ultimate knowledge of freedom? We are inclined to believe it. For, like all human experiences, Rolland's Indian experience led him back to where he began. Only the angle of vision, the application of values, the level of experience, have shifted. And we would like to think that his last book will be a synthesis of the two contradictory elements that had given shape to his life: contemplation and action made one again, and a new and stronger faith born out of the never-ending wonder of creation.

A. ARONSON

CIVILISATION

H. Hamilton Fyfe asks in the quarterly *Hibbert Journal* for October 1943 "Civilisation—Benefit or Curse?" The argument results in a draw—civilisation can be either, depending on the use made of it. But the analysis is on the whole unflattering to civilisation and a vigorous repudiation of its spread by force. Every civilisation of the past, he declares (though surely he should except India), "has killed itself. They all produced, in the striking phrase of Dr. W. J. Perry, a toxin which proved fatal to them."

Civilisation in essence, declares Mr. Fyfe, is "being civil—friendly, helpful, tolerant, doing to others as we would they should do to us." Motor-cars, aircraft, telephone, radio, electric light, the cinema are but "the trappings and the suits of civilisation." They do not make us civilised.

"Each civilisation in turn has gone through much the same phases," he declares, "and these phases have been intensified by the growth of cities." The more cities, the greater the inequalities of wealth and the increase of charity which, Mr. Fyfe agrees with Emerson, ought not to be required. "Man is the only animal to thrust his fellow-creatures into indigence and then claim credit for saving them from starvation." It is under civilisation that these inequities and sufferings abound,

> yet both religious and political leaders have joined with commercial adventurers in the pretence that it is good and useful to take civilisation to the uncivilised

[1] Romain Rolland: *The Life of Vivekananda*, 1931, p. 4.

SPIRITUAL CURIOSITY

[**Shri J. M. Ganguli** rightly regards the modern absorption in the things of sense as a step backward from the once more common preoccupation with things of the spirit. Birth and death—what are the realities behind these phenomena? Prayer—what are its nature and its functions? The ancient scriptures might supply the answers, but on condition of the right approach. Let seekers put their questions to the *Gita* and the Upanishads, the *Koran* and Sufi poetry, the *Bible* and the Kabalah, not as religious scriptures to be read but as books of science to be studied and they will see what light their pages throw on life.—Ed.]

A soul comes and makes its exit; wherefrom it comes and whither it goes few care to know. Its advent is welcomed, its exit is mourned for a time: and thereafter it is forgotten. Its activities in the short span of its manifested existence are apparently of little lasting significance. Even if it did some great things, which caught the public imagination, these scarcely seem to leave behind, beyond a reference to them in the history books, results and impressions which endure through time. All its acts fade out; at a shorter or a longer distance on the horizon of time they pass into oblivion.

Is that, then, all that the soul manifests itself for? Is it for such naught-doing that it comes from a region unknown and mysterious and disappears into the same again? What is that elusive thing itself, which plays its game so mysteriously for a time, without letting the senses perceive it, the imagination penetrate it or the reason explain and divulge it? Such provoking questions are left unanswered by people when they go to console the bereaved at moments of a break in the equilibrium of living and they remain unpursued in the lulls of deceptive tranquillity.

Human culture is advancing, one reads and is told. But are not the urge to follow the unknown, and curiosity to know the mysterious, the natural characteristics of culture? If with culture intellect develops, inquisitiveness should also become keener and subtler. The test of its subtlety and keenness must obviously be in the objects which excite it and which it pursues. In that test how miserably is found to fail the modern Western culture, which is spreading over other parts of the world displacing many better native ideals and institutions. Civilized men's curiosity and interest are very generally confined to the more material and the physical. It is only these which appear to them of useful significance. It is these only which activate them, which set their minds to working, which excite their curiosity, hold their imagination and bring their skill and ingenuity into play.

Things in one form have been turned into another; they have been combined and arranged in many ways for the sake of newness; colours have been juxtaposed and contrasted to produce attractiveness; and this jumbling, superposing, topsyturvying of things, has been called art. The measure of one's culture and intellectual development is supposed to lie in the measure of one's art sense, by which the beauty in the above is appreciated. True, appreciation of beauty therein, and in other things as well, requires æsthetic culture and development of the intellect; but how very poor and limited that culture and development must be when they give us the perception of only the thin material surface of things and nothing of the vast, underlying, immaterial spirit that gives the consciousness which perceives matter and appreciates the beauty which, in different forms, natural and artificial, matter presents!

Judged from that stand-point, does it appear that human culture, by which is generally meant today the ways of living and thinking in Europe and America, is advancing? In olden days, before the advent of the present culture, there was more sense of the dissatisfying incompleteness of life than there seems to be in the men of education and culture today. And that consciousness and realization much affected their life and their thoughts. In worshipping Nature; in deifying idols; in sanctifying altars and temples; in praying to the Sun, the Moon and the stars above; in shedding tears before symbols; in referring doubts, fears, sorrows and disappointments, as also desires and longings, to a Being mysterious and unknown, they only gave vent to the feelings of a soul that felt an inward urge to sense and to commune with the Missing Link in the chain of its thoughts and reasoning, with the Essential Unit needed to fill the void in its experience and existence. People then ate, moved, laughed and lived like the "civilized people" of today, but that inward urge in them, conscious and subconscious, that feeling of the unreality and evanescence of things appertaining to matter, that sensing of Something Incomprehensible standing beyond Matter, made them pour out their emotions of joy and sorrow, of love and devotion to the personified and deified idol, stone, tree or cross. The civilized men of today deride what they call the silly superstition of their predecessors and remain self-contained and self-satisfied in their daily work and pleasure.

Does not comparison between the two show subtlety of perception and keenness of intellect in those who cannot free their minds from the yearning for something worth knowing; and bluntness and crudeness in those others who do not feel the urge to know, to go beyond the hazy limits of their poor imagination and the narrow boundary of boastful reasoning? The unsatisfied burning curiosity to pursue

and to know the vital, Lasting Thing, which impelled the former to seek it in the wonders and the mysteries of Nature and in the novelty and strangeness of their unexplained experiences, and which drove the more intense and eager among them to renounce the world with its attractions and to sit with closed eyes in rapt meditation beside a lonely rock or inside a dark cave, does not worry the moderner, who considers such meditation idle and such renunciation unprofitable. His mind distracted by the surrounding environment and his thoughts preoccupied with the interests of his fleshly self, he dismisses spiritual curiosity, if it ever awakens, by calling that idle thinking and an unprofitable pursuit, or even by denying the possibility of the existence of anything spiritual and immaterial. "If there be a God, He must be a perfect mathematician," says the scientist-astronomer, and there he stops and turns back to his telescope and to the things that matter to him. The study of mathematics is of interest to him, but not the finding out of the Mathematician. It is more or less the same with all the moderns,—scholars, professionals or money-making traders. The following of trends of knowledge from the limited sense-experienced world into the realm of the Unknown and the Mysterious has not for them the exciting interest that could stir them from the stupor of their day-to-day life which remains absorbed in sense enjoyments and in labouring for the means for securing such enjoyments.

Can such a condition of stupor; can the mind that roams in dull satisfaction within the limits of crude sense experience and enjoyments; can the want of sustained interest in the pursuit of Truth, of the Absolute, the Spiritual and the Mysterious, can these which are the common features of civilized life today be signs of progressive culture, of keenness of intellect, of evolving civilization? Mere material and industrial progress, the rising standard of living and the increasing complexity of work and engagements which are taken as the measure of culture, are rather things which turn back imagination from its upward flight and keep the mind forgetful of the spiritual Self and absorbed in the littleness and unreality of surrounding matter. That men do not realize that and show no dissatisfaction with leaving unriddled the Spiritual Mystery is more an indication of intellectual dullness and cultural retrogression than of progress from the time when so many felt so unsatisfied with the unlasting and insignificant things of matter that they renounced the world, simplified their life to barest existence and retired to forest and mountain fastnesses, determined to seek out in meditation the deeply Hidden Spirit.

J. M. GANGULI

REFLECTION AT EVENTIDE

[Quiet and reflective, the American writer, **Merton S. Yewdale**, brings home here a truth too often obscured by the pseudo-scientific inhibition that Nature is something objective and distinct from ourselves. To the perceiving mind She is "a great unity of which we are an essential part." The recurrence of natural phenomena like day and night, the march of the seasons, and, on the plane of human life, birth, growth, death and life again are but expressions of an invariable cosmic rhythm that works under unfailing universal law.—ED.]

It is evening. The sun is slowly sinking behind the horizon, and shadows are gathering under the great trees that surround the house. The noises of the day are subsiding, and silence is beginning to creep around. Outside my study window, a robin is splashing in the bird-bath. In a corner of the garden, a wild brown rabbit is sitting near the trellis nibbling leaves. A gray squirrel with a nut in his mouth is hurrying across the lawn. On the branch of a giant willow near-by, a thrush is singing: "*Éeooleelée—ée-ee-oo—Éeooleelée—ée-ee-oo.*" From a distant church comes the sound of the evening bell. The day is done, and the night is drawing near, when everything will be asleep and the visible world will be dissolved in the darkness. Such is the unceasing drama of the day and the night.

There is an Eternal Rhythm, which is before all else and to which everything is subject. It expresses itself in a never-ending cycle of alternating periods of manifestation and non-manifestation, both cosmic and earthly. By it, all things in the universe, as well as the universe itself, periodically come into existence, live out their appointed time, and then return to the place of stillness whence they came, there to remain in slumber until the time for their reappearance. Of this endless evolution and involution, day and night are the ever-present symbol and model, whether it be the earthly day and night of twelve hours each, or the Day and Night of Brahmā of a thousand ages each. In the words of the *Bhagavad Gîta,*

> Those who know the Day of Brahma, a thousand ages (Yugas) in duration, and the Night, a thousand ages in ending, they are the knowers of day and night. At the coming of the Day all manifestations are born into being out of the unmanifest, at the coming of the Night all vanish or are dissolved in it. This multitude of existences helplessly comes into becoming again and again, is dissolved at the Night...and is born into being at the coming of the Day.

In earth life, we arbitrarily divide time into past, present, and future. But when we refrain from consciously thinking about it, the three periods dissolve into an eternal present. Indeed, the universe is a vast panorama of the eternal present: the part of the universe we have already experienced, we call

the past; the part we are still experiencing, we call the present; the part we have not yet experienced, we call the future. It is the sum total of man's memory of the past, his awareness of the present, and his vision of the future, that constitutes the eternal present. It is the ceaseless action of the Eternal Rhythm, in its evolutionary and involutionary movement, that constitutes Eternity.

Lâo Tsze, the great Chinese metaphysician, wrote in his *Tâo Teh King* of the Law of Ever-Recurring Life :—

Amid the supreme peace,
In the Great Void,
All things blossom in harmony,
And their cycle of activities is discernible.

After they have completed their luxuriant growth,
They return to their Primal Source.
The return to their Primal Source is called attainment of Peace.
This peace is the law of ever-recurring life.
The progression of ever-recurring life is called Eternity.

There are two ways in which we regard Nature. If we view her with our rational mind, she stands off from us, and, as a world of interrelated parts, forces and laws, offers herself to us for objective study and practical use. But if we view her with our intuitive mind, she presents herself to us as a great unity, of which we are an essential part; and also as an eternal vision of loveliness, which is a delight to our senses and a therapeutic means of alleviating our pains and lightening our burdens.

In his chief work, *The World as Will and Idea*, Schopenhauer, the famous German philosopher, in commenting upon the calmness and the relief derived from a contemplation of the beauty of Nature, wrote :—

Whenever it discloses itself suddenly to our view, it almost always succeeds in delivering us, though it may be only for a moment, from subjectivity, from the slavery of the will, and in raising us to the state of pure knowing. This is why the man who is tormented by passion, or want, or care, is so suddenly revived, cheered and restored by a single free glance into Nature: the storm of passion, the pressure of desire and fear, and all the miseries of willing are then at once, and in a marvellous manner, calmed and appeased.

Expressed in terms of Oriental philosophy, when we gaze upon natural beauty, the self, which is the root of all human trouble, is silenced for the time being, and we partake of the restfulness of the Divine Self, of which Nature is the visible earthly appearance.

A view of still waters is particularly soothing. In fact, there is a marked similarity between water and the mind. Both are quiet when they are in their natural state. The water, when it is churned up by wind and storm, or by submarine upheaval, waits but for the moment when the causes of its disturbance are removed, so that it can return to its peaceful level. In like manner, the mind, when it is agitated by outer hostile forces or by inner

conflicts, waits also for the moment when the disturbing influences are withdrawn, so that it, too, can recover its accustomed quietude.

In a similar vein, when the day is sunshiny and the wind quiet, and the surface of the water is smooth like a sheet of glass, we can see reflected in it the sun, the clouds, the birds flying overhead, the boats on its surface, the overhanging trees and shrubs on the shore and other objects near the water's edge. Also, when we look down through the shining surface we can see, in the transparent depths, the fishes, the rocks, the vegetation, the shells, and other forms of marine life. But when the day is dark and the wind has ruffled the surface of the water, nothing can be reflected in it and nothing can be discerned in its clouded depths.

Likewise, when the mind is composed, it is like a two-sided mirror—one side reflecting the visible physical world, the other reflecting the invisible spiritual world. But when the mind is harassed by trouble and worry, the mirrors become clouded and nothing can be seen in them. It is only by being one with the Divine Self, that man can achieve an unclouded mind; and it is alone by his unclouded mind that he can envisage the eternal truths of the physical and the spiritual world.

It is faith, not belief, that makes clear the mind and gives it ease, confidence and poise. Faith is instinct manifested in the heart, and it often remains even when the objects upon which it is centred have become changed; for faith is greater than the objects of its gifts. Faith is a spiritual principle—dynamic and expanding. Belief, on the other hand, is instinct manifested in the intellect, and may become weakened or shattered when the reasons upon which it is based appear no longer to be valid. Belief is eclectic rule—static and restricting; and it now and then degenerates into mere opinion, which is but an expression of surface observation and a reflection of personal inclination. It is by faith alone that the great inevitable human works of the world are produced, for faith is universal and timeless.

As we survey the progress which the human race has made through the ages, it is plain that, from an ethical point of view, man has advanced individually much more than he has collectively. Indeed, it is a question whether collectively he has made much of an advance at all.

For example, there was once a time when it was the custom for men to bear arms on all occasions; when duelling was permitted and when it was considered both legal and honourable to kill an opponent in a private quarrel. Today, only properly delegated persons may have deadly weapons in their possession; duelling is forbidden by law and the man who kills another in a personal encounter is adjudged neither honourable nor courageous, but, on the contrary, is considered guilty of

murder.

But whereas duelling has been outlawed, war is still accepted as a legitimate means of settling disputes. It is constantly urged by many persons that war has always been in the world and always will be. Nevertheless, the practice of killing men in private duels has been abandoned, and it is equally possible and likely that the practice of killing men in public wars will also be eventually abandoned. And this may come at a time not far distant; for the present-day world has almost reached its capacity to digest any more war. A new dispensation is in the offing.

When that time arrives, the race of men generally will regard war as the lowest form of endeavour for resolving human difficulties. Likewise, it will be a mark of courage and of honour to refuse to shed the blood of one's fellow-beings. In fact, they who refrain from war will be the only truly free men, and they who yield to the call of leaders bent upon conflict will become outlaws from the free society of the world.

The present epoch, like the day that is almost spent, is drawing to a close. We must live through it and see it to its end. Some day we shall look back upon it; and it will seem like a frightful dream. Or, in a more rational mood, it will present the picture of a world struggling in its last mortal illness.

In this titanic war, many human beings are passing from the earthly scene, and many more are crying out, as did the Psalmist many centuries ago, in similar plight:—

Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.

Yet it is again only the symbol of day and night: after the light of day comes the darkness of night, and after the darkness of night comes the light of day. Those who have fallen in the war have but gone from day to night, and at their appointed time they will come again into day. In the immortal words of Krishna,

It is not true that at any time I was not, nor thou, nor these kings of men; nor is it true that any of us shall cease to be hereafter. As the soul passes physically through childhood and youth and age, so it passes on to the changing of the body....Know that to be imperishable by which all this is extended. Who can slay the immortal spirit? Finite bodies have an end, but that which possesses and uses the body, is infinite, illimitable, eternal and indestructible...it is not slain with the body.

In the Eternal Present there is neither life nor death, only sleeping and waking—and the new day is ever the promise of better things. The light of the sun by day is the symbol of that greater Light which knows neither day nor night, and which ever shines in the heart and the mind of man, to guide him in his sojourn on this earth.

MERTON S. YEWDALE

A LEAF FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ARYAN

[**Gurdial Mallik** has been a very familiar figure for many years at Santiniketan where, beloved by colleagues and pupils alike, he has served the cause of Indian education in a noble and efficient way. In this "leaf" we come upon the source of his influence which has made him so attractive a figure to his many friends.—ED.]

It is said that on one occasion Kabir was asked by an aspirant after the spiritual life to state the precise hour when he was initiated into the mystery and majesty of Truth. He replied that this happiness had been bestowed on him before Brahma, the Creator, "had put on the cap and clothes of form."

Likewise, it will not be an extravagance to say that the soul of man was christened as "Aryan" prior to its being given the garment of the flesh. But this title to nobility has to be proved in the long course of human evolution. For, if "Nature," as the poet says, "is the garment of God," so must the body of man become the transparent-walled temple of the Divine.

When exactly, however, the wings of the bird of the soul are first a-flutter in the cage of the finite no one can tell. This will ever remain a mystery. But all the same we grow increasingly aware of the "flutter," which is nothing more than the longing and love of the bird for the sky which it glimpses, as now and again the door of the cage stands ajar.

This opening of the door happens in the life of everyone; of course not simultaneously, but at different moments of the clock of eternity. Today, looking back over my present physical incarnation, I find I can locate the several milestones on the path of my spiritual unfoldment.

When I was about twenty-seven, I had a vision, which made me conscious, in a categorical and conclusive manner, of a Presence and a Power other than ourselves. I sat all alone one day at noon in a secluded spot, not far from a forest hermitage, when suddenly I "saw" a Being, whose stature stretched from the sod to the sky. He looked like a veritable pillar of light, and from him radiated forth a perfume, the strength and the sweetness of which were surcharged with the electricity of ecstasy. The vision lasted hardly for the twinkling of an eye. And no sooner had it departed than I burst forth into a song. (This was, by-the-by, the first time in my present life that a song, complete with text and tune, "came out" of my heart and lips.) Just for a while in the beginning I seemed to hear "unstruck music" being sounded in ether and then I, as it were,

"recollected" it and sang it with the spontaneity of the Shelleyan skylark. The words were in Hindi; translated into English they would run:—

I slept in the shadow of the wall of my house when thou, O lord of my life, camest to the door.

Woe betide me, I did not waken and so, finding the door closed, thou wentest back.

When at last I opened my eyes I heard the sound of thy departing footsteps. It was then that I realized with a pang in my heart that thou hadst come to the door.

I continued singing for hour upon hour, to the tune of tears of pleasing pain, oblivious of the world around me as well as of my daily duties. And even after I stopped singing at midnight, joy still tingled in my blood. The benediction of the Presence I had seen, however, sustained me through a number of bereavements,—the loss by death of a very dear friend, the loss of what limited financial resources I had, and other similar deprivations which followed in quick succession. I had all along a very strong feeling that the pond of my personality had opened itself out to an inlet and an influx from the Ocean of the Oversoul.

The second "milestone" on the path of my spiritual unfoldment was gained nearly seven years afterwards. In the small hours of the morning, one day I was walking along the sea-beach. Suddenly my heart began to beat in unison with the rhythm of the waves. I was filled with ineffable joy. The spell was short-lived, but its memory has remained with me till this day, enshrined in a couple of songs:—

Who came to my door at dawn?

The night had just ended when someone knocked at my door and I asked, "Who is there?"

He answered, "It is I, who have come today to you as your guest. How will you entertain me?"

And I blushed with shame.

In the wake of the first song came another:—

The Beloved has come to my courtyard.

Leaving His palace, He has pitched His tent in my courtyard.

He is a master-musician; He has come to listen to my song.

He is an exquisite artist; He has come to look at my picture.

The feelings of vital delight which surged up with the songs, I need not say, lifted me into a radiant region of my being, of which I had had a vision, or of which I had heard rumours occasionally. And even later on when I returned to the workaday world with its dust and din, I felt like the pilgrim who has just had a bath in the Ganges and is still experiencing the purity and the profound peace of the sacred river.

Another cycle of seven years supervened. Then once I lay at

death's door. A serious malady had seized me. The doctors had despaired of my life. All of a sudden, from somewhere, Breath was wafted towards me and I began to sing, while those who surrounded my bed stood in fear of the physical collapse any moment. Some of them actually begged of me, with tears in their eyes, not to strain myself. But the current of song carried me along :—

O Divine Dyer, have compassion on me and dye my garment.

I have dyed it again and again, but, alas, the colour has always come out.

Thou art a skilful dyer and all thy colours are fast.

I like the kingly ochre colour best of all.

O Divine Dyer, dye thou, then, my garment in ochre.

When the song was over I felt like a new man. The doctors exclaimed in joy, "The crisis is past. God be praised!" What shall I say of my subsequent reactions to the song? Cumulatively they underlined my idealism and my activities thereafter with a deeper sense of renunciation—"of enjoyment of the world." as the *Isopanishad* says, "by renunciation." Thus had the third "milestone" been revealed to me.

The fourth "milestone" was reached about five years afterwards. I was in the train. The compartment in which I was seated was filled to suffocation with fellow-passengers. Physically, therefore, I was at a low ebb. And yet, in the midst of the press and push of the crowd, the skylark of my soul started singing :—

Today the Beloved has come to thy house; fulfil thou His heart's longing.

He has come with the gift of His love, which He has carried for thee age after age.

Launch out thy boat of life, then, with Him as its helmsman. In sunshine and in shadow, in rain and in thunder, He will be thy guide.

Today the Beloved has come to thy house ; fulfil thou His heart's longing.

At once the compartment was converted into a garden, rioting with the perfume of the rose. There was complete silence. The elbowing and the abusing had ceased. Everyone sat listening intently to the song.

Such has been the "song-way" of my life of the spirit. The "musical milestones" have been more than mere snatches of melody. They have endowed my work and my worship with significance and with what, for lack of an apter phrase, may be called "the singing quality." An expansiveness of the heart has been the net result. The songs have built up for me with effortless ease a kind of Jacob's ladder between earth and heaven, along which He comes down to the door of my consciousness and I go up into His perfumed Presence. They have provided me with "golden hours," which, in terms of wealth, have outstripped that of Crœsus and of Midas. The air of blessedness has blown through my house of clay, littered with worldly trinkets and tinsel. It has flung open many a window in the mansion of the mind, uncovering to my view the One-in-All and the All-in-One.

I have told my tale truthfully. But what has been told is but the beginning. For, who can Canute-wise say to the ever-flowing Spirit, "So far and no further"?

GURDIAL MALLIK

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

HINDUISM AND BUDDHISM*

This book sets forth the central teachings of Hinduism and early Buddhism with a view to indicating the exact relation between them. It is divided into two parts, each devoted to one of these religions. The first part begins by referring to current misconceptions about Hinduism and then recounts the creation myth as recorded in early Hindu literature. The meaning of the myth, in all the diverse forms in which it appears, is the unity and spiritual character of the source from which the world of variety emerges. That world, when it has emerged, does not however stand apart from the source, but is pervaded through and through by it. As a consequence, the unitary spirit is differentiated or broken up, as it were, into a plurality of empirical selves. Although the one thus lapses into the many, it is not lost but only remains hidden by them. It accordingly comes to have two forms—one proximate and the other ultimate. But they are really one; and it is their essential identity that is the meaning of the Upanishadic saying, "That thou art." The final goal of man consists in the realisation of this identity, or the regaining by the individuated self of its true and original character from which it has lapsed.

The rest of this part of the book describes the *sadhana* or the course of discipline to be followed for the achievement of this ideal. There are two distinct stages of it. The first is one of *karma* or of active life. In describing it, the author explains very well the original significance of sacrifice and shows how, through gradual sublimation, this ritualistic conception came to stand for the detached performance, as taught in the *Gita*, of one's duties, whatever they may be. But this training in disinterested action does not lead to the goal by itself; it only qualifies for entering upon the higher and final stage of the discipline for reaching it through right knowledge. In explaining this ideal, Dr. Coomaraswamy brings out clearly the exalted character of the "anonymous life" of a *jivanmukta* who voluntarily relinquishes everything; and represents it as the quintessence of the Hindu social order. The mere presence of such men in society, he says, is enough to change its whole attitude towards the values of life.

The second part, treating of early Buddhism, also opens with some general remarks. It then narrates the ever-entrancing story of Buddha—first as a royal prince, then as an ascetic striving for spiritual illumination and lastly as a teacher of mankind. His teaching was represented, till a decade or two ago, as a deliberate reform of Hinduism and a protest against its rigid social distinctions. That view has ceased to prevail now; and the one which has largely replaced it is that early Buddhism was an expansion within, and

* *Hinduism and Buddhism*. By ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY. (Philosophical Library, New York. $1.75)

not against, Hinduism. Doubtless there are divergences between the two; but in them Buddhism sides, for the most part, with Upanishadic teaching as distinguished from the earlier ritualism of the Brahmanas. Dr. Coomaraswamy subscribes to the essentials, though not to every detail, of this new view. "The more profound our study," he writes, "the more difficult it becomes to distinguish the two religions"; and his exposition fully bears out this intimate kinship between them. For instance, earlier interpreters thought that Buddha denied the soul or ego, explaining it as a mere aggregate of certain factors none of which had any permanence. It is shown here clearly that its repudiation was no part of the original teaching of Buddhism. When the Buddhistic scriptures speak of the soul as a composite of fleeting elements, they refer only to man's empirical personality, and not to the subsistent Self immanent in all beings which, like Hinduism, early Buddhism also recognised and to which it sometimes even applied the Upanishadic term, Brahman. The ultimate aim of life is to grow into this Self, so *nirvana* means not annihilation, as it was once misconceived, but the realisation of the divinity which is latent in oneself.

From a note at the end, the book seems to consist of certain lectures delivered by the author. It is replete with useful and interesting information; but the treatment is too brief, considering the nature of the subject. The reader is therefore likely to feel the need for further explanation, particularly where parallels are cited from religious and philosophic doctrines other than Indian. The author is not unaware of this shortcoming, for the profuse notes which are appended to each of the two parts, he says, are meant "to assist the reader to build up a meaning content for several terms that could not be fully explained in the lectures as delivered." These notes are drawn from a very wide field of study, and will be of great value to students not only of early Indian thought but also of comparative religion.

M. HIRIYANNA

The Disciples of Sri Ramakrishna. (Swami Pavitrananda, Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati, Almora, Himalayas. Rs. 4/-)

The primary interest of this collection of sketches of lives touched directly by Sri Ramakrishna is naturally for his followers. But it is valuable also as a laboratory study in comparative religion, for, in the features common to practically all these short biographies, the strength—and the weakness—of *Bhakti-Yoga* stand clearly revealed.

Nowhere perhaps is the preoccupation with God-realisation so intense and so contagious as in India. The ancient Sages proclaimed a God without attributes, unchangeable, unthinkable. But, as in Krishna's day, for "those whose hearts are fixed on the unmanifested the labour is greater"; the yearning for a tangible object of devotion is strong. And so forces of Nature may be reverenced under the aspect of particular deities; their images may be worshipped; or the chosen Guru, as in the case of Ramakrishna, may be regarded as a divine incarnation. Certainly the power to transform men's lives was Shri Ramakrishna's in a marked degree. The most sceptical must recognise the working in these men and women of a force unaccountable on materialistic lines.

E. M. H.

THE ROAD TO HEL *

This brilliant study of some hitherto unexplored branches of Norse eschatology is the fruit of profound erudition, rare enthusiasm and tireless industry. These exceptional qualifications have enabled the authoress to undertake a first-hand examination of virtually all available sources of information in this sphere, and to interpret them with an eloquence and a lucidity in every respect worthy of the greatness of the theme. This book may indeed justly rank as a pioneer attempt to ascertain whether, in the writer's own words, "from the vast accumulation of evidence relating to the dead it is possible to make out any definite and consistent presentation of the other world, and the fate of man beyond the grave." In the course of this fascinating inquiry Miss Ellis has compressed within a comparatively small space a wealth of illustration drawn from the inexhaustible well-spring of those wonderful old Icelandic sagas, which furnished so much of the inspiration for the Wagnerian operas. This revelation of soaring imagery, poetic fancy and sombre dramatic power in endless tales of gods and heroes in a literature composed before the thirteenth century undoubtedly prompts comparison with the masterpieces of Ancient Greece. As Miss Ellis says,

> the appreciation of mighty issues in the lives of simple folk which we find in them is something as new as the perfect mastery of a narrative prose style; neither was to appear again in Europe for centuries.

In the limited space at the reviewer's disposal it would be impossible to do full justice to the impressive scope of Miss Ellis's scholarly achievement, but some idea of its main trends may perhaps be derived from a rapid survey of its subject-matter. Thus Chapter I treats of archæological evidence discernible in funeral customs, the disposal of the dead in heathen times, the funeral ship. In Chapter II we have the evidence of literature, cremation and inhumation, human sacrifice, the funeral feast. Chapter III deals with the conception of the future life exemplified in Valhöll (Valhalla), the Valkyries, the realm of the gods; the underworld realm of the dead or Hel (not Hell!) from which the book takes its title; the dead in the mountains. Chapter IV discusses the cult of the dead, the worship of the dead and of the grave-mound or howe; elves and land-spirits. In Chapter V the writer considers the conception of the soul, shape-changing, the animal *fylgja* or form closely connected with the individual; the guardian *hamingja* or *dís*, *i. e.*, a guardian spirit sometimes in the form of a huge woman clad in armour attached to a particular family; the idea of rebirth and survival. Necromancy is examined in Chapter VI. The term comprises such eerie matters as the waking of the sleeper, the animation of the dead, and the restless corpse.

Chapter VII, the last, describes the journey to the land of the dead through the wall of fire, and the entrance into the burial mound or howe. In this context, as studies in the macabre and the horrible it would be difficult to match the writer's

* *The Road to Hel: A Study of the Conception of the Dead in old Norse Literature.* By HILDA RODERICK ELLIS, M.A., PH.D. (Cambridge University Press. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

account of the ancient Scandinavian beliefs concerning the malevolent force impelling the dead to leave the grave-mound and to inflict evil upon the living, and the terrific personal combats between heroes who have broken into the howe to carry off the treasures hidden inside, and the *draugar* or dead guardians who keep jealous watch over their possessions. Here, indeed, we have a sinister phenomenon clearly differentiated from the Western belief in ghosts as the spiritual essence of the deceased, inasmuch as the Norse *draugr* was in no sense a spirit, but the bodily substance of the dead man, dreadfully reanimated with super-human strength enabling him to defend his treasures in the grave-mound or to sally forth at night to harry the living. And obviously there can be very little in common between the gruesome conception of the state of the dead thus presented and belief in the survival of the soul or spirit of man beyond the grave shared alike by Western deism and theism.

Miss Ellis herself recognizes that her conclusions cannot be free from tantalizing lacunæ which only further study of "the rich and powerful literature of old Scandinavia" can fill. Nevertheless, apart from the recognized worship of Othin (Odin) and the conception of a Valhöll (Valhalla) dependent thereon, reserved for the aristocracy, the authoress is able to show that references to some kind of under-world of the common dead are very frequent in Norse literature, although it has to be conceded that the "Norse mind was not particularly interested in the clear-cut conception of another world beyond the grave." And it is surely significant that the literature invariably emphasizes the journey to Hel, upon which the skaldic poets have lavished the apparently limitless resources of their vivid imagination, in preference to extolling the joy or anguish of an after-life.

In the masterly development of her theme and in order to reveal traces of outside influence on Norse mythology, the authoress goes as far afield as Asiatic Russia, pointing out the parallel to be observed between accounts of shamanistic ideas about the soul and the conception of the journeying of the spirit outside the body, which plays an important part in Norse literature.

It occurs to the reviewer that this admirable book would perhaps be less "caviare to the general" and might have an even wider appeal if in any subsequent edition a glossary were supplied of Icelandic words reproduced in the text. Further, would it not simplify perusal for the tyro if Icelandic proper names were wholly transliterated into Latin characters instead of retaining certain distinctive individual letters not universally familiar? In their present form their correct pronunciation is likely to baffle the uninitiated.

E. J. HARRISON

The Triumphant Spirit: A Study of Depression. By E. GRAHAM HOWE. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

The keystone of Dr. Howe's new book, that which holds it secure as a work of wisdom and balance, and so of urgent importance, is its essential realism. For long now (and only in slightly more marked degree since September, 1939) we have been suffering for our unbalanced and unrealistic

attitude of reliance either upon idealism dissociated from compatible practice or upon materialism dissociated from the inspiration of faith. Dr. Howe's emphasis falls upon synthesis, the synthesis of spirit-and-matter, of female-and-male, of good-and-evil. But he is careful to disabuse us of the idea that the spiritual is of necessity good, the material of necessity bad; the four elements of which we are composed—intuition, thought, feeling and action—are good or bad according as they are rightly or wrongly related and well or ill used. The importance of this book—and it cannot be over-estimated, any more than the difficulties involved for us in making its wisdom our own should be under-estimated—lies (let us repeat) in its profoundly realistic understanding of man as a creature having his head in the clouds and his feet upon solid earth while moving in a middle course through his circumstances: *medio tutissimus ibis* was Horace's summary of man's nature and his road and may be said to be Dr. Howe's also.

The book is a fitting symbol of its content: while it is in the fullest sense inspired, it is in the fullest sense practical. It is the work of a poet who is a doctor, which is to say that it is the work of a true poet and a true doctor. Its style is not its least important feature. There are those—and they will include any who have forsaken balance for either the intellectual or the mystical, the academic or the romantic emphasis—who will find this style irritating. Parable and metaphor are the language of the poet and the healer (there have been some outstanding examples), more easily apprehended by the common people, whose apparent stupidity is often their unconscious wisdom, than by the pandits. Dr. Howe's language being that of poetry, his word-play makes for significance, his use of simile for illumination. Some of our familiar words must be re-apprehended if we are to appreciate him fully, just as we must look through rather than with the eyes if we are to do justice to his diagrams and pictures. It is true that some parts of the book, particularly the later chapters, show signs of looseness, hasty writing and redundancy, but the writing of the book as a whole remains in the proper sense splendid; language is refreshed and washed clean by it, meaning made to shine.

It may easily be argued that Dr. Howe says nothing new. (What poet has ever claimed that there was anything new to say?) The content of his thought is that of Eastern philosophers, or those influenced by them, from Lao-Tse to Jung. But it is newly expressed, and expressed for the Western mentality, which is already voicing its desire to hear it by (for example) an increasing interest in Blake. The effect of the book as a whole is remarkable for its range and depth: here, if you like to see it, is a diagram of an age and a map of its road to health; here is a portrait of my neighbour which will compel my compassion for him, and a portrait of myself which I may disapprove but may not refuse to acknowledge. Indeed, the full and honest reading of this book by a man of our age requires a certain courage and there will be many ways of escape into rationalized rejection where that courage is lacking; but the reward of daring to read with a receptive mind and heart will be a high one. Where that receptivity exists, criticism is disarmed; the book merely says, and says with justification: Read; accept; and be healed.

R. H. WARD

Tomorrow. (Part 1). Edited by RAJA RAO and AHMED ALI. (Padma Publications Ltd., Sir Phirozeshah Mehta Road, Bombay. Rs. 2/8)

This volume, mostly of translations, brings together fourteen items—five stories, two pieces of literary criticism and seven poems—drawn from writers of France, Czechoslovakia, Russia, India and China. The young writer today is anxious to escape the false note which traditional writing almost invariably betrays. The best of realists selects, thus re-creates and then presents life. That a true picture of life can teach better than moralising on a false one is the new faith. If in giving this true picture, in bringing to the common man an awareness of himself, of the world and of the complex of contemporary forces, the writer finds traditional reticence an embarrassment, it is because of his earnest effort to present reality as it really is.

This is what one feels on reading Mikhail Sholokov's "Hate," S. H. Vatsyayana's "Butterflies" or Ahmed Ali's "The Prison-House." The first is a powerful narrative depicting the Nazi cruelty that provoked in the Russian fierce hatred for the foe and intense love for his own country. The other two stories present vivid pictures of suffering minds—suffering from life itself. Vilem Haas's constructive interpretation of Franz Kafka is typical for its thoroughness as the gleanings from Lu-Hsun are for their compact wisdom. The poetical part of the anthology throbs with an agonised consciousness of the present, a will and a hope that look beyond the disorder of today. Special mention, however, must be made of Evelyn Wood's impassioned "Prothalamion for India" which together with Sholokov's contribution makes the reader look forward to the second part.

V. M. INAMDAR

Religion and the Indian Problem. By SIR R. P. PARANJPYE. (C. A. Watts and Co., Ltd., London. 6*d.*)

There is nothing new in this pamphlet and very little at which intelligent Indians will not either smile or sigh wearily. All the well-worn museum pieces about the religious credulity of the Indian masses, the corruption of their priests, the evil influence of astrology, the differences between Muslims and Hindus, are brought out of their glass cases and dusted. Even lovers of fossils will wonder why these ancient Anglo-Indian relics should be exhibited once again to the British public in the year of grace 1943. The answer is quite frankly stated in the foreword:—

> ....they throw a clear light upon the obstacles to unity and independence in the Indian Empire.

They certainly throw a light upon it, somewhat blurred by the author's ingenuously Western focus.

Yet this is not to say that the pamphlet is devoid of good points. There are some illuminating observations on the elementary education of children, and some criticisms of the Hindu caste system that the unbiassed will welcome. But these are as seeds scattered among old chaff. One imagines that very few people who know India today will agree with the author's main thesis that excessive deference to authority and unreason are the chief characteristics of the Indian people!

D. G. STOLL

Isavasya-Upanishad-Bhashya. By SRI VENKATANATHA, edited by K. C. VARADACHARI and D. T. TATACHARYA. (Devasthanam Press, Tirupati. Rs. 2/-)

This fifth volume of the Sri Venkateswara Oriental Series, under the general editorship of Mr. P. V. Ramanujaswamy, contains the text of Sri Vedanta Desika's commentary (*Bhashya*) on the *Isavasya-Upanishad*, edited by Dr. Varadachari and D. T. Tatacharya with practically all the concomitants of modern critical editing. An Introduction in English which deals exhaustively with the life and work of Vedanta Desika, a comparative study of the two versions of the Upanishad itself (the *Kanva* and the *Madhyandina*), a rendering of Vedanta Desika's work in English and the identification of the citations found in Desika's work are the striking features of this research undertaking. The Sanskrit text is printed in Devanagari, explanations where required being indicated in foot-notes.

Notwithstanding the fantastic explanations given by some critics as to why Vedanta Desika should have chosen this Upanishad for especial comment, namely, that it is the *first* Upanishad (in fact, this is only the publishers' arrangement, as any Upanishad may be printed first) and that it has something to do with the horse-faced Deity (Hayagriva, whose favourite Desika was) and so forth, the nearest approach to a correct conjecture seems to be that the *Isavasya* is a compact Upanishad which prominently emphasizes the theistic truth of God as the Indweller of the Cosmos (*Isavasya*); that is perhaps why it was singled out by Desika. The nature of the cosmic Indweller, significant details of a dedicated approach to that Indweller as the only means of self-realization or realization of the *summum bonum* of existence, and connected matters are the contents of the Upanishad.

The Editors remark that, *excluding Venkatanatha*, most commentators have not contributed anything original by way of interpreting the Upanishad and that they alternate between "Sankara and Uvvata" but, in fact, it is difficult to see in what respects precisely Venkatanatha himself has attempted interpretations not attempted by any of his predecessors. It is claimed that loyalty to "textual unity, to tradition, and to rules of interpretation," is the most prominent characteristic of Vedanta Desika's work, but it must be remembered that a claim like this has been urged passionately and zealously on behalf of almost all classical writers like Vedanta Desika.

If, in this short Upanishad, Vedanta Desika had a context demanding originality of interpretation it lies in Stanza 16. (*Pooshan-sohamasmi.*) No use endeavouring to dispose of this stanza, which is brimful of monistic (advaitic) implications, as dealing with the so-called *Aham-graha-upasana* and quoting irrelevantly the view of Madhva, as some have done. Vedanta Desika's criticism of "Advaita" in this context is of the usual stereotyped species. That cannot be helped. Originality of interpretation *per se* does not indicate philosophic gain or soundness. The matter cannot be allowed to rest with a mere repetition of the catchword *Aham-graha-upasana*. The question should be asked why, in avowedly non-advaitic or non-monistic systems of thought, a form of worship is advocated the essence of which is contemplation of oneness or identity between the finite worshipper and the Infinite Immanent in the Solar Orb or Disc, when this very identity is vehemently denounced as a doctrine.

The Editors have rightly mentioned prominently that Vedanta Desika's striking contribution consists in his philosophical and practical emphasis on the organistic conception of Visishtadvaita, and the realistic logic through the instrumentality of which that system has been constructed, the main *pramana* being of course *Sruti*, as in all Vedantic schools. In this connection, there is no use whatever in blaming "inductive logic" as incapable of

overstepping "its own shadow or presuppositions." For, in the unquestioning acceptance of the validity of the Scripture (*Sruti*) all Vedantic systems have their permanent postulate or presupposition from the "shadow" of which they can never hope to escape!

In common with other theistic thinkers and metaphysical masterminds, Vedanta Desika has placed at the centre or focus of philosophical or spiritual consciousness the *fact* that the Supreme Lord should be viewed and understood as an Immanent Indweller of the cosmos. If realized in all its implications and significance, the fact would enable an aspirant to see and study the world and its transactions in an altogether new perspective. How far and to what extent this Indwelling of the entire cosmos by the Supreme Lord is philosophically consistent with the annoying and frightfully embarrassing presence of Evil in *the very cosmos* so *indwelt* by the Supreme Lord is a problem of metaphysics to which evidently the Lord Himself does not want man to find a solution! Perhaps it is the fruit of the forbidden tree. While congratulating the Editors on their excellent edition, let me point out that Citation No. 3, "*Paramatmani-yo-rakto-virakto-a-paramatmani*" noted as "unidentified" occurs in *Narada-parivrajakopanishad* (p. 264, Bombay Ed., No. 18). I owe this identification to Srimathi M. A. Ruckmini, B.A., B.L., Advocate, Madras.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

Men in the Same Boat By J. D. BERESFORD and ESME WYNNE-TYSON. (Hutchinson and Co., (Publishers), Ltd., London. 7*s*. 6*d*.)

Two well-known novelists have here collaborated to give us a gripping and remorseless novel. Seven men who a moment before were on board an Atlantic liner, find themselves in an open lifeboat. These seven men—a refugee, a Jew, a padre, an operator, a seaman and a philosopher—constitute a veritable microcosm that conveys to us excruciatingly the pathos of the human predicament under the conditions of a global war. One by one these seven men die; and even as they die, they cannot help looking before and after; they die regretting, hoping, doubting, arguing. One dies of thirst, another of exposure; a third in sheer despair jumps into the sea and is drowned; but, however they meet their end, their last moments are spent thinking wildly, even speculating on a problematic future life. And—"as the tree falls...so shall it lie"; the old man and the refugee, the padre and the seaman, the Jew and the operator, the Atlantic swallows them up, and yet they do not die; they are back again in the world of the living, they continue their singular careers, their souls' gyrations know no end. As we read this strange and moving story, we have a feeling that we, the readers, are ourselves involved in the destinies of these seven people; our very consciousness is heightened and we know that these storm-tossed, shipwrecked souls are with us *here*, we have seen them before, we shall see them again. Things come back to us—as they seem to come back to these seven men—as in a dream; "Surely somewhere, at some time, all this had happened before? In a dream, probably!"

The first half of *Men in the Same Boat* is almost a prose version of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner;* it is as terrible and as ruthless as that. The second half articulates a timely warning to us: we are winning World War II, perhaps; but shall we deserve and preserve the forthcoming peace? Or will our peace be only an uneasy prelude to World War III? Echo merely repeats the question!

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

The Making of the Indian Princes. By EDWARD THOMPSON. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London. 20s.)

Dr. Edward Thompson has stepped into the marsh-land decades of a past century, seeking the roots of the Indian Princes. No era in our history is so damp with decadence, as it were, so utterly drained of a civilized conscience (barring rare instances); and Indian chroniclers, even if vested with philosophic calm, could cover the space only with dragging strain. A foreign observer can command more detachment. It is a matter of luck that Dr. Edward Thompson is as good a novelist as a historian; else, perhaps, he would not have sought to humanize the characters (a great many of whom have been lay-figures) that occupy the scene under depiction, Mahratta, Muslim, English, a queer confounding assemblage. The technique of humanizing historical figures is still to be gained by our own interpreters. It is time that we learnt that preoccupation with source-material would attain depth and yield the best results when allied with imaginative understanding. The work of front-rank Western historians is enriched often by this inward amalgam.

The swampy yet significant decades 1789-1819 ("The Indian Prince, far from being, as most suppose, an impressive survival from antiquity, as such entitled to the veneration called forth by the spectacle of never-challenged right, is the creation of Lord Wellesley, in his half-dozen years of dæmonic activity."), when the map of Modern India was essentially drawn, explain all the years that have followed, and a comprehensive account of them, based on contemporary diaries, letters, Minutes and unpublished Persian and Mahratti documents, as also the inevitable India Office Records, would carry no little historical weight. And the account under review attains value as much from the bold, unbiassed mind of the author as from the material he has put together.

"Our writing of India's history," Dr. Thompson admits, "is perhaps resented more than anything we have done." And he has not hesitated, as others have, to record this about Arthur Wellesley, who in after years achieved eternal glory in the British mind as the victor of Waterloo: "In the operations before Seringapatam he had slept when under orders to conduct a storm, a greater dereliction from duty than many for which he executed men without hesitation." Or this about the defeatist attitude of British soldiers during the siege of Bharatpur: "The European spearhead refused to follow their officers." Or Metcalfe's memorandum submitted to his Governor-General: "Our power in India rests upon our military superiority. It has no foundation in the affections of our subjects." Or Metcalfe again: "Our troops, European and Native, have been repulsed by inferior numbers with sticks and stones...charged by the enemy sword in hand, and driven for miles like a flock of sheep."

The Indian Princes of today, Dr. Thompson concludes, can lay no claim to sovereign rights by an appeal to history. In the years of their making they were tolerated "as buffers, and also as cesspits, into which the accumulated miseries of the rest of India could seep." Indeed, they saved the British victors from submergence. The last three chapters in the volume, slender, filling seventeen pages in all, dwell upon the Princes as a current constitutional problem.

BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

Winter Solstice. By GERALD BULLETT. (Cambridge University Press, London. 1s.)

But the Earth Abideth. By WILLIAM SOUTAR. (Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 5s.)

The physical suffering caused by war inevitably attains such prominence that everything else seems minute by comparison. Nevertheless, the spiritual ordeal is no less fearful than the physical; although poets—and only poets—can reveal the agony of the spirit, when, one after one, the lights go out.

The agony of the flesh let no man belittle,
But the agony of the flesh must have an end.
The agony of the spirit is the agony or terror
Of the going out of lights, one after one.

Here are two volumes of verse which, in vastly different degrees, and on utterly different levels, bear witness to the isolation of the spirit on a heath more terrible than Lear's. Mr. Bullett's remarkable poem, from which the lines just quoted are taken, might have been written if war had not devastated the earth and yet—if the phrase is permissible—possibly the war contributed to the coming of the experience which his poem expresses and enshrines.

Even we, even I, I in my middle years
Who have so far survived, with others of my age,
The two wars of our incomparable time,
Even we have known pain and fear
(Small pain, much fear, since the heart is a child)
And we understand something, though little enough,
Of the long night and the breaking heart.

And so he brings us his " pennyworth of pain. "

He brings more, much more. Behind this poem is inner compulsion—a certain sign that, for its creator, the experience from which it derives bore the crest of destiny.

Can the essential quality of that experience be stated ?

Too far to be found, too near to be known,
Meaning eludes our nets, the mystery
Cannot be stated.

But it can be known, and the poet has known it—the impossibility of communication. It has been said that genius is revealed only to genius. And there are themes which, no matter how masterly their expression, cannot compel, but can only invite, collaboration.

. . .if you untie the hard knot of the will,
Something happens that is like a miracle.
The last star quenched, the last light gone,
The last and longest and cruellest which is hope,
Darkness like a rose dawns at the still centre,
And the spirit is home.

If those lines mean nothing, the poem will mean nothing. It is clear that Mr. Bullett recognised the order of the theme with which he was concerned, otherwise he would not have prefaced his poem with this sentence from *The Cloud of Unknowing :*

Be wary that thou conceive not bodily that which is meant ghostly, although it be spoken in bodily words, as be these.

This is a most remarkable poem.

It is certain that Mr. Soutar's verses would not have been written if war had not overwhelmed the world.

Our age is dying of its wound,
And in its judgment-day
The accusing faces gather round
Out of calamity.

What gives these verses value is their recognition of universal tragedy; of human apostasy ; of the crucifixion of Everyman—everywhere.

We are the conflict and the cause,
The pestilence and curse ;
Our misdeeds still obey the laws
Which ward the universe.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

The Art of Kathakali. By GAYANACHARYA A. C. PANDEYA. (Kitabistan, Allahabad. Rs. 5/4)

There are thirteen movements of the head (besides its natural position), seven movements of the eyebrows, thirty-six glances of the eye, nine attitudes of the neck, nine actions of the eye-balls, nine actions of the eyelids, six actions of the nose, six movements of the cheek, six movements of the lower lip, six actions of the chin, four kinds of facial expressions and six actions of the mouth.

Such, the author tells us, is the analysis of the movements of the head and its parts as made by the great authority on the Indian dance, Bharatha. Then he says that of these only "nine movements of the head, six movements of the eyebrows, eleven glances of the eye and four attitudes of the neck" are used in Kathakali. But he does not say which or why they might have been selected. Why, for instance, should the nose, cheeks, and chin be immobile? Is it because of the heavy make-up? Then why omit the eyelids, eyeballs, and lower lip or curb the eye? Which glances of the eye are taboo? This information would have given the reader more insight into the psychology peculiar to this highly stylised dance than barren tabulations, interesting though these may be from the point of view of the general technique of the Indian dance.

Enlightening also would have been a description of the ragas and raginis employed. These are not mentioned, though a whole chapter is given to *talas* for which a script unintelligible to the general reader is used. But the list of drums given is fascinating.

The mudras, or poses of the hand, are well and clearly defined. Sixty-four poses of the hand, we are told, form a vocabulary of 500 words. That is most exciting and we are just getting enthusiastic about this precise and elaborate language of gesture when we are deflated by the statement that the average Kathakali dancer attains perfection in the use of only four. The drawings would have been more helpful if each had been placed beside its respective definition.

The three photographs of the headdress and make-up of Ravana and Hanuman are fine, a distinct enhancement of the text. Why are there not more? There is not one of the dance in progress, nor the full costume of a single dancer. The innocent reader might easily be led to conclude from such illustrations as are given that both Uday Shankar and Nataraj (*vide* cover design) are Kathakali artists. Are they? Is "The Rhythm of Life" considered to be a Kathakali drama? It is inexplicably the only dance-drama to receive more than passing mention. And the reference to Wagner is unfortunate. Dancing plays no part in his operas, which are song-dramas.

Though marred throughout by a regrettable looseness of thought, the book shows learning and research. Considered as an introduction to the art of Kathakali for the foreigner, its language presents a formidable obstacle. But it should prove a useful handbook for Indian dancers who do not read their own languages—if there are any such.

LILA RAY

The Truth About Herbs. By MRS. C. F. LEYEL. (Andrew Dakers, Ltd. London. 4*s.* 6*d.*)

The present war has caused a serious shortage of many essential drugs and medicines. It is a sign of the times that attention is being paid to a variety of indigenous herbs, which have suffered in the past from neglect and perhaps the contempt bred of familiarity. Herbalism is defined as the art of healing by the use of non-poisonous herbs, administered internally and externally in various forms. But this book, which would otherwise deserve a welcome, is unfortunately handicapped by two faults. Firstly, it is partisan, being the herbalist's case against the Pharmacy and Medicines Act of 1941; and, secondly, it makes definite popular appeal to the credulous layman.

Herbalism, properly practised, doubtless has a place in society, and Mrs. Leyel is careful to point out that she wants "to work in collaboration with doctors and not in opposition to them." She tells us of her work as a consultant herbalist and how she became one not by intention but purely as a result of the demand for medicinal herbs. The publisher's note tells us, further, that this book is addressed "above all to the sick and ailing, especially those suffering from so-called incurable diseases...." It is at this point that we begin to ask questions, for Mrs. Leyel is not a doctor. She tells us that each herb "has a specific sphere of influence on the body" and she is able to quote examples such as the "blue forget-me-not, which acts on the left lower lung." She also tells us that the herbs, being non-poisonous, can do no harm even if they do no good. But this is not enough, for delay means disaster in many cases. Prescribing medicines, whether orthodox or unorthodox, surely demands a detailed and accurate basic knowledge of physiology, anatomy, pathology etc. With such a basis there still remains plenty of scope for divergence of opinion, for disagreement amongst doctors is proverbial. But that basis must be there before any scheme of medicine can be regarded by the thoughtful layman as scientific. The obvious solution is for Mrs. Leyel's pupils to take medical degrees before commencing to practise herbalism.

IRENE R. RAY

Lord of the Horizon. By JOAN GRANT. (Methuen and Co., Ltd., London. 9*s.*6*d.*)

Here is a novel that professes to describe a certain chain of events relating to the Egypt of five thousand years ago; the names are unfamiliar; some of the customs described are rather strange, and we never once hear of a Baby Tank or of a Flying Fortress. But we presently realize that Miss Grant's theme is primarily Man, and that her book is of today and of all time. No doubt Miss Grant knows her Egypt thoroughly; this and her two previous novels and many short stories on the subject show that the Egypt of five thousand years ago is ground as familiar to her as is modern London to Mr. H. G. Wells. It would, however, appear that Man's problems are ever the same; the problems are solved again and again, and yet they disconcertingly spring up, assuming new names and new features.

The "Lord of the Horizon" is Roidahn, leader of the Eyes of Horus;

it is Roidahn that puts an end to the tyranny of the eleventh dynasty and places Amenemhet on the Pharaohs' throne. The new régime starts building national happiness on the secure base of the individual's happiness; fear is banished from the people's hearts and as a general rule love reigns in its stead. While the self-divided and anguished Amenemhet dominates the human story, considerable space is also given to describing the methods followed by the new régime to ensure the happiness of the people; institutions, like the Exiles' Village and the Home of Orphans, are repeatedly referred to; and questions of policy are often debated at length. The burden of the novel is that victory in war could become a tragedy "if in peace we were to forget the need for leadership." Fortunately for Ancient Egypt, Amenemhet and his associates supplied this leadership and brought peace and prosperity to the Two Lands.

The Pharaoh, the Lord of the Horizon, Ra-ab Hoteb the narrator, and the other principal characters are a study in leadership; but they are also actors in a tense human drama, bordering on the eerie and the tragic. It cannot be said that these two aspects quite coalesce into a harmonious work of art; but *Lord of the Horizon* is none-the-less a notable achievement--it is a good story, it is an inspiring testament, and it is a tract for the times.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

The Rig-Vedic Culture of the Prehistoric Indus. By SWAMI SANKARANANDA, with a Foreword by BHUPENDRA NATH DUTTA. (Ramakrishna Vedanta Mutt, 198, Raja Rajkrishna Street, Calcutta. Rs. 4/8 and Rs. 5/-)

Since the publication by the late Lokamanya Tilak of the *Arctic Home of the Vedas*, Rig-Vedic culture and civilization have attracted the attention of Orientalists, and the excavations at Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa have been responsible for sensational discoveries. In this booklet Swami Sankarananda has undertaken an original systematic refutation of the theory urged by Sir John Marshall that the prehistoric Indus-Valley civilization should be deemed "Non-Aryan" in origin. Dr. Dutta has pointedly refuted the theories usually styled "Aryan," "Nordic" and "Proto-nordic" as speculations, having no existence in the world of realities.

In a series of arguments such as the absence from the Vedas of any mention of the temple, of horses, or of ass-drawn vehicles and the mention of the parabolic saw and the undeveloped mid-ribbed spearhead, he has definitely distinguished the Indian civilization from that of the Sumerians.

The culture of the prehistoric Indus Valley was, according to the author, decidedly "Vedic" in character and origin. He amplifies this statement by copious citations from the *Rig-Veda* such as are also found in some of the later Upanishads as in, for instance, "*Om-iti-asau-tapati*," where the "*Om*" significantly refers to the Sun and *not* to Saguna-Brahman as interpreted today. The author strongly controverts the association of the worship of the phallus symbol with any indecent sex-cult. The phallus is symbolical, according to him, of Sun-worship.

All the lines of evidence gathered by

the author in support of the Aryan origin of the Indus-Valley civilization cannot be even fully indicated here, let alone discussed. I shall permit myself a single comment. The author's view that in Satya-Yuga society and marriage were conspicuous by their absence is unfounded. Both were ideal and perfect then. The authors of the main work and the Foreword are to be complimented on the new light they have shed on a forgotten chapter of ancient Indian culture and civilization, history and chronology.

M. A. RUCKMINI

CORRESPONDENCE

THE SUPREME RIGHT OF MAN

A Committee, we are glad to learn from the December ARYAN PATH, has been working on a Declaration of Rights, widening the basis to make it world-wide. Time and again Declarations of Man's Rights have been put forward, but with what result ? Nothing of abiding value has been achieved in the direction of real freedom. The cause lies hidden in the very roots of our modern civilisation.

The serious defect in all the "Declarations" is that they are lacking in spirituality. And it is in reshaping the so-called rights of man on a spiritual basis that India can make a distinct contribution to the understanding of the true nature of freedom.

While our leaders are vociferously demanding freedom from foreign domination, they seem willing slaves to the political theories of the West. They speak of rights and freedom from the democratic or the communistic point of view. Gone are their roots in our ancient culture; firm is their faith in Western industrialism, communism, socialism. Let us set our face steadily against all these allurements, and ask how an apostle of non-violence should view human rights and human freedom.

The basic principles of the numerous declarations of rights, including the Atlantic Charter, have been conceived against the background of a materialistic society. Its foundations rest on the faith that this world is the beginning and the end of existence, that this life is the only life, and therefore that the satisfaction of man's needs is the only goal worth striving for. These Western ideas of Rights and Freedom seek to ensure a certain type of "good" life. They vouchsafe satisfaction of hunger, sex and gregarious and acquisitive propensities, and the allaying of fear and anger. But is a society in which man can have these primitive needs satisfied the goal toward which all human endeavour should be directed ? Decidedly not. Society is only a means toward an end—the realisation of man's spiritual nature. And if in the pursuit of this spiritual goal man finds society a hindrance rather than a help, the most fundamental right of man is the right to disregard society, if necessary. This right was recognised in the ancient scheme of the four Asramas of Hinduism. The Vanaprastha and the Sanyasin have the right to renounce society and live away from it, while

claiming support from society.

It is man's goal that determines his rights. To the Hindu the goal is the realisation of Brahman. This world should be viewed only as an incident in the great scheme of evolution which ends in man's finding his true spiritual nature in Deity. Society, at present organised on a physical basis, is bound to come into conflict with the higher spiritual ideals of man. It may, if the need arises, be set aside by those in search of the highest truth. One condition of support from society may, of course, be laid on the renouncer —that he should have earned it by service rendered in his younger days.

Professor Joad, when Mr. Wells published his first draft of the "Rights," wanted the "Right to Commit Suicide" added. Now, the desire for suicide is generated in the mind of a man who has fallen out with society, and yet is not able to see beyond it. What is needed is not the abolition of personality by suicide, but the abolition of society, so far as the individual is concerned, by the latter's renouncing it, as in pursuing the Sanyasin's ideal of life. Where there is no renunciation, and no detachment, there can be no spirituality.

What is the freedom that democratic countries consider worth fighting for ? The political philosophers have neglected the psychological to over-emphasise the environmental factors. Freedom is free activity, in regard to which three factors have to be considered : (1) the behaving self, (2) its body, the seat of behaviour, and (3) the environment, the scene of activity. The second and the third have been studied by the social psychologist and the sociologist. The first, however, has not received the attention it deserves.

The real springs of action lie in the mind, not in the external world. There are certain innate propensities : fear, anger, sympathy, etc., which when stimulated impel man to a certain course to reach a particular goal. "Free" behaviour is behaviour which is progressing smoothly towards the goal prescribed by the innate psychological structure of the mind of the behaving agent. It is in the goal that the secret of Freedom is to be found.

Freedom is determined by the innate constitution of the mind. Action is controlled by the mental structure, and this in its turn determined by innate and acquired factors. So long as man is activated by innate propensities and acquired sentiments, that is, so long as man is moved by desires, so long will he be in bondage to the external world. Freedom, therefore, is impossible for one who is *in* the world, and also *of* it. True freedom can come only through the annihilation of both native propensities and acquired sentiments, only by drying up the spring of desires.

Man's behaviour is controlled by the scale of sentiment values with the master-sentiment which each determines for himself. What should be the master-sentiment of a person who is free or seeking real freedom ? If, following the example of the West, one makes self-regard, service or patriotism one's master-sentiment, then one will surely be caught in earthly desire. But if, following the Vedantic tradition, we make the final merging of the soul in the Godhead, our goal, then in the very process of attaining it, all desire will be consumed, all

instincts and propensities as well as sentiments dissolved, and true freedom attained. True freedom is freedom from slavery to earthly desires, and freedom to attain the Godhead. The Jivan-Mukta is the only person who is truly free.

The Supreme Right of Man, then, is the Right to realise to the fullest extent his spiritual nature, and, as a corollary, the Right nobly to defy the society that hinders him in his search for God. All rights take rank below this Supreme Right in proportion as they contribute to it. This Right, which was implied in the last stage of the four Asramas of the ancient Hindus, is what a sincere apostle of non-violence has to contribute to the discussion of the Rights of Man.

P. S. NAIDU

The University, Allahabad.

INDUSTRIALISM AND INDIA'S FUTURE

In "India's Problem of Problems: The Fixed Attitude," in the December ARYAN PATH, Madan Gopal says that the hope of India lies in her industrialisation. "The history of Europe shows that it can be left to the machine to shatter the existing social fabric." In introducing this article the Editor adopts the opposite attitude, fearing that industrialisation might indeed "shatter the existing social fabric," and pointing to Western society as an object-lesson in the evils to be expected from industrialisation.

Great Indian leaders such as Rabindranath Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi, it seems to me, sum up very well the attitude of India. Do we want industrialisation? Can we preserve the inherent characteristics of Indian life if we accept it? Ghastly tragedies have gone hand in hand with machine domination in the West! Can India have anything to do with industrialisation without becoming contaminated by it, and calling into her quiet ways of life all its furor and intensity?

These questions, being asked by enlightened men and women throughout this great country, are imperative and demand an intelligent answer. But who shall give it? Look at the incredible mess the Westerners have got themselves into. They are certainly the last we would think of turning to for advice upon an issue of such supreme importance to the future of India. And it is important. Let us not deceive ourselves with a comfortable shrug, and the assurance that this, in common with great problems of the past, will somehow fade away and leave behind the India we have always known and loved. It is true that, following the laws of the universe, this problem will fade away, as others have done, for nature is a great solver of the apparently insurmountable problems which humanity makes for itself. But in passing it will NOT leave things as they were. The greatest law of the universe is the law of change. In the infinite universe there is no standing still!

Most have refused to change, and the inexorable power of advancement, sometimes slowly, sometimes with unexpected swiftness, has engulfed them. The cycle has been repeated with such regularity throughout the short period of the world's existence which we call

"History" that it seems incomprehensible how succeeding nations failed to learn the lesson from their predecessors. But they ascribed their predecessors' downfall to everything except the right thing, and then went on to commit the same mistakes.

Nevertheless, during all this time something wonderful has been taking place, however insignificant in the eyes of the worldly great. During all these thousands of years of rise and fall in the nations of the world, the common man has been learning to recognise himself as the greatest power in the world, and finding out that there is nothing he cannot achieve with sufficient industry.

It is not necessary for me to detail his achievements in the material realm within one hundred years. But if we are to obtain a true answer to whether the industrial era has meant a real advance we must go below the surface of material accomplishment, to examine the heart of man. For just as material achievements have come from the mind of man, so the answer to whether he can survive the impact of what he has made will be found in the heart of the ordinary man and woman.

Despite the upheaval of the age of industrialism, if man can lift his mind above the material aspects of his achievements and learn to search his heart for guidance and fresh inspiration, he must inevitably come through this period of trial and refinement and learn to place his feet firmly on the pathway which leads to divine Life. And this will be achieved, as Tagore has said in other words, by the increasing emancipation of the ordinary man. The future of civilisation rests in his hands. If he wisely chooses to walk in the paths of the highest spiritual values, a glorious era lies before him. If, however, he allows himself to be blinded by the pride of his material accomplishments, he will fall headlong into an abyss of chaos, from which he and his civilisation will not come out without decades of sorrow and striving.

We stand today not as separate nations with different problems, but as one globe faced with the same problem. It is not really a question of whether or not India should accept industrialism. Industry is not in itself an evil. It is a tremendous agency for good. It is what mankind does with industry that will determine whether evil or good follows in its wake.

India has always laid great stress on spiritual values, and the world has never stood in greater need of a right sense of those values. The industrial era in the West brought with it excessive materialism, which has temporarily blunted the edge of the Western world's perception of spiritual values. The West in the past had as keen a sense of these values as the East, and I do not doubt that there will be a rebirth in the West when her peoples have suffered enough from their own folly to awaken them. But India stands today with all the accumulated experience and the mistakes of the Western nations at her disposal. Also at her disposal are all their worth-while physical accomplishments whereby they have been able to carry forward to a remarkable degree the emancipation of the ordinary man. Can India take these accomplishments and use them for the benefit of her own labouring and poverty-stricken millions, that they may be emancipated to give the world new ideas from their own fountains of inspiration? Can she do this and at the same time avoid the mistakes of the Western nations? If India, through her enlightened men and women can answer YES, then industrialism will bring to this country only blessings, and there will be no fear of a shattering of the social fabric. Instead, Indians will learn to weave new patterns of a broader and richer life experience upon their social fabric.

L. E. MOORE

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The Editor of *The Indian Social Reformer* challenges in his 25th December issue Mr. M. R. A. Baig's solution of the communal issue. In a recent speech at Bombay Mr. Baig proposed "a decommunalising of ourselves," the voluntary giving up of communal habits by both of the largest Indian communities. "Nothing," he declared, "should be Indian that is not partly Hindu and partly Muslim."

The Editor pronounces Mr. Baig's solution "a disguised plea for Westernisation." Many in the older days expected to gain favour by Westernising themselves, he says. But they found

> that the nearer they got to the ruling class, the more they were disliked and in fact denounced as unrepresentative of India. Indianisation of Government services has only led to the denationalisation of Indians.

Dominionhood, not independence, the Editor declares, would be the logical fulfilment of this Anglicising process.

We do not favour the giving up of any element of value in any Indian community or language. One of the chief charms of the Indian scene is its variety of races, creeds and tongues. This variety is not our weakness but our strength, a treasury of untold richness if we but view it in the right way. Fortunately sameness is not the price of harmony.

If the proposal to do away with differences is designed to make us tolerable to each other it is not flattering either to intelligence or character. We do not want mutual toleration but mutual appreciation and mutual sympathy. If all the engaging variations are to be done away with, what will be left to appreciate when we develop sufficient discrimination to accept each other at our true worth? It would be a deadly dull world if we had to meet ourselves at every turn! Let us study each other's cultures so that we can appreciate them properly.

The root of the problem of University education was considered by Sir Mirza Ismail in his speech on "Education and the New Social Order" at the recent Jaipur session of the All-India Educational Conference. He viewed it as the due relation of the Universities to the social order. The creation of such a relation transcended in importance the questions of length of course and method of instruction, including the language medium. Substantial changes in both content and method would be necessary to bring education in line with the New Social Order which was emerging as a definite ideal. The curricula from the primary stage onward, Sir Mirza declared, should give special emphasis to the problems of Indian society.

> If we always apply the practical test of citizenship, we shall not go far wrong, provided that we remember that the "useless" sort of study is of value in the deepest

sense. The citizen will be better even as citizen if his inward life is clear and fine.

And Sir Mirza recognises with a clarity we wish all our statesmen and educators shared, that education "must deliberately endeavour to foster mutual understanding and friendly feeling between communities."

It is well that the recognition is spreading that something has to be done for our underprivileged millions. That they are perhaps the most patient people in the world offers no excuse for their continued exploitation. Let us not try their patience too far, lest we court a lesson in the truth of the proverb, "Beware the anger of the patient man!" The Prime Minister of Jaipur State concluded his address with the uncompromising assertion that

what matters first and most is that all our people should have food, clothing, security, comfort and hope. And not one step in education can be taken, or is worth attempting, unless we are determined to satisfy these human needs.

The importance of the primary school in the educational pattern was emphasised by Mr. K. G. Saiyadain at the same conference. Presiding over the Primary and Rural Education Section, the Director of Education of Jammu and Kashmir State drew a sorry picture of the "Cinderella of the educational family." Education as a whole had received very step-motherly treatment in the matter of funds and public attention, but primary education, neither universal nor free nor compulsory, had fared worst.

Whatever education *is* actually provided, is meagre, inadequate, poor in content, backward in methods, out-of-date in organization and entrusted to teachers, who are, as a rule, ill-qualified, untrained and paid scandalously low salaries.

When we were intelligent and reasonable enough to do so, he said, we should be amazed at the wealth of creative talent and capacity which education would release, and which now went disastrously to waste because the educational net was not wide enough.

And the foundations of this waste are well and truly laid in our primary schools where a futile attempt is made to "educate" children at the annual cost of about Rs. 8 per child as against a reasonable minimum of Rs. 132/- per annum worked out by the Educational Adviser to the Government of India in his Memorandum.

The attitude towards primary education rested on the fallacy that talent and capacity and intelligence were concentrated in the socially and economically more fortunate classes. The type of primary education provided to the comparatively small proportion of the masses who received any at all, was not such as to give "any intellectual or cultural enrichment, or to develop any progressive ideology, or to achieve any kind of self-expression." The lack of such results had been most unfairly pointed to as vindicating a low opinion of the potentialities of the masses. Better education was bound up with a better social order.

The lack of continuity between the atmosphere of home and school, which the Wardha Scheme was addressed to remedying, is another major drawback. But even the Wardha Scheme is unworkable without funds. Everyone interested in the country's good must echo Mr. Saiyadain's plea for generous and imaginative planning for the Indian primary school.

The presidential address of Sir J. C. Ghosh at the Annual General Meeting

of the National Institute of Sciences of India, held at Delhi on 30th December, dealt *inter alia* with the need for a National Research Council for India. Such a Council, it is brought out in the adaptation of that address in *Science and Culture* for January, is an objective, not yet implemented, of the Institute, founded in 1935. Article 2 (d) reads :—

> To act through properly constituted National Committees, in which other learned Academies and Societies will be associated, as the National Research Council of India, for undertaking such scientific work of national and international importance as the Council may be called upon to perform by the public and by Government.

Every well-considered move towards better co-ordination of constructive effort must be welcomed. There is no doubt that such co-ordination as a National Research Council should make possible would be in the interest of greater effectiveness. That, whether the joint undertaking were keyed to a destructive end, such as the strengthening of war effort, or a constructive one, such as a concerted, urgently needed endeavour to improve living conditions in India. But much depends upon what the end is. The proposed devotion of one per cent. of the national income to research would be justified only if such research succeeded in improving appreciably the wretched state in which our Indian masses live. If it did that, it would pay dividends out of all proportion to the investment.

The problems involved in such concerted effort are a small-scale replica of those facing world confederation. Just as a workable federation of nations is not possible without agreement to certain limitations of national sovereignty, so co-ordinated research must involve some encroachment on the autonomy of institutions and the freedom of individual workers. The solution will lie in keeping that inevitable encroachment to the minimum consonant with success, and in safeguarding science from political domination.

Analysis is the very essence of science, as synthesis is of philosophy. Analytical thought is the thought-form of the age, but the pendulum has swung too far towards divisiveness. Increasing specialisation in science is but one aspect of the general trend. The National Research Council will perform a useful function if it serves as a clearing-house (1) of projects, to prevent unwitting and unnecessary duplication, and (2) of results obtained. To pool the specialised findings of separate sciences in a common fund of knowledge is the first step towards a synthesis, on which a true philosophy of modern science can be built.

Prof. P. N. Shrinivasachari, in his presidential address at the Lahore session of the Indian Philosophy Congress on 21st December, ascribed the present threat to civilisation to the decadence of faith in moral values and human dignity.

> It is the supreme task of the philosopher to restore the higher ideals of life and reconstruct society on a moral and spiritual basis.

Indian philosophy had always had as its dominant characteristic the synthesis of the theoretical and the practical sides of human nature. He emphatically refuted the charge that Indian philosophy was "world-negating, and indifferent to the needs of love and social service." But what was

needed, he declared, was a "new synoptic outlook," which would "combine the seriousness of the thinker with the social virtues of the man of action."

India's service to the world was the gift of her spirituality. The political ideals of the West could be spiritualised if the deep meaning of liberty, equality and fraternity were recognised as Indian philosophy presents it.

The freedom of man is the freedom of the self-development of divinity in man. The equality of men implies the recognition of the same Godhead in all human beings and the ideal of brotherhood is a unity of mind and feeling based upon the inner spirituality of man.

The Indian philosopher had a responsibility, he said, to point the way out of the present confusion. But it is not enough to point to the way out. We have to walk it. The salesman is a failure if he cannot demonstrate the way his gadget works. Let us but demonstrate convincingly the effectiveness of these ideals as a way of life and there can be no doubt the world will hear us gladly. Otherwise, not only may the truths that we inherited, but have not lived, fall on deaf ears but we shall risk the taunt "Physician, heal thyself!"

The Indian Historical Records Commission which met at Aligarh on the 22nd of December is doing a valuable piece of work in the regional survey of records in private custody. Committees have been recently formed in several Indian States and at least one Province to locate valuable and interesting material in private hands, to advise in regard to its preservation and to arrange if possible for publication in the interests of scholarship and historical research.

But, as the Hon. Sir Jogendra Singh implied in his presidential address, the accumulation of such materials, important as it was, is only a step to the utilisation of the historical records so saved. Records unused may be the scholarly equivalent of a miser's hoard. "We must," he declared, "look deeply into the magic mirror of history and learn from the failures of the past the way to the successes of the future." But it is not only the failures of the past from which we can learn the lessons of the present. Past successes also have much to teach us, and not least those which show how unity has been achieved, as in "the happy fusion of Persian and Indian civilisation" to which Sir Jogendra referred.

The voices of the past, treasured in the records ranged round us here today, speak in no uncertain terms. They say we are limbs of one another and in unity is strength. The prophets of new times declare, the world must become one if it is to live and make use of the powers of nature which it has subdued to its advantage. If these powers are used for selfish ends, they who use them must perish....India must become one, nay, the world must become one, if it is to survive and enjoy the fruits which new discoveries promise to distribute.

THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—*The Voice of the Silence*

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WESTERN WAR-TIME THINKING

The two major trends of Anglo-American war-time political thinking are clearly represented by two books published in 1943. Sir Norman Angell, under the title, *Let the People Know* (The Viking Press, New York), plausibly presents the thesis that this is the best of all possible wars, and that all is well with the world. Between the lines, the now conservative Angell reveals his "practical" philosophy. War is inevitable, but not all war. An enlightened Russo-Anglo-American balance of power, enforced by superior military as well as economic strength, can give maximum democratic security and the minimum of armed conflict. Angell first considers the Russo-Anglo-American power bloc and indicates that world conditions may be successfully regulated by practical political agreements between these three nations. World federation is to be dominated by these three powers.

Angell's central thesis is that enlightened self-interest demands a "world federation" to prevent the upsetting of a "good" balance of power. The basic motive of every nation, however, he says, is its individual security. "The first and last claim of every nation is to be able to do injustice to defend its right to existence." It is rather difficult to see precisely how a world federation could permanently succeed if each contributory government felt that its only uniting bond was in terms of whatever national advantage persuaded acceptance of a federative bargain. What is going to happen when any one nation decides that its own advantage can be best served without honest co-operation? Angell's argument for world federation is weak because he believes such a consummation to be possible only when recognised as a measure of national expediency. This is basically what he "lets the people know," although his principal emphasis is upon the inevitability of the war and the necessity for the participation in it of each one of the

United Nations when their economic or political security was threatened.

Such attempts to be "realistic" need improvement. Not only is Angell's world federation something far short of the humanitarian dream of many sincere internationalists, but it also raises serious questions as to its practicability. Angell talks often of the need for protection against aggression from the "outside." What is this "outside"? By definition, who is "outside" *world* federation? Is it possible to have democratic vigilance to protect "world federation" of the majority from the minority without putting minority nations outside the world democracy? How can this be world federation in anything but name? Angell further suggests that the Western nations prove themselves capable of unity for protection against the Asiatics. After this disarming statement of trust in and respect for Asia, he continues to deplore the possibility that Asia should fail to co-operate with "us." We do not think that this sort of directly racial counsel, inspired by purely Anglo-American considerations, can ever condition China or any other Eastern country to respond other than deplorably.

Sir Norman Angell was once awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. He has made a lasting contribution to much of the factual enlightenment necessary for peace education. (See his *The Great Illusion.*) He is a sincere man, but his particular brand of sincerity at this juncture of history is rather discouraging. No hope of the "new world" that so many long for can be derived from the logical extension of his basic theses. No matter how delicately sugar-coated the pill, he still is recommending the perpetuation of the balance-of-power theory in a new and improved form. And, though this might mean a lesser number of difficulties before the next war, it can never achieve the cessation of war altogether.

Michael Straight, an editor of *The New Republic* and of *Free World*, believes that we *can* "Make This the Last War," (Harcourt Brace and Co., New York), but not before tea-time, or easily. He writes with the fervour of a genuine liberal who lives today in mortal fear of the betrayal of his ideal by the policies so innocently phrased by Angell. Far more than his distinguished contemporary, Straight is a realist. He asks himself not what is the pleasantest way to look at the trends developing in World War II, but rather what those trends are—each and every one of them, and in what direction they are leading. He sees behind the battle field the world-wide economic upheaval which his socialistic sympathies have led him to study in detail. He quotes the reply of the Nazi youth leader to President Roosevelt's speech to the "youth of the world" with the penetrating observation that von Schirach spoke more than lies when he criticised Roosevelt's glowing generalities on the hope of democratic

youth by reference to American unemployment, unequal distribution of wealth through all levels of society, etc. Further, Straight writes that possible gains in social liberation through warfare have been thwarted so far by the complete absence of any directive policy beyond the negative approach of "attacking the Fascists."

But Straight is not a Nazi apologist. He is a firm believer in the possibility of a united world. He simply asks the question which Angell glides gracefully over: How can we keep from producing Nazis who have to be defeated in their production of more "anti-democratic" areas? Straight points out that in lend-lease production we have made each nation "fight for everything he could get, and so we have inflamed their national consciousness by our own national bias."

Today it is the Fascists more than we who speak of the United Nations. The Fascists are telling the people of Britain that it is a scheme for an Atlantic imperium in which Britain is controlled by America; they are telling Europe that it is a plan for an Anglo-American coalition to rule the world; they are telling the peoples of Africa and Asia that it is a plan for the dictatorship of the white race; they are telling all peoples that the pretense of the United Nations is just a pretense; that the pose of the free governments is just a pose; that beneath the pretense and the pose lies the old imperialist greed.

Lies the Fascists do speak, but not lies only. Straight feels that this war may easily be lost with its "winning."

Victory is a stern lover—her hair is disordered today, her face wild, her clothes torn; but she is still young and fair. Tomorrow when we court her wisely, and win her, she may be withered and gray.

There are a few things, says Straight, that we can profitably learn from the Nazis. They do not believe, as we do, that the dislocation caused by the reorganisation of the economic structure is so terrible that it must not be undertaken until breakdown is imminent.

Unlike us they understand that the war is the peace, that the future does not wait until the war's end to unfold itself, but is here, now, to be won or lost.

What is there of permanent significance for us in all that the Nazis have done?

It must be finally clear that although the Nazis may create the basis for a united Europe, Europe cannot be united under their leadership.

This is the task of the victors if we are to be the victors. If we fail to fulfil it we have lost the war.

We have not fought with our real strength on the home front; we have alienated the oppressed peoples of the world; we have failed to give leadership or aid to the peoples of Europe; we have raised the idea of world unity in the fighting concept of the United Nations, but we have never developed it.

These weapons are rusting beside us. If we cannot wield them then we will seek other weapons; they can only be

weapons of the war of enslavement, force, hatred, love of power. As the tension of war grows and we fail to meet its demands, groups arise within the democracies to demand stern action in the colonial countries, greater regimentation on the home front....

The Nazis cannot resolve the crisis in their war of enslavement; but can we resolve the crisis in our war of liberation? If we cannot, then Fascism will have triumphed.

Straight is not an alarmist. Far from being a prophet of gloom, he is one of the bright lights of promise for the future—because he is trying to see *now* those dangerous subtle realities which caused us to lose the last peace and which we became aware of only ten years *after* the last war had been "won"—and lost. Exploitation, militarism, imperialism, economic unbalance—these are the world's enemies, and the more fortunate the country, the greater her direct responsibility for their defeat. So Straight continues to "let the people know" much that Angell omits.

We should be insane if we did not recognize that the war aims for which we are fighting change with each shift in power. The increasing influence of our War and Navy departments over our war effort is itself a threat for the future. While we have been talking about a federation of Europe, talking about the democratization of Asia, talking about the internationalization of the colonies, our War and Navy departments have been preparing for the future of these regions. Our army is preparing now to occupy Europe, and if its *Basic Field Manual on Military Government* is any guide, its policy will be to restore the economic and social structure of 1935. Our Navy is preparing to occupy recaptured lands in the Pacific and many of the men whom it is choosing as executive assistants for its governors are former employees of the Standard Oil Company.

The immediate aims of reaction are to bind our nation tightly in wartime, and at the end of the war, to rip out the wartime controls, in the casual hope that the lungs of private enterprise, which now are wheezing, will once more begin to roar. In Britain there is a powerful movement which is preparing to restore imperialism. In China a reactionary movement exists. But the centre of this movement of reaction is, of course, the United States. Without reaction in the United States, reaction in Britain, in Europe, in China, is disarmed.

Straight's last appeal is a challenge to the Western nations. As Sir Norman Angell fails to do, he fully realises the inconsistencies and the fundamental dislocative influences of the oppression of India and of Asia by the democracies. Mr. Straight has by this time caused many to face the real issues of this war. These issues are not American issues, nor are they British, or Nazi, or Indian, nor are they socialistic or communistic. They are *human* issues, and the first step towards their solution is the attainment of a world view. A world view cannot be created by war, nor can peace be created by victory.

SANSKRIT: THE PERENNIALLY TOPICAL

[Literature, said Schlegel, is the comprehensive essence of the intellectual life of a nation. For those who know that India's intellectual and moral life has found expression, more clearly perhaps than anywhere else, in the Sanskrit literary tradition, the claims of Sanskrit do not need to be stated. But today, under the influence of Western materialism and of the growing apathy to spiritual values which it has engendered, "the language of the gods" is sometimes labelled as "dead," in disregard of the basic values which its vast literature sets forth. If literature is great in so far as its appeal is universal, in so far as the values it embodies are true and good for all time and for all men, then, surely, as **Shri P. K. Gode** points out here, Sanskrit is "perennially topical"—topical not in the sense that it reflects contemporary events, but in the wider sense that with true and spiritual insight into life, it anticipates futurity and holds an eternal message for the human spirit.—ED.]

A nation is judged by its literature, a literature by its thought-content and the thought-content again is judged by its perennial value. If this test is applied to Sanskrit literature, with all the high thought it enshrines, we are amazed at the wisdom of our forefathers. They have left to us their richest heritage in the thought-content which runs like an underground current below the extant masterpieces of Sanskrit literature, and wells up instantly to satisfy our thirst for eternal wisdom as soon as we begin to probe their depths in a thoughtful mood.

"*Literature is the thought of thinking souls*," said Carlyle. Those of us who have studied the Upaniṣads can realize for ourselves the correctness of Carlyle's definition and its exact applicability to certain passages from the Sanskrit which possess a perennial appeal to thinking souls in all ages and climes. It is this undying element of Sanskrit literature that has excited the admiration of Western thinkers as it has brought solace to many a stricken soul in this Bhāratavarsa.

Sanskrit literature with all its best thought has become classical on account of its perennial quality and above all its capacity to minister to the spirit rather than to the body. The Indian conception of life is based on spiritual values and accordingly the four ends of human life (*Dharma*, *Artha*, *Kāma* and *Mokṣa*) end in *mokṣa* or liberation from worldly existence. The stages of an individual's life, *viz.*, his education, his life of a householder, wherein he is to enjoy the pleasures of life, so-called, are concluded by *Munivrtti* or the saintly outlook on life which ends in the abandonment of his perishable body according to yogic methods.

Even the sovereign is no exception to this ideal of life. The *Arthaśāstra* of Kautilya, the master politician

of his age, is dominated by these spiritual values. The life of a saintly king, as prescribed in this ancient treatise of Indian polity, about 2,000 years old, requires the king to restrain his organs of sense, to acquire wisdom by keeping the company of the aged, to keep up his personal discipline by receiving lessons in the sciences and to endear himself to his people by bringing them in contact with wealth and by doing good to them. He is to avoid not only lustfulness even in dream but also falsehood, haughtiness and evil proclivities and to keep away from unrighteous transactions. He may enjoy in an equal degree the three pursuits of life, charity, wealth and desire, which are interdependent. Such in brief is the Āryan Path for the king as laid down by Kautilya and, as the king has to enforce Dharma through his ministers, councillors and priests, Kautilya requires all of them to be of guaranteed purity and above temptation.

In our daily life we value things of enduring worth. In our studies we esteem books which possess lasting educational or reference value. This process of discrimination between what is transient and what is lasting is applicable to all spheres of life. It leads to the gradual evolution of the material interests of an individual onto higher planes of thought and action, where the religious sentiment or spiritual values dominate a man's life. At this stage he is face to face with the realities of his inner struggles and thirsts not for technical knowledge but for knowledge that is lasting, absolute and capable of settling his philosophical doubts. In short, he is a spiritual aspirant in search of *parā-vidyā* which leads to immortality (*Vidyayā amṛtam aśnute*).

The Upaniṣads in particular and other works in Sanskrit literature, early or late, are saturated with this *parā-vidyā* or higher spiritual knowledge, the knowledge of the *ātman* or self, to be gained by introspection and not through microscope or cinema films. It is this thought-content of the *parā-vidyā* that causes thought-ferment in the aspirant and later brings lasting peace to his mind, thus stabilizing his wayward intellect and the entire web of his nervous system. The Sanskrit language is justly called the language of the gods or *Girvāṇa Vāṇī* and like the gods it is *amarā* or immortal on account of its thought-content, gathered through ages and expressed with child-like simplicity and a spiritual emphasis all its own.

Those who are ignorant of their past and refuse to look to anything except what affects their body or their brain or the safety of their immediate surroundings are temporarily proof against the message of any literature and much more against that of Sanskrit literature with its *parā-vidyā*. They are optimistic in the practical sense of the term but this optimism is the result of their good breeding, good food, good education, good service or lucrative practice, in short, all the good that

can be squeezed out of *artha* or wealth. They have no experience of life, which, according to the *Gītā*, consists of birth, death, old age, disease, and is therefore an abode of misery, and, to crown this sorry scheme of things entire, it is perishable. As in scientific research conclusions based on a partial survey of the data on a particular problem produce no lasting results, even so the optimism of a cocksure youth, based on a partial experience of life's realities, is no guarantee of its correctness or security. We see numerous instances of such optimism's being blown all to pieces with a single turn of adverse fortune.

Though *Artha-śāstra* is the be-all of practical life, as recognized by Kautilya and other ancient writers, it is not the end-all of life. Even in Vātsyāyana's treatise on the *Kāma-śāstra* or the science of love, the pursuit of *Kāma* is only indicated as one of the four ends of life, *viz.*, *Dharma*, *Artha*, *Kāma* and *Mokṣa* and even in the *Gitā*, Srikṛṣṇa identifies himself with that *Kāma* which is *dharma-aviruddha*, *i.e.*, "not at variance with dharma."

This view of life and its limitations led Kautilya to prescribe, for his king, association with the aged as a corrective to the false optimism that is engendered by wealth and power. If the experience of a thinking soul gathered during his lifetime had its value for Kautilya and his saintly king, how much more valuable is the experience of ages gathered in Sanskrit literature for the benefit of the human race and its spiritual well-being and symbolized by the term *parā-vidyā*, which leads to salvation! True knowledge is that which leads to liberation (*Sā vidyā yā vimuktaye*).

As one adverse turn of fortune shatters the optimism of a cocksure youth so one world-war like the one we are passing through shatters the optimism of nations produced by a surfeit of wealth and power, which are wrongly designated by misleading labels such as "progress," "civilization" and such high-sounding titles. So long as the driving forces of this optimism are self and pelf there can be no lasting peace. Without world-unity there can be no world-peace and as the lasting peace of mind of an individual is the result of his inward progress, born of *parā-vidyā*, the peace of the world depends on the education of humanity as a whole along entirely new lines, which shall inculcate not war-aims but peace-aims, based on the principles of justice, liberty and equality.

As in our schools, colleges and universities, we are required to acquaint ourselves with English literature, it is time for Europeans to acquaint themselves with the best thought in Sanskrit literature with a view to sobering down their optimism born of mere scientific progress, which leads to the unhealthy competition and destruction that are the very negation of progress and civilisation.

The condition of war-stricken humanity today closely resembles

that of Trita imprisoned in a well, on whose behalf the author of the hymn[1] to Visvedevas (all the Gods) makes his appeal for deliverance:—

Where is the ancient law divine ?
Who is its new diffuser now ?
Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
Ye Gods, who yonder have your home
in the three lucid realms of heaven
What count ye truth and what untruth ?
Where is mine ancient call on you ?
Mark this my woe, ye Heaven and Earth.

"What is your firm support of law?" the subject nations of the world today are crying. "Mark this our woe, ye Democracies," our surviving brethren in hunger-stricken Bengal are crying. "Mark this our woe, ye Democracies."

Friends of India are asking the Democracies, "*Ye Gods who yonder have your home in the three lucid capitals of earth, London, Washington and Moscow, what are your war-aims? Where is your Atlantic Charter? What is the future of India? What are your peace-aims for the entire humanity?*"

May the Democracies hear these calls and bring deliverance to everyone in distress, as Bṛhaspati heard the call of Trita and released him from his distress, as the Ṛgvedic hymn tells us!

Sanskrit literature, from the earliest to the latest, is full of perennial wisdom. It is an unfathomable ocean of ideas expressed in the language of the Gods by ancient Seers who believed more in eternal verities than in the passing shows of life and its frivolities; who believed more in *jñānam* or true knowledge of the Self than in *vijñānam* or technical knowledge. The subordination of *vijñānam* to *jñānam* in which they believed is a process contrary to that followed by the machine age of today. Machines are in no way responsible moral agents. Those who direct these machines for the systematic destruction of humanity are the real culprits, because they are guided by ideologies influenced by the power of the machines, without any inward control of *jñānam*.

If the present world is to grow wiser by the experience of the past world, if out of the ashes of the world destruction and the ideologies that caused this destruction there is to be a rebirth of humanity we should be guided in our new world-planning by "loyalty to humanity instead of by a sectional devotion to one part of the human race," as Sir S. Radhakrishnan puts it. For such world-planning we should cherish pure aspirations, as so beautifully expressed by our Vedic ancestors in the following words:—

The Deities who are here, Prosperity, Shame at doing wrong, Fortitude, Penance, Intellect, Status, Faith, Truth and Dharma—may all these rise along with me who am rising; may all these never leave me.[2]

In such noble aspirations lies the Āryan Path for the future progress of humanity along right lines.

P. K. GODE

1. *Rigveda*, I. 105. 4, 5, 6.
2. *Taittiriya-Aranyaka*, IV. 425.

THE NEGROES AND THE WORLD

[**Clifford Bax** has earned a well-deserved reputation for his literary work in prose and verse alike and needs no introduction to our readers. In this article he brings out some interesting but provocative points about the Negro, especially the Negro transplanted to America.—ED.]

I was thinking, a few days ago, that Europe and Asia have probably contributed about equally to the civilization of our planet; and then I reflected that we ought not to expect great effects from the few millions who, generation by generation, have inhabited Australia; and that America, late-comer though she is among the continents, has already far outstripped every nation and every age in physical comfort of life. I remember feeling, when I was last in New York (which, I am aware, "is not America"), that Europe was quite fifty years behind in the organisation of external things, and that, so far as I knew, the poor best in physical organisation which Europe could show would be Germany. The Germans have some catastrophic characteristics but they have also, let us admit, a good sense of cleanliness and order. But what of Africa? Is she a sterile continent? Why, no,—a thousand times, no! Is not Egypt in that part of our world's body? And did not Egypt lead humanity for at least some centuries before the soul burned forth in India and China? Yes, but since Egypt's decline, and that is a good time ago even to those who think in terms of reincarnation, Africa seems to have stopped.

This made me ponder the question of the Negro. When we think of the multitudinous Negro race, what comes to our minds? Slavery, jazz, perhaps hoodoo. Have the Negroes contributed anything of real value to the world of men? Well, who is to say? Europe and English-America dance night after night to Negro tunes—or should we say, rhythms? Rhythm! The Negro excels in his sense of it. We see that sense in his boneless dancing, and we see it in his jazz-bands, and we see it even in his "spirituals" or, as I find them better called, "Sorrow Songs." Now, rhythm is, in my belief, based upon the beat of the heart, upon the heart's systole and diastole; and so, as we ought to expect, it is to rhythm that man first responds, and rhythm that will be the outstanding quality in the art of a simple people. The Negro, still in touch with the drum-beat (which, better than any other instrument can get the barbaric elementary effect of pure rhythm), has set millions of white legs dancing just because the owners of those legs needed to return, if only for a few hours, to the simple and the savage. The black man, so long despised and thrashed, miraculously became the piper who called the tune. Jazz is the sophisticated

person's last way of entry into the almost-lost subconscious mind. We jazz ourselves from Wall Street to the jungle.

It was also during that last visit to America that I asked an American friend whether he thought that the Negro in the United States now—at least on the whole—gets fair treatment. My friend replied "Not in the sense which you have in mind. For instance, we must underpay the black man by comparison with what a white man would get for the same work. Why? Simply because the Negro has no ambition. When he has a little money in his pocket he stops work. And he won't start again until necessity drives!" If this is true, we may perhaps be in a position to understand why the Negroes are a "backward race." Just as a great many of them have something of the charm of children, so have they the child's dislike of work. They want to treat the world as a play-room, and would rather be happy than "successful." The men, women and children whom I saw in West Africa some four years ago, looked happier than any other people whom I can remember. No wonder if such an easy-going race became, like the mild Peruvians, instant victims of the races which passionately desire more and more money, more and more power.

And of course, once the enslavement of the Negro was well under way, the race had little chance of achieving intellectual distinction. Who, if we come to think of it, are the best known of all black persons? Well, there have been two admirable champions of their people,—Frederick Douglas and Booker Washington; there have been several notable prize-fighters; there was Josephine Baker as a front-rank dancer, and there are Florence Mills and Paul Robeson as voices of exceptional beauty. Lastly, there is one "creative" genius,—the composer Coleridge Taylor. Thus we see that at present the black man has done well as an entertainer but has done little in the serious arts. True, there are some fairly competent short-story writers in the United States, but I doubt if any critic would claim that any black writer has ever come into the first class. An American critic, writing in *The Negro Caravan*, a large collection of songs, essays, stories and biographies, says :—

> Too frequently, Negro writers on "cultural" subjects have spelled culture with a capital C. The lively arts of the Negro have not appealed to them, in spite of their overwhelming appeal to the rest of the world. That this is understandable as the sensitivity of a minority group does not keep it from being unfortunate.

The same critic also states that autobiographical writing among Negroes is common enough, but more often it is like an object-lesson or ego gratification, rather than the ego exploration of Montaigne, Lamb or Hazlitt. Even where the personal essay is attempted, the "problem" raises its head; the personal essay becomes a social analysis, a complaint, an indictment.

This same minority-instinct to protest against subjection also spoils much of the serious verse produced by Negroes. Most of it, however, is merely the sort of verse which dozens of white men might produce, only not so good. But in the old days, when the American Negro did not really suppose that slavery would ever come to an end, he did often find his way into natural poetry, and poetry of a kind which no white man could possibly have penned. Consider, for example, this Sorrow Song :—

I walk through the churchyard
To lay this body down ;
I know moonrise, I know star-rise ;
I walk in the moonlight, I walk in the starlight ;
I'll lie in the grave and stretch out my arms,
I'll go to judgment in the evening of the day,
And my soul and thy soul shall meet that day,
When I lay this body down.

Or again, even this fragment, sung by a ploughman :—

Dere's no rain to wet you,
Dere's no sun to burn you,
Oh push along, believer,
I want to go home.

Perhaps, the truth is that all true art is a self-communing and that it must never approximate to an exhortation or any kind of public speech. The Negro, singing to console or encourage himself in his desolation, achieved some beauty of expression, but once he begins to think more about "the problem" than about his personal life, he is merely using language as a substitute for action. Moreover, if we are honest with ourselves, we shall admit that the man with a grievance, however well justified, very soon becomes a bore.

The Negroes, we might say, have passed through four phases. First —and for how many centuries—they lived on their continent, unmolested by the outside world and probably as happy as most men have been, perhaps rather happier. Then comes the period of capture, inhuman brutality, complete subjection ; and thirdly, the short period during which the black man was regarded as the essentially comic man, so that would-be humorists presented themselves as "nigger minstrels." And now, in our own time, the Negro has infected a large part of the world with his nervous and jerky dance-rhythms. This extremely surprising event in our social history began about fifty years ago when cake-walking suddenly caught the fancy of High Society in New York. It is amusing to find that two early exponents, named Williams and Walker, were so disturbed by the result of their success that they actually wrote a challenge to Mr. William K. Vanderbilt :—

In view of the fact that you have made a success as a cake-walker, having appeared in a semi-public exhibition and having posed as an expert in that capacity, we, the undersigned world-renowned cake-walkers, believing that the attention of the public has been distracted from us on account of the tremendous hit which you have made, hereby challenge you to compete with us in a cake-walking match, which will

decide which of us shall deserve the title of champion cake-walker of the world.

What, then, of their future—as artists? We know that the Negro can sing, act, dance and fight. Some people assure us, not very convincingly, that there is greatness in Negro sculpture: and Coleridge Taylor, a lonely figure, certainly wrote music with a highly personal idiom. But at present no Negro has achieved wide renown as a writer, and it may be that none ever will. The Carthaginians, a powerful and talented race, seem nevertheless not to have had any literary ability or even instinct. The Jews, again,—though this point would be disputed by many—excel more in the presentation than in the creation of art. Every Irishman is a born actor, but it is the rarest thing in the world to find an actor who comes from Scotland. There is no reason, therefore, to assume that the Negro as the time of his liberation lengthens must of necessity become the equal of the White Man in every art and every science. If the world had been peopled exclusively by persons who, like the present writer, had no instinct at all for machinery, it would have remained a quiet and pastoral planet. The Negro, I suggest, is a natural play-creature, and will not make any startling additions to the world's mechanical inventions or metaphysical speculations. Had he remained in Africa he might have achieved a poetic literature of his own, but poetry and sophistication are wholly incompatible, and in the field of poetry he has probably lost his chance. The Sorrow Songs have a distinctive quality, but fortunately, there will be no more Sorrow Songs.

CLIFFORD BAX

COLLECTIVE KARMA

The challenge of Madhva's Theism to contemporary civilisation, on which Dr. R. Naga Raja Sarma writes in *The Hindu* of 2nd February, is an aspect of the challenge of ideal to "real" values, of metaphysics to materialism. Even by the pragmatic test civilisation makes a poor showing. None will contest Dr. Sarma's statement that "civilisation as found now has not made for happiness, peace, and security." He offers Madhva's Theism as the corrective. Madhva offers an important clue to present suffering and points to the way out :—

> the truth that individuals, communities, and nations have their destinies determined and regulated not on the basis of biological, economic, and scientific principles of progress, but on a mysterious mass of tendencies, dispositions, and kindred considerations that retrospectively point to countless previous births in the apparently endless time-space-series or continuum.

THE "SCIENCE" OF VACCINATION

[Vested interests are loud in their denunciation of "cranks" and "faddists" whenever a profitable superstition is attacked. But facts such as **Joseph Peat Swan** presents here speak for themselves. He demonstrates the vaccination theory's lack of scientific basis and urges sanitation for prevention. But vaccination not only has unsavoury antecedents; it not only fails to immunise; the loathsome practice is also positively dangerous, as statistics amply prove.—Ed.]

Although 145 years have elapsed since Jenner launched cowpox inoculation as a protection against smallpox, it is only now beginning to be admitted by pro-vaccinists that his views were entirely empirical and quite devoid of any scientific justification. They were based on the supposed validity of sundry assumptions including (1) that the origin of smallpox was the same as that of cowpox; (2) that the traditional belief of the dairymaids and cow keepers of his day that persons who had had cowpox were less likely to take smallpox was true in fact and sound in theory; and (3) that one performance of vaccination would protect for life. Subsequent experience has shown that all these assumptions had no more evidential foundation than the wishful thinking of their upholders.

In recent years, *i.e.*, since the advent of the germ theory of infectious-disease causation propounded by Pasteur and his followers, more plausible attempts have been made to replace the century-old empirical basis of the practice by one based upon "the science of modern bacteriology," but, as will be here shewn, these world-wide efforts have merely produced a vast array of futile experiments, mostly at the expense of the lives and sufferings of countless animals, without advancing the scientific aspect of the problem one iota.

Here are a few brief proofs of the truth of this affirmation.

Perhaps the most fundamental requirement of the case for cowpox inoculation is the need to establish the identity of cowpox and smallpox. Jenner saw that need and promptly claimed that cowpox was a bovine form of smallpox. He also gave it a pseudo-scientific label—*variolæ vaccinæ*, or smallpox of the cow, an unwarrantable and previously unheard-of designation. His clever manœuvre passed unchallenged by the London doctors who were then investigating his claims and who knew little or nothing of cattle diseases. It was a gross assumption and despite years of bacteriological research it so remains. All the available evidence points against the identity of the two diseases. The very name of "cowpox" indicated that it was a disease limited to cows—and as a matter of fact only milch

cows were affected. Why, if cowpox is a bovine form of smallpox? The only sensible answer to this query is that it isn't. Moreover, the sores which cowpox set up appeared locally only, on the teats handled by milkers, and they formed ulcers and not an eruption of "small pocks" in all parts of the body as in the aptly named human disease. Cowpox was contracted only by direct contact with the contagious matter of the disease, usually by way of open skin abrasions on the hands of the milkers, whereas smallpox was a highly infectious fever which commonly spread both by contact and by aerial connection.

From the scientific point of view the identity theory is as devoid of proof today as it was 145 years ago. Even some pro-vaccinists deny it and affirm that cowpox "protects" against smallpox not because it is a similar disease but because it is a different disease! Despite world-wide research in bacteriological laboratories, and the vain sacrifice of a holocaust of animals, the supposed specific germs of cowpox and smallpox are still undiscovered, and it is not possible therefore to establish any sort of bacteriological relationship between the two diseases. The operation is, in fact, as much a "grotesque superstition" today as it was when Jenner first assumed the identity of the two diseases and thereby misled a credulous world.

If vaccination does not "protect" against itself how can it "protect" against smallpox? Jenner stated in his *Inquiry* (1798):—

> Although the cowpox shields the constitution from the smallpox, and the smallpox proves a protection against its own future poison, yet it appears that the human body is again and again susceptible of the infectious matter of cowpox....It is singular to observe that cowpox virus, although it renders the constitution insusceptible of the variolous, should nevertheless leave it unchanged with respect to its own action.

It is not surprising that Jenner's London supporters strongly criticized this extraordinary statement. Dr. Pearson wrote "If a child can be re-vaccinated then it can take smallpox; *ergo* vaccination is not an equivalent for smallpox and where then is the good of it?" Jenner deemed it expedient to bow to the logical force of this argument. It was vitally important to the success of vaccination that he should have the support of Dr. Pearson and his London coadjutors. And yet nothing was more certain than that Jenner, though right in his facts as to the human body being again and again susceptible to cowpox, was stupidly wrong in his assumption that this did not prejudice its anti-variolous qualities, while Pearson, on the other hand, though right in his logic was stupidly wrong in his facts. It is just possible that vaccination would have died in its early infancy if Jenner had decided to convince Pearson of his error. But Jenner did not wish his golden

calf to die prematurely so he held his tongue. He banked upon Pearson's ignorance of cattle diseases, pretended that his own early discriminations had not been "sufficiently nice" and so acquiesced in a statement of fact which he knew was entirely erroneous. Later on, Pearson's error was too obvious to be concealed, but vaccination was then firmly entrenched. Medical men in all parts of the world had too deeply committed themselves and their various governments to allow any doubts about the validity of the practice to be openly entertained. It was, therefore, glibly contended that the error only showed that the "protection" needed to be renewed, first at puberty and then at intervals in later life. An excuse which found all the more acceptance in view of its fee-producing implications. And yet Pearson's robust demand—"If vaccination is not an equivalent for smallpox, where then is the good of it?"—still awaits an answer.

So far from one performance of vaccination giving lifelong protection, pro-vaccinists have found it necessary, in their endeavours to cover up the failures of the practice, to increase the number of the operations. At first one revaccination at the age of puberty was prescribed, then the first revaccination was fixed at about ten years of age with another at about twenty and now we are told that in countries such as India where smallpox is continually present and often violently epidemic, revaccination should be renewed at least every five years. How strange that pro-vaccinists can not or will not see that this latter claim overreaches itself. If only recent vaccination has any protective value it follows that the great reduction of smallpox which has taken place since the middle of last century in countries where the level of sanitation is high, such as Great Britain and the U. S. A., cannot have been due in any respect to quinquennial vaccination, because that practice did not exist. In the United States it has been the general practice to defer even primary vaccination until the children enter school about the age of five and to perform the operation in one place only. The "unprotected" pre-five child population ought, therefore, to have been decimated by smallpox. As a matter of fact they have suffered far less from the disease than the highly "protected" children of British India.

Moreover, if experimental evidence is to be relied upon, there is ample evidence that vaccination can be successfully repeated on the same individual at least every two or three months. Modern experience and modern theory alike join to re-echo Pearson's bomb-like query—"Where then is the good of it?"

Why is smallpox still so prevalent in British India and so rare now in England and Wales? Only one answer can be given to this query by those who are willing to look at the matter with open minds. It is because in England reliance has

been placed, not upon vaccination but upon sanitary and social reforms, isolation, etc., while in India these rational measures have for the most part been neglected while much money and human effort have been worse than wasted in the performance of millions of vaccinations.

Consider the following figures :—

Average annual ratio of smallpox deaths per million of population :—

Period	*British India*	*England and Wales*
1898-1907	374	14.3
1908-1917	363	0.37
1918-1927	337	0.48
1928-1937	281	0.35

These figures bring to light the staggering fact that in England, during the last thirty years, smallpox has almost ceased to exist as a killing disease, and this notwithstanding that during the same period more than half of the children born have been withheld from vaccination by their parents under the 1907 "conscience clause," and practically no revaccinations have been carried out amongst the general population. In India, on the other hand, although vaccinations and revaccinations are increasing in number from year to year, smallpox shows little tendency to decline. Such decline as is indicated by the figures is probably due to the improvements in general health conditions (very inadequate as yet) which are beginning to make their influence felt. This influence is well reflected in the decline in the number of deaths in British India per 1000 of population, as shewn by the following figures :—

10 years	1898-1907	- 33.62
,,	1921-1930	- 26.00
5 years	1931-1935	- 23.50

Pro-vaccinists may say it is not fair to compare the smallpox records of impoverished India with its low sanitation level with comparatively well-off England. The answer is that it is perfectly fair so long as they claim "that adequate vaccination is the one sheet-anchor against smallpox"—as to both incidence and fatality. The experience of England and other countries with proper sanitation definitely proves that this claim has no basis in fact or commonsense.

It is, however, gratifying that Indian medical officials (trained for the most part in the immunizing shibboleths of British medical schools) are showing welcome signs of a more enlightened outlook. The annual report of the Public Health Commissioner for the year 1936 contains some notable comments of this character in Section II. The writer says *inter alia* that it is permissible to infer that immunisation, however efficiently carried out, cannot bestow complete protection on any given community. The sheet-anchor of human safety, therefore, appears to be the development of those essential conditions for a healthy life which improvement of the environment implied....

From the point of view of the community it is necessary to concentrate on introducing those permanent changes

which will make it possible for the people to lead healthy lives. Whilst vaccines and sera, drugs and other treatments, all have their place in the fight against disease, they are no substitutes for sanitary dwellings, fresh air, pure water and abundant and wholesome food. These are the foundations on which alone the superstructure of individual and communal health can be built.

These are the most encouraging and hopeful words that we have ever met with in an Indian health report. We congratulate the Commissioner on their appearance, and yet we would fain remind him that English sanitary reformers arrived at precisely the same conclusion more than sixty years ago!

Of course we recognize that Indian health officials have still a long way to go in the practical application of these sanitary ideals. But we venture to hope that the complete demonstration of the futility of vaccination supplied by British experience since the passing of the 1907 "conscience clause" may speed up their ultimate conversion to the view here advanced, that vaccination is neither sound in fact nor intelligent in theory, but is, in short, a useless, dangerous and grotesque superstition.

JOSEPH PEAT SWAN

WARS ARE AVOIDABLE

"Are Wars Inevitable?" demands Mr. John R. Swanton of the Smithsonian Institution in No. 12 of its War Background Studies. And he answers, No. He traces war to its roots in human nature, the moral defects of envy, hatred, combativeness, acquisitiveness. The motives behind all wars, he declares, are identical in kind with those contests exhibited, or latent, between man and man. War, in short, is an expression of antisocial tendencies.

Aside from formal areas of law, or nations, there are at present areas of good feeling from which war is virtually outlawed. War between the U. S. A. and Canada or between the Scandinavian states, for example, is, as Mr. Swanton points out, practically unthinkable. This encourages the hope that the continued spread of such areas may lead to a complete reign of law, with armies and navies assuming merely police functions.

Collective pugnacity, Mr. Swanton claims to have proved, is an acquired, not an inherent trait.

> The *masses* of mankind today are induced to fight from a feeling of insecurity. Fear and not hatred is the underlying, if not the dominant motive.

Allay this fear by determined agreement among the nations to settle all disputes by peaceful means and to co-operate against nations which persist in resorting to violence and

> the master nerve of war would be severed .... There is no mystery about the force required to terminate warfare. All that is needed is the will to do so.

LIBERALISING RELIGION

A NECESSITY IN PRESENT-DAY INDIA

[**Rajasevasakta Shri A. R. Wadia** presents here sound reflections on an important subject. Whether or not caste originated as an economic division of society is a moot point, but there is no question of the injustices of the system as it obtains today. If the caste institution once recognised existing differences in natural qualities, the castes no longer fit the qualities. And a functional division of society must find an honourable place for all. But the religious problem of Hinduism does not differ from that of other creeds in kind, however much it may seem to in degree. Every religion without exception is faced with the problem of gaining breadth without sacrificing depth, and of squaring practice with profession.—Ed.]

Some years ago a university student was writing a thesis on Religion and, after surveying its growth from animism to polytheism and on to monotheism, came to the conclusion that the history of religion was a history of eliminations and ventured to predict with all the boldness of youth that it was only a matter of time until even the God of monotheism would be eliminated under the pressure of growing scientific knowledge, and then religion would automatically disappear from our world. There may be scientists and there may be some young men who would cordially support this conclusion. But the whole history of mankind rather goes to show that men have refused to live by bread only, and that there has been some divine urge in them which has goaded them on from animism to polytheism and from polytheism to monotheism, and here the greatest and noblest souls have rested in the peace of God with an unshaken faith that

> God's in his heaven—
> All's right with the world!

True, this faith is not something which admits of ocular proof but it does not follow that it is merely believing what cannot be proved. There is a faith which transcends reason but is not therefore irrational, for it but marks the completion of our finite reason. No scientist can truthfully claim that he has solved all the problems of life and the great miracle of life itself has remained a profound mystery. That is why the scientists themselves have become more modest in their claims than their predecessors of the nineteenth century. They have come to recognise the limitations of science and have themselves passed on to philosophy, as we can clearly see in William James, Eddington and Whitehead, Jeans and Max Planck and a host of others. And philosophers in their turn have arrived at the concept of God as their ultimate.

Even philosophers like Plato and Sankara have had to give a place to religion within the framework of their philosophy, while a thinker like Comte, after dethroning God, found such a void in the human heart that he made room for Humanity as God and became the founder of Humanism as a religion. All such attempts bear witness to the divine urge which goads men on to religion. In the last resort Faith itself remains as much a fact as any lump of matter, while its spiritual significance far transcends the sway of matter.

The history of science and the history of religion are fascinating studies. Both show a singleness of purpose and both show how the human spirit has to wade through a regular sea of errors before Truth emerges in all its purity and glory. Religion in the past suffered from countless defects: ignorance of elementary physical and biological facts necessarily led to crude beliefs and superstitions, cruel practices and blood-thirsty rituals. If the purified faiths of the great monotheisms have purged religion of much of its ancient primitive grossness, it cannot be said that they have essentially purified men's hearts. For the history of Judaism, of Christianity and of Islam is red with the blood of martyrs. Fanatical persecutions of men of alien faiths justify the cynicism of Swift that "We have enough religion to make us hate one another, but not enough to make us love one another." But Christianity has transcended this bloody phase, and Islam under Attaturk of modern Turkey has set an example to all Islamic countries, demonstrating that Islam as the religion of peace and mercy can have no truck with forcible conversions at the point of the sword.

Europe and America have seen the futility of militancy in religion and have come to accept the policy of live and let live as the easiest solution of religious differences, provided of course that religious beliefs do not encroach in the name of religion on the civil liberties of others.

The religious history of India has been markedly different from that of Europe. Hinduism as the dominant religion in India has been so conservative and caste-bound that it has not sought to "save" souls by trying to convert people whether through persuasion or force. It has been wonderfully tolerant of alien faiths and has not hesitated to make friends with other faiths. But oddly enough, while so tolerant of beliefs, it has been surprisingly intolerant of any reform within itself and especially of any attempts at tampering with the solid structure of caste.

The history of Hinduism is a history of remarkable deterioration from the joyousness of the Vedas and the catholicity of the Upanishads to the rigour of rituals and the cramping influence of caste. In short, the Hinduism of today is the Hinduism of the Dharma Sastras. It is not unusual to come across apologetic

Hindu savants arguing that the natural growth of Hinduism has been hindered by the waves of foreign conquest, and that the British legal system has made Hinduism more inelastic than it was ever meant to be. Perhaps so. But the fact remains that of all the great religions Hinduism has remained the most conservative. Not that its history is bereft of great ardent souls consumed with a great reforming zeal. At the head of them all stands Buddha, the impress of whose teaching is writ large on Hinduism, but Buddhism itself got corroded by caste and was ultimately conquered by the dialectical genius of Sankara and the caste organisation of the Brahmins. Sankara himself was not lacking in reforming zeal, but his dialectic is esoteric, and the main structure of the Hindu social organisation has remained unaffected by him through the centuries. Ramanuja was a bolder reformer but he had to face the intolerance of his contemporaries, and his followers are content to be as orthodox as other Hindus. The whole Bhakti movement was a revolt against the ritualism and "caste-ness" of orthodox Hinduism; it created a wave of religious awakening, but the deadening hand of time has seen the birth of new sects settling down to a placid existence as castes.

Islam in its conquering history succeeded in mass conversions and thus produced a religious homogeneity in most countries conquered by it. But India with her teeming millions of Hindus was a hard nut to crack and the Muslims of India have had to be content to be a minority, though a very numerous and, politically and culturally, a very influential minority. It did not fail to impart to Hinduism some of its monotheistic zest, but on the other hand Islam in India has also been Hinduised to a considerable extent. The pure democracy of Islam has had to compromise with the aristocratic organisation of the Hindus and the Indian Muslim is not so free from caste feeling as his brother in predominantly Muslim contries. And the pure monotheism of Islam has not been able to withstand the influence of idol worship, and hence the tombs of pirs are far more common in India than in other Muslim lands. But with all this mutual give and take, Hinduism and Islam stand today in India as two confronting forces more conscious of their differences than of their similarities, and prone more to emphasise the former than the latter.

Even assuming that British Law has tended to fossilise the Hindu and Muslim social organisations in India today, it cannot be honestly denied that indirectly at least, if not directly, the British régime has set afloat liberalising forces in religion as well as in politics. If Raja Ram Mohan Roy was the first Indian to be saturated in Westernism, and can be looked upon as the first to seek to refashion Hinduism on a more or less Christian model, we have to look

upon Swami Vivekanand as the first to organise the forces of Neo-Hinduism on Western lines: a brilliant attempt to harmonise the spirituality of the East with the organising genius of the West. But even the message of Ramakrishna Paramahamsa might have proved just another chapter in the history of Hindu sects, but for the fact that politics under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi has supplied a new motive for a fresh religious outlook. Only now since the age of Buddha do we come across the phenomenon of the untouchables looking up defiantly and asserting their right to human and humane treatment at the hands of their social superiors. This constitutes perhaps the most arresting feature in the religious life of India today. This utterly new phenomenon of a politico-religious awakening has brought to the forefront very forcibly the question of liberalising Hinduism, and to some extent also Islam.

Islam in itself is a liberal religion, and but for the rigidity of purdah could have played a much more real part in the religious development of India. The Muslim leaders in India today are not religious fanatics, though they may find it expedient to play upon the religious feelings of the Muslim masses to compass certain political ends. But the real need of India today is a liberalised Hinduism.

The Hindus today are faced with a terrible dilemma with reference to the untouchables, and they are easily divisible into political and orthodox Hindus. The former cannot be blind to the immense political significance of sixty million Harijans in a democratic constitution, and it is only in the name of democracy that they can put up a political fight against Britain. Many of these political Hindus are indifferent to religion and it makes no difference to them whether the Harijans are or are not treated as Hindus; others are profoundly religious like Gandhiji himself, who see in the present plight of the Harijans nothing but a travesty of religion and an open blotch on the fair name of Hinduism. On the other hand the orthodox Hindus do honestly believe that the Harijans have no place in the structure of Hindu India, and any concessions extended to them in the matter of educational institutions or temples is an open violation of the very fundamentals of their hoary religion. If it came to a hard choice between attaining the political freedom of India and maintaining the structure of orthodox Hinduism intact, they would rather sacrifice the former. From their stand-point it would be far better if the Harijans became converts to Islam or Buddhism or Christianity. But such conversion is resented by the political Hindus and the net result is: the poor Harijans hardly know where they stand. If the Hindus are to justify their claim to tolerance, they must either help the Harijans to achieve their humanity as Christians and Muslims and Buddhists, or so revise their

notions of Hinduism that untouchability becomes only a memory of an unhappy past.

The one most prominent means of liberalising Hinduism is to have a complete revaluation of caste, if it is not possible to annihilate it. The history of it goes to show that it was originally only an economic division of society, which later took up a racial aspect as between the fair Aryas and the dark Dasyus, but even then a racial miscegenation was taking place which promised to develop a new nation. But then came in the fossilising age of the Dharma Sastras and caste came to be looked upon as a religious institution and then there set in a decay of life, from which India is just beginning to rise.

What India needs today is a Kabir burning with the religious passion that made him God-intoxicated with Allah and Rama rolled into one. He could rise above the petty prejudices of orthodoxy with a divine sense of humour as when he offered Ganges water to a thirsty Brahmin and when it was of course refused, he said devastatingly: "If Ganges water given by me cannot even purify your body, how can it be expected to purify you of your sins ?" Hinduism has turned its back on his sage advice.

सबहि भुमि बनारसी, सब निर गंगा तोय;
ज्ञानी आत्म राम हय, जो निर्मल घट होय.

To one who is pure in mind every place is Benares and all water is Ganges water.

The tragedy of religion everywhere has been that every great prophet has preached direct communion with God and a high ethic which finds its home in the purity of our heart. But he has been succeeded by petty souls who in his name have developed a cult of dogmas, and purity of heart has disappeared in an orgy of ceremonies and pilgrimages.

There is a good deal to be said for the Western view that politics and religion must be kept apart, and the orthodox Hindu seeks shelter under that slogan. But if religion has any value in life, it cannot be treated as a water-tight compartment to be cleaned up on a Sunday or an Ekadashi. Only when religions are content to rise to the height of Religion, which has the courage to look upon every human being as worthy of our regard, *i.e.*, only when Religion has so permeated our life that mere labels do not count, only when religions are seen to be but different manifestations of the spirit of God, then only can politics come in and say: I have nothing to do with religious labels. It can hardly be contended that India has attained that stage and hence her misfortunes both political and religious. Hinduism has been tolerant, if tolerance merely means unwillingness to convert others under any circumstances, or even willingness to respect the faiths of others. But India needs today a higher tolerance: of freedom of thought and worship, and most of all a will to live like friends who

can think and live together, not merely in little cubicles called castes and sub-castes, each living its own life, rigidly demarcated from the wide beautiful pulsating life of humanity around.

Hinduism today is like a huge giant lost in inertia. It needs but the breadth of freedom to break away from its own past, and once it can really live, and not merely talk about, Vedanta, or can make the Bhakti of its soul a universal possession, political freedom will emerge automatically, and India can still make herself the teacher of the world.

A. R. WADIA

FREE-WILL

Writing on "Chance, Free Will and the Social Sciences," in *Philosophy* for November 1943, Dr. Henry A. Mess doubts whether sociologists will ever discover "scientific laws" in the sense of "such uniformities as are discoverable in the fields of chemistry or physics or even biology." Man's power, within "a real though limited sphere," of "making fresh beginnings," *i. e.*, of free-will, has perhaps, he suggests, to be taken into account along with the immense complexity of physical and social phenomena. It has, indeed. The shape of the future is not entirely undetermined, however. Unless coming events be conceded to cast their shadows before, unless the future is to some extent predetermined, of what use is the study of history? The only justification for poring over the records of the past is to assimilate their lessons as a guide to present conduct, that we may avoid proven pitfalls, repeat the successes and undo the errors of the past. Historians would hardly generalise as they do unless they believed that "historical knowledge does enable men and women to peer a little further than their fellows into the darkness of the future."

It is quite true, however, Dr. Mess agrees with Lord Tweedsmuir, that great men "cannot be explained in terms of any contemporary movement." He puts his finger here on the crux of his problem. According to Eastern philosophy, neither great men nor small men are the product of their age alone. So long as the problem is seen in terms of a single life for every individual the sociologist is working in the dark. Leaving free-will out of the question, the predetermining factors self-generated in the past are masked from view. Writes H. P. Blavatsky:—

> No one could say that a bar of metal dropped into the sea...consisted only of that cross-section thereof which at any given moment coincided with the mathematical plane that separates, and, at the same time, joins, the atmosphere and the ocean. Even so of persons and things, which, dropping out of the to-be into the has-been, out of the future into the past—present momentarily to our sense a cross-section, as it were, of their total selves.

INDIA, THE HOME OF HUMAN CULTURE

[India's immemorial claim to be the home of human culture rests, as **Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastri** points out here, on the fact that, despite contact with the West, India "has not allowed the spiritual values of life to be overborne by the material values." Culture is necessarily opposed to all that is unhuman, to war, for example, which the West would soon banish but for its lack of readiness or perhaps even willingness to do it. That is exactly where India with her spiritual tradition scores, holds a lesson for the rest of the world and justly claims to be what she has all along been, the home of human culture.—ED.]

The Greeks had a great culture but they did not have a single and striking word for it. Similarly the Hindus. The word *Nāgarīkām* is only an invented approximation. The new Tamil word *Panpādu* is another. Perhaps the Sanskrit word *Sanghadharma* is the nearest and most natural approximation. "Culture" comes from the Roman word "Cultus." The latter has affiliations with cult as well as cultivation. Thus culture implies a blend of external and internal excellences.

It is wrong to say that culture is a thing of modern brand or is the result of capitalism. It is true that when the modern labour-saving devices came into being, a new enrichment of culture was possible because of the possible increase of leisure. But the West did not get such leisure or use it wisely and well, because of its mania for overproduction. Thus modern capitalism did not increase the sum of human culture despite increased industrialisation. On the other hand, mass production and the passion for profit sacrificed quality to quantity and excellence to dividends. It may be that under socialistic production for use, as opposed to capitalistic production for profit, the same defects will not occur. But there is no certainty of that.

The love of beauty must be widespread; the workman must take delight in producing a good and lovely thing and the buyer must have a keen desire to own such a production before culture can live and grow. But if the workman is to take such delight in producing a good and lovely thing, he must have a sufficiency of the necessaries and amenities of life. There are things in which speed of production and beauty of product can go together but there are others in which speed will kill quality. This is especially the case not only in regard to the fine arts but also in regard to the decorative arts.

Probably the best results can be had neither under a Nazi or Fascist Socialist dictatorship nor under a Communistic proletarian dictatorship nor under Capitalist Democracy, but only under evolutionary democratic Socialism in which there is no

abolition of private property but the conception of ownership as a means of public happiness; which leavens the concept of ownership, in which the key industries and heavy industries and basic industries are nationalised; in which the other industries are run by private capital, agreeing to profit-sharing with Labour in addition to a decent living wage for the worker and a reasonable interest for the capitalist; in which there is a proper balance of agriculture and industry, and of factory and cottage industries; and in which the profit motive is controlled in the public interest and in the interest of the beauty of the work produced.

This seems to me to be the essence of Gandhism which is the typically Indian view of life. Fascism and Communism breathe tyranny of one sort or another and no great art can thrive in an atmosphere of tyranny. Democratic freedom is essential for the freedom of art but capitalism will take away what democratic freedom can give. The worker must live in a care-free as well as heart-free atmosphere if he is to be happy and produce good and lovely things. Under compulsion you may have *Kultur* but not Culture. Under a combination of capitalism and national democracy you may have culture but it will be an uncertain and declining culture because bereft of a feeling of security and happiness. Every worker can and must be an artist. The segregation of artists from workers is one of the achievements of and a detriment to capitalism. Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy says well: "The artist is not a special kind of man, but every man is a special kind of artist."

It seems to me that India has the best chance of being a true home of culture today. She has had a great creative civilisation in the past. She has not allowed the spiritual values of life to be overborne by the material values. She has always been a lover of democratic freedom. She is now pulsating with keen national feeling as well. She is in love neither with National Socialism nor with Proletariat Communism nor with Capitalism. She is feeling her way towards evolutionary democratic State Socialism of the type described above. Once she achieves her full freedom and passes from the age of deficit to the age of surplus, she will be in the van of the world's culture and can achieve and spread all over the world the finer values of a creative civilisation, inclusive of the supreme spiritual values of art and religion, so that all men and all women can live beautiful lives in a beautiful world.

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

GANDHIJI'S WAY FOR INDIA AND THE WORLD

[Below we print two reviews of books each of which has a message to offer. As months go by and Gandhiji has to remain silent behind the prison-bars, his philosophy of life speaks to enquiring and honest minds in East and West alike, both fecundating thought and producing healthy and vital discussions.—ED.]

I *

This book by a former Controller of Indian broadcasting is refreshingly frank and personal. After painting an unflattering introspective protrait of himself, the author proceeds to belie the moodiness and truculence, which he has led us to expect of him, with one of the most vigorous and enlightened accounts of the Indian scene ever penned by an ex-British-Official.

His several meetings with Gandhiji, whom he "disliked instantly," make interesting psychological reading. Of his first encounter on the Mahatma's Day of Silence, Mr. Fielden admits: "I felt idiotic and wished I hadn't come." But he was not slow to

perceive the goodness of the man: a goodness that may be as irritating to politicians as Christ's was to Pilate, but nevertheless good. Yet there are the hippopotami and the blimps, and, after my first meeting, I might well have been one of them.

Happily Mr. Fielden avoided these latter not unfamiliar metamorphoses of British officials in India. Indeed, he remained so far himself as to be able to ask the Mahatma: "Do you still think I am wrong to stay?" to which Gandhiji replied provocatively: "I leave it to you to decide whether you are satisfied with a job which you hold only by virtue of the guns behind you." It speaks highly for the author's intellectual integrity that he did not pass this off with one of those gay inconsequential laughs which have saved so many empire-builders the torment of thought. In 1940 he answered the Mahatma's challenge with action, not words. He resigned his official post.

We are not surprised to discover that Mr. Fielden gives the main theme of his book—India's claim to *Swaraj*—a moral approach. His ideas are far removed from the ruts of circumspection into which most English writers on political India have sunk since the Cripps Mission. He has the courage to assume that moral values are the only sure guide to right political action, even in war time. Accordingly he examines India's case for freedom in the light of principles rather than of expedience. His findings may very likely annoy those who have long taken it for granted that "there is no cause for alarm," and that Indian problems can safely be put into "cold storage" for the duration. Mr. Fielden concludes:—

An India guided by a national government, could take the path of peaceful and satisfying evolution: but an India from which the influence of Gandhi and the Congress leaders has been removed by British repression is

* *Beggar My Neighbour*. By LIONEL FIELDEN. (Martin Secker and Warburg, Ltd. London. 3*s*. 6*d*.)

more likely...to veer into violence, bloodshed and disintegration.

So much for his short-term view, which has already been tragically justified in part. Over a long period he offers more hope, because he considers Indians are spiritually stronger than the British.

That is why India in the present paroxysm of acquisitive society, is not only an incalculable factor, but potentially, at any rate, a tougher one than Europe....The outlook of India, which the Western business man has so contemptuously dismissed as inefficient, may yet prove more enduring than that of grasping war-torn Europe; it may come nearer to the heart of mankind than the screams of Hitler and the grunts of Churchill. The only method of avoiding war is the method of Gandhi: let the planners and the politicians prate as they will, there is no alternative, none....Certainly under British or Anglo-American control India must tread the path of industrialisation, and become, as with her resources she can no doubt become, a mighty and greedy exponent of materialism, paying back in due time and in good measure all the insults she has received.... But I should like to believe in a different destiny for India, a tapestry woven freely by Indian hands from the lovely varied thread of Indian differences and Indian history and Indian thought. I should like to think it possible that India could freely build her own way of life, rejecting the follies which have so manifestly brought Europe to disaster. I should like to see India, not pruned and rootless in the barren soil of materialism, but firmly rooted in her own ancient traditions, bringing from the past a measure of serenity and dignity to grace a graceless present...an Indian culture which might give to the West a wisdom other than the wisdom of expediency and wealth. But to such a road the only gateway is a freedom which does not bargain, a freedom freed from all taint of domination, a freedom unconditional.

These few extracted passages, typical of Mr. Fielden's constructively imaginative view-point, will recommend his book to the potential reader more eloquently than any further words from its reviewer.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

II *

The Gandhian gospel cannot be confined to a popular or fashionable phrase. It is too vital for that. At a time when plans for the reordering of the world are being everywhere discussed it is well to have such an able, though brief, presentation of the Gandhian political creed in relation not merely to India but to the whole world.

The history of political evolution the world over has not yet crossed the ideological frontiers of the nation-state, with varying emphasis, now on power, now on race, now on economics. Non-essentials have so far been perilously stressed, with the result that while not all States are tyrannical, reckless of individual welfare, most are indifferent to co-operation amongst the nations. At best, the modern State represents an efficient machinery that knows nothing except efficiency.

The present chaos has convinced thinking minds that world politics is no game of chess; that fundamentals must be bravely faced. Such a thoughtful mind is the Mahatma's whose lifetime's experiments with truth have demonstrated the pertinence of ethical purpose, to disregard which either in individual life or collective politics is a direct invitation to disaster. If national rivalries and racial hatred and distrust are to be dissipated, we must make a bold bid for an order that takes an

* *Gandhi Era in World Politics*. By Y. G. KRISHNAMURTI, with a Foreword by Sir S. Radhakrishnan. (The Popular Book Depot, Lamington Road, Bombay. Rs. 3/12)

integrated view of man and the world, an order the strength of which consists in the unexceptionable character of its moral foundations. A plan which ignores the spiritual potentialities of man leaves vital considerations out of account and therefore must fail to supply the final solution, which is to be found only at the stage, as Sir S. Radhakrishnan points out in his Foreword, "where law and love are one." Gandhism aims exactly at that. The gospel of brotherliness and humanity does not need to be complemented but it must be said that any other solution for our present moral crisis can at best prove only a halting-place, fraught still with immense danger.

V. M. INAMDAR

FAITH IN THE DESTINY OF MAN*

These two volumes are rich in beauty and suggestiveness. They bespeak the mind and spirit of one who has drunk deep at the wells of beauty and learning in both East and West. Though the works are by no means of uniform quality—indeed what poet's are?—they reveal a true poetic spirit, and sometimes ascend to heights of great beauty and power. What will strike the English-speaking reader is the amazing mastery of the English language that the writer has attained. It makes one think of Joseph Conrad, the Polish-born wanderer, who became one of the greatest of "English" novelists.

Whether drama or simple poetry attains the higher place in this collection may be uncertain, but what is clear is that it is the poetry of the dramas which lifts them above the ordinary, though the author's mastery of the Elizabethan types of drama and masque is outstanding. The whole, therefore, is primarily to be estimated as poetry, both simple and dramatic.

Only a handful of the greatest poets that have ever lived have maintained a uniform quality, or a gradually improving quality in their work; so when dealing with a "good" rather than a "great" poet we must be prepared for tide-like risings and fallings, or a gradual declension in powers, as was also true in the case of great poets like Wordsworth and Tennyson. We are not surprised, therefore, to find a definite chronological pattern in the work of the present writer, starting from a charming but fairly low level with "Songs to Myrtilla," rising to perhaps the greatest height attained in "Urvasie" and "Love and Death"; falling somewhat through "Vidula" and "Perseus the Deliverer" to "Nine Poems"; rising again to a considerable height in "Baji Prabhou"; from which "Vikramorvasie" would seem to show something of a falling off; descending sharply to "Songs of the Sea"; rising again through "The Century of Life" to "Six Poems," which is the last peak; and in the final stage revealing a continual loss of power and originality, ending with the commonplace "Mother India." Such a graph cannot

* *Collected Poems and Plays.* By SRI AUROBINDO. 2 vols. (Sri Aurobindo Asram, Pondicherry. Rs. 15/-)

help but be somewhat crude, but on the whole it would seem fairly to represent the main course of Sri Aurobindo's poetic life.

As one would expect with an author whose fame rests on a number of philosophical and spiritual writings, the fundamental theme throughout these two volumes is man's realization of his spiritual destiny. The last lines of "Perseus the Deliverer" sum it up in these words:—

Yet shall Truth grow and harmony increase:
The day shall come when men feel close and one.
Meanwhile one forward step is something gained,
Since little by little earth must open to heaven
Till her dim soul awakes into the Light.

This idealistic philosophy runs through the entire work; a philosophy which, in spite of its apparent logic, is castigated by Spengler as "the ostrich-philosophy of idealism." Yet whatever one may think of Idealism one must confess that it is richly caparisoned and eloquently expounded in Sri Aurobindo's poetry.

Space forbids a detailed study of each drama and group of poems, though one is much tempted to furnish it; for each stage in this poetic journey is lit up with a number of interesting sights, none of which, one feels, would have escaped the delicate sensibility and exposition of a Hazlitt, for instance. We must content ourselves with those high-lights already mentioned, while leaving to careful scholars the pleasant task of more detailed analysis.

As already suggested, perhaps the highest level of poetic beauty attained is also the first. Two of the earliest poems, "Urvasie" (1896) and "Love and Death" (1899) are pure romantic idylls with Indian, or rather Hindu, mythological backgrounds, and they reveal the heart and soul of ancient Hindu India with all its glory, spiritual and material,—if indeed one is justified in separating the two, for the spiritual is suffused with the material, and the material is at every stage lighted up by the spiritual. Urvasie herself is a great poetic creation. She possesses the grace, charm and purity of a Shakespearian heroine—as does her counterpart in the poet's translation of Kalidas's "Vikramorvasie"—and the reader loves her as passionately as do her noble King Pururavus's subjects love their idyllic king and queen. The beautiful final scenes in which Pururavus challenges the mysteries of the heavens in order to be reunited with his beloved are reminiscent of the Orphic legend. The blank verse of the poem is masterly and well-suited to its noble theme, which is summarized in the lines:—

O king, O mortal mightier than the Gods!
For Gods change not their strength but are of old
And as of old, and man, though less than these,
May yet proceed to greater, self-evolved.
Man, by experience of passion purged,
His myriad faculty perfecting, widens
His nature as it rises till it grows
With God conterminous....

This is a philosophy that exemplifies the extreme of Vedantist teaching, against which Ramanuja and Kabir revolted. Its opposite extreme is found in Judaism and Islam, while probably modern Theosophy and similar creeds would affirm it.

"Love and Death" likewise has great moments, though there is at times some straining after effect and an erotic extravagance which mars its beauty

and so lowers it somewhat below "Urvasie's" great height of achievement.

"Vidula" is a powerful, though somewhat too prosaic and argumentative, poem revealing the courage and determination of a Kshatriya dowager *rani*. A similar spirit of unflinching courage, this time of the Mahrattas, is the central thought of "Baji Prabhou," which is in the best traditions of patriotic poetry, and which within its more limited scope rises to the height of "Urvasie." The vivid picture of a small band of Mahrattas holding the pass leading to Raigarh, in the burning heat of a Deccan summer, against the flower of Moghul chivalry deserves to find its way into every Indian schoolbook of English poetry. It embodies the finest spirit of Indian self-sacrificing patriotism.

"Nine Poems" includes some very good poetry and interesting philosophical thought, but on the whole the poems are pedestrian and prosaic and sometimes, as in "The Mother of Dreams," there is too much of the Swinburnian use of alliteration, with resultant harm to the beauty of both verse and thought. In general one feels that these poems are too weighted down with philosophical thought. Metaphysics is primarily intellectual, poetry emotional. Poetry cannot therefore carry too great a weight of philosophical disquisition without serious weakening of its poetic power. Sri Aurobindo seems sometimes to have forgotten this, not only in "Nine Poems" but in much of his other poetry as well. Whereas Tagore frequently presents somewhat muddy thought in brilliantly vivid pictures, Aurobindo Ghose is inclined to put forward beautifully clear examples of ratiocination at the cost of strong imagery and poetic power.

"Songs of the Sea" never quite seem to come to life. This may be because they are translations, but in any case their phrasing and imagery are generally commonplace and not up to the level of most of the poems. On the other hand, the poems included in "The Century of Life," though also translations, have a freshness and a vigour about them that are quite delightful. "Love's Folly" might be straight out of Shakespeare; which is not to say that it is lacking in originality. "On Fools and Folly" and "On Wisdom" contain pithy epigrams, though one would not rank them as great poetry. It is true, moreover, that there is sometimes a trite tone in these poems, and the word Titan is over-used and sometimes loosely used, which unfortunately is also done in some of the best of Ghose's work. And much of this group is to be ranked as verse rather than poetry, even though very delightful verse.

In "Six Poems" we find new life and vigour of thought and form. The poet seems to be experimenting with new forms and new ideas. The poetry has sweep, power and precision, that most essential of poetic qualities. There is considerable use of alliteration, but it is an integral part of the poetry and not mere decoration. In "The Bird of Fire" we feel the flaming brilliance of the bird, as well as see it:—

> Gold-white wings athrob in the vastness,
> the bird of flame went glimmering over a
> sunfire curve to the haze of the west.
> Skimming, a messenger sail, the sapphire-
> summer waste of a soundless, wayless
> burning sea.
> Now in the eve of the waning world the
> colour and splendour returning drift

through a blue-flicker air back to my breast,
Flame and shimmer staining the rapture-white foam-vest of the waters of Eternity.

In this poem and its companions we see the first experiment with "quantitative metre," which has apparently been the chief poetic interest of Sri Aurobindo since that time, and which he has discussed at length in his admirable essay appended at the end of these two volumes; an essay which deserves wide currency and consideration by all those interested in the future of English poetry, and of poetry in general as well. For in it he seems to have struck at the root of the problem which modern poets have been attempting to solve by recourse to free verse and violent variations of traditional verse forms. Both argument and example are convincing, and one wonders whether poets like Eliot, Auden and Spender have reached similar conclusions. At least they should be made aware of this considerable contribution to English prosody by an Indian poet.

"Transformation and Other Poems" show a considerable falling off from these delightful innovations. They are generally vague and weak and tend to wander too much in the realms of the abstract. Probably the chief difficulty is that they generalize instead of presenting the general through the particular. The last two poems, which are translations, show a tragic decline from Sri Aurobindo's best poetry. They present commonplace sentiments in commonplace form. One wishes they could be buried somewhere in the middle of one of the volumes, where they would not be so painful to the reader who has tasted nectar in earlier pages and is now asked to drink plain water.

"Perseus the Deliverer" and "Vikramorvasie" have been left till the end, as, being dramas of considerable length, though both cast in verse form, they deserve separate treatment. In a sense they cannot be compared, as the first is an original work and the second a translation from Kalidas's famous play. But the translator has rendered the original very freely, one suspects, and has in fact made a new play of it. Only the story and characters and general atmosphere remain the same; otherwise the form and expression are those of a five-act Elizabethan play. It may be because he was working with original material that in "Perseus" the dramatist attains greater heights of both drama and poetry, even though this play belongs to a very early period. "Perseus" is largely in blank verse, like "Vikramorvasie," and except for the first scene of Act V, which loses dramatic force because of its masque-like form, it is a straightforward Elizabethan drama, which in parts rises to a level very near to that of the great Elizabethans. Characters like those of Cassiopea, Perissus and Therops are real achievements. On finishing the play one regrets that there is no living Indian stage for such plays to be produced on, for an Indian audience would prefer plays of this kind to the modern "well made" variety.

"Vikramorvasie" starts with great dramatic power, but before it has played half its length all suspense and dramatic interest are gone and one is left with something in the nature of a dramatic poem instead of a poetic drama. No doubt this is Kalidas's fault rather than the translator's,

though it does very much lessen the value of the work from the dramatic point of view. But what is lost in drama is at least partly compensated for by the beauty of the poetry, which, however, does lose some of its flaming beauty towards the end because so much matter-of-fact narrative is necessitated. Had Kalidas known the dramas of Sophocles and Euripides the dramatic power of this play might have matched its poetic splendour. In any case Sri Aurobindo deserves great thanks for his superb Englishing of it.

On reflection, what is chiefly interesting in these two volumes is the chronological picture it gives one of the history of Indo-English poetry in the last sixty years. To some extent one cannot help feeling sad, because he is conscious that there was more true poetic spirit abroad at the beginning of the period than at its end. But that is a charge that can also be levelled at English poetry in general. However, nostalgia does arise when one looks today for young Tagores, Ghoses and Naidus to take the place of their great forebears; for, like Professor Srinivasa Iyengar,* I feel that English poetry has a part to play in the future of Indian cultural and spiritual life. Sad to say, most of the young Indo-English poets are mouthing platitudes, or talking airy nonsense in ugly language.

Fundamentally it must be because they have no faith, either in themselves or their traditions. How different are they from Sri Aurobindo, whose every poem breathes forth the sweet, though sometimes pain-bearing aroma of faith in the destiny of man, of his ability to overcome all difficulties, and to climb, step by step, to the feet of the gods! Is this an outworn creed for the New India? Are mob-minded socialism and fascism to claim its allegiance instead? Or is it too much to ask a torch-bearer like Aurobindo Ghose to cast the old thought in new forms to suit the world of tomorrow? One feels that the traditional Hindu forms no longer suit the modern mind; a fresh appeal must be made if the present generation is not to make the tragic mistakes that their brothers in the West have made. One wishes that in order to realize in practice such an idea Sri Aurobindo would gather round him a picked group of young people, including poets, prose-writers and public men, whom he would personally instruct in how to rebuild the traditional Indian ideals in a form acceptable to those who have come under the influence of modern thought. However great his poetry or prose writings, he will never be able to influence people,—especially those of India, who are accustomed to personal teaching,—as he wishes to do, except by personal contact. India's great need today is for a truly spiritual university where young men and women can be guided into those realms of thought and activity wherein a New India will become a visible reality instead of a vague possibility, as at present. Probably only Sri Aurobindo could start such a university; for he alone, as is revealed in his poetry, would seem to have that knowledge and understanding of the matter and spirit of both India and the West which must be the foundation of any true teaching for the India of tomorrow.

BANNING RICHARDSON

* In *Indo-Anglian Literature*, published for the P. E. N. All-India Centre by the International Book House, Ltd., Bombay.

VISISTADVAITISM *

This is a detailed and sympathetic study of Sri Ramanuja's system of Viśiṣṭadvaitism. The main thesis is that Brahman, the ultimate reality, is *saguṇa*, not *nirguṇa*. Brahman or Isvara is the ground, the controller, and the sole end for which the world exists. He is *nirguṇa* or without qualities, only in the sense that he is free from every quality that represents imperfection or moral deficiency. The physical world and the individuals in it are real, not illusory. Brahman, however, is the "real of the real" inasmuch as He is the inner soul or the *antaryāmin* of both *cit* and *acit*. The relation is best represented by that of the soul and the body, or *sarira* and *saririn*. It is claimed that this view conforms to *śruti* or tradition, *yukti* or logic and *anūbhava* or intuition. It safeguards the ultimate unity without sacrificing all differences.

Cosmologically, Brahman is both the material and the efficient cause of the world. Nothing can come out of nothing. And so the cause of the world is a real cause. In the causal state or *pralaya*, the intelligent *jivas* and the non-intelligent matter both exist in a subtle or undifferentiated form. In *Sriṣṭi* or manifestation the world with all its differences is actualised. God wills the world or creates it in accordance with the *Karmās* of individuals. He is therefore not responsible for the evil and the apparent injustice which we find. He is free from every imperfection (*amalam*), absolutely just and merciful. The world-process has a purpose,—and that is the making of *muktās* or free souls.

The process of salvation is a graded one. The individual suffers from ignorance and the effects of his past actions. His ailment is *avidya-Karma*. This can be gradually removed. The first stage is *jñāna-yoga* or Knowledge where the individual knows himself as a pure soul or ātman that depends for its very being on God. The next stage is *karma-yoga* where the individual seeks to be free from the effects of *Karma* by disinterested duty or *niṣ-kāma-karma*. This leads on to *bhakti-yoga* where the individual meditates on the transcendent qualities of God and seeks to live always in His presence. But even *bhakti* is a difficult thing. And so the individual ultimately has recourse to *prapatti* or absolute self-surrender to Isvara. Here the soul realises his incapacity to reach God by his own effort and throws himself on the redemptive mercy of Isvara and his *Kṛpā*.

This view of the soul's quest after the real has given rise to a form of religion called *Sri-Vaiṣnaivism*. Sri stands for Lakshmi or the principle of mercy, and Vishnu stands for justice. Thus both love and justice are embodied in the Godhead. Sri mediates for the *jivās*, and through her intervention the individual is freed from the rigour of the law and gets redeeming mercy. The opposition of *Karma* and *Kṛpā*, or law and love, has given rise to two different schools of *Sri-Vaiṣnaivism*—the *Vadakalais* emphasising the fitness of the individual through works to deserve God's mercy, and the *Tenkalais* emphasising the mercy of God as

**The Philosophy of Visiṣṭadvaita*. By P. N. SRINIVASACHARI. (Adyar Library, Adyar, Madras. Rs. 10/-)

given spontaneously and without man's deserving it.

The author has done a great service to Indian philosophy by giving us this work on a very important system of Vedantic thought. He has shown great scholarship and very wide acquaintance with other systems, both Indian and European. But it must be admitted in the end that the book under review is the work of a partisan. The author seeks to justify Viśiṣṭadvaitism both as a philosophy and as a religion. While we appreciate his fervour and his insight into this particular system, we cannot agree with all that he says in justification of it or with his criticism of other systems such as Advaitism. In the latter case he shows, perhaps quite naturally, lack of understanding. It is a human failing to be whole-hearted and one-sided.

Another defect of the work which we cannot help noticing is its prolixity. There is no evidence of any effort at concise expression of the leading ideas. Some of the chapters therefore make very tedious reading. And there is no such thing as the development of an argument. What argument there is will persuade only those who are already persuaded.

The crux of the whole Vedantic problem is the relation of *jiva* and *Brahman*, or the interpretation of the *mahāvākya* "Thou art That." The Advaitic interpretation is simple and direct. The vākya means identity. The *Viśiṣṭadvaitic* view is that the self is the inseparable attribute (*aprathak-siddhaviśeṣaṇa*) of Isvara, and that while the self is different in denotation, it has the same connotation; for the term signifying the attribute indirectly signifies the substance of which it is the attribute.

In this restricted sense alone *jiva* and *Brahman* are one. The notion of *jiva* as an attribute of Brahman and also as a substantive in eternal relationship with Brahman also offers difficulties, into which we cannot enter here. The claim of the author therefore that Viśiṣṭadvaitism is the most satisfactory system from both a philosophical and a religious point of view is not substantiated. All that we can say is that it provides a good working hypothesis for those who are religious minded and who regard work and worship as an easier and a more congenial way of attaining the goal than knowledge of reality.

G. R. MALKANI

PAKISTAN *

Pakistan is today perhaps the most controversial issue in Indian politics. Everyone is talking about it and taking sides, for or against. And yet actually very few are able to say what exactly Pakistan means in concrete terms of political readjustment. Mr. Jinnah and his followers use it merely as a slogan to stir the emotions of the Indian Muslims by holding forth the promise of a "truly Islamic" State. The Communists interpret (or mis-

**The Pakistan Issue.* Edited by NAWAB NAZIR YAR JANG BAHADUR. (Sh. Muhammad Ashraf, Kashmiri Bazar, Lahore. Rs. 3/12)

A Trip to Pakistan. By YUSUF MEHERALLY. (Padma Publications, Ltd., Sir Phirozeshah Mehta Road, Bombay. Rs. 5/8)

interpret !) it as the Indian edition of the Soviet constitution, guaranteeing cultural autonomy to the various ethnic, linguistic and cultural groups. But, broadly speaking, the Pakistan demand is crystallizing into a union of the Muslim majority provinces of Sind, Punjab, Baluchistan and the North-west Frontier Province. What will be the social and economic structure of this new State does not seem to have been defined by any one and sabre-rattling phrases like " Divide and quit " confuse the all-important question whether Pakistan is envisaged as a State within or outside the framework of the British Empire.

The Pakistan Issue throws revealing light on the subject, for it brings together the important and protracted correspondence of Doctor Sayyid Abdul Latif (of Hyderabad, Deccan) with Mahatma Gandhi and the other Congress leaders on the one hand and Mr. M. A. Jinnah on the other. Dr. Abdul Latif is sometimes credited with being the original " father and founder " of the Pakistan idea and it is, therefore, significant to observe his gradual alienation from the official position of the Muslim League. The worthy Doctor is one of those sincere (but, in the opinion of this reviewer, misguided) idealists who are obsessed with the idea of maintaining and consolidating a distinctive " Muslim Culture " in India.

According to the editor of the volume under review :—

> He (Dr. Latif) knew that a homogeneous nation for India was not possible so long as the Muslims and the Hindus insisted on following cultures of their own, fundamentally different one from the other. And yet he felt confident that the two communities might form a nation of the type of Canada where two different races lived in separate zones of their own while working together for a common country. He, therefore, suggested for the consideration of both the Hindus and the Muslims the establishment of a federation of cultural homogeneous states or zones to be evolved wherever necessary even by means of an exchange of population spread conveniently over a number of years.

It is this plan that today has assumed the frightening proportions of the Pakistan bogey and it is evident that Dr. Latif does not like the shape of the monster he unwittingly helped to create. He has serious differences with the policy pursued by the Muslim League under Mr. Jinnah's leadership. In a statement (included in the volume under review) he frankly told Mr. Jinnah that " his present politics will decidedly lead to civil war. " His main differences with the League policy arise out of Mr. Jinnah's insistence that in any scheme of future India no powers whatever will be vested in the Centre. In a Foreword to *The Pakistan Issue* he clearly formulates his position :—

> On what basis then is Mr. Jinnah so insistently telling the world that there should be no centre of any kind whatsoever, now or never, for India ? If so, who is to administer the (Central) subjects mentioned in the Lahore Resolution till Pakistan is in a position to take them over ? Does he want them to be vested in London ?... Will not then Pakistan be no better than a Dependency or a helpless Protectorate ? Is that the fate for which we are to work ?

Compared to the fanatic champions one hears on the League platform, Dr. Abdul Latif strikes one as a reasonable man who has been trying sincerely to bring about Congress-League Unity. He knows that geographical, economic and defence considerations militate against the division of India into

water-tight compartments. One wishes there were more such cool-headed persons in the League. But it is a pity that though he does not want the country to be politically divided he wants the cultural development of Muslims and Hindus in India to be permanently on distinct and mutually exclusive lines, instead of moving towards a synthesis in which the best elements of both cultures would be present. Indeed, it is significant that one of the reasons for his opposition to the vivisection of India is based on the fear that the Muslims in Hindu majority provinces would be culturally "orphaned" and cut off from the "main current of Islamic life in India." It is this theory of cultural and religious exclusiveness that, sooner or later, develops into extremist demands like Pakistan.

The correspondence included in this volume belongs to the history of contemporary India and will provide a conclusive proof to the generations of Indians to come, that at a time of major national crisis, when the Congress and Congress leaders went to the uttermost length in meeting the demands made on behalf of the Muslims, it was the stubborn intransigence of Mr. Jinnah and his League that stood in the way of national unity.

Mr. Meherally's book is an entertaining chapter of autobiography but sheds no light whatsoever on the Pakistan question. The title, catching as it is, is an unfortunate misnomer. Written in a satirical style, "A Trip to Pakistan" records Mr. Meherally's six months in the Punjab, most of which he spent in jail. An interesting assortment of political personalities—Ministers, party bosses, demagogues, patriots and revolutionaries—flit across the pages and lend piquant interest to the narrative.

K. A. ABBAS

The Autobiography of a Chinese Girl. By HSIEH PING-YING. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

This book is said to have moved half a million Chinese readers to tears and smiles. Possibly they read their own hopes and struggles into the little narrative of a girl who rebels against the old stratified culture, as typified in her family,—but would she have been a rebel in any family? With other schoolgirls she joins the Communists as a woman soldier, suffers other vicissitudes, and the book leaves her at Shanghai facing an unknown future, several years before the Japanese onslaught on China.

Now it may be right to fight one's parents for a principle, but not to pillory them in public. It is all very well to reject superstition and the tyranny of dead-letter convention, but it is foolish to throw overboard everything from past tradition, merely in a spirit of self-determination. There is an occasional reference to fighting for the sake of all the oppressed, but with a little too much youthful self-consciousness of the heroism of the attitude. One can respect the author's perseverance and indifference to hardship, but the autobiography is too purely personal in tone, too full of the self-centredness and inconsistencies of adolescence to make one willing to judge her by it.

The book has a preface by Gordon Bottomley, and an introduction by Tsui Chi on present-day China, and, purely as a narrative, it may interest some. But it will not satisfy those who look for the characteristic Chinese genius—the power to pierce *below* the surface of things, the insight into the needs of human relationships.

W. E. W.

Famine. By MICHAEL ASQUITH; *The Future of India.* (Report on the Constitutional Problem, Part III). By R. COUPLAND. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London. 2*s.* and 6*s.* 6*d.*, respectively)

The present distressful condition of India suggests a connection between these two books—the one by a Quaker social worker, the other by an Oxford scholar. While it is true that famine presents immediate human rather than academic problems, most people realise today that human welfare and political constitution cannot be dissociated. There can be no equitable control and distribution of food, nor even proper relief measures when supplies fail, if there is no unity of purpose and effort between the administrators and the people of a country. It is with regret, therefore, that we are obliged to admit that, although Mr. Michael Asquith's study of famine-relief problems is successful within its limits, Professor Coupland's attempt to resolve the constitutional deadlock utterly fails.

Mr. Asquith is at an advantage because he is dealing largely with the past. His book gives an account of the Quaker relief work in Russia from 1921 to 1923. There is, however, much practical and tested advice that could be applied in India today. All who are operating or planning India's relief should read this book.

The author's diagnosis of famine, while not perhaps intended to throw light on the present peculiar food shortage, is illuminating :—

> In India, where famines were a regular and devastating feature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the causes were, in the first place, the military and civil unrest at the time of the British conquests, and, more recently, the failure of the rains at the time of the monsoon. It appears, however, that the intensity and frequency of the later famines were largely due to the resourceless condition and chronic poverty of the cultivators, which prevented the ordinary people from taking the immediate action necessary to prevent the growth of famine.

We turn to Professor Coupland's *The Future of India* with hopes that are soon disappointed. In this, the third and last volume of his report on the constitutional problem, he has left the firm ground of history on which he established his first two volumes. He has taken off in an academic balloon to the clouds of constitutional speculation. Most Indians will think it a pity that his chapter entitled "Diagnosis" at once throws overboard the very necessary ballast of All-India Congress and the practical "high command" of Gandhiji. The Mahatma at his saintliest is nearer *terra firma* than Oxford's Beit Professor of Colonial History when he abandons, midway through his book, the recording of events and problems for speculation on their outcome and solution.

We value this author's work for scholarly statements of data, rather than for the conclusions reached. An exceptional passage, where both data and conclusions seem to us of equal merit, occurs in his chapter on "The Case for a United India" :—

> Modern warfare is so "totalitarian," so elaborate and so costly, that, unless some effective means can be devised for preventing its frequent recurrence, the free civilisation which goes by the name of democracy is evidently doomed. Too much time and money and wealth will have to be given to preparations for defence, and too little to the solving of social problems, the raising of the standard of living, the extension of social services, especially of education—to those things, in short, without which democracy can never come into its own. Nor will it only be

impossible to realise its ideals. The ideals themselves will wither in the perpetual shadow of war....Militarism, not democracy, is the natural costume of a war-ridden world.

This timely warning is worth careful study by all politicians. But how to reconcile the author's belief in it with his lack of sympathy, so apparent in his two previous volumes, for Gandhiji's substitute for modern warfare—*satyagraha?*

Gifted as Professor Coupland is in arranging complicated material in neat patterns and showing us choice bits of detail through his powerful field-glasses, one wonders whether visibility on certain points has not been obscured by the clouds to which his constitutional balloon soars. In the course of some 200-odd pages, he does not allow us a glimpse of the immediate problems of the Indian millions below, who are starving to death under the present British-made constitution.

If only Professor Coupland could have dropped from his speculative heights a constitution that contained a full measure of home-grown Indian rice! Or better still, the keys of the Aga Khan's bungalow into the hands of those millions who suffer. They know what he apparently has yet to learn, that the secret of India's new constitution is locked up in the great heart of Gandhiji.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

Don't Be Afraid. By EDWARD SPENCER COWLES, M. D. (Jarrolds Publisher (London), Ltd. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

The relation of fatigue and fear, and their cure, is the theme of this book, based on work done at the Body and Mind Clinic, New York. Dr. Cowles views fatigue of the nerve cells as chiefly responsible for patients' exaggerated irritability to sense impressions, and their domination by fears, obsessions and impulses that normally would cause no more than a passing thought empty of emotion. On the other hand, fear and the other emotions deplete the nervous system far more than vigorous physical action. Thus there is a vicious circle, and both body and mind must be dealt with. Dr. Cowles uses a simple medication to lessen the hypersensitivity of the nervous system and to allow it to regain its normal energy, while at the same time he endeavours to re-educate the mental and emotional outlook.

There can be nothing but agreement with this as a general principle and wonderful results are claimed over a period of years. But one would need to know more before according unqualified approval to the actual methods used. The book gives no details of the sedative (though the prescription is available to any physician), or of the use of "suggestion" in reorientating the mind. The term covers a wide range of activities, some helpful, some most harmful. In 1890 Mme. Blavatsky wrote:—

Half, if not two-thirds of our ailings and diseases are the fruit of our imagination and fears. Destroy the latter and give another bent to the former, and nature will do the rest.

But this is not the same thing as the "affirmations" that too often are miscalled "mental healing" and which only drive symptoms inwards again into dangerous latency. Therefore the reviewer is not in a position to judge

either the treatment or the permanency of the cures. But the book is of interest in that its numerous case-histories seem to corroborate the quotation above, and show incidentally how productive of unnecessary suffering materialistic medical science is in trying out its various theories on unfortunate human guinea-pigs.

Though the position taken by Dr. Cowles on some points seems to have been derived to its detriment from the materialistic view-point, the practical advice he gives on planning activities intelligently in terms of one's own capacities, to save energy and emotions, is good. So also are the conceptions (*a*) that we have the power to mould our lives to our own choice, and (*b*) that there is a "surprise-creating element in life" which breaks down the feeling of imprisonment in circumstances. But, in order to be more than affirmations of an empiric faith, they do need the scientific basis of *Karma*—the law of cause and effect that works on every plane.

Also essential to any science of psychology and psychiatry is the recognition of the "astral light," the invisible registrar of men's thoughts, feelings and deeds, whose lowest layers are like the slag-pit of human experience. Patients suffer from terrifying compulsions, irrational fears, mad obsessions. These are not necessarily *their* thoughts, *their* impulses. The exaggerated sensibility of the nervous system, due to fatigue toxins, obviously makes the patient more vulnerable to the hypnotic impressions in the astral light. Freedom from self-identification with these would undoubtedly forward the permanent cure. Incidentally the fact that an ordinarily normal person can, through nerve depletion, become hypersensitive to these subjective impressions and suggestions is evidence that the hypersensitivity of the spiritualistic medium is also a disease, in which the constitution is impregnated with an excess of the astral light, producing an enormous and abnormal tension—a state that characterizes also the case-histories here described.

Since nerve depletion affords apparently no easily measurable physical symptoms it is often overlooked and the point made by Dr. Cowles is of interest—that the nervous exhaustion felt by neurasthenics in the morning denotes the true state, the tense liveliness displayed at night being only the reaction when the deadening of the nerve endings through constant irritation removes temporarily the awareness of exhaustion. This state is only too common, but is seldom recognised as a red light, indicating that the way of life needs more intelligent and ordered planning. If the book can persuade some to take themselves in hand before the condition has developed too far it will be worth reading for that alone. *But*—man is a trinity, not a duad of mind and body, and while it may possibly be implied in this book, there is no direct recognition of the part played by the Spirit in man as the source of all power to energise, integrate and control the other aspects of his nature. The relation of body-mind cannot really be understood without taking into account Spirit as their background.

W. E. W.

The Code of Christ: An Interpretation of the Beatitudes. By GERALD HEARD. (Cassell and Co., Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

This little book is a sequel to Mr. Heard's study of the Lord's Prayer, which he calls the first part of Christ's system. The Sermon on the Mount he considers the Prayer's corollary. In his own words, "The Prayer gives the power, the Sermon gives the policy." These distinctions are characteristic of him and to some people may seem forbidding. Does the man, they may be inclined to say, want to reduce Christ's teaching to a state paper or even a blue print? Can the mysteries of the spirit be profitably translated into the terms of the higher technics? To which Mr. Heard replies,—"At any cost we must get away from that other attitude, which treats Christ's gospel as poetry, 'Pickwickian' poetry."

The trouble with the "religious romancers" is that they don't regard Christ's proposals as real and intended to apply to our actual situation. Far better than this, he contends, is it to reject the propositions after viewing them as narrowly and critically as a good lawyer scans a proffered contract. It is this sort of scrutiny that he brings to the Seven Beatitudes, though his terms of reference, as any one who knows his writings will not need telling, are altogether wider and deeper than legal. He is in fact a poet of a kind himself, but one who draws his metaphors and similes from the realm of science or technology. Sometimes his facility in doing this may jar upon those to whom mechanics are alien to the realm of spirit or at best can offer but a crude analogy. The words italicized in the following sentence are an example.

> But while forgiveness only begins its action when wrong has been done, is the repairing reaction to injury, *the "governor" on the engine of Life, restraining after the engine has begun to race and strain*, Mercy is more vigilant, more initiative, more original.

But to a generation which is more and more absorbed in the handling of machines, such similes are apt with meaning. And they can be curiously exact as when he compares the Beatitudes not to the traditional rungs on a ladder but to the "Archimedes screw pump," by which water is drawn up by revolving a slanted spiral tube, the water always falling but always also rising.

> So, in the ascent of the Beatitudes we both rise by a continual process of dynamic humbling, what has been called by some moralists "falling upstairs," and also, each stage is not sharply divided from the next—we pass into one as we proceed out of the other.

Mr. Heard's book, of course, does not consist of such ingenious analogies. But they are woven into its texture and suggest the contemporary relevance of his interpretation of Christ's timeless sayings. Occasionally, in his insistence on the actual power of that changed order of being to which the Beatitudes are a key, he comes dangerously near reducing spiritual genius to super-technical efficiency and saints to dynamos. But he gives new and inspiring meaning to such words as "poor" and "meek" and "mercy" and "righteousness," and links the universality of Christ's teaching with that of the *Upanishads*, the Buddha, and Laotzu.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

Maria Murder and Suicide. By VERRIER ELWIN. (Oxford University Press, Indian Branch, Bombay. Rs. 10/-)

The Maria are a tribe of the Gonds computed to be some 175,000 strong. They have a reputation for violent death, murder and suicide; and Mr. Elwin, who has himself married a Gond lady, though not of this particular tribe, has analysed a hundred cases of murder and fifty of suicide, and drawn certain generalisations in a book which carries a foreword by Mr. Grigson, formerly a Sessions Judge in the court in which a number of these very cases were decided. The book is profusely illustrated. The delightfully written foreword endorses generally Mr. Elwin's conclusions. The pictures are mostly photographs, a few, not so good, of scenery, the rest of human interest portraying the many-sided activities of these healthy, sturdy people; particularly of their shapely young womanhood. The few etchings are beautifully done.

It would not be difficult to quarrel with the reading matter. The publisher's advertisement describes the book as :—

> Primarily a scientific study and its importance is for anthropologists and criminologists, but it cannot fail to appeal to the ordinary reader who will find much human experience in its account of actual crime.

The author, with greater modesty, and certainly greater accuracy, insists that :—

> This book is a contribution to social anthropology rather than to the study of crime.

There is much about the book that betrays the amateur. The arrangement leaves much to be desired. The style is uneven, and in places most unattractive, resembling nothing so much as the record of a judicial case in which are inscribed the answers of witnesses, but not the questions put to them, a jerky staccato record. Characters flit across the pages, individuals obviously familiar to the author but to recognise whom, even when they have already been mentioned, means to the reader considerable research, so inadequately are they identified. A better effect would have been produced had the author first painted the picture of the life of his friends, then explained the extent to which it is coloured by the violent crime that is the main theme of the book and then analysed the causes of such crime with fewer illustrations more picturesquely rendered. The statistician, too, would find it difficult to accept the examples given as accurate samples. True, they have been selected haphazard and without bias, and there is Mr. Grigson's support. But they seem a slender basis on which to build anything but a tentative theory. In short, there seems to have been insufficient planning and inadequate revision.

This said, the book is one which must find a place on the shelves of every official called on to take part in the administration of aboriginal areas. There is a wealth of detail to be dug from it, and a picture to be pieced together of a folk whose simple mode of life has virtue which contact with so-called civilisation is apt to contaminate. Sensitive superstitious children of Nature, whose sensitiveness and poverty differentiate them from the harder-boiled world for whom the Codes of Criminal Law were designed. The author seems to find them always

attractive: but his sensibilities have perhaps been blunted. Otherwise, could he have passed over without comment the cruelty of such an episode as :—

The Waddai arranged them in seven rows and made a chicken eat the rice, calling on Markami Bando's magic to go away. The chicken ate the rice quickly. But this was not sufficient proof that the black magic had really been driven away, "because every hungry creature will naturally feed upon what it can get." The Waddai, therefore, tortured the chicken, first by breaking one leg, and still it ate: he broke another leg, and again it ate; then he broke the wings and the fowl, though in pain and agony, went on eating. It was now beyond doubt that Bando's magic had been dealt with successfully and the chicken was thrown away, still alive, and not sacrificed.

If the book runs to a second edition, it would repay revision. There is so much that is good in it, that it is a pity it is not more perfect.

COLIN GARBETT

Anupasimhagunavatara. By VITTHALA KRISHNA, edited by C. KUNHAN RAJA, M. A., D. PHIL. (Oxon.). (Dedicatory Volume, Ganga Oriental Series, Anup Sanskrit Library, Bikaner)

It is appropriate that the dedicatory volume in the Ganga Oriental Series, which proposes to publish rare and unpublished volumes in the Anup Sanskrit Library, should deal with the greatness of the founder of this unique institution. Maharaja Anupsinghji started the collection of manuscripts during his stay in the Deccan, and the Anup Library contains one of the finest collections of Sanskrit manuscripts in India. Dr. Rajendra Lal Mitra's catalogue of manuscripts, issued in 1880, requires revision. We are glad to note that Dr. Raja has prepared an up-to-date catalogue which will be published in due course.

The book suffers from the want of an introduction by the learned editor; there is no information given about the critical apparatus or the author's life and work and no critical appreciation. The manuscript appears to be damaged in places, inasmuch as there are eleven stanzas which are *trutita* (mutilated) and *aspashta* (illegible), and it furnishes no particulars about the author.

That Maharaja Anupsinghji was himself a great scholar, poet and patron of learning would appear from the number of works inspired by him. *Anupasimhagunavatara* is divided into ten sections dealing with different aspects of the Maharaja's personality. Out of 103 stanzas, *sardulavikridita* (71) easily stands first, followed by *sragdhara* (16) and *vasantatilaka* (6). The work is a fine poetic piece with beautiful diction and easy and fluent style interspersed with rich imagery. One meets with many excellent instances of paronomasia and fine specimens of alliteration and wonderful flights of poetic fancy. The idea that Anupasimha's country remains below because it weighs more heavily than heaven is very fine.

The book is almost free from printing mistakes.

The learned editor and the Education Department of Bikaner State deserve to be congratulated on this fine addition to published Sanskrit *kavyas*.

A. D. PUSALKER

CORRESPONDENCE

"OBSCENITY IN LITERATURE"

[We bring together here the reaction of PROF. M. M. SHUKLA, Lecturer in the Secondary Teachers' Training College, Baroda, to a proposition put forward by PROF. P. S. NAIDU, Lecturer in Philosophy in the Allahabad University, in his article on "Obscenity in Literature" in the December 1943 ARYAN PATH, and the latter's rejoinder to Professor Shukla's criticism.

More important than the disagreement of our esteemed contributors on what, for the lay reader, is after all a technical point, is the gratifying unanimity of their condemnation of obscene writing and their recognition of its pathological nature and its disastrous influence upon the public mind. We hold it to be definitely the effluvium of sick minds and the means by which the foul infection spreads.—ED.]

I

Prof. P. S. Naidu, discussing the Problem of "Obscenity in Literature" *from the psychological point of view*, in the December issue of THE ARYAN PATH has permitted himself the assertion that great art is the "outward expression of a noble sentiment." As a statement of psychological conditions underlying art activity, this constitutes a grave error.

The term "sentiment" is used by the psychologists to denote an acquired organisation of emotional tendencies which controls an individual's *normal* modes of social adjustment. Art activity, on the other hand, is an *unusual* mode of adjustment. It serves the purpose of compensating for some defect in the artist's environment, or otherwise providing satisfactory solution of his mental conflicts. Art activity has thus its origin in the subconscious depths of the artist's mental life. An artist works *under compulsion*. He is *inspired*, as we say. The difference between lofty art and an indecent art product lies in the fact that in the former the mental conflict finds a truly social expression through the sublimation of repressed psychic energy, whereas in the latter, the artist, failing to sublimate his thwarted emotions, reverts to primitive, though vicarious, modes of relieving the tension. The former is the indication of strength and spiritual resourcefulness, and is therefore socially and morally uplifting; the latter is the sign of weakness and spiritual bankruptcy and, in consequence, socially and morally degrading. The one helps the race in its forward march of evolution; the other arrests moral progress and makes for social disruption.

M. M. SHUKLA

Baroda.

II

Prof. M. M. Shukla's arguments are entirely in my favour. He is evidently thinking in terms of the difference that we psychologists generally draw between *sentiments* and *complexes*. I subscribe to the distinction myself. But there is a world of difference between calling a thing *abnormal*, and calling it *unusual*. A complex is *abnormal;* a sentiment may be *unusual*

without being *abnormal*. Art is of two kinds, one expressing the unusual sentiment, the great sentiment, the inspired sentiment (the sentiment which is the basis of my analysis of art); the other, expressing the *abnormal* and *subnormal complex*. It is the latter that leads to the obscene in art.

Professor Shukla's main remarks relate to this latter class. Professor Shukla is arguing at the levels on which the psycho-analyst moves, while I am arguing on the level of the hormic psychologist of the McDougall type. All that Professor Shukla has to say is entirely in support of my position, and the learned Professor's "grave error" consists in not seeing that he is arguing at the subconscious and unconscious levels, and that his arguments support what I have said about the working of the mind at the conscious level.

P. S. NAIDU

Allahabad.

NEGATIVE FACT

May I point out, in reply to the observations of Mr. Adhar Chandra Das in THE ARYAN PATH for January that I have not been guilty of misrepresentation of his point of view? I singled out the two main conclusions arrived at in his work and stated them in his own words. I did not withhold the reasons for the existence of *negative fact*. I clearly laid down that the same laws of thought, the same postulates of knowledge, in fact, whatever supports so-called positive fact would as well support negative. The recognition of *A-bhava* as a distinct and independent entity (*Padartha*) is the final argument for negative fact. Unless *negative fact* be admitted, no one would be logically entitled to speak of a *positive fact* at all.

The silver-appearing-in-shell has no metallic status as existent in Reality. Nor has the forged note any in the currency-cosmos! This is incontrovertible evidence for the existence of negative fact.

The doctrine of the Attributeless Absolute (*Nirguna-Brahman*) is the direct outcome of "*Neti-neti*" (Not this—not this). A categorised description of Brahman in positive terms is impossible. Any attempted description will have to be in terms of "*Neti-neti*." If Mr. Das had said that Brahman is *beyond positive and negative*, that would have been correct, but the pattern of positive and negative which he has in view just *meet* in Brahman, *i. e.*, they lose their identity and cannot therefore be described in the usual terminology of positive and negative. But deny negative fact, and you deny positive fact as well. Mr. Das's insistence on the existence of positive fact alone is just what vitiates his entire thesis.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

Madras.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Shri Vaikunth L. Mehta explains in the foreword to *Circular Letter No. 1*, issued by the All-India Village Industries Association, Maganvadi, Wardha, that during the suspension of the *Gram Udyog Patrika* these circular letters will maintain contact between the Association and members and workers all over India. They also will include helpful hints for the development of cottage industries, in which the Association has to its credit a record of such valuable work.

Important among its expanding activities is the manufacture of paper and of the Magan Dipa, which burns vegetable oil. The scheme for self-sufficiency in oil which this letter explains with practical suggestions will surely be welcomed by the countryside that now is suffering from an acute shortage of kerosene. The scheme suggested should make the villages self-sufficient in the matter of oil and so save not only money from going out but also the waiting and the worry which dependence upon outside supply entails.

The development of rural industries is a question of knowing our own resources and developing them to advantage. There are probably few villages in the whole of India which do not grow oil-seeds—often for export—and there are also probably few which do not complain of shortage of oil.

The best help, by all odds, is helping people to help themselves. The All-India Village Industries Association is doing that and filling a great need. It offers co-operation by suggestion and by active help as far as possible with all who would revive the indigenous industries and so help not only in freeing India's villages from present want but also in making them economically self-sufficient.

The importance of the theatre as an instrument of enlightenment makes the People's Theatre movement one of great significance. In our day, when enlightenment is so desperately needed by most leaders no less than by the led, the educative aspect of the stage far outweighs its recreational possibilities. This was implicit in Shrimati Sarojini Naidu's message to the Indian People's Theatre Association at New Delhi on the 26th of January. Since the earliest times, she pointed out, the theatre had been the people's university and dramas the natural interpreter of life. The theme might have varied with the changing times, but

> today it is essential in India as in other lands that the great lessons of unity should be presented to the eyes and hearts of the people.

It is the one great message of human solidarity that has to be brought home to all. Variety shows, such as the benefit performance which called forth the message, have their place as entertainment if artistically presented and unexceptionable in tone. No one would claim that all plays should be

didactic, any more than that all conversation should be exchange of moral platitudes. The "progressive" element among our playwrights has scant patience with the people's predilection for the smooth-worn themes of *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana* fame. But the dramas built around those old traditions show how lessons can be unobtrusively conveyed without violence to dramatic art. And they have wielded a most potent moral influence through many centuries.

There are many ways in which the stage can convey the lesson of unity. The oneness of the fundamental pattern of life in different communities, in different parts of India and in different countries can be shown, the working of the law of action and reaction in the lives of all, and the ultimate identity of fundamental interests of all men everywhere. These can and should be brought out in our modern social plays and in a language not above the comprehension of the average unlettered man.

What kind of leaders does the world require? Mr. Richard J. Walsh, Editor of *Asia and the Americas*, gave his answer in a broadcast from New York which is quoted in *The Hindu* for 26th January. His prescription was for men of broad vision and world sympathy. No man of sectional bias or of regional prejudice can lead the way to the world understanding that can alone ensure world peace. He was paying tribute specifically to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, but the qualities that he recognised in him have a typal significance. He described him as "one of the few really great men of the world today," and as, "in a remarkable sense, a man of the future, of the coming world." In him, he said, the East and the West had truly met.

Before we can be safe in our world, we must have hundreds of leaders like him—perhaps millions of citizens who are, like him, mixtures of East and West.

A synthesis of East and West is indeed the great desideratum but "mixtures" is not the happiest word in this context. A mixture is by definition a composition in which ingredients retain their separate properties. What is needed is not an uneasy alliance of disparate factors but a harmonious compound of the better elements of East and West, with mutual appreciation as its base. Every man in whom that synthesis has been achieved is a potential builder of the future on true and noble lines.

Shri C. Rajagopalachari paid high tribute in his Convocation Address at the Osmania University, on the 27th January 1944, to the vision and the courage to which that institution owed its existence. The Osmania University at Hyderabad (Deccan), he acknowledged, was unique among Indian Universities in having an Indian language as the medium of instruction in science and in the humanities. Shri Rajagopalachari urged the desirability of various Universities throughout the country which would impart instruction in one or other of the ten great languages of India. Wealth and variety, he declared, were advantages and not a cause for quarrel.

The culture of India with all its varieties is in fact one. It is single and indivisible, even as the climate of India is one, with all its varieties. The composition is itself a distinctive unit, as old as English culture. You do not analyse the colour of a peacock

or of a spotted deer or the tiger's gorgeous coat but apprehend it as one whole. You do not understand it as a conglomeration of several separate colours. So it is with what I call the culture of India, and it is of that you are trustees.

In his address on the Anniversary Day of the great Orientalist, Dr. V. S. Sukthankar, who died on 21st January 1943, Shri K. M. Munshi discussed the historical value of the Parasurama tradition, which supplies an important chronological link in India's ancient history. Representing the first phase of the expanding Aryanisation of the Western coast and gradually of the South, the legends of the great hero are rich in historical facts. They wait only to be sifted to furnish the basis for the authoritative history of ancient India which remains to be written. Shri Munshi has epitomised some of his conclusions about the veracity and the significance of the Parasurama tradition in two books: *The Early Aryans in Gujarata* (reviewed in these pages in February 1943) and the *Glory That Was Gujaratadesa, Part I*. These conclusions enable the historian to view the vast vista of antiquity in proper historical perspective, so far at least as Gujarat is concerned.

Not less important than Shri Munshi's specific conclusions are his general observations about the growth of historical traditions and the caution which every historian must exercise in differentiating legendary elements from historical facts. The memory of a great man is associated with an achievement which inspires a legend that is handed down for generations. The resulting tradition, enriched by imaginary details, assumes historical proportions. The historian who has to unravel this web cannot ignore without peril the historical basis of the epics or of ritualistic and Puranic literature. It is work both delicate and laborious. But what a past it reveals!

Challenging entrenched privilege is always a difficult and often a thankless task. The difficulties that are put in the way of propagating unorthodox opinion are themselves a subtle compliment, a concession that the claims of the minority are sufficiently formidable, if they could gain a hearing, to threaten vested rights. And few vested rights are more firmly entrenched than orthodox medicine.

We may not hold that "the damned compact majority is always in the wrong," but surely the pretension that all outside the orthodox fold are charlatans and quacks rests on no sounder basis than the implied assumption that all inside that fold are competent to deal with all the ills to which the flesh is heir! While there are so many cases which orthodox medicine has to confess itself impotent to relieve, should obstructions be put in the way of patients' seeking help from Nature Cure or other unorthodox systems? Paracelsus was right:—

> Medicine... does not consist merely in compounding pills and plasters and drugs of all kinds, but it deals with the processes of life....The true physician studies the causes of diseases by studying man as a whole.

Many a Nature Curer comes nearer that ideal than the orthodox specialist.

We welcome the formation of the British Health Freedom Society, whose prospectus we have seen. Its aims are poles apart from those of a body with a deceptively similar name, the Friends of Medical Freedom, formed a few years ago in the U.S.A. to free orthodox medical science as far as possible from such restraint as, for example, objectors to the cruelty of vivisection might seek to lay upon experiments. The British Health Freedom Society seeks to unite medical nonconformists to oppose further infringement of public liberty in regard to health matters.

It seeks as members all in the British Isles who do not see eye to eye with orthodox medicine. The grievances which it recites are real. The radio and the press are closed to unorthodox views. It is illegal for patients to seek any treatment other than that offered by the medical profession for several diseases, including cancer, tuberculosis and diabetes. A monopolistic State Medical Service, such as the Beveridge Report envisages, would strengthen still further the present medical monopoly.

A register of "nonconformist" practitioners, and a concerted effort to raise the status of all established schools of nonconformist healing, are contemplated when the British Health Freedom Society has found its feet. These should go far to eliminate the menace of quacks, to ensure adequate physiological and pharmaceutic knowledge and to raise the standing of unorthodox but *bona fide* practitioners.

The adherents of the ancient schools of Indian medicine, Ayurvedic, Unani etc. may well take pattern and make common cause with the bone-setters, the practitioners of Nature Healing and other genuine physicians frowned upon by orthodoxy. And this not only to defend their rights but also to maintain the public's right of choice among the healing arts.

Today the conflicting claims of industrialisation as against rural development are engaging the minds of many thinking persons. It is reassuring to read the detailed report of the excellent work conducted by the Adarsh Seva Sangha, Pohri, Gwalior State, during the twenty-three years of its existence. There are many who have at heart the welfare of the vast rural masses. Fewer are those who have a true insight into the economic needs of the countryside and are aware of real ways of amelioration of the condition of the masses. These, who have applied themselves to the study of rural conditions, see that the way to the salvation of India lies through the rehabilitation of her villages, economically and otherwise. To them the importance of rural uplift work does not need to be explained.

But there are many others who turn their gaze toward the West and ignore indigenous conditions at their feet. They are lured by the glamour of the machine and its efficiency, and never realise its heart of danger. Nor do they take into account whether it is suitable to local conditions. Most economic plans for India derive from capitalist inspiration. There is one on the anvil of discussion now.

To all these people the report of the Adarsh Seva Sangha has many lessons and warnings to convey. The vast man-power of this land of villages has to be drawn upon for utilising the equally vast natural resources in a balanced economic planning that envisages self-sufficient rural areas and villages. This aspect is neglected by those who would bring in the labour-saving machine and dislocate rural employment.

Apart from the larger question of industrialisation the Pohri rural centre has shown the lines along which much can be and remains to be done. An attempt has there been made, and with considerable success, to solve the problem of our villages from all points of view. Besides ensuring living wages to the villagers, the scheme touches vital points such as village improvement, not merely from outside but mentally, morally and socially. The Sangha has considerably extended the scope of its activities during recent years. It has a network of institutions which seek to train the youth of the country for national service and true citizenship. Training is given in useful handicrafts and cottage industries. The Sangha has thus proved a vital nucleus of workers for the rural uplift of India. A reading of the report can leave no noubt that the Sangha has been pointing the way in the right direction.

THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—The Voice of the Silence

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THE MAKING OF TOMORROW

There are no miracles in nature. Everything that happens, happens under law, eternal, immutable and ever active, however veiled its workings are from ordinary sight. Probably not a statesman could be found who would demur to those propositions in theory. And yet it is as miracle-workers extraordinary that most planners of new orders stand forth on the world stage. A "new world" with the same prejudices and pettiness in all of us? A "new world" with the same selfish men at the head of affairs as before? Will that not be the same old world, behind however smiling a new mask?

Man, alone among beings, having free-will has the power to break the fundamental law of harmony that underlies all life. But, having broken it, he does not have the power to side-step the reaction. That will follow, as inevitably as the living bough pressed down springs back.

The world today presents a study in reactions—all the sufferings in which so many are involved, the reaping of old poison-crops long sown. But if old scores are being paid in misery, new bills are being run up with a recklessness that threatens future moral bankruptcy. The voices raised against indiscriminate bombing and the other horrors of war are not the voices of sentimentality but of practical common-sense. But they are few and faint and they are quite drowned out. The one such voice which could make itself heard above the tumult of our times is forcibly silenced. It is posterity which will have to pay the bill that we are running up, for the excesses committed by both sides in this great war. What will be the verdict of posterity on the long denial of Gandhiji's guidance to the world which so sorely needs it? Time will show.

Meanwhile the world-planners are trying to solve their problems and ours without taking adequate

account of the primary factor of continuity. It is true but to a limited degree that each dawn represents a fresh beginning. We start that day afresh, but we start inevitably from the point that we had reached the day before. Every morning represents an opportunity to further the successes and repair the faults of all the yesterdays. But it is never a clean slate the new day offers us. Why hope therefore that victory will serve as a damp sponge to wipe out all our errors and the foolishness that sometimes breeds more woe than wickedness itself?

The makers of tomorrow can no more build a new world out of nothing than could the Deity Itself. It is the attitude of the true scientist that they require. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, he doggedly maintains. What can any world, any situation, be but the result of permutation or of combination of pre-existing elements? Ideal solutions made *in vacuo* can be of little practical avail.

When a new material structure is to be erected, the plan must take account of the materials available. And a sorry lot of materials are our world architects confronted with! Timbers half eaten through by the white ants of race and colour prejudice. Girders half rusted away by superstitions and animosities in the name of religion and by materialism in the name of science. To use these as they are is to invite disaster. We cannot scrap them altogether; they are all we have. But they must be treated, the depredations of the rust and termites checked. If they are adequately treated and reinforced with the concrete of right intent and brotherly good-will we can yet raise a better edifice than any that humanity has known in modern times.

But the foundations must be well and truly laid. Unless the superstructure rests on justice, they will labour in vain that build it. As Lincoln truly declared, "Nothing is ever settled that is not settled right."

The most critical moment of this war will come when the leaders sit down at the peace table. Upon their attitude, their breadth of vision, their will to even-handed equity, their freedom from vindictiveness and prejudice, or the reverse, will largely rest the future of the world for many years to come. And right attitudes are not gained overnight. We must begin their cultivation now, and that not in world figures only, but also in the rank and file, without whose moral support any leader is a general without an army at his back. *We* are the makers of tomorrow—all of us.

Thread by thread the web of the present could be traced back to the past. Thread by thread in the present we are weaving the web of the future. Let us not weave the old unhappy pattern, but plan with vision and begin today to make a better, happier tomorrow.

VENMANI: PIONEER OF MODERN MALAYALAM POETRY

[Freedom is vital to development, whether of literatures or of peoples. Wherever emulation becomes imitation, or just admiration gives place to servility, there the death-knell of spontaneity is sounded. **Dr. C. Kunhan Raja, M. A., D. Phil.** (Oxon.), of the University of Madras, Sanskritist though he is by professional training, here pays his tribute as a Malayalee to the great poet Venmani, born a hundred years ago, who brought out the native wealth of Malayalam which for centuries had been enriching itself with Sanskrit.—ED.]

The year 1944 marks the centenary of the poet Venmani the Younger, who was the pioneer of modern Malayalam poetry. He was born in April 1844 and died in February 1895 at a comparatively early age. For about a quarter of a century after his death, he was acknowledged as the greatest of modern Malayalam poets, and there were few in Malabar who could not recite his compositions freely.

To understand the contribution of this master poet of modern Malabar and to correctly place him in the history of Malayalam literature, it is necessary to notice certain prominent landmarks in the development of that literature, which we are not able to trace beyond about seven hundred years ago. We know of no period in the history of the language when it has not adapted itself to immense borrowings from Sanskrit, both in vocabulary and in ideas. *Krishna Gatha*, a rendering into Malayalam songs of the *Bhagavata Purana*, and *Ramayana* and *Bharata*, renderings into Malayalam songs of the *Adhyatma Ramayana* and of the *Mahabharata*, in a very abridged form, are the earliest specimens of noteworthy poems in the language. There were many other poems of an even earlier age; but these three works stand out prominently in the vast literature that has been preserved to the present day. The first of these three is supposed to be by a Brahmin poet of Malabar whose family name is now assumed to have been Cherusseri but whose personal name and other details about whom are absolutely unknown. The other two are by a poet known at present as Ezhuttassan, whose family name is now accepted as Thunchat, but whose personal name is not at all known to the modern critic.

The language of these two poets has been accepted in modern times as the standard of chaste Malayalam, though Ezhuttassan's language is decidedly the purer of the two. But along with their writings, and for some time after the date of these poets, a form of Malayalam poetry known as Manipravalam was very popular among poets. Here Malayalam was freely mixed with Sanskrit,

so much so that this form of poetry can equally well be called Sanskrit poetry with a good admixture of Malayalam.

Another great Malayalam poet is Kunchan Nambiyar, who flourished nearly two hundred years ago and who wrote a class of poems called Tullals, composed for recitation along with a certain amount of action. His language is very chaste and pure. He took his themes from the Sanskrit epics. But there is a good tinge of local colour in his narrations.

About his time and for about three-quarters of a century after him, the dominant literature in Malayalam was the Kathakali, in which there is more of Sanskrit than of Malayalam. In this literary form there is brief narration of the story in verse composed in Sanskrit metres and, except in a few cases, written in the Sanskrit language; and these brief narratives are interspersed with antiphonal dialogues to accompany dancing and action on the stage. These songs are in Malayalam with a good deal of the Sanskrit element. It was at about the end of this Kathakali period in Malayalam literature that the great poet, Venmani the Younger, came on the scene.

The period in Malayalam literature which ended about three-quarters of a century ago may legitimately be called the Sanskritic period. Except for poems written by the three eminent poets mentioned or in imitation of them, the literature consisted of writings in Sanskrit metres, and the themes also were mainly drawn from Sanskrit sources. There are only a few poems in ancient Malayalam whose theme was drawn from local surroundings; and, even in their case, the form and the treatment were Sanskritic.

It was Venmani the Younger who started the real Malayalam poetry on Malayalam subjects. The only element in which he did not free the language from Sanskrit influence is metre. His father, Venmani the Elder, was also a great poet and he too has made a good literary contribution to the language. But in Malabar, when one speaks of Venmani, he means the son, Venmani the Younger. There were other contemporary poets. But Venmani the Younger was recognised as the greatest of his time. All the young poets of the day gathered round him. His poetry was the ideal for lesser poets and for younger poets. All of them were eager to earn his recognition. Few could compare with him either for quantity or quality of writings. The only other poet who could be counted along with him was his half-brother Kunjukuttan Thampan of the Cranganorr Royal Family. The latter was about twenty years Venmani's junior and he did keep up the tradition of his half-brother.

Although Venmani wrote Malayalam poetry in Sanskrit metres, his language is very chaste. The sweet melody, the effortless rhymes and alliterations and other embellish-

ments of sound, the easy style, the rhythm and beat in his poetry, the free flow of his language and its dignity, the profusion of his vocabulary, his polished diction, the variety of his imagery—such an unusual combination of literary excellences along with the atmosphere of familiarity that prevails throughout his poetry, won for him unrivalled fame and popularity. His verses are perfect in workmanship and at the same time they are natural. His poetry has that winning charm which makes it impossible for any one taking up his work to put it away until he has finished it. Unfortunately, he almost never finished a work; at least few major works of his are available in complete form.

Venmani was born in a very aristocratic Brahmin family, related to the Royal Families of Malabar. He lived and moved among royalty and among the aristocrats of the country. But one sees no touch of aristocratic narrowness or aloofness in his poetry. It must be confessed that he wrote for the entertainment of his friends, mostly ladies, in their lighter moods; for that reason his poetry suffers from some unevenness. Although it keeps up a high level of polish and good taste, yet sometimes it descends to what may be called frivolity. In reading his poems one notices some contrast between his poetic genius and the environment in which he moved.

His poetry is also extremely personal. In the case of the *Ramayana* and the *Bharata* of Ezhuttassan, all that connects the poetry with a particular country is the language. Otherwise it is universal; one notices no trace of the poet or his environment in the poems. Venmani is the exact opposite. He is everywhere in his poems. If Venmani is anything, he is original; and his originality has sometimes served him ill. No other poet introduces himself as a main character in his own composition. But Venmani does. Even when he introduces characters in his poems under some other name, his personality is too plain to be missed. In one of his long poems, perhaps his earliest contribution, written when he was under thirty, and when his genius was yet unripe, he introduced himself as the chief character. People who did not know him well began to associate his private life with certain incidents in that poem. He was a pure soul. He lived and moved in the most respectable society. His life was absolutely untarnished. He was held in high esteem by the most prominent persons of the day. Yet this indiscretion, which is only a reflection of his originality, spoiled his reputation after his death, when all the contemporaries who had known him had also left the world.

Whatever he saw, whatever he experienced, impressed him only in poetic form. His letters to his friends were, both in matter and in form, good poetry. His life itself was poetry. It is not accurate to say that he either composed or wrote poetry. Poetry simply flowed

from him. Much of it remained unrecorded, and his intimate friends have testified that his best poems never were set down.

In his poetry not only his own personality but also the language, the environment and the local colouring count for much and his poems cannot be properly relished by any one who is not able to understand these elements. In the majority of cases, his ideas are nothing ; the form, the way the ideas are expressed, counts for everything in his poetry. In translation, his poetry simply evaporates. His great contribution to the literature of the language consists in the fact that he was the first to write Malayalam poetry in the Malayalam language and on Malayalam subjects. Ever since his time, Malayalam poetry has remained Malayalam, whereas, in previous ages, great poets who wrote in Malayalam were immediately followed by poets who introduced an excessive element of Sanskrit into their compositions. It is in this sense that Venmani must be called the maker of modern Malayalam literature.

It will take too much space to give an account of his various poems, but a brief notice of some of the more important may be attempted here. His earliest major work is *Poora Prabandham*, dealing with the Pooram festival at Trichur, conducted every year in April or May. People from all parts of Malabar come for this festival. He writes in the form of a letter giving an imaginary account of his trip to the place and of what he saw and experienced on the occasion. Here, apart from the description of the crowd that had assembled, he describes how he met some ladies and talked to them and how at night he visited some houses and attended music parties. Considerable portions in the middle of the poem have not been discovered. *Bhooti Bhoosha Charita* is an imaginary classical story; but the introductory part gives him plenty of opportunity to bring in his own personality. The occasion for the narration of the story is the introductory part. He has also written the whole of *Kama Sastra* in beautiful poetry ; this is perhaps his masterpiece. Here also there is much of the local touch and of the personal element in the handling of the subject. He has written many dramas also. Most of them remain unfinished ; or the complete dramas are not yet available.

Even in his most frivolous moments we detect in his poems a deep piety and devotion to a virtuous life. He wrote poetry as a form of divine worship. This is also plain from many statements in his works. In spite of the lighter vein produced by the environment in which he wrote, there is a touch of seriousness of purpose, noticeable only to a close student, running throughout his poems.

The events and scenery familiar in Malabar, the personalities conspicuous among the higher circles of the society of his day, the familiar

proverbs and sayings current among the ordinary people, the various strata of the public of his time, their avocations, their habits and their tastes, the life of the common people, their innocent foibles and shortcomings, in brief, his total environment formed the subject of his poetry; his jokes were directed as much against himself as against others.

He freed Malayalam from Sanskrit and established the language in an independent position; he sang of Malabar and of the people of Malabar in a way never done by another poet either before him or after. Though an aristocrat by birth and training, he was one among the simple folk of the land; he looked on them with the sympathy of a true poet, sang of them and elevated them into the highest regions through his poetry. Of no other poet can it be so truly said that he is a poet of the people of Malabar. He wrote about the people and could be understood and enjoyed by them. He was not an intellectual, either by training or by temperament. His poetry elevated man through giving him æsthetic joy and not through serious teaching. He could quite rightly be called the embodiment of the whole of the Malayalam land and its society.

The immediate problems of man have taken such a strong hold of man's intellect and imagination at present that poetry which simply gives joy at first, and gradually elevates man's soul in an unconscious way, has ceased to impress the leaders of society. A direct handling of man and his sufferings has become the fashion of the day. Venmani belonged to a community and to a station in society which are not applauded by modern leaders. This has added to the causes that have brought about the negligence into which Venmani has fallen during the last quarter of a century. But when man's temporary misfortunes in modern times vanish and when man has more leisure for real Art, Venmani will again come to the forefront. His poetry may not be great or sublime. But he is decidedly a great poet who has marked the beginning of a new period in the history of Malayalam literature. On the occasion of the centenary of his birth, I introduce this great poet to the lovers of modern Indian literature.

C. KUNHAN RAJA

PUTTING IT BLUNTLY

[**Mr. Hamilton Fyfe,** well-known as a writer and war correspondent, is no less uncompromising a foe to cruelty than to insincerity. His acceptance a few years ago of the presidentship of the unpopular League for the Prohibition of Cruel Sports bears witness to the former, as the following dialogue does to the latter. There are many, in pulpit as in pew, who still believe sincerely in the teachings of their respective orthodox religions and who depend upon that blind faith to furnish the incentive to right conduct. This article is not for them. But to many it should be of value, as holding up the mirror to insincerity wherever it exists, whether in Christianity so-called or other creeds.—ED.]

I have had a visit from the vicar. He is a big man, middle-aged, with an agreeable manner. He does not invite me to go to church, or even enquire why I do not go. But I thought I would let him see my point of view. I said to him: "I have never been able to see how Christianity of the kind that is taught by the Churches could be reconciled with working for changes, social, economic or political."

"I am afraid I don't quite follow you."

"The Churches say 'Everything is in God's hands. God knows what is best for us and will give it to us.' If that is so, surely it must be perverse and foolish to make any efforts ourselves. To say 'Thy will, not mine, be done' and at the same time to struggle for the fulfilment of what we have fixed our hearts on, reduces the prayer to a conventional meaningless mutter."

He moved in his chair, uncrossed his legs, rubbed the palms of his hands together. "Go on," he said pleasantly.

"No," I told him, "It's your turn now."

"Well," he began, "prayer is an admission that we may be wrong in what we strive for. If we engage in such work as you speak of, we follow what we believe to be the divine will. We may be mistaken. Therefore, if we fail in our endeavour, we submit ourselves to failure and say God knows best."

"I see. Then success is really a sign that God approves of our aims? That's the old Hebrew doctrine. Runs all through the Old Testament. Rather dangerous today, don't you think?"

"You carry my meaning farther than I meant it to go. There are some kinds of success which God cannot be held to approve of."

"Then why does he permit them?"

"Ah, my friend, you must not expect me to interpret the divine purpose. 'Now we see through a glass, darkly.'"

"But if you believe there is a purpose, ought you not to let it be worked out as God wills, with

no interference from you—I'm not speaking personally—I mean you Church people generally?"

"Yes, yes, I understand."

"If you are convinced that God will do all that is good for us, why make any effort to improve things? It seems to me presumption. As if you said to your doctor, 'Of course you know best about curing my ailment, but I think I shall take a little of this or that.' He'd throw up your case at once. I wonder if that's what God has done—decided to let the human race look after itself."

The vicar shook his head. "That could never happen," he murmured.

"Then why are things in such a mess everywhere? You ask me to believe that God knows best and is all-powerful. I can't see any proof of it. The human race appears to muddle along, now cringing before ambitious tyrants, now exploited by ruthless profiteers, now egged on to mass murder or hateful persecution of those who want to worship their own God."

"Of course, one must agree that it is very difficult. Perhaps we are not meant to comprehend it with our limited mental vision. But you would not deny that the Church is entitled to respect for its high ideals and the comfort it affords to so many?"

"I'm not sure. I know that is the view taken by a great many who doubt whether it does not on the whole do more harm than good. They speak respectfully of it. But how does the Church itself speak of its rivals? The Anglican Church, I mean. You remember how it sneered at "dissenters" when Wesleyan and other Free Church bodies began to draw people to chapel? You get it in *Adam Bede*. And how parsons and bishops chuckled when Huxley called the Salvation Army 'corybantic Christians'?"

"Corybantic? No, I never—"

"Because they got excited and indulged in noisy music, like the worshippers of the goddess Cybele."

"H'm, very curious. New to me. But I don't quite see the drift of your argument."

"What I am trying to show is that the Churches which claim respect and toleration for themselves have not been either tolerant or respectful to other religious bodies. I need not recall the fierceness of the war between Protestants and Catholics—literally war. That is history. And the bitter hostility between them goes on still in some places, though the mass of people have become indifferent to both. Whenever any Church has had the chance to crush opposition to it, that chance has been greedily seized. Why should they now claim to be left alone, and even to be revered, by those who believe they do more harm than good?"

"Surely no one could maintain that!"

"There are a great many who do."

"That also is something new to me. I suppose," he went on rather

sadly, "we parsons are rather out of it. No one talks frankly to us."

"You can read."

"I am not a great reader, I fear. Well, I must be going now. But I should like to hear more from you on these matters. I should like to look in again. May I?"

"By all means. Whenever you feel inclined."

"Thank you."

I wonder if he will.

* * *

He has heard more. I have had another visit from him. This time I thought we had better keep to non-controversial topics. But he soon dropped small-talk.

"I wonder," he said, "if you would tell me why many people, as you stated the other day, regard the Church as doing harm. I have been puzzling over that. I cannot understand it."

"Are you sure I shan't hurt your feelings? Very well, then. The first and probably the greatest objection to the Church is, that it spreads insincerity."

He frowned, not angrily, but in a bewildered way.

"Have you never noticed," I asked him, "how many of your profession, especially those who hold high positions, have faces which seem to belong to a positively criminal type? They are heavy-jowled, their eyebrows beetle, in the old-fashioned phrase, their eyes are small and shifty. This is the result of pretending to believe in what they have long ceased to find credible. They are living a lie. Some of them admit it."

"That is a very grave charge," the vicar said. "I do not think you could substantiate it."

I pulled out a drawer of my desk, took from it some newspaper cuttings.

"Here is the proof. At every service one of the Creeds is repeated. This means that everyone present affirms belief in certain events in the life of Jesus. In this cutting a Bishop (Rochester) says it is not necessary to believe that these events occurred as described. An Archdeacon (The Venerable J. M. Wilson) is on record here as writing in *The Times* that none of the bishops consider the Creeds to be any more than historical statements of what was once held to be true, but is not so held any longer. A Dean (Inge) ridicules prayer for sick persons, although it is offered in all churches whenever any high-up member of the Royal Family is ill. How can microbes be affected by our prayers? he gibes; and enquires whether a man whose health was regularly prayed for would get better terms from an insurance company than those "who have no Christian relatives anxious for the prolongation of their lives." I have many more cuttings. Shall I go on, or have I justified my remark that large numbers of the clergy, especially the higher clergy, are living a lie?"

"Is not that rather a harsh way of putting it?"

"Would you think it harsh to speak in that way of me if I wrote for a Tory paper, receiving a salary and pretending I held Tory opinions?"

"Is it the same?"

"Where is the difference?"

"They believe they are doing good, even if they do not accept the Creeds literally."

"Can we do good if we are not honest—with ourselves and with other people? Dissimulation warps the character—always, I'm afraid."

"Then you would say that our religion is now in the same state of decay as the religion of Rome was when the augurs winked at one another, as they performed their ceremonies?"

"In a general sense, yes. There are some who still honestly believe. There are many who work hard for what they suppose to be the benefit of their 'flocks,' whether they believe or not. But, taking a wide view, Churches which preach dogmatic Christianity—or Churchianity, as I prefer to call it—are preaching what they do not regard as true."

The vicar stood up.

"I cannot argue with you," he said. "You have studied these things. I have not. I do not in the very least resent what you have been saying. But I do not think it would benefit my soul's health to hear more. I have my difficulties. So have most parsons. It may be cowardly not to face up to them more boldly. If so, I am a coward. I dare not be otherwise. We shall meet again, I hope, but we will not discuss these matters again. Forgive me. Good-bye."

I felt respect as well as pity for him. He has a wife and two children.

HAMILTON FYFE

TEXT-BOOKS

Internationalism in education was urged by Pearl S. Buck in a speech reported by the U. S. Office of War Information. The occasion was a conference on world problems sponsored by the New York City Board of Education on the 19th of January. She laid down, as a *sine qua non* for maintaining peace and order, the planning in common of the educational systems of all countries. Getting youth ready to live in the world instead of in the nation was the duty of the schools. Teachers, she declared, should not think merely in terms of their own country but of what should be considered as basic knowledge for all children everywhere. To teach in terms of one nation or of a single locality was "hopelessly to cripple the human individual."

The teachers and the writers of the text-books hold indeed the key to mutual understanding and world peace, but will they turn it? Can they, unless they themselves catch the vision of a united world?

LIFE: A STRING OF BEADS

[The image of the string of beads is familiar from Vedantic philosophy, which shows how, on the luminous "thread spirit," the *Sûtrâtman*—the reincarnating individuality—the beads of countless earthly lives are strung. The application to a single life, made in this allegorical sketch by **Shri S. A. Das,** *Officier d'Académie* (Paris), also holds a truth that will repay reflection by the thoughtful mind.—Ed.]

"Life is like a String of Beads," said a friend, and explained that each bead stood for a stage or an experience. The idea fascinated me. It sank into my mind.

A few weeks later, alighting from a tramcar, I ran into a Fakir. He wore a most peculiar chaplet of beads of different shapes, sizes, colours and materials. It arrested my attention, and the words of my friend flashed across my mind. I stood riveted to the ground, gazing at it intently. When I found myself recovering from my surprise, I felt the hand of the Fakir on my shoulder.

"My String of Beads seems to have interested you not a little," said he, smiling and looking straight into my eyes, as if trying to discern my thoughts. I apologised for my curiosity. "There is no need to apologise. You have committed no wrong, my son," said he and added, "Your interest in my String of Beads intrigues me. I have not come across any one who looked at it with such rapt curiosity. Life is like a String of Beads."

"That is what my friend told me not long ago," interrupted I.

"Yes, your friend is right. In the case of average men and women, the beads represent the various stages of life they pass through; but in the case of those who have had an eventful life like mine, their colour, size, shape and material vary, to signify either uncommon developments or unique experience."

"Then I take it that your Rosary, or whatever you call it, is symbolic."

"That is the word," he cut in before I could finish my sentence. "Yes, symbolic," muttered he to himself, removing the string of beads from his neck. "Strictly speaking, this is not a Rosary, but the story of my life in beads."

Whilst he uttered these words, his expression changed, his eyes dilated and he appeared as if he were looking somewhere beyond the Maidan where we had stood talking. Then his face became pale, his breathing slowed down and he stood erect and motionless for a while. When he came back to himself, he smiled a majestic smile.

"Let us start from this smallest bead," said he, taking a round, transparent, flawless glass bead. "This represents my Childhood—

beautiful, transparent, innocent and uneventful as all normal childhood is."

"The next one speaks of my Boyhood," said he. This was a beautiful pale Blue stone with the face of a man carved on one side and that of a woman on the other. "The faces you see portray my father and mother, whom I idolised until, to my great shock and bewilderment, I realised that they were not as faultless as I had imagined and that, relatively, they were no better than I."

Picking up the next bead, "This pitted glass marble is one of those I played with when I was a boy," said he. "The streaks of mixed colours within it indicate the impressions I received during those days—vague, undefined, varied—and the dents denote my boyish feats and guileless brawls."

"The next one," continued he, showing a scarlet piece, "stands for my Adolescence, when natural love or sex-love began to assert itself. You see it is shapeless and crude, typifying fanciful dreamings, change of moods, momentary exhilarations, random musings, high aspirations and inordinate impulsiveness."

"This mutilated bead," said he, "is to remind me of a sad event which occurred soon after I had entered the threshold of Manhood. Innocent of the ways of the world, it had never occurred to me that there might be, among those whom I had implicitly trusted, wolves in sheep's clothing, until I was badly mauled by one such creature. The wound bled profusely for a time, but it soon healed, though leaving an ugly scar."

"These," said he, holding between his fingers two deeply carved Agates, one of dark and the other of light tint, "tell the story of my Manhood. They represent the two opposite influences that dominated my life at different periods. The carved face on the dark Agate, with its small eyes, aquiline nose, thick lips and weak chin represents the Flesh, and the pale face on the other Agate, with its dreamy eyes, straight and delicate nose, thin lips and shapely chin typifies the Spirit."

"My early Manhood was more or less under the sway of the Spirit. I tried to live like an Angel. Having no knowledge of such beings, I became self-righteous, intolerant, uncompromising. This overweening sense of self made me puritanical in the extreme, with the result that I discarded all pleasures pertaining to the Flesh, which I began to mortify. I also became enthusiastic in trying to convert others to my views. For I really believed that the whole world was heading pell-mell towards Hell, and that I must do my best to stop this disaster."

"Alas, after a while, the Flesh aided by self won a decisive victory over the Spirit. The dark face stands for this period, when I lived to satisfy my carnal appetites. Fortunately, this did not last long. For the Spirit began its fight again with renewed vigour."

Noticing a small bright Coral in between the two carved Agates, I wondered what it denoted and why he had not mentioned anything about it. He seemed to have divined my thoughts and, for a moment, his face clouded, his eyes dimmed and his mouth drooped. Then, giving himself a gentle shake, "I am sorry I did not say anything about this lovely Coral," said he, holding it up to me. "I wish it had a tongue to relate what it represents," said he with a sigh.

"If it is something which you do not wish me to know, I do beg of you not to tell me," said I.

"Not at all, not at all," said he with a smile and continued, "Before the conflict between the Flesh and the Spirit took a serious turn, I fell deeply in love with a beautiful maiden. I did not know who she was or where she hailed from. At a concert, whilst I was singing, our eyes met and, instantly, our hearts united. We found ourselves upon a new earth and under new heavens, where everything looked new and beautiful. The birds sang new songs and danced new dances. The flowers wafted new perfumes, which maddened us with delight. There was neither day nor night, nor were there any laws save those of Honour. Time and Space stood amazed at a distance. Sufferings and persecutions approached us barefacedly, but they only helped indirectly to tighten our bond. Alas! suddenly, Destiny parted me and my loved one for good. As unexpected as the beginning, so was the end. This Coral bead is a symbol of those blissful days."

As he uttered these words, a tear glistened in his eyes, and my heart went out to him in sympathy. After a prolonged silence, showing me the next bead, he continued:

"This small half-imp, half-angel, carved Black and White stone records the tale of a constant succession of defeats and victories, consequently a period of adjustments and readjustments until Reason came to my rescue and placed me on the Human plane."

"The next cube testifies to that stage," said he, tenderly caressing a pale Yellow stone. "That period was one of a wonderful revelation when, to my great joy, I realised that I was neither an angel nor a miserable sinner, but a normal human being endowed with a body, spirit and mind, and that I was expected to live a balanced all-round life. satisfying all natural desires and appetites in conformity with the dictates of my conscience. Those were some of the best days of my life, when I lived for the day, a fearless and happy life, disregarding all restraints imposed by Religion and Society."

"In that happiness, however, there was a feeling of sadness and longing, which set me thinking. I wonder if many of the events in one's life are the fulfilment of one's own desires—desires that originated not in the conscious mind, or even in the subconscious mind, but somewhere beyond them—and whether such

feeling originated before or after birth and, if before birth, whether the thoughts, feelings and aspirations of the would-be mother could in any way influence the mind of the fœtus, or these feelings are but the reminiscences of a previous existence.

"Do you think we could attribute these feelings to Conscience? Is Conscience an automaton indicating but Right and Wrong or is it like one of those wonderful automatons within which lies concealed an intelligent being who operates it to produce the desired result? In other words, has the Conscience a moral end in view towards which it indirectly urges one to proceed? If we concede it has, then could we not safely say that the above feelings are the gentle protests of a disappointed Conscience?"

He asked these thought-provoking questions with a radiance which was soul-stirring. He then apologised for the digression and, passing on to the next bead, asked me if I thought that events do not happen haphazardly, but have a set purpose behind them, and he was very pleased to hear my answer in the affirmative. "Coming events cast their shadows before," it is believed. How true it was in my case!

"This large, black, shapeless bead is a chip from the tombstone of my late beloved wife," said he with a deep sigh. "When a calamity overtakes us, we often say that the Divine or Destiny is unkind. In most cases, the reverse is the truth. So it was, at least in my case. For now I know that the period of happiness that the Yellow cube stands for was a time of Grace extended to me to develop subconsciously my power of endurance and to fit me to bear with fortitude the great sorrow that awaited me. Nevertheless, when death extinguished the light of the starry eyes of my beloved, the light which alone was able to keep my faltering steps within the bounds of propriety, I groped in darkness until an inner light illumined my mind. I then realised for the first time how grossly self-centred I had been. This realisation was the turning-point of my life and instantly I resolved to live, as much as is humanly possible, less for myself and more for others.

"The gradual increase in the size of the beads from the first one is meant to express the growth of my ego, and the corresponding decrease in the size of the beads from this big granite one is to signify its gradual atrophy.

"I hope you now see that the staggering blow delivered by Death, instead of crushing and laying me low in the dust, indirectly helped me to stand up with a new strength and resolution."

Then, lifting up his large black eyes to Heaven, "Oh! Destiny, how mysterious and kind Thou art!" he exclaimed.

He then picked up the next bead and continued: "Troubles, says a proverb, never come singly. This deeply-cut Black stone is meant to

confirm it. No sooner did I feel fit again, then another severe blow sent me back reeling. A friend for whom I had a great affection and respect died suddenly. He was a Prince among men. He had been a tower of strength to me during my troubles. We were very much devoted to each other. Strange to say, the shock benumbed my heart. 'Poison kills poison,' they say. I am inclined to believe it. For, though nothing filled the void made by his death, I was able to bear the loss with a resignation which surprised even myself. All the same, I felt like a little child trying to walk and needing the hand of an adult to keep it from tumbling. Kindly Destiny, realising this, brought me in touch with a refreshing personality who had gone through more intense sorrows, greater troubles and disappointments than I. This Amber bead stands for this God-sent helper who inspired me with new hope and strength.

"In Destiny's Scheme of Things to come in relation to my life, he and another helper, of whom I will tell you presently, appear to have been ordained to lead me step by step onto a higher plane. The second one is represented by this bead," said he, taking a clear-cut, glass, triangular bead, and continued. "One fine evening, whilst I was smoking my hookha, a Sadhu presented himself unceremoniously. As soon as I saw him, I felt that I had known him for years. He was thin and tall, and his small eyes glowed with a mellow light. He took the seat I offered and sat in silence, I can hardly say for how long, and departed, promising to come again. After he had left me, a strange calmness and peace penetrated my soul and daily, as I sat there puffing at my hookha, I was conscious of his presence. A few months later, he came again, smiling a benign smile, and sat in silence as before. Every time his eyes met mine, they seemed to exhort me to practise silence assiduously and, before he departed, in some strange manner he made me realise that only through silence could one commune with the Divine, and that self-realisation was an inner unfoldment of the Soul and not a satisfaction acquired through religious beliefs and practices, as was believed.

"This realisation thrilled me with joy. I started in right earnest to practise silence daily at a fixed time before sunrise. For weeks, I found it extremely difficult to sit still even for a few minutes. As for controlling my wandering thoughts, it seemed well-nigh impossible; but as years rolled on, I gradually became proficient in the practice of silence and achieved mastery over my thoughts to such an extent that, at times, I could hear the voice of silence whispering to my inner ears:—

'Heed not the promptings of thy mind;
Long and weary is the way before thee;
Tarry not, march on, Pilgrim,
Ere night steals the light from thine eyes.'

"Whilst I progressed satisfactorily in my endeavours to gain mastery over self, by a strange coincidence, I got to know a magnetic personality. Although we could not see eye-to-eye on many matters, our common goal being to seek shelter in the Eternal, a strong friendship grew up between us. This friendship enriched my life beyond words. We then felt that each of us was indispensable to the development of the other's personality. But, alas! the end was not far off. One moonlit night, as I sat in my verandah drinking in the beauty of the blue sky studded with bright stars, I was informed that my friend, having renounced the world, had left for an unknown destination. I was shocked by this news. I became almost insane with grief. Immediately I felt quite myself again, I decided to follow in the footsteps of my friend and here I am," said he, with a sad smile and, taking a Purple bead, he added, "This is to remind of my lost comrade."

"Thus ends my story," said he, and looking through me with a strange smile, he continued, "I know what is passing through your mind. You think that my desire to live is hindering my progress, don't you?" I assented. "I am afraid you are wrong," said he, "I desire to live in order to attain desirelessness before I cease to live. Unfortunately, the more I bring my ego into subjection the sooner do desires created in the mind get fulfilled. From such fulfilment there arises a subtle joy which intoxicates one and makes him forget the goal towards which he is travelling; but I can assure you that I am on my guard. You see there is still a little space left on the String for a few more Beads."

Before I could thank him for the story of the String of Beads, "Peace be unto you," said he, and quickly entered a hamlet close by and disappeared.

S. A. DAS

"The Present is the Child of the Past; the Future, the begotten of the Present. And yet, O present moment! Knowest thou not that thou hast no parent, nor canst thou have a child; that thou art ever begetting but thyself? Before thou hast even begun to say "I am the progeny of the departed moment, the child of the past," thou hast become that past itself. Before thou utterest the last syllable, behold! thou art no more the Present but verily that Future. Thus, are the Past, the Present, and the Future, the ever-living trinity in one—the Mahamaya of the Absolute IS."

RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS IN THE PLAYS OF BERNARD SHAW

[The interest of **John Stewart Collis** in Bernard Shaw is of many years' standing. He published a critical volume, *Shaw*, in 1925; he reviewed Hesketh Pearson's biography of Shaw in our August 1943 issue, under the caption "A Little More than Saint, and Less than Sage." The philosopher as well as the writer in Mr. Collis is intrigued by the unresolved paradox in the attitude of Shaw, that incisive and usually integrated thinker, towards religious and moral values. No one has presented the case for materialism more cogently than Shaw, or undermined it more effectively, when, as Mr. Collis puts it, "his deepest insight and spiritual knowledge" turn "against his hard-and-fast political intelligence."—ED.]

If I am to confine myself to the above facet of Bernard Shaw's work it behoves me to make clear at the outset what these problems are. First of all there is the problem of Religion itself, what religion is, and what Shaw has to say about it. Then there are the subsidiary problems, connected with religion and not easily margined from philosophy—namely, creeds, the purpose of life, the possibility of another life after here, the problem of evil and the problem of moral salvation. We had better see what the dramatist has to say under these heads.

First as to Religion itself. There is a great difference between Religion and religions: between Mysticism and theology. So great is the difference that, while only people who are very confused can think that there is a conflict between Science and Religion, there is a perpetual conflict between Religion and Theology, and Theology and Science. Religion is an experience of God, which either you do have or do not have. Theology is the framework of beliefs concerning God, built up out of that original experience. That should be all right, you may say, there should be no conflict here. Yet there is. See what happens. Some spiritual giant is caught up in a tremendous transcending experience of the Divine, is carried beyond all weal and woe, sits upon the very throne with God and sups with Christ in Paradise. This lasts for a short time, after which he returns to earth. And having returned, his intellect, like the intellects of all of us, craves *order*. So he *orders his experience* into definite "beliefs" about God. These are eagerly seized upon and fanatically "believed in" by others who have not had the experience, until they come to think that these creeds they believe in are more important than the experience itself. This is Theology. It has its day. It brings its comfort. But soon it begins to conflict with other theol-

ogies, or is itself undermined by scientific statements, or, as in this age, is without attraction for vast numbers of intelligent people.

It will be agreed, I think, that the above definition of religion is fundamental, and that the grasping of it is essential at this stage in the consciousness of man. What has Shaw to say about it? Nothing. He has not brought his priceless gift of lucidity and dramatic power to bear upon it at all. He has even added considerably to the confusion, as I shall touch on presently. True, he has written one play concerning a mystic—*Saint Joan*. She was a true mystic in so far as she obeyed unto martyrdom, unto death, the deepest Voice of Life within her. But she would never have done this without the help of that great servant of Energy—*illusion*. She was certainly a saint, but in so far as she was canonised by the Catholic Church she was reduced to the plane of an orthodox theologian. All this is inherent in the play, and a wonderful play it is, owing to this play wright's power of cunning, world-wise dialogue. It is a great religious play, showing with enormous power the difference between the godly and the worldly, the brave and the cowardly. But it raises no religious problem that has significance for the consciousness of our day. Shaw can deal with a mystic in action like Joan, but of the mystic in contemplation he has nothing to say. It might seem that the Ancients in *Back to Methuselah* could qualify for this rôle. But they don't. They are the gloomiest figures in all literature. They do what no mystic would ever do, they contemplate for the sake of contemplation, as an end in itself. Thus they are prepared to spend hours of eternity. There is no hint of the mystic's capacity to take his eternity in an hour.

Shaw's work on religious themes goes off onto the circumference, and he seems to think that a philosophy of life, or even a scientific view, constitutes a religion. And of course it does. That is what I mean by *religions*. You can have as many as you like. William Archer, rationalist, was excessively pleased with Undershaft's remark in *Major Barbara*:—

> You have made for yourself something that you call a morality or a religion or what not. It doesn't fit the facts. Well, scrap it. Scrap it and get one that does fit. That is what is wrong with the world at present. It scraps its obsolete steam engines and dynamos; but it won't scrap its old prejudices and its old moralities and its old religions and its old political institutions. What's the result? In machinery it does very well; but in morals and religion and politics it is working at a loss that brings it nearer bankruptcy every year. Don't persist in that folly. If your old religion broke down yesterday, get a newer and a better one tomorrow.

Archer declared that he could forgive Shaw a lot of his shortcomings as a playwright for that one passage. Personally I can't see the good of a religion if it is liable to be scrapped

at any moment. That's what you do with scientific theories, you advance from position to position. Shaw's religion, as embodied in *Man and Superman* and *Back to Methuselah* and *The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet* is based upon a given view concerning evolution. God, an ultimate Force, made the world, goes on making it, tries to make it better, calls in Man to lend a hand. It is not perfect, but striving to become better and better as time goes on. There is no hint whatever of the mystic stand-point that it is perfect already if we could only see it, and that there will never be any more perfection than there is now.

Shaw's main point is that there is a consistent creative Will at work. The worst of it is that this view brings into the field opposing schools of thought who offer elaborate Proofs of the Non-existence of God, that is, of the Life Force, and say that everything is done by chance. These two schools of thought often engage in the most lengthy discussions, each furiously offering facts in confirmation of their own view or refutation of their opponents. Sometimes it is extremely difficult to follow what either side is actually *saying*. I can't believe that any one, in whom there is still some nervous communication between the eye and the brain, could conceivably talk about Chance or Mechanism in connection with the Organisation we call the universe, and the great Force of Life behind it; nor can I understand why Shaw, whose stand-point is unconsciously mystical, tries to refute these absurdities with scientific argument. However, there it is, that is Shaw's religion, Creative Evolution (to be scientifically proved in spite of the fact that an uncreative evolution would hardly make much of a show), which serves as an answer to the Purpose of Life, the Problem of Pain and even the Problem of Evil.

As regards that other problem attached to religion, the possibility of an Afterhere, the continuation of life after death, Shaw has never had any sympathy with that desire. Many people do desire it, of course; many who are bored to death if they are left to spend an evening by themselves quite cheerfully express their desire to "live for ever." It is thought to be unfortunate if we die. "The characters in this book are all actual people," writes Charles Macmahon Shaw, cousin of Bernard Shaw, at the beginning of a very interesting book called *Shaw's Brethren*, "but, unfortunately, many of them have been long since deceased." Shaw had been asked to make comments throughout the book which he did, in red ink; and under the above he wrote, "Why unfortunately? Would you have had them live for ever?" His attitude towards any life to come is similar. Not that he is blind to the theoretic merits of the Eastern view of reincarnation (as we understand it this side). Keegan, one of his deepest characters, tells, in *John Bull's Other Island*, how during his travels he came upon a

dying Hindoo who told me one of those tales of unmerited misfortune, of cruel ill-luck, of relentless persecution by destiny, which sometimes wither the commonplaces of consolation on the lips of a priest. But this man did not complain of his misfortunes. They were brought upon him, he said, by sins committed in a former existence. Then, without a word of comfort from me, he died with a clear-eyed resignation that my most earnest exhortations have rarely produced in a Christian, and left me sitting there by his bedside with the mystery of this world suddenly revealed to me.

I now come to that other great problem which belongs to religion—morality. It can be said at once that in the narrow sense Shaw is no moralist. No other writer in modern times, with the exception of Havelock Ellis, is less of a moralist. Both these great men held that morals cannot possibly be fixed, but must be continually in the melting-pot. But the broad eternal problem, the great moral and religious problem, What shall I do to be saved? Shall I sell all and give to the poor? Serve God or Mammon? Obey materialism or the higher values?—this is often central in Shaw's plays. And it is here that we come upon the greatness of Shaw the playwright and the weakness of Shaw as a leader of thought. He does not know the answer to this question. He gives the answer eloquently in terms of materialism—but undermines it. Shaw himself is a single man if ever there was one; we cannot think of him as in any sense a divided being. But the thinker, the playwright, is remarkably divided upon this moral problem. It is fascinating to see the twists and turns he takes, his deepest insight and spiritual knowledge again and again turning against his hard-and-fast political intelligence.

It would take too much space and too many quotations to demonstrate this properly. Still, any one can follow up the indications. In *John Bull's Other Island* we have Broadbent advancing the doctrine of absolute materialism. He is going to make poor old Ireland into a splendid place by means of money and modernism and thorough efficiency in the service of Mammon. "There are only two qualities in the world," he says, "efficiency and inefficiency, and only two sorts of people: the efficient and the inefficient." And he explains how he is going to save Ireland by efficiency. He is absolutely self-satisfied, complacent, soft-hearted, and cruel. "*Poor lost soul,*" says Keegan, aside, "*so cunningly fenced in with invisible bars.*" And with an irony more sustained than anywhere else in Shaw's plays, Keegan points out that all that will come of it will be that the voice of the Angelus shall be drowned and that their place of torment shall be as clean and orderly as a prison. "For four wicked centuries," he concludes, "the world has dreamed this foolish dream of efficiency; and the end is not yet. But the end will come." (As I write we see that the end is coming; for the country that has gone all out for the gospel of

Efficiency at the expense of everything else is—Germany.)

But in *Major Barbara* the scales are weighted heavily on the side of materialism. With extraordinary virulence and conviction Undershaft preaches the gospel of possessions. His audacity is unexampled. Thou shalt die ere I die. Murder rather than poverty. The making of anything that will bring in money. Anything in fact to overcome the great crime of being poor. He is rich and powerful because he runs an armaments factory. He shows his daughter, Barbara, round this factory. She believes in salvation through the spirit, and she hates the place. "Justify yourself," she cries, "shew me some light through the darkness of this dreadful place, with its beautiful clean workshops, and respectable workmen, and model homes." He replies "Cleanliness and respectability do not need justification, Barbara: they justify themselves. I see no darkness here, no dreadfulness." He gives them work, he gives them money—and therefore happiness. "*Their souls are hungry*," he says, "*because their bodies are full.*" (Which by no means follows!) It is Broadbent speaking again, and Keegan again. But the Broadbent is far more powerful and the Keegan is subdued. This strange play ends with the complete triumph of Undershaft, the out-and-out materialist. It is so monstrous a conclusion that one never finds any critic facing up to it.

In *Heartbreak House* Shaw returns to the theme. Any one who wants to experience the clash of fundamental ideas, presented better than they have ever been presented before or will ever be again, any one who doubts whether he can find high dramatic intellectual tension in the plays of Shaw, could not do better than read the passages between Ellie Dunn and Captain Shotover. She wants to marry old Mangan for his money. She thinks she is being prudent. "It is prudent," says Shotover, "to gain the whole world and lose your own soul. But don't forget that your soul sticks to you if you stick to it; but the world has a way of slipping through your fingers." But Ellie is not impressed. "Old-fashioned people think you can have a soul without money," she replies. "They think the less money you have the more soul you have. Young people nowadays know better. A soul is a very expensive thing to keep." And she enumerates the many things it needs which can only be got with money. Her arguments are strong. "I can't argue," says Shotover, "I'm too old: my mind is made up and finished. All I can tell you is that, old-fashioned or new-fashioned, if you sell yourself, you deal your soul a blow that all the books and pictures and concerts and scenery in the world can't heal." He tries to run away, but she holds onto him and says that she must marry Mangan to save her soul from the poverty that is damning her by inches. "Riches will damn you ten times deeper. Riches won't save

even your body," he replies. "Old-fashioned again," she retorts. "We know now that the soul is the body, and the body the soul. They tell us they are different because they want to persuade us that we can keep our souls if we let them make slaves of our bodies. I am afraid you are no use to me, Captain." And he has no answer. He says it confuses him to be answered, it discourages him. "You are looking for a rich husband," he cries. "At your age I looked for hardship, danger, horror and death, that I might feel the life in me more intensely. I did not let the fear of death govern my life; and my reward was, I had my life. You are going to let the fear of poverty govern your life; and your reward will be that you will eat, but you will not live." The two voices rise and fall. The mighty opposites are poised in mortal combat. The voice of one is as strong as the voice of the other and yet the voice of one is stronger. It is the voice of the captain that rises above this tempest of the mind, and when as the play draws to its close he says that happiness is no good, you can be happy only when you are half alive, and that there is no blessing on that happiness—then Ellie cries—"Life with a blessing! that is what I want. Now I know the real reason why I couldn't marry Mr. Mangan: there would be no blessing on our marriage. There is a blessing on my broken heart. There is a blessing on your beauty, Hesione. There is a blessing on your father's spirit. Even on the lies of Marcus there is a blessing; but on Mr. Mangan's money there is none."

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

A NOTE ON THE "GITA"

We are indebted to Shri Moorkoth Kunhappa for information on a study of the *Bhagavad-Gita* from a very unusual angle which Shri K. C. N. Vazunthavar recently contributed to *Mathrubhumi*, a Malayalam weekly. In "The Architecture of the *Gita*" he has proved how well planned and dextrously executed a work of art the *Gita* is. According to him the *Gita* is composed of six chapters on *Jeevatma* (the human individual), the next six on *Paramatma* (the Supreme Spirit) and the last six on the nature of the relationship between the two. The sequence of these divisions was decided by the nature of the persons to whom each is addressed. Men whose lives emphasise the *Jeevatma* are taught what *Jeevatma* is and then what the Ultimate or *Paramatma* is, in whom they should aim to be immersed. Having shown the starting-point and the goal, the *Gita* explains the connection between the two. Interconnected though the chapters are, each is self-contained, and if we disregard the few verses that serve as links, they will all shine as eighteen separate little *Gitas*. Each chapter again contains a verse or two that contains its essence, so that the following verses read in sequence are claimed to give a summary of the *Gita*: II. 71, III. 42-3, IV. 41-2, V. 29, VI. 32, VII. 27, VIII. 21, IX. 34, X. 42, XI. 55, XII. 8, XIII. 32-3, XIV. 19, XV. 18, XVI. 21-2, XVII. 28, and XVIII. 57.

THE VALUE OF REINCARNATION IN PRACTICAL LIFE

[**Shri P. Nagaraja Rao,** M. A., writes here of the Doctrine of Hope which, with its complementary Doctrine of Responsibility or Karma offers a needed corrective to the myopia prevailing in the modern world.—ED.]

The doctrines of reincarnation and karma are integral to a sound philosophy of life. They are not abstract metaphysical doctrines invented by theorists and elaborated by theologians. Indian philosophic thought maintains these doctrines as a part of its general outlook, not in the interest of speculative metaphysics but for the light they throw on the ultimate significance of life. This is not to suggest that the doctrines do not stand the test of logic or of scientific ways of thinking. The significant claims of human life should never be sacrificed on the altar of a delimited conception of reason.

Human life on this planet is limited and hedged in, in every way. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong ; neither is there always bread for the wise, nor riches for the men of understanding. We all struggle with hopes and fears, love and hate. With all this we witness men's irrepressible thirst for life. They take to human life and existence without any misgiving, without being deterred by the experiences of disillusionment. They hand on this questionable gift called life to successive generations, who take to it with an unquestioning confidence similar to that of their progenitors. This optimism in life (to use the phrase of G. Lowes Dickenson) overrides the demands of intellect and refuses to be lured by the current scientific rationalist creeds.

Human life has a definite purpose and the evolutionary process a meaning. If we do not posit such a conception we need not care for man or his behaviour. Man would be the offspring of apes, and his virtue and vice, his civilisation and vandalism, the by-products of an Œdipus-complex, or of his ductless glands. Once we posit, however, that the ideal of life is not mere life, but the development of the Spirit of man, we are able to see how one human life is not enough. Death loses all its horror because there is bound to be the opportunity for the continuous development of spirit in a number of lives. Moral effort is meaningful because the ground covered is to be extended.

Every baser impulse turned into sweetness, every meaner motive mastered, every humbling weakness overcome counts in this effort.

Samsara, as Professor Radhakrishnan put it, " is a succession of spiritual opportunities." There is

no liquidation of moral efforts. Such a liquidation is possible only in a spiritually bankrupt world.

Further, a little reflection on human life points to the fact that life is not so transcendently good that it deserves, without reference to anything else, to be treated as a good in itself. Man certainly has a destiny more august than the enjoyment of a life of sensual pleasures for a period of threescore years and ten. A life that is a round of pleasures may be acceptable to a few fortunate men but it certainly does not commend itself to the imaginative and the intelligent. Dickenson observes with great insight that

> too few of us surely attain the good even of which we are capable; too many are capable of too little, and all are capable for a short time.

This is argument enough for the doctrine of rebirth. But this doctrine has a very long intellectual ancestry.

Pythagoras, Plato and Empedocles regard rebirth as almost axiomatic.... If we turn to the Hebrews, there are traces of it in Philo and it was definitely adopted in the Kabbala. The Sufi writers accept it. About the beginning of the Christian era it was current in Palestine....Within the Christian Church it was held during the first centuries by isolated Gnostic sects.... Origen believed in it. In the Middle Ages the tradition was continued by the numerous sects collectively known as Cathari. At the Renaissance Bruno upheld it....Swedenborg states it in modified form. Goethe played with it, while Lessing and Herder believed in it seriously...and among the contemporary philosophers there are at least half a dozen who believe in it.[1]

Many philosophers in East and West have used their powers of reason to prove the immortality of soul and the doctrine of reincarnation. In the East, the Indian materialist Carvaka asked, "After the body is cremated and reduced to ashes, how can it ever return to life?" Subsequent systems have answered this. This is the problem the ideal spiritual aspirant Naciketas set before Yama, the Lord of Death. "There is a doubt regarding the man who is dead; some say he survives and others, he does not." The Nyaya writer Udayana has a book explaining the nature of the Self—*Atmatatva Vivcka*. Kumarila has examined the reality and established the nature of Self and the necessity for rebirth in his *Sloka Vartika*. Plato in his *Timæus* has argued in favour of the immortality of the soul. Kant has accepted it as a postulate. Among the nineteenth-century thinkers McTaggart's attempt with reference to this topic is most impressive and illuminating. (See his *Nature of Existence*, Vol. II, Chapter LXIII.) If the self is not produced by the body it need not be ended when the body is destroyed. If we admit a beginning for the soul it cannot be immortal. Immortality is incompatible with creation at birth or destruction at death.

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[1] *An Idealist View of Life*. By S. RADHAKRISHNAN, pp. 286-7.

The problems of human education, moral progress and spiritual growth have meaning and significance only if we accept the doctrine of re-incarnation. Without such acceptance they are mere wavering and amusing activities with no end in view except a life of sensation. As at the biological level, so in human life too, there is the law of continuity or progress. At the human level the ideal of man is to become perfect. The educability and perfectibility of man cannot rest on the unsound doctrine that there is nothing before the cradle and beyond the grave. Man builds his edifice of perfection not in one life but through intense struggle in a number of lives. Every physical and mental act of man produces an effect on the character, the disposition, the instincts and the tendencies of the agent. This effect is carried in the form of *vāsanās* or *saṁskāras*, *i. e.*, mental impressions in the discarnate soul (*sūkṣma śarira*).[1] The ancient theory of a finer body (*linga śarīra*) has received support from psychical research today. Sceptical scientists hostile to the doctrine of survival, like Hyslop and Alfred Russel Wallace, have accepted the reality of psychic phenomena.

The *Gita*[2] points out that spiritual worth acquired by any one, however meagre it may be, is never destroyed. The imperfect yogic powers attained in one life secure for the aspirant appropriate opportunities in the next life for the completion of the endeavour.

The building up of human personality and the possibility of moral improvement necessitate the doctrine of reincarnation. One life is hardly enough for a man of average abilities to build up his personality. Human beings cannot have an adequate glimpse of the eternal values of life. The art of soul making is a hard task. Many are called and few are chosen. Among thousands of men that strive only a few attain.[3]

Reincarnation gives opportunity to many a Judas to make amends for his sins. It would mean frustration of the divine purpose if men had only one life and no opportunity to become perfect. The innumerable deaths of infants and young men all over the world would be a dead loss if they should have no opportunity for further development. Life Eternal and utter annihilation are not the only alternatives, as some sectarian theologies hold. Infinite opportunities are provided for the soul to save itself. The great Lord, Iśvara, is not a cruel, whimsical deity witnessing with amusement the universal drama of life. He is not the mere ultimate goal, nor is He merely the Lord of the universe. He is the friend of all of us (*suhṛd sarvabhūtānam*).[4]

Our criminal codes, laws of punishment and prisons have for their final

[1] *Ibid.*, pp. 289-292.
[2] Chapter VI, verses 41-42.
[3] *Ibid.*, VII, 3.
[4] *Ibid.*, V. 29.

object the improvement of man. Progress, civilisation and new orders are possible because there are going to be opportunities for the development of man in a series of births. If that is denied, these have no place. Any reform in these spheres must have in view the principle of reincarnation.

In the very art of living it is belief in the doctrine of reincarnation that gives hope and substance to life. It fills us with zest and enthusiasm and makes our effort a reality. The concept of progress and reform acquires a stable basis and an added meaning. This belief again is our safeguard against the corrosive influence of pessimistic creeds. But for this doctrine life would bear very hard upon us. Minus it, human life is indeed

> ...a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more; it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

The possibility of reincarnation gives direction and purpose to life.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

THE MORAL CODE

Mr. Ralph Tyler Flewelling in the recently received Autumn 1943 *Personalist* writes editorially on "Scientific Data and Spiritual Fact." If they are often wrongly placed in opposition, it is because of the exaggerated claims of the scientist who claims a monopoly for the field of his analysis and observation.

We are learning these days something of the necessities of human happiness. They are not the material things which make life comfortable, but the spiritual gifts that enrich it. We can get along without an electric refrigerator, but we cannot get along without God.

The allegation of an opposition between scientific data and spiritual fact is due to a failure to perceive the common universal laws that determine both. It is common, though erroneous, to regard morality as something imposed by arbitrary custom, to consider rules of conduct and behaviour the original prescriptions of the moralist. But deeper thought convinces of the need for the moral code and in that need can be seen how morality or higher and more intelligent life has its roots in following nature and co-operating with nature in the full course of self-evolution.

Nature, as Mr. Flewelling points out here, punishes the glutton; the man of violence risks a violent end; the liar and the cheat ultimately deceive themselves more than others; the law-breaker, even if he escapes the police, lives in perpetual dread. He who hates surrounds himself with a whole complex of hateful responses and false judgments that turn all the brightness of life into darkness. There is no escape, since the law works on all planes. Says Mr. Flewelling:—

These laws of human nature are as inevitable as the functioning of plants and animals, or the law of gravitation, or the diffusion of light, or the swing of the planets. Spiritual law may act in a higher realm but it is no less certain in its results.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

FICTION—POETRY—PHILOSOPHY *

In 1853 was published anonymously in *The Dublin University Magazine* a remarkable series of papers. Whoever the author was, it is neither possible nor necessary at this distance of time to penetrate the veil of anonymity. But we have the writings which make the present book. If they will not give us the name of the writer they surely tell us much about his abilities. Even a casual reading can prove that the writer of *The Dream of Ravan* was a great poet and a greater mystic, well versed in the Eastern systems of philosophy and mystical psychology and one who commanded an inexhaustible store of myth, legend and popular anecdote. *The Dream of Ravan* is undoubtedly the work not only of a great philosopher-poet but also of one who had realised on his pulse the synthetic vision of life, who saw things in their true universal relations.

The subtitle gives us an indication at the very threshold that more is meant than meets the eye. The story is quite simple. Though significant portions of Valmiki's *Ramayana* are recaptured through suggestion and allusion, the main incident develops out of the epic struggle between Rama and Ravana, described in the original at great length. Ravana, retiring to rest after a hard-fought day of battle with his adversary, has a fearful dream. Waking up in alarm he summons his wise men and counsellors to interpret the signification of the crowding nightmarish visions he has had. The narration of the dream by Ravana, the exclamations and the interlocutions of the listening sages and finally the full explanation of the dream by another sage make up the simple but dramatic scheme of *The Dream of Ravan*.

That this interlude of mystical vision and its explanation are not found in the *Ramayana* of Valmiki should in no way affect the authenticity of the original, from which the anonymous contributor to *The Dublin University Magazine* freely quotes, sometimes giving even the original Sanskrit verses. That it is a later composition than the *Ramayana* is self-evident. But none of these textual and academic questionings can detract from the basic value of the allegory which the unknown author has developed out of a well-known mythological situation. One might as well question the historicity of Ravana himself! The dream is a mere scaffolding, a basis and an opportunity for enunciating a large body of philosophical and mystical truths. If the dream is strange and even sometimes weird, the explanation, which is certainly more important, is clear and illuminating.

What Ravana actually saw in his visions may here be briefly summarised. Wandering alone in a wonderful land from which all life had fled and where gigantic forms of dead life looked out

**The Dream of Ravan: A Mystery Allegory.* With an Introduction by SOPHIA WADIA. (International Book House, Ltd., Bombay. Rs. 2/8)

with a sad eternal beauty, he meets the beautiful Zingarel—symbolically his "spirit's primeval bride" and the eternal complement of his unity—who sings songs of sad remembrance. She has about her wrist an amulet which ensures her safety but suddenly it falls off and a huge sea-monster carries her away. Ravana desperately pursues the monster in order to rescue the symbol of his heart's desire but is baffled in his attempt, though with the aid of the Tritons of the sea he succeeds in restoring to her the amulet. Disconsolate, he wanders forlorn in a silent and desolate universe where time remains suspended and space is not and he sees three mirages, blue, white and black. These confuse him thoroughly; then there comes a huge deluge on the flood of which he sees a phantom ship with the seven great Rishis and is taken on board. Ravana, however, loses his balance and falls overboard, straight into the mouth of a shell-demon of the sea. Though he is instantly saved by a Rakshasa follower who somehow happens to be there, the fall has deprived him of consciousness and on recovery he finds himself on a little island near Lanka, attended upon by his own Queen, Mandodari.

Mandodari's dejection at the mention of Zingarel and her being consoled by the Rishis affords an opportunity for an explanation of the three radical qualities—*Satva*, *Rajas* and *Tamas*, into which primordial Unity divides itself. To any reader of the *Bhagavad-Gita* the three Gunas are well known but the interpretation which the author of *The Dream of Ravan* gives, compels attention. *Tamas* is explained in a negative sense as "the absence of all knowledge, feeling, motion...the moral basis of matter" and *Rajas* as the characteristic of moral life, or soul; "the dark opacity...penetrated with a fiery and turbid glare but not yet rendered purely transparent." *Satva* is explained as the characteristic of spirit in antithesis to body and soul, to matter and life. Their changing mutual relations and their progressive metamorphosis is further explained:—

> As sense was wakened into passion or sentiment—sentiment itself has risen into eternal principle....Still beyond the isolated *Satva* quality is the sphere called the *pure Satva*... pure being, pure truth, pure goodness—viewed as one simple essence. This seems attained only when all isolation is renounced; when the *Satva*, re-entering predominant into the *Rajas* and *Tamas*, and penetrating them with its influence, all three isolated prismatic rays coalesce into pure universal light, and a consciousness of divine reunion.

In the process of self-integration, in the reascension of matter towards spirit, *Tamas* is accepted and understood as a necessary basis, potentially both *Rajas* and *Satva*, and only waiting to be purged and purified through the infinite travail of love and suffering. "Through the anguish of the fire alone can the black coal of the mine become transmuted into light." Not less illuminating is the sage's explanation of the four conditions of being under which man exists. The inmost sphere in which the individualised spirit lives the ecstatic life (*Turya*), then the transitional stage, in which the spirit is immersed in complete unconsciousness (*Sushupti*), gradually waking under the influence of an illusive knowledge to a shadowy world of dreams (*Swapna*) and finally reaching the outpost of waking consciousness where matter and sense are triumphant (*Jagrat*).

Against the background of such teachings the symbolic and moral in-

terpretation of the dream is offered. The desolate land symbolises the mortal existence where death, moral and physical, reigns supreme, till man renounces it to return to real life. The three mirages are explained as the illusions of Space, Time and Matter, which have no real existence and are but transient phenomena, only methods of analysis and understanding. To the Spirit there is neither Time nor Space nor yet the multitudinous divisions of Matter. And what is true of matter is true of individualised personalities—all aspects of and sparks from the same eternal Absolute.

It is impossible, within the brief scope of this review, to explain in any detail the vast body of philosophical and mystical truths which the final explanation of the dream, as also the choruses of the Rishis, elucidate. A delicate poetic sensibility, unquestionable proof of which can be found in many passages, as in the "Song of the Mysterious Wanderer," is seen here working in unison with a dynamic spiritual insight that presents, with charming clarity and ease, an integrated view of the universe and of being, the reality of the evolutionary process and the need for self-effort and self-elevation, falsifying the antithesis declared by the West between reason and instinct, between flesh and spirit—a misleading dichotomy to the dangers of which the West is but now slowly waking. If today a civilisation sick of itself is in search of a cure, it must disavow the tyranny of false reasoning, the triumph of which has been scepticism and moral chaos. What can save reason itself from dissolution is alone the unyielding foundation of a living metaphysical belief. A belief that the concept of absolute truth, with its corollary of the absolute validity of moral and ethical norms, can withstand the pressure of humanity's instinctive will to live and to live happily. The advice to Ravana to strive towards inner spiritual regeneration is something which the twentieth century needs as much as Ravana did. *The Dream of Ravan* is fiction as well as philosophy; myth as well as mysticism. It is a poetical presentation of ancient wisdom, a strange but wise anonymous book, a precious gift from the unknown.

V. M. INAMDAR

INDIA: A BINOCULAR VIEW *

Two English writers, both admirably but differently equipped for the task, have presented English readers with books on the present social conditions of the Indian peoples with some description of their modern history, of their contemporary political problems and of the solutions which the writers would favour. Mr. Brailsford's work is likely to be the weightier in its effect on English Opinion; for he is an eloquent writer of liberal-socialist views, whose writings upon social questions are deservedly well-known and valued for their reliability as to facts and their integrity in judgment. Mr. John S. Hoyland's work may be less impressive to English intellectual opinion, but in some respects his is the better book; he has lived for many years among Indians

* *Subject India.* By H. N. BRAILSFORD. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 6s.)
Indian Crisis. By JOHN S. HOYLAND. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 6s.)

in India as a social and religious worker, he is a Christian with a reverence for the religious spirit of India and a knowledge of her scriptures and traditions gained through intimate and affectionate relations with Indian people; at the same time he is a social student in the modern sense, not unversed in political and statistical literature. Of the facts of Indian life these two very different observers give accounts that closely confirm each other: they are in agreement also in their picture of the political scene, in condemning the offer of conditional self-government to India as having been an unreal proposal, and in the urgency with which they press for the speediest possible liberation of India from the British *raj*.

It would be a good thing if every politically conscious English man and woman would read both books, for in so far as they would receive the same general impression from two witnesses so free from any collusion either conscious or unconscious, English readers would gain at least the confidence that is needed in order to read the news from India. The remoteness, vastness and complexity of the Indian problem have largely discouraged them from seriously attempting to form an opinion on it, but after this reading they would feel that they had a fair general grasp, serviceable for their political orientation, of what the Indian question is. And they would be chiefly impressed—or depressed—by the revelation of the almost incredible material poverty of the conditions under which this portion of mankind—no less than one-fifth of the whole—lives and multiplies.

How far this appalling poverty is due to a peculiar capacity for economic exploitation on the part of the British, is perhaps rather an unreal question, and even Mr. Brailsford, from his socialist and anti-imperialist standpoint, prefers to leave it undecided. No one supposes that India's millions would have been free from economic exploitations had the British never assumed empire over them, for the tendency to extremes of wealth and poverty was excessive under her previous empires, and no one denies that there have been some kinds of economic and social progress under British rule, especially in this century. At the end of this war—indeed already—India will actually be the creditor country and Britain the debtor, and—which is more important—a large and controlling majority of the directorates of capitalistic enterprise in India will be in the hands of Indians. But even if British political supremacy gave to Indians—as indeed it may—ultimate ascendency in the merely financial-economic measurement of the international exchanges, it would still be the evil that needs to be removed, and one which brings about, at deeper levels, effects that issue in widespread destitution.

It is the imposition upon India of the secular culture of the Western world, especially the techno-plutocratic system of economy which was an indigenous growth in Britain and has become a world phenomenon which constitutes the Indian problem. To give to a large country, or to a group of countries, a single and reliable money system would, in the West, be regarded as a blessing; but in India, where at the same time forces were released which disintegrated much of the old village-community life, enhancement of money-power has entailed

the worst abuses of petty usury by Indians themselves, reducing both the cultivators and the industrial workers to destitution. Actually it is neither the arrogance nor the greed of the Western sahibs, though there has been too much of both, from which India has suffered most, but the pressure of a cultural outlook which is alien to India but so natural to the British that, even when they seek with humility and self-sacrifice to serve the good of India—and many have done so—their efforts still tend to accelerate the decay of India's native vitality. Save for some rare spirits—of whom Mr. Hoyland seems to be one—the best they can think of doing is to educate Indians in the literature, science and arts of the West. No serious effort has been made to found the new university life primarily upon India's own humanist traditions and literature, or to secure her approach to the new material knowledge from her own point of view.

This has surely been the most serious defect in Britain's discharge of her responsibility as the paramount power; and it is rather strange that neither of these writers should mention it. Both have a good deal to say of the British policy of "dividing to rule," a practice which certainly needs to be kept under scrutiny, but morally is perhaps better taken as a matter of course, for on the plane of politics itself every nucleus of power, small or large, military, bureaucratic, commercial or of any other kind, works for its own ascendency by dividing the interests and forces that are subject to it. This method is so inherent in the nature of political power that it may also be practised unconsciously, as Mr. Brailsford, after careful examination of the facts, is inclined to think it often has been by the British in India. It may not be open to the British or to any other rulers of India, past, present or future, native or alien, greatly to change the conditions that beset power politics, but by enabling Indians to develop culturally from their own spiritual roots the British would have lost nothing and Indians would have gained much.

The dominance of a foreign and very different type of culture operates as a factor of general discouragement. It may inhibit the vital energies of a people or increase their expression on lower levels, as it is doing, perhaps, in the dangerously rapid growth of the Indian population. It is difficult for a Western observer not to think that there is something in the religious or general cultural ideas of India which is actually preventive of right relations between her spiritual aspirations and her practical activities, between the cultural and the technical. However, a reliable judgment on this point is hardly possible in an India crudely subjected to the impacts of Western technology. India's own intellectual and spiritual life has become almost static under these conditions; whereas, if it had been free and progressive, it might have brought forth from within itself many of the essential reforms for lack of which agriculture languishes and the people perish. Superstitions still prevent the proper use of cattle and the composting of all waste and excrement for return to the soil, although the latter reform alone would soon raise the vitality of Indian agriculture by 100 per cent. Not even the spiritual authority of Mr. Gandhi

has been able to remove the prejudices that obstruct that simple and natural improvement.

Where superstitions are deeply imbedded in religious systems they must either be cleared away by a new growth from within the people's own spiritual consciousness, or else they must be destroyed by external forces, and sometimes both processes may operate at once. Patience constrains us to work for the one kind of solution, impatience makes us hope for the other. It is when these authors are discussing the caste system, religious tabus, the effects of the cults of non-violence and of handicraft revival, that their different attitudes appear in sharpest contrast.

Mr. Brailsford often finds patience difficult, he confesses that he sometimes wanted to publish and distribute broadcast in India a tract on "The Necessity of Atheism" as Shelley once did in Ireland. Looking at the Muslim-Hindu difficulty and the divisiveness of the castes, he deplores religion as "a force that divides mankind," and puts his trust (rather faintly) in scientific and economic progress to plough in the ancient weeds and crops together and raise from the fallow some quite novel harvest. He looks forward wistfully, as do so many Western-educated Indians themselves, to an India taking its example from Russia, where an atheist government has made out of somewhat similarly complex material, "a mighty industrial power, and could have attained comfort had it not been compelled to make guns instead of butter." Whether perhaps that kind of progress may not lead to guns inevitably is a doubt he does not confess to, but there is a note of sadness and diffidence in his conclusion, a misgiving as to whether, even with her independence wholly won, India's future is likely to be much happier after all.

Mr. Hoyland is of a more hopeful spirit. The pathos of his pictures of Indian poverty and suffering is more moving and human, yet he nearly always brings in something with a savour of salvation in it; again and again he recalls reformative or palliative efforts that have been made, not wholly without success; shows us some gleam of good-will or good work which may yet be the dawn of a better day; he brings us closer to the being and intelligence of a great people, so that we have some feeling of its inner forces of healing and renewal.

His sense of the political and social problem is no less objective or realistic, but his knowledge of Indian people being more personal, his contact with their spirituality is far more intimate. He knows (not that Mr. Brailsford is wholly unaware of it) so much of what sustains the people through their privation and hardship—namely, their preservation, through practical worship and an ever-renewed sense of unity and meaning in life, of an essential happiness that is disappearing from many other parts of the earth. India remains, even yet, a culture that may never succumb to the prevailing infatuation of the age. Between the popular worship of technical means to power and wealth and the phenomenon of non-resistance in India, there is a gulf which baffles the imagination of the typical man of the West. It may even be true, as Mr. Hoyland says it is of the students, that Indians feel profoundly sure

...that these motives lead ultimately to war, and that Western civilization is therefore doomed to end in self-destruction by scientific destruction on a colossal scale. The ideas do not come to them, except in a small minority of cases, from Communist propaganda. They come to them as Indians from their acquaintance with the Indian world outlook which has been traditional for three thousand years, and which finds its fullest expression in that amazingly complex document, the *Gita*.

PHILIP MAIRET

THE FUNCTION OF A UNIVERSITY *

Few good things come out of war. One of them is the creation of a situation which breaks down old-established habits and complacencies and, by challenging old values, forces towards birth new.

There can be no doubt whatsoever that the temporary association of men and women of various races and cultures in the British Isles during the war, has already gone some way towards bringing about a fusion of cultural ideas and aims among those peoples—the majority in the world, one hopes—who believe in the ultimate value of human life and in the possibility of the achievement of a sane world organization which will make war, poverty and ignorance, humanity's three major enemies, forever impossible.

A pamphlet which should be widely read by all who envisage education in its better sense is that described at the head of this review. The Conference of the Association of University Professors and Lecturers of the Allied Countries in Great Britain was held last April at the Royal Institute, London, and it was, wisely, open to all visitors who cared to make some contribution.

Here, then, in the greatest city of the world, were gathered together some of the educational élite of civilization for mutual help and pooling of ideas. How, then, did these learned people see the problems of those whose life-work is to teach *and to direct*, see their function in relation, not to "jobs of work," or careers, but to world citizenship?

The Conference's debate centred about two main themes, (*a*) the function of a University in a modern community, and (*b*) methods of practical co-operation between allied Universities in the future.

The general conclusions reached are not easily classified, though a rough classification is possible on the basis of the general trends of thought which reveal the complexion of academic thinking today under the impetus of a world catastrophe from which education—and higher education in particular—cannot exculpate itself.

I think it may fairly be said that all the views expressed by the learned professors reveal in common a consciousness of the higher ends of education, while not one speaker adopted the narrow view of the old-fashioned teacher whose sole idea is to put on the labour market just so many more schoolmasters, chemists, doctors and whatnots.

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* *The Function of a University in a Modern Community*. Foreword by PROFESSOR A. L. GOODHART, K. C. (Basil Blackwell and Mott, Ltd., Oxford. 1s.)

One of the best addresses was that of Sir Richard Livingstone who brought an indictment against our universities on the ground that they have not given a lead to the world in spiritual ideals, save the ideals of knowledge. And he quotes Plato with effect :—

> It is not the life of knowledge—not even if it includes all the sciences—that creates happiness and well-being, but a single branch of knowledge—the science of good and evil. Without this, medicine would still be able to give us health, seamanship would save lives at sea, and strategy win battles, but without the knowledge of good and evil, the use and excellence of these sciences will be found to have failed us.

The teacher is realising, it seems, that it is not enough to make a student into a chemist : you must inculcate into him the right ideals towards which he should apply his science. (And it is difficult to believe that such could ever be made to include the discovery of ever more powerful explosives.) "The University," said Sir Richard, "will not make its full contribution to society until all its graduates go into life aware of the problems of individual and social conduct."

This is important and interesting because it brings the functions of the university nearer to those of the church, renounces learning as an end in itself and freely subscribes to the pragmatic view.

And who would say that this is wrong ?

Many matters touching upon university organisation were dealt with :— what part of a professor's time should be allocated to thought and private work and what to actual teaching and administrative duties ? Here Professor Andrade, of London University, gave a warning against harnessing the professor too closely to the teaching task. And how right he is ! All universities should ride their professorial staffs on the snaffle.

Naturally enough, Poland's representative, Professor Stanislaw Kot, reminded his hearers that a place of learning may also become a place for the education of fanatics, a centre for the breeding of hates. And he stressed the point that the collapse of a common language among the learned occurred in that epoch of the nineteenth century when science and technology made their greatest advances.

Only fugitive references to individual speakers are possible in a very brief review. The importance of this Conference lies in its opportunity to pool ideas and ring the coin of opinion in a place of sound acoustics. Men now know that *knowledge divorced from morality is a curse*, and who ever doubted it has but to contemplate a modern battlefield or a soldiers' cemetery.

> Achilles ponders in his tent,
> The kings of modern thought are dumb,
> Silent they sit and not content,
> And wait to see the future come.

But that, these learned men well understand, is not enough. It may be that we are the ill-starred inheritors of Yesterday ; but we are, in like case, the testators who bequeath, to those who come hereafter, Tomorrow.

On how we inculcate the ideal of world peace and world service for all men, depends the quality of that inheritance—the inheritance of a lacerated and crucified humanity.

The churches long since failed utterly : Shall our universities take up the torch and lead us on to our inheritance ?

The trend of thought among these representative men of Europe's culture fans the embers of hope that this may yet be so before the world crumbles to ruins in despair.

GEORGE GODWIN

Dante's Paradiso. With a Translation into English Triple Rhyme by LAURENCE BINYON. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. 10s. 6*d*.)

With this volume Laurence Binyon completed, shortly before his death, his task of translating the Divine Comedy into the triple rhyme of the original. In his preface to his rendering of the *Inferno* ten years ago he described his aim as being to produce what could be read with pleasure as an English poem. And this surely is the essential condition of all good translations. For, in Sir Edward Marsh's words, "the one thing certain is that a poem cannot be represented by a piece of verse that does not stand on its own legs in its own language." The danger for the poetic translator is lest in his desire to recreate the spirit of the original he should take undue liberties with the letter. This Binyon was too scrupulous a scholar and also too sensitive a poet to do. To the end he strove to realise the ideal he set himself at the beginning, to keep as close to the original as he could and to communicate not only the sense of the words but something of Dante's tone, and of his rhythm, through which in great measure that tone is conveyed.

In conveying the rhythm, or what he called "the extraordinary fullness and volume of Dante's verse," Binyon was more successful than in finding an English equivalent for its texture. This is understandable enough. The poetic intensity of Dante's verse needs no stressing. His style, too, as Mr. T. S. Eliot has pointed out in his admirable essay, has "a peculiar lucidity—a *poetic* as distinguished from an *intellectual* lucidity. The thought may be obscure, but the word is lucid, or rather translucent." By contrast in English poetry words have "a kind of opacity which is part of their beauty." In Binyon's own poetry it is not so much this kind of opacity which is particularly evident as a tendency to abstractness. He was not a master of vivid imagery, whether sensuous, intellectual or symbolical. To that extent he was not well qualified to convey vividly Dante's unique power in making us apprehend sensuously the stages of ascent to blessedness in the *Paradiso*. But Dante's language was universal in another sense than Shakespeare's. It was simple and free of tangled metaphors, though rich in visual images. Much of Shakespeare is untranslatable to a degree that Dante never is. And Binyon, with his wide culture, his sense of the past, and his industrious craftsmanship, was a translator who could enter into the thought of Dante and his method, as an expression not only of a poet of genius but of the European culture of his day. His version, therefore, has unusual merit which only a reading can reveal. I must content myself with quoting his rendering of the concluding lines:—

But these my wings were fledged not for that flight,
Save that my mind a sudden glory assailed
And its wish came revealed to it in that light.
To the high imagination force now failed;
But like to a wheel whose circling nothing jars
Already on my desire and will prevailed.
The Love that moves the sun and the other stars.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

The Child and His Upbringing. By PROF. ANJILVEL V. MATTHEW, B. A., M. ED., with a Foreword by MISS A. B. VAN DOREN, M. A. (M. Seshachalam and Co., Masulipatam. Rs. 3/-)

Professor Matthew has written a sound and readable treatise with an idealistic tone, a minimum of technical terms and a wealth of common sense. Many who are neither parents nor educators would be profited by reading it, though the book is of interest primarily to those who have to do with children. But we all have to do with ourselves and Professor Matthew holds up an obliging if not a flattering mirror. We hear much about the "problem" or "abnormal" child. Professor Matthew writes also of "problem parents" and "abnormal teachers," *e. g.*, the sufferer from an inferiority complex who plays the tyrant in the home or the class-room, the mentor with "a blissful idea of his own unfailing rectitude."

Professor Matthew is inspired by sound educational ideals. Much that he says has been said many times before, but rarely surely with more obvious sincerity. Character building and education for life are the key-notes. Disciplined freedom is the technique and the aims include the encouraging in the children of self-confidence, of co-operation, of interest in their work, of understanding of the world in which they live. Opportunities for self-expression must be given, the sense of beauty cultivated, the love of books implanted, the ideal of disinterested service fostered.

The author keeps his feet on the ground. Though obviously a close student of Freud, Adler, Jung and their successors, he advocates neither intelligence tests nor the dangerous stirring up of the dregs of the subconscious which goes by the name of psycho-analysis.

The rich psychology of ancient India has so much to give the educationist and the world in general that it is encouraging to find a close student of the new psychology of the West paying tribute to the Rishis and to the ancient Indian educational ideal. Professor Matthew recognises the great educational value of "the common life spent in an Ashram-like institution under an inspiring head."

E. M. HOUGH

The Appeal in Indian Music. By MANI SAHUKAR. (Thacker and Co., Ltd., Bombay 1. Re. 1/8)

This is a well-written and attractively presented introduction to Indian classical music and should be of great interest to those Indians and Europeans who wish to become intelligent listeners to Indian music. Mrs. Sahukar has analysed Indian musical form and presented music in the simplified terms of scale, raga and tala, while her references to European music help very much to clarify certain details. Fundamentally, European and Indian music have the same basis, for the Greek modes, from which the former is developed, and the ragas are the same musical idea—they both present certain emotions in a melody type and to a rhythm likely to evoke the desired emotions in the listeners.

There is marvellous beauty in Indian classical music but music is a language

which must be learnt, even though one does agree with Beethoven that "music is a revelation higher than all science and philosophy." Mrs. Sahukar rightly says that

in India no form of art can express life more richly and fully than music. Listening to these classical concerts one feels as if one has entered a new world, where sound is supreme and all else unreal, and caught in the rapture of this atmosphere, one wishes that there was no returning from that world of melody.

The book has some really beautiful illustrations of the ragas and also of the musical instruments most often used.

K. MAITRA

The Bhagavadgita or The Song Divine (with Sanskrit Text and an English Translation). (Gita Press, Gorakhpur. As. 4; bound, As. 6)

There are few lines of altruistic effort more fruitful than making widely available a book which gives people food for thought, which strengthens and clears their minds, enabling them to grasp truths which they have dimly felt but could not formulate. Pre-eminent among such books is the *Bhagavad-Gita*, which is not only a Hindu scripture, not an Indian monopoly, but a book of inspiration for human beings everywhere. To have struck off nearly 2,000,000 copies of this priceless little book in the original Sanskrit is a record of which the Gita Press may well be proud. This pocket-sized edition is its latest offering.

All works of such combined simplicity and depth are best read in the original or a faithful translation. Truth calls for no interpreter. It speaks and each man hears what his stage of development permits. The commentators present each his own point of view; Krishna has given His. The intermediary too often interposes his own shadow between the seeker and the Light he seeks. To the reviewer's mind, the value of this edition is not enhanced by the prefatory essay, "The Greatness of the Gita," which introduces controversial points. The Everest among scriptures stands in need of no man's praise.

E. M. H.

George Abraham Grierson, 1851-1941. By F. W. THOMAS and R. L. TURNER. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London. 2s. 6d.)

Grierson's name evokes respect and admiration wherever the study of linguistics, folklore and custom are respected. His *Linguistic Survey of India* is a classic. Enormous and indefatigable indeed must have been the industry in the compilation of those volumes. The whole undertaking, stupendous as it was, was for him a labour of love. For he had in him an innate love for "the people's tongue," an affection for the unsophisticated rustic. This short reprint of a sketch of his life and work from the *Proceedings* of the British Academy, though brief on the biographical side, is thorough and painstaking in the enumeration of his innumerable contributions. Grierson laid the foundations of linguistic enquiry in India and brought to most modern Indian languages a consciousness of their own fecundity—no small contribution to the renascent literary activities of recent years. A valuable booklet whose attraction is enhanced by the fine photographic frontispiece.

V. M. I.

Citizen Tom Paine. By HOWARD FAST. (International Book House, Ltd., Bombay 1. Rs. 3/-)

He was a man who loved justice, fair play, mercy and brotherhood. In the symmetry of a leaf, in the star-spangled sky, in a sunset, he saw God. This he proclaimed to France in its darkest days of Terror. He was the inspiration behind every revolt. His words were a preamble to Revolutions. The Blue Print of any revolutionary ideology. Paine, sitting down by candle-light and filling up pages, was the first stage in any fight.

Common Sense, the *Crisis Papers*, and now the *Rights of Man;* that was himself, that was the brief, immortal spark; that turned empires upside down and gave man hope and brought him face to face with God.

It is this aspect of Paine—his power as a writer, that is most emphasized in this work and that gives the book unique value.

A citizen of the world—he had the same zest whether his mission placed him in France or America or England. He possessed nothing—a rag in his valise and a shirt on his back—although millions of his books were sold everywhere. He lived the life of a Sanyasi and seemed to follow—though unconsciously—the injunctions of the *Gita*.

That over 130 years after his death his words should have the ring of contemporary significance speaks for the eternal values which he was struggling to attain. His distinguishing quality was his avoidance of the inherent negativism of the political zealot. To this end he wrote his *Age of Reason* in which he proclaimed :—

I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I do not believe in the creed professed by any Church. My own mind is my own Church.

It lifts his entire aim and efforts above the ordinary plane and places them against a background of sublime, spiritual striving. The publishers deserve our thanks for placing this invaluable book before the Indian public.

R. K. NARAYAN

The Story of Manimekalai. By A. S. PANCHAPAKESA AYYAR. (K. V. Press, Book Depot, Vellore. As. 10)

With our variety of linguistic cultures it would be hardly possible for any one to study all of India's principal languages with a view to contacting the literature in each. The translations and summaries of classics in different tongues therefore bid fair to be made available to a wider audience through English. Shri Ayyar, who is himself the author of a large number of original works, has here retold in plain English prose with a short critical introduction the narrative of the well-known Tamil classical epic of the poet Sattan of the second century A. D. *Manimekalai* is one of the two earliest and greatest Tamil epics and Shri Ayyar has earned the gratitude of all who do not know Tamil for giving them a brief—a rather too brief—acquaintance with the great work. The descriptive and philosophical portions, which are no small attraction in the original, have been excluded.

V. M. I.

Behind the Mud Walls. By FREDA BEDI. (The Unity Publishers, Lahore. Rs. 5/-)

Freda Bedi was born in England and educated at Oxford, but for the last ten years she has belonged by marriage to India. "There are deeper things than labels and colour and prejudice, and love is one of them." She does not feel, she tells us, even the least barrier or difference in essentials between herself and the country she has adopted. And India, too, has accepted her quite naturally. So now she belongs to India and is Indian.

To belong to India means also to belong to India's struggle and from the beginning Freda Bedi was acutely aware of the fact that she had some contribution to make in that struggle. So when, in course of time, there came a call from the Congress she was quite prepared to do what was required of her, and in 1941 she offered *satyagraha* and was sent to prison. Two chapters in this book tell the story of her arrest, trial and imprisonment.

But these political activities, important though they are, are not the main fruit of Freda Bedi's life in India. Throughout the articles collected in this book there is a deep awareness of what she herself describes as "the universalities of life." This is what India has given her, for this is what India gives to all who place but one small flower of love upon her altar. In the agony of loneliness before her arrest, in her experiences when travelling Third Class, in her love for the peasants and their music, in her excursions into Indian history, and on the day when her little son's pet bird died, she learned "to live a unity that overcomes words." She learned

> to be one with all living things, old trees and new flowers, the moving waters of the Dal, the monsoon wind lashing the leaves, the bullock labouring in the black earth, the peasant singing, the goat boy with his flock, the parrot in the prison wall.

These are the things that make up the real India behind the mud walls of her villages; and yet they are more than India, they are the universalities of life, speaking more forcibly than philosophy the old, old conviction that "Life is not slain. Never the spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to be never."

IRENE R. RAY

Life's Shadows. Vol. II. *A Daughter's Shadow.* By KUMARA GURU. (Higginbotham's, Madras. As. 14)

The story is told here of a well-intentioned middle-class Hindu who trains his three daughters at considerable self-sacrifice only to find himself frustrated in his idealistic expectations of them. The narrative is set against the background of *King Lear* and Balzac's *Le Père Goriot.* The analogy is more ambitious than just, firstly, because the narrative, though good, lacks the universal dimensions of the two masterpieces, and, secondly, the daughters in this case hardly, if at all, have had occasion to know what is expected of them. If the old man feels that his life has been wasted, therefore, it is more because of his own idealistic outlook than because of anything specifically wrong in the daughters. However that may be, the author looks into a Hindu family with a critical insight which yields many valuable observations.

V. M. INAMDAR

Tomorrow Is Ours! By KHWAJA AHMAD ABBAS. (Popular Book Depot, Lamington Road, Bombay 7. Rs. 4/8)

Ahmad Abbas has the advantage that a journalist should possess, an easy flow of language. His latest book is a novel of the India of today. The story is one which has been told us often in one form or another by the Indian screen—of marriage between two people who are educated and have a greater measure of freedom than their parents had. They marry for love but the marriage breaks up because of the conflicts it creates between modern youth and the old conservative outlook, bound to the ancient traditions of caste and religion.

The background is provided by the occasional drifting of one or the other of the characters into the political or social and economic problems of the masses. I use the word "drift" because the people in the story do not seem to be the product of this background. They appear to be strangers who drift in and out of the fabric that is India.

Parvati, the heroine, is a medical student but suddenly finds herself a dancer. She meets Srikant, a young doctor who has just returned from his studies abroad. They fall in love and marry. Srikant takes his wife to his home where the mother, shocked by his marriage to a dancer, gives the new daughter-in-law a cold welcome. India's poverty and unjust social conditions are depicted when Parvati, made unhappy by the mother's opposition, walks out of the house one evening to the untouchable quarters of the village. Politics come in when Parvati meets Ajoy Bose and gets drawn into the People's Theatre Movement, not because she believes in it but because she is "not afraid to go alone with a stranger"! Modernism is shown by Parvati's offering herself to Ajoy with "a sense of exultation that comes from a fulfilment of duty"!

The poverty of the people, their sufferings, their sacrifices and their struggle for freedom are things which not only attract us but are our very existence. Our life today is a conflict in which the rigid family and the individual, poverty and the struggle for existence—our hatred of foreign domination and our love of freedom—our desire to contribute our might against Fascism and our inability to do so under present conditions all play their part. A story of the India of today must show this conflict in our life.

I welcome Ahmad Abbas's book and hope it will be widely read because there is deep feeling and sincerity about everything he writes. At the same time I consider it necessary to be as critical as possible because we expect much of him. I hope one day he will write a book which will interpret the present conflicts of India in transition and her struggle to a conception of life suited to the needs of today.

K. H.

The Tell-Tale Picture Gallery: Occult Stories. By H. P. BLAVATSKY and W. Q. JUDGE. (International Book House, Ltd., Bombay 1. Rs. 2/-)

The idea of making available to the public in book form a collection of stories that appeared during the lifetimes of the writers, in various theosophical journals, is a good one, but such a task needs a competent

editor who knows the subject-matter well. *The Tell-Tale Picture Gallery* suffers considerably from this deficiency, both in form and in material. For one thing, there is a violent contrast between the first half of the book, which contains stories by Blavatsky, with the second, which contains those of Judge. Whereas the former's are vital, clear-cut and convincing, the latter's tend to lose themselves in a Celtic Twilight. A clever editor would have blended the material in such a way that the tremendous difference in quality and form between the work of the two writers would not have been so startling.

In spite, however, of this formidable deficiency the book does hold one. Towards the end one grows very tired of Judge's ramblings, though he seems to resemble the earnest people who go round rather breathlessly telling one that they were Cleopatra or Socrates in former lives (no one ever seems to have been just a good, cultured citizen not recorded in history!). But no one, I think, can fail to be deeply impressed by the stories of Blavatsky. To one who has had genuine occult experiences they ring true because they are grounded in what one can only call "heavenly" psychology, in contrast with the worldly variety, reminiscent of the paintings of hell by Hieronymous Bosch and other medieval European artists, found in Judge's stories. Moreover the important truths they reveal grow like an idea out of the warp and woof of their texture and are not superimposed by the writer at the end. "The Ensouled Violin" comes very near to being *Grand Guignol*, but one feels that fundamentally it retains sufficient hold on the Faust tradition to remain convincing. It is certainly one of the most horrible, yet fascinating stories ever written. "Karmic Visions" have a fantastic air on the whole and would seem to be more the product of Blavatsky's imagination than of her experience. On the other hand "A Bewitched Life," while dealing with agonizing horrors, maintains throughout a rich, calm undertone established by the pure, enlightened Japanese Bonze priests. It is a never-to-be-forgotten story of great power and beauty.

In fact all of the Blavatsky stories in the book are very well worth reading from the view-points both of entertainment and instruction. They ought to be widely read by intelligent adults with fairly strong stomachs. Judge's stories, in spite of what has been said above, do achieve something of the atmosphere of ancient Ireland, the land of Judge's ancestors; but fundamentally they reveal the seemingly permanent inability of the bright-visioned Irish to distinguish between fact and fiction.

There can be no excuse for the enormous number of printer's errors in this book. Many of them are obviously due to the ignorance of the proof-readers. Also the general get-up of the book is poor, with a compromise between a stiff binding and a dust cover that is not very happy. It is to be hoped that if another edition is called for it will be edited by a suitable person, as there is much of value to be properly presented and commented on.

BANNING RICHARDSON

TIME, THE SIFTER

The critics need no pardon
For wasting hours and hours
Within the poet's garden
And beating down the flowers,
Since critics very often
Have hearts that take so long
To lose their pride and soften
Before the poet's song !

A poem is a jewel
Found in a world of men,
But there's something more than cruel
About the critic's pen ;—
The jewel almost ceases
To be a jewel, and
Breaks to a hundred pieces
Held in the critic's hand !

Yet, Poet ! you creator
Of gem on precious gem !
Time is a critic greater,
Wiser than all of them :

The critic's blames and praises
Are coloured paper-kites,
And Time, in scorn, erases
Each word the critic writes !

Light is discovered only
By light divine and bare,
So, Poet ! you are lonely
Because such light is rare !
No cloud on earth can dim it
Nor crooked shadows hurt :
And naught can ever limit
Your feet, horizon-girt.

The critic needs no pardon
For wasting hours and hours
In pulling down your garden
And tearing all its flowers !
Far swifter, ever swifter
Here, in this world of men,
Toils Time, the golden sifter,
Scorning the critic's pen !

Pratap Gardens, Dum Dum.
10th October, 1943

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE NEGROES AND THE WORLD"

The attitude of the American friend whom Mr. Clifford Bax quotes in his article under the above caption in THE ARYAN PATH for March does not fairly represent enlightened white opinion in the U. S. A. In answer to Mr. Bax's query whether the Negro was, on the whole, getting fair treatment in that country, this friend explained that the Negro must be underpaid in comparison with white men because, wholly lacking in ambition, he would otherwise not work. "When he has a little money in his pocket he stops work. And he won't start again until necessity drives."

The writer has, from childhood, known American Negroes—many American Negroes—and must repudiate this charge against a hard-working and long-suffering people. For one individual to whom this statement might

perhaps apply, there are thousands of industrious, capable Negro workers. As a generalisation, it is simply untrue, one more gratuitous insult added to grave, persistent injury of a minority race.

In their just over eighty years of freedom, the Negroes in the U. S. A. have made a most remarkable advance against odds which foreigners can hardly realise. Excuses are certainly needed for the economic exploitation of the Negro, for his general under-payment and exclusion from most higher-paying lines of work, for his being made to bear the brunt of any wide-spread unemployment because of preference given to white workers. But why fabricate excuses at the victims' expense?

As long as colour prejudice is rampant in the U. S. A. so long the Negro tenth of the population will doubtless be exploited, will be segregated, will be humiliated in a thousand ways. But let not white Americans add the sin of hypocrisy to that of injustice! The Negro is exploited, not because he is lazy and unambitious—the average Negro is neither—but *because he is a Negro*, and because his presence in the country, which is not of his choosing, offers a threat to white privilege. The more enlightened and socially sensitive white Americans admit the fact and deplore it. Mr. Bax was unfortunate in his choice of an informant.

And Mr. Bax, unwittingly, no doubt, falls short of justice in his own conservative evaluation of the American Negro's cultural contribution. The man who can play "Othello" with such distinction as to win from the American Academy of Arts and Letters its medal for the year, for good diction on the stage, is more than "an entertainer," more than "a voice of exceptional beauty," which is all Mr. Bax concedes to Paul Robeson. No one, certainly, who saw his performance in "The Emperor Jones" can ever forget it. The all-Negro cast of "Green Pastures" also gave an excellent account of themselves.

Marian Anderson's name should not be omitted when Negro singers are in question, or Dr. Robert Russa Moton's from any list of Negroes who have served their race. His work for better race relations was only less spectacular than the record of Booker Washington.

We dare not cross swords with Mr. Bax in literary criticism, but—Langston Hughes? And there are others we might name who have at least a creditable record in the field of letters. And surely no account of Negro cultural achievement is complete that omits the late Dr. George Washington Carver, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts and a research chemist of international fame, with literally hundreds of useful discoveries to his credit.

Bombay. E. M. HOUGH

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ *ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The highly controversial Sophia College affair furnished the occasion for an Indian pastor of Bombay to express his interesting views on Christian missions. The Rev. K. L. Shinde, of the Hume Memorial Church, attributes the common Indian prejudice against and ignorance about Christianity to

> foreign missionary activities, institutions or propaganda, the missionaries themselves being of the ruling race. There is very little Christianity in India, there is only churchianity, that is systems, administrations, disciplines, denominations, foreign money, property, power and rule, etc.

Erase these things, he demands, and Christianity will shine in its true light. The Rev. Mr. Shinde charges that

> owing to such foreign missions in India the pure and indigenous Indian Church has but little existence or assertion, and the very weakness of this Church is concealed by the foreign missionaries, by their institutions, agents and money. The so-called Indian Church is ruled, dictated or overpowered by mission institutions and their administration and systems. We are called the Church of India, Burma and Ceylon but there is very little of India, Burma and Ceylon in it—the whole administration is controlled by foreign missionaries or their Agents.

Interesting in this connection is the charge of a "colour-blind" white writer in the 27th November issue of *The Pittsburgh Courier*, a Negro American weekly newspaper, that the clergy, more than any other group, "are responsible for the persistence of Jim Crow-ism in the U. S. A." It is common knowledge that for many years the clergy in the Southern States upheld the institution of slavery, claiming spiritual support for that insult to the divinity in man! Even today the clergy, Mr. Ted Le Berthon charges,

> by permitting segregation within a House of God or even refusing Negroes admittance... shockingly misrepresent Christianity.... They foster superiority when Christ taught that we should be meek and humble of heart and to love all as our brothers.

Those familiar with the persistence of caste distinctions among Indian Christians will not be surprised at Christians in U. S. A. condoning colour discrimination. *The Guardian* reported several years ago the disgraceful demonstration staged at Chetpat on 1st March 1936 by over 10,000 Christians, mostly caste Catholics, against allowing Adi-Dravida Catholics to participate in dragging in procession the car of "Our Lady." To be sure, the proposal to let down the bars had come from the local priest with archiepiscopal sanction, but the distinction had already been tolerated so long that the caste Catholics could assail the innovation as an infringement of their "immemorial rights"! Castes are claimed to exist among Protestant Christians as well. A memorandum to the Governor of Madras, quoted in *The*

Hindu of 25th March in the same year, mentioned that

> in one and the same village one caste had an exclusive church for itself, while the Depressed Class Christians had a different one.

Wherein is that condition an improvement on separate churches for Negroes throughout the Southern U. S. A.?

An Institute of Ethnic Democracy is proposed, in the Autumn 1943 issue of *Common Ground*, by John Collier and Saul K. Padover. Convinced that race and minority questions are a basic issue they "are impressed by the tragic failure of the democracies to face the 'race' issue domestically and internationally." The problem in the U. S. A. with its 13,000,000 Negroes is difficult and dangerous, the situation grave. They agree with Congresswoman Frances P. Bolton that "If we cannot change our attitude about race, we are going to bring upon the heads of our children...a cataclysm."

Already there have been disastrous race riots in several places. The proposed Institute would have among its functions research and the compiling of information on interracial relations, the education of public opinion on developments or plans in the ethnic field; the surveying of tension areas and the prevention of explosions by a programme of "democratic social engineering." The writers feel that Government decree, in the present state of public opinion, could not accomplish much. "Systematic education and enlightenment probably offer the only real hope of ultimate success in this field."

In the same issue a clear-seeing white woman of Georgia in the Deep South, Lillian E. Smith, has the courage to analyse the mischief wrought by "keeping the black man in his place."

> In trying to shut the Negro race away from us, we have shut ourselves from the good, the creative, the human in life....It would be difficult to decide which character is maimed the more—the white or the Negro—after living a life in the southern framework of segregation.
>
> For the humiliation of the Negro is matched by the dull complacency of the white; Negro fear by white arrogance; hate by the cruel cheapening of human worth; ignorance by wilful hypocrisy and blindness. Every illiterate Negro shut off from schooling is matched by a white who deliberately shuts himself away from knowledge and honest thinking; every sensitive, loving, perceptive Negro's hurt is equalled by the aching conflict between conscience and culture which the civilized Southerner endures all his life.

It must be so, in a universe of law. The application is wider than to the Negro-white relations in the U. S. A.

The record of the Civilian Conservation Corps in the U. S. A. during its less than ten years of existence furnishes an object-lesson for other countries. Major John D. Guthrie describes it in the November *Scientific Monthly* as "the great adventure of American youth in the conservation of this country's resources."

The tangible value of the undertaking in improved natural resources is estimated in crores. It includes such items as hundreds of millions of young trees planted, millions of acres of farm lands benefited by erosion control and the rehabilitation of drainage ditches, over 100,000 miles of truck trails built and hundreds of new state parks developed.

But the intangible results are more. This effort, in which three million youths participated, represented a conservation not of physical resources only but also, and more important still, of idle youth. The programme indeed was drawn up partly to meet the threat which widespread unemployment offered to morale. From that point of view the programme is claimed to have been a brilliant success. The young men were doing a man's work on the land; it was healthful, out-of-doors labour; and it taught not only appreciation of the value of co-operation and of the dignity of labour. Proper work habits and proper work attitudes were learned and the realization was borne home to the CCC boys that what they were doing was for their country, for the good of the whole people. It was, in short, the finest kind of training in citizenship.

India has the youth-power and the national resources awaiting conservation and development. Such a programme may with profit be adapted to our conditions and if not now will be when India has the ordering of her own house.

Writing on "Democracy and the Theory of Knowledge" in the Autumn 1943 *Personalist*, Mr. Homer H. Dubs finds the philosophical foundation of democracy in the nature of knowledge itself, in the objective theory of truth and value. Since democracy presupposes a certain measure of general agreement among the members of a community, he argues, and since a subjective code of values would cut at the root of the necessary agreement, democracy would not be possible at all in the absence of an objective scale of values. The subjective code, promoting the individualist tendency, would end logically in autocracy and dictatorship. He goes a little further and observes that democracy presupposes not merely the objectivity of value but the objectivity of truth itself. If truth were not something objective, it would not be possible "for any large number of persons to criticize situations freely and yet reach any valid consensus of opinion." "If truth is made, not found, there would be approximately as many truths as individuals." No idealist would claim that truth is made! But truth and value may and do exist beyond the scientist's ken.

Obviously Mr. Dubs is weighed down by the limitations of a materialist science in his concept of the nature of knowledge and value.

If democracy needs a philosophical justification it is to be found not in the objectivity of value, but in the fundamental equality of human beings which in justice demands equality of opportunity for all. Democracy is a mode of state management which depends upon the consent of a maximum number of persons. It thrives not on dull uniformity but on difference of opinion. Mr. Dubs's conclusions seem more ambitious than his premises warrant.

On the 29th of February last a lecture on "Civilisation of Tomorrow" was delivered by Sophia Wadia in Baroda at the invitation of the State Department of Education. The Dewan Sahib, Sir V. T. Krishnamachariar, K. C. I. E., presided. The lecturer explained that the present world war is in reality a colossal world revolution in which all old values are being tested. Modern civilisation based on mechanism and militarism, both rooted in materialism, must perish and give place to a new era in which mere

brutal power and sham will go for nothing and only merit and nobility of character count. She differentiated between Culture and civilisation. The former is the Soul aspect of a nation and hence forever endures. The latter is but its mortal body. We have let the growth and development of the present civilisation dethrone its Soul or Culture and have thus lost our humanity. It is a return to humane behaviour that is needed. We must abandon the false view that life is mechanistic and see life as a progressive process through which man, the Thinker, is unfolding into an altruistic being. Such a perception will bring to us the vision splendid of the oneness of the human race and only then shall we fulfil our human destiny and prove brethren to one another. These principles are not impractical but give us a constructive basis for the solution of all our problems. This the lecturer illustrated by applying them specifically to agriculture, industrialism and education, with special reference to India and her future place in the comity of nations.

The Dewan Sahib in his closing remarks agreed to this being a world revolution and explained it as a struggle to abolish the old concept of the national state and to bring into being that of a universal mind. Quoting from Wendell Willkie's *One World* he recalled that Willkie had brought out how the world had shrunk so that in a few hours you could cover thousands of miles and wherever you went you found the same economic problems. But he agreed with the lecturer that we had to go deeper than the political and economic sides and that what was needed was to go back to spiritual values. He avoided the expression "religious values," because in this era of nations and states religion had become corrupted into creeds and sects, that divided instead of uniting. Those spiritual values underlay all religions. They had been formulated by all great thinkers and they could be summed up as: (1) what counted was the human personality (All human beings were personalities and the personality was essentially one everywhere); (2) the world was a playground for the human personality; and (3) the way of growth lay through disinterested service.

We protested in these columns in November 1943 against the distinction drawn against India in the relaxing of the U. S. A.'s discriminatory immigration laws in respect of China only among Asiatic peoples. It is well that public sentiment is being aroused in the North American Republic against the flagrant injustice. No less a paper than *The New York Times* came out on the 10th of February with an editorial entitled "Justice to India." It expresses gratification that the stigma upon China has been removed but reminds Americans that "another people, of India, is still subject to our taboo." "The removal of a mark justly offensive to their pride and self-respect" is urged, not merely on the ground of Indians' past and anticipated contributions to the war effort, but also as "a matter of justice and equality of treatment."

The opportunist argument is there, but we are grateful for a voice raised in India's behalf, though prompted by however mixed a motive. *The New York Times* demands:—

> Are Indians not entitled to ask, as they are asking, no longer to be excluded from entry in the United States and from American citizenship?...We have lifted the bars for the Chinese. We can afford to do the same for the Indians. We can't afford to do otherwise.

This enlargement of right, the Editor is at pains to make clear, is sought by Indians as a token. The yearly quota of immigrants from India would be about seventy-five. The decision that the U. S. A. can "afford" to right this wrong would seem to rest in part upon the small inconvenience involved. Should justice wait upon expediency?

THE ARYAN PATH

**Point out the "Way"—however dimly,
and lost among the host—as does the evening
star to those who tread their path in darkness.**
—*The Voice of the Silence*

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AN ARISTOCRACY OF THE MIND

It must be patent to the dullest wit that mankind in the mass has lost its bearings. We trudge on doggedly, describing circles in a wilderness that seems to have no end. Hardship, privations, misery are general today, but none the easier to bear for that. The wilderness with all its sufferings would be endurable if we were crossing it deliberately to find a Promised Land. But we have no such consolation; it was no lofty dream that beckoned us from the high-road of progress. We strayed aside lured by the *ignis-fatuus* of personal selfishness and national greed.

Major Sardar K. M. Panikkar, in the article that follows, points to a way out. It is an aristocracy of the mind for which he pleads, a co-operative effort today by the natural leaders of tomorrow—the intelligent youth of the world. "An Alliance of the *Élite*"—there is hope in the very words!

It should be easy for age to admit a failure now so obvious to all. It should not be too difficult to pocket pride and follow humbly on the trail that youth might blaze. But dare age altogether abdicate before its time? Is it fair to youth, born in the wilderness, to look to it alone to extricate itself and us from the pass to which our folly and our sins have brought us all?

What are the qualifications of youth for leadership? Youth is more cosmopolitan than age, more spontaneous, more generous, less hardened in its shell. But youth has other qualities to offset these. Youth cannot always tell fool-hardiness from courage, thrift from miserliness, caution from cowardice; and if the sympathies of youth are strong, so, often, are its passions too. Youth has learned fewer things that are not true than we have, but positively it is no wiser than the rest of us. And many of the world's educated youth, alas, have assimilated but too well the old harmful slogans, "Might is right," "My country, right or wrong," ideas of

race and cult superiority, ideas that have helped to bring us where we are today. We cannot blame them that they were apt pupils, but neither can we follow them unquestioningly.

A ship-captain these days could hardly lose his bearings, but if he did we may be sure he would not yield the helm to inexperienced hands while he sat back and wrung his own. No, he would turn to chart and compass and the starry map that Nature furnishes. Humanity is not without its charts; it needs primarily to study them. They are the great ideals put forward by all great teachers of the race; and those ideals and ideas are ever fresh, ever young. They can lead us out of the wilderness, truly; that leadership of youth perennial the world can wholly trust.

High ideals are more powerful than the materialism of this age or any age. But those ideals which can save us are dynamic, positive. The aim which Major Panikkar sets for his "Alliance of the *Élite*" is excellent—the prevention, at least for the future, of "the mental slavery which Power and Profit have enforced on the world." But can a negative aim, however good, give us the necessary impetus? Altruism, honour, courage, even-handed justice, human dignity—let the youthful intelligentsia and all men of good-will inscribe these on their banners to lead the world out of the wilderness and there can be no stopping their advance and ours. Dethrone expediency and selfishness as ruling motives and mental slavery will slink off with them into banishment.

But not all the *élite* are young. If our young men see visions, our old men too dream dreams. We need them both. Is it not true that the *élite* are such in terms, not of the body's youth or age, but of acceptance of such high ideals? Those most deserving of the name *Élite* are the great teachers of mankind and they are natural allies. In that sense an Alliance of the *Élite* there always is.

But there must be co-operation, too, among the rest, based on the recognition of such ideals and of our common brotherhood. Our common plight, our common sufferings, should teach us that, but even more the recognition of our common goal. A nebulous alliance there is now between right-thinking men and women everywhere, those in whom Tagore, in his *Creative Unity*, put his faith—the individuals all over the world who think clearly, feel nobly, and act rightly, thus becoming the channels of moral truth.

But the inadequacy of that intangible bond stands proven. Let us by all means have a formal Alliance of the *Élite*, both young and old, and let us not delay till it is formed to start the practice of the principles that, observed by all, would cause the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

AN ALLIANCE OF THE ELITE

[**Major Sardar K. M. Panikkar,** whom we are very glad to welcome to our columns, is no less well-known as a thoughtful student of affairs than as a Malayalam dramatist and poet of distinction. The subjects of his numerous works range from statecraft to mythological and historical dramas. Since 1927 he has been associated with the administration of the Indian States and in 1936 was elected to succeed the late Lord Birkenhead as a member of the International Diplomatic Academy of Paris. He is now the Foreign and Political Minister of Bikaner.—ED.]

The crisis through which the world is passing, the outward expression of which is the present catastrophic war, may be said to be due essentially to a failure of ideals. Whatever the other causes, one fact is clear—that in the period now coming to such a disastrous close, the intellectuals of the world—the *élite* of all countries—have been wholly ineffective in shaping the societies in which they lived, except to the extent that they subordinated their minds and faculties to the State, and thus became the instruments of other powers. This "Failure of the Clerics" to be true to their ideals of intellectual freedom and independence, and to the trust that is placed in them to serve humanity, is the great tragedy whose final scenes are now being acted in the theatres of war all over the world.

How far this subordination of the mind of the individual to the State, as embodying power, has been increasingly effective during the last four hundred years, may be seen if we consider the attitude of scientists and philosophers to their own calling. No less distinguished a scientist and thinker than Professor Bernal, in his recent book on the *Social Function of Science*, denies that there is anything which could be described as Pure Science, and holds the view that science's social function is to benefit the ruling classes of society; an extreme statement, no doubt, but one which reflects the experience of the last three hundred years, when scientists themselves have claimed to be the henchmen of the State.

The strange movement known as "Progressive Literature," which has found adherents among the young intellectuals, carries Professor Bernal's theory a stage further in the realm of creative art. According to this group, literature is not meant to reflect the ideals and aspirations of the individual, but is to be the willing handmaid of transient political fads.

No doubt, the enthusiasm of a generation may well reflect the ideals in vogue. Poets, in protest against the conditions of the interlude between the two wars, may legitimately give expression to their revolt by singing of the Spanish Revolution as an augury for a

better world, as Emile Carmmaerts, in an earlier generation, saw in the chimneys of factories a new civilisation, and sang of its glories. But *to subordinate the expression of human mind to the political needs of the time is, perhaps, the greatest betrayal that those who should be the intellectual leaders of their generation and the custodians of its future ideals can perpetrate.*

This subordination of the mind to the State is not a matter of today. The great misfortune in European history may be said to have begun when the Clerics, whose sacred duty it was to uphold the cause of humanity, began to forget their high calling and equated the welfare of the world with the greatness of the nations they served; when they claimed for each State what Hildebrand claimed for the Universal Church, the right to be considered the City of God. Father Joseph, fervently believing that the Kingdom of God in the world would be established only by the victory of France and by the greatness of the Bourbons, was the forerunner of Treitschke, who saw in the Prussian State the fulfilment of God's will, and of Lionel Curtis, who equates the *Civitas Dei* with the British Commonwealth. The American apologists, who speak of the still unfinished experiment, and the poet Yone Noguchi, who justified Japanese aggression on China as being for the benefit of humanity, and the communist hierarchs, who, while denying God, would establish His City on strictly Marxist lines, belong to the same species, intellectuals who have betrayed their trust to become the henchmen of Power.

If one of the main causes of the world's ills is this failure of the *élite* of the world to be true to their trust, in what way can we prevent its repetition and safeguard at least the future? The world that will emerge from this War, it is said, will be totally different. No doubt, there will be very great changes after the War. For one thing, the world will be poorer by the enormous destruction which the War has caused. There will be changes of political boundaries, a new set of grievances created, a new alignment of nations. But, will there be a fundamental change? Not unless the *élite* of the world unite, and decide to cast off the shackles which have bound their minds now for generations.

It is obvious that vested interests in all countries are preparing to entrench themselves, so that the world may be safe for them after the War, at least till the next Great War. While rendering lip service to the raising of the standards of the ordinary man, and to numerous kinds of freedoms to be established, the people in authority are thinking of a world in which their own groups will exercise even increased power.

In India, we have had a glimpse of the industrialists' millennium in the ten-thousand-crore scheme, an attempt to make India a replica of the Megalopolis of the New World.

In England, in spite of the Beveridge Report and the public agitation for a change in the basis of society, we have ample evidence of the desire to think in terms of more scientific exploitation of the Colonies, of an expanding export trade, of a re-establishment of industry on the old basis of competitive production for profit. The leaders of American opinion make no secret of the fact that they also think in terms of air bases circling the world, of more naval bases in the Pacific, of oil in the Middle East, not to speak of the export of capital to China and commercial penetration in India.

But, is this the kind of world that millions are fighting for? I can do no better than quote what a distinguished intellectual has said :—

The youth of the world is waiting for a new faith.... They have rejected our abstract slogans and hollow institutions in which old men gibber about freedom, democracy and culture. They don't want freedom, if it means freedom to exploit their fellowmen; they don't want democracy, if it means the ridiculous bagmen of Westminster; they don't want culture, if it means the intellectual dope of our academies and our Universities. They want to get rid of the profiteers and the advertising men, the petty tyrannical bureaucrats and the screaming journalists, the clubmen and the still too numerous flock of *rentiers* for ever cackling over their threatened nest eggs. They want a world that is morally clear and socially fresh, naturally productive and æsthetically beautiful. And they know they won't get it from any of the existing political systems. They hate fascism, they recoil from communism, and they despise democracy. They are groping towards a new faith, a new order, a new world.*

It may be granted that the youth of the world is mentally restive and is in no mood to go back to the conditions prevailing before the War. But, by merely groping towards a new world, they cannot reach it. By despising democracy, or feeling disgusted with the social order based on profit and power, they will not create a New Order. *In fact, the Old Order will not vanish of itself merely as a consequence of the War, and of the miseries that have resulted from it.* The walls of Jericho did not crumble of themselves, but awaited the blast of the trumpet, and the lesson is obvious that a social order, however rotten, cannot be replaced by a better one, unless a conscious effort is made.

As we have noticed, there is no lack of effort on the part of people who have interest in the continuance of the old state of things to refashion the world much as they know it, and to erect the future structure on the same shifting and dangerous foundations. Unless an equally intensive effort is made, not merely to see that there is no return to the past, but also to ensure better and more secure foundations being laid for a morally clean and socially just future, the world that emerges from

* Herbert Read in *Politics of the Unpolitical*.

the War will not be different in its essential features.

By whom is such an effort to be made, and what should be its immediate objective? Clearly, the effort has to be by the intelligent youth of all nations. The future is for them to live in. It is their primary concern to see that there is no return to the *status quo ante bellum*. The youth of the world think alike in all countries. Their ambitions and aspirations, though expressed in different languages, are the same. Though it is they who fight and suffer the miseries of this savage war, they are the people least touched by national antagonisms. They are fighting in all countries in the hope of creating a better world, for abstract things, moved by noble instincts, without enmity or hatred. It is for them to act.

What should be the immediate objective of their effort? There can be no doubt that the first thing required is to free the mind of the intellectual leaders from its subordination to the State. The conquest of the clerics, which the State achieved, has to be undone, and that is possible only if the worship of national egoism ceases to be the accepted religion, enthroned in majesty in every country. The history of every country is an unabashed pæan of glory to national selfishness, an exaltation of every act, however treacherous and immoral, done in the furtherance of that selfishness. So long as youth is saturated with this sense of the glory of the State, there can be no freedom of the mind.

The suppression of intellectual freedom has been a very subtle process in the modern State. When one considers what enormous power and opportunity the control of education gives to the State, one is not surprised to find the regimentation of opinion which is so characteristic of the modern world. It was Fichte who discovered this new method of enforcing intellectual slavery, but it must be admitted that, since then, the principle has been extended to its logical limits equally in fascist, liberal, communist and democratic countries. With the machinery not only of the schools, but also of the radio, the cinema and the newspapers, under the control either of the State or of the classes to whom the State has come to mean power and profit, a reconquest of the freedom of the mind has become well-nigh impossible. Perhaps, at no time in world history has there been such deliberate effort to exclude "dangerous thoughts," or to shape the mind of youth in a manner suited to the classes in authority.

The liberation of the mind from bondage is, therefore, no easy task, and no mere groping towards a new ideal will help to achieve that result. What is required is that such minds as have by their own efforts liberated themselves should be banded together to form an "Alliance of the Élite" with the avowed object of preventing

at least for the future the mental slavery which Profit and Power have enforced on the world in the past. If an alliance of this nature can be brought into existence, it can give shape to the vague ideals and the uncertain gropings which characterise the mental unrest of youth, and can create out of it a new faith. Otherwise, the world will slip back, after announcing a few more "Freedoms," each succeeding one being less practicable than its predecessors, and making a spate of declarations about Permanent Peace and abolition of war as an instrument of policy.

Is such a movement possible? There is no reason to think that it is not. In spite of every effort at regimentation, there are still men and women in every country who have emancipated their minds from bondage and are able to think and work for mankind as a whole. No doubt, these are weighed down now by a sense of frustration and of helplessness. But, if an opportunity is offered, the strength which the suppressed intelligentsia will gather by their unity, will be sufficient to ensure at least a reasonable measure of success. Perhaps, the slogan for such a new movement, since the present is a time of slogans, may well be:—

Intellectuals of the World unite; you have nothing to lose but your brains.

K. M. PANIKKAR

KOREA

Liberty was in the air at the end of the last world war. Liberty and national aspirations dared to raise their voice in subjugated Korea in 1919-20 in that most moving document, the Korean Declaration of Independence. But Korea's master was then one of the "victorious" Allies; the Korean patriots' brave and confident appeal to right and justice fell upon deaf ears. The movement for freedom was put down, it is reported, ruthlessly.

Korea was promised independence at Cairo, last November, by the United States, China and Great Britain. With Japan now in the enemy camp there is ground for hope that Allied victory will really mean the restoration of Korean independence.

Public opinion is being aroused in the U. S. A. The American Council, Institute of Pacific Relations, has issued a bibliography *Korea for the Koreans* which is available for 15 cents from its Office (1 East 54th Street, New York 22). The East and West Association sponsored a meeting in New York on the 16th of February to acquaint Americans with Korea's 25 million people, her contributions to culture and the dauntless spirit of her modern sons. This last no reader of their Declaration of Independence could deny. Its authors looked for protection to "the common conscience of mankind." They looked, alas, in vain. But they offered a prescription in that Declaration that the makers of the peace should bear in mind:—

> Our concern is to mend the Present,—not to weep over the sleeping past. Today it is our task to reconstruct ourselves, not to destroy others...in reasonableness and kindness to rectify the old mistakes with the principle of opening a new and friendly world where sympathy and justice rule.

WAR, JUSTICE AND THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

[**Dr. John Laird,** Regius Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Aberdeen and the author of numerous philosophical works, touches here on some of the problems of international collaboration, on which world peace must ultimately rest. He sees hope, as we do, in the fact that "most human beings, and most bodies of human beings, are quite appreciably though very imperfectly idealistic." It is in cultivating their "taste for justice and for humanity" that the world's best hope lies.—Ed.]

Wars are fought to obtain a settlement. They are seldom wars of extermination—although that too would be a settlement—and, for the most part, are designed to secure the co-operation of the vanquished upon the victor's terms. If there is no victor, there is a weary and wounded concordat of groups that no longer have any stomach for fighting.

Consequently there are senses in which even wars need not be wholly unbrotherly. Quarrelsome brothers may still be brothers during the struggle as well as after it. That is not a pretty aspect of brotherliness but, like most human things, need not be immedicably vile. Plainly, however, a brotherhood of fratricides is not what is usually meant by a human brotherhood. The evils of organised violence in war are so prodigious, especially if the belligerents are strong and fairly well matched, that few other evils are comparable with them. Men will be very bad brothers indeed if they do not set themselves seriously to diminish the use of violence for settling their differences.

I say to "diminish," not to "abolish." There is no likelihood that man, a fighting animal, will ever voluntarily forgo the use of violence all over the world, or that bands of resolute men will forever renounce organised violence; and a very few wolves are enough to scatter the sheep. Even a very extensive change of heart on the part of the human species will not alter these fundamental facts.

Within political communities, however, there is a device which works fairly well. In its most developed form, this device entails that the government has the monopoly of the most serious forms of violence and, having no effective competitors in this respect, succeeds in keeping the peace within its borders. Armed itself, it disarms its citizens.

In my opinion, there is little chance of world-peace unless the same device is adopted by the several political communities of the world. They must institute, and become the subjects of, a supernational world government, just as

(or much as) private men have to do in the political bodies to which they belong. Unfortunately, however, the political bodies of the present age, mostly calling themselves "nations," are not disposed to accept this device, and attempt instead to form an international league whose continuing unity is always suspect, a league, moreover, which, up to the present, has been very much less than world-wide. The least sombre of the present hopes for humanity in this kind is that some such league, unchallengeable in its power, will function as a supernational body, or do so in large measure, even if its foundations, ultimately, are very shaky indeed.

Belligerents commonly profess to have justice (as well as self-interest, determination, skill and resources) on their side, they are often sincere in this profession of "*Dieu et mon droit*" and some of their professions of righteous aims would be endorsed by an impartial spectator. During the struggle, however, they themselves are not mere spectators and are seldom impartial. The best they can claim is "Justice; but on our terms" and such a maxim, to speak mildly, has flaws in it.

In a sense, every government, having ultimate responsibility and the ultimate power of coercion, has to say something similar. There is, however, a vast difference between a belligerent government, and a government in times of peace and security. A belligerent government lives or perishes by the sword, that is, by the *drawn* sword. In time of peace a government *requires* the sword, but prefers it to be sheathed and is very unfortunate if it has often to draw the sword in order to quell civil disturbance or if it has even to rattle the sword very often for that purpose. Accordingly the professions of nearly every government in time of peace, to the effect that the main object of their rule is the welfare of the community they govern (including that inter-personal or relational welfare which is colloquially described as "a fair deal"), are likely to be better based than similar professions made during the anguish of conflict. The latter too often resemble a moral tonic invariably prescribed for the condition. The former can afford greater deliberation and closer criticism.

Even if it were invariably true that governments, in their peace-time professions, are seldom impartial and never selfless, the conditions implicit in their station would strongly suggest the advisability—to put it no higher—of the reality as well as of the show of justice, and of a genuine and effective attempt to increase the welfare of their subjects. The more they succeed in inducing the willing co-operation of their subjects the stronger they are. They have the less need for squandering their strength upon the violent domination of sullen or actively hostile subjects.

What holds intra-communally in this way would also hold of a super-communal government *vis-à-vis* the

communities which it governs. As we have seen, the best hope for humanity is either a supernational government or, failing that, an international government of the world functioning supernationally and with ample resources to keep the peace against every challenge. Such a government, just as in the case of the political government of any particular peaceful community, is more likely than any other to seek justice and promote welfare in the human world. And for the reasons already stated. It would neither be infallible nor in all senses disinterested, but it need not be unbrotherly, and even if it were selfish would be selfish in an unenlightened way if it sought its own gain at the expense of others. Moreover, most human beings, and most bodies of human beings, are quite appreciably although very imperfectly idealistic. They have a taste if not a hunger for justice and for humanity. This holds even of governments. If it be said that those who have the power will always seize the loot, the answer is that things need not happen so. If they did, the military forces in every community, since they have the power, would grab all that could be grabbed. This has sometimes happened but usually it does not happen. The soldiers, sailors and airmen may even be very poorly paid.

I have spoken of a supernational world-order on the assumption that the day of city-states or of tribal communities is past and has been replaced by an era of large political bodies often described as "nations." Such nations, if maritime, may spread themselves all over the earth but they always have at least a historical motherland, and the kernel of their nationality is always the will to unity in a political, *i. e.*, in a self-governing sense. Obviously a nation-state which expands either by land or by sea, as all sizable contemporary "nations" have done, is likely to have within its boundaries considerable bodies of people whose will or at least whose memory is opposed to such inclusion, if not actively, then sentimentally. That is bound to happen unless the expanding nation assimilates what it occupies. Such assimilation is impossible if European nations expand into Asia or into Africa, and it is very imperfect within Europe itself. Again "national" aspirations may be and are cherished by bodies of people who, whether or not they are possessed of nominal political independence, do not have the resources to be even approximately equal partners, in any effective sense, in a world-brotherhood of "nations."

Hence "justice" to nationalistic aspirations is and must remain enigmatic in its applications. "Nations" are seldom natural units. Latvia and Lebanon could not reasonably expect to be equal world partners with the United States. That would be true even if Latvia and Lebanon were internally completely united in their desire for "national" independence. In many small "na-

tions," such as Scotland or Yugoslavia, such internal unanimity does not exist. Political self-government is a function both of wishes and of capacity. Justice must give heed to both.

The relevant capacity is largely economic. To be sure, human brotherhood is not simply or chiefly a cupboard brotherhood but it would be very unbrotherly as well as very unjust to be indifferent to human standards of living, to famine, to drudgery, to squalor, in other words to neglect the economic requirements of human welfare.

When Europeans give their minds to such questions, they usually say something like this: The world has become a single economic unit. Men live by exploiting the resources of nature, and, what is more, by co-operation in this enterprise. What is imperative, therefore, is collaboration on a world scale. With such collaboration there can be comfort, mobility and even leisure for all. Without it there will be penury, stagnation and futile drudgery.

The presupposition of this view is that the requirements of the European type of industrialism dominate the entire globe. This should not be naïvely assumed. *Prima facie* it would not be unreasonable to hold that if Europeans must have tin from Malaya, the most they should ask for is permission to mine it by the sweat of their own European backs; and that the East might logically accept the benefits of European methods of sanitation and of irrigation without in addition becoming a mere cog in a vast industrial world-machine. On the other hand, co-operation is an idle vacuity if it does not imply general accommodation to the facts of the case, the said facts, in this instance, being simply human skill in transforming natural resources into serviceable commodities. Within any given community, a man who sticks to his grandfather's methods when far more efficient methods have been discovered is more of a nuisance than helpful or brotherly. The same holds of communities. No doubt, although the human brothers should unite to exploit the earth, they should not exploit one another. So far they have failed signally and notoriously to respect the latter maxim. Accommodation to new methods, however, is not, as such, exploitation, even if it is rather reluctantly secured.

Economics, however important it may be, is not co-extensive with human life, or even with good citizenship. I shall end this brief discussion with a few remarks about justice and human brotherhood with respect, firstly, to political citizenship, secondly to "life" in its widest sense.

It is sometimes held that there can be no stable world-order unless the political world pattern is faithfully copied in each particular political community. If the nations of the world united to establish a supernational world-order, such a world-order would closely resemble a

democracy. Therefore, it is said, each constituent nation should adopt a democratic order.

This consequence does not seem to follow. Certain despotic governments, it is true, certain types of militarism masquerading as politics, certain theocracies could not unite, except sullenly and dangerously, with other nations with a view to being ruled by the public opinion of the world. The exclusion of some polities on these grounds would therefore be necessary. It does not follow that all undemocratic communities should be excluded. In other words we need not hold that nations could not be good mixers in a supernational world-state unless their internal political administration were democratic.

Lastly there is much in human life which is both extra-industrial and extra-political. Indeed industry and politics, in the last analysis, are means to such wider ends. The Greeks used to ask whether the virtue of the good citizen and the virtue of the good man were one and the same. It is plain that they would not be identical, even if political arrangements were ideal. If there is anything distinctive and also valuable in the ethos of any body of men, whatever its political status and whatever its industrial efficiency, it is unbrotherly to neglect or to stifle that ethos even if its preservation hampers industry and aggravates political difficulties. Like every other claim, that is one obligation among others. It is not always paramount or ever quite untouchable. But it may be the strongest claim of all both in justice and in respect of humane brotherly charity.

JOHN LAIRD

DEMOCRACY DEFEATING ITSELF

[This plea of **Shri V. M. Inamdar, M. A.,** on behalf of the disinherited "coloured people" in the U. S. A. is timely and thought-provoking. The Negro situation in the U. S. A. is but one aspect of the larger problem of race prejudice throughout the world. The will to justice and the recognition of our common humanity offer the only hope of its solution.—ED.]

I, too, sing America
I am the darker brother
I, too, am America.

So sings the American Negro with a fervour all his own. He sings pathetically and truly. His song sums up his tragic history and voices forth the innate aspiration of a whole people. Can we not read in those lines the record of long laborious centuries of serfdom by whose sweat and toil America rose to her present civilisation ? And when he claims "I, too, am America," the sufferings of generations of Negroes clamour for equality for their race.

Yet today, over seventy-five years after the formal grant of freedom, the Negro problem remains. The Negro's white brother disowns him and denies him in practice what the law of the land allows him in principle, denies him what common human feeling, above courts and codes, always and ever demands. And thus the American Negro leads today a life more or less socially disinherited for no more substantial a reason than a blind, unreasonable emotional prejudice. That is the reward which an honest and hard-working tenth of the population has got for all that it has done and does for America. The Negro works in field and factory, at all places where there is more work and little return for the worker, at all the jobs which the white man in his pride rejects in a selfish and hypocritical sense of dignity. The disability extends to every field of life, with the result that the Negro problem in America is a pathetic story of right denied and wrong enthroned with the sanction neither of law nor of reason but only of a false sense of superiority.

Today more than ever the Negroes have raised their voices in protest against injustice, along with the other suppressed peoples of the earth. Their cause has received increasing support in recent years among right-thinking people, but the war has brought the issue to a head. If people can be called upon to rise up in wrath against the Japanese, because of alleged unscrupulous cruelty and anti-white feeling, if people can be called upon to denounce Hitler and to fight Nazism because of the heresy of the Nordic master-race, there can be nothing to condone the treatment meted out to Negroes in America. It takes the wind out of the American declaration of the Four Freedoms and leaves it a slack sail, a meaningless slogan.

Thus the Negro problem has today

assumed an international aspect. Whether a people is exploited economically, politically, or otherwise, or whether it is hated because of the difference in the colour of its skin, the psychology that backs the exploitation and the prejudice is identical. Naturally, therefore, the Negro question has come to be aligned with the cause of the other oppressed nations of the world. A friendly granting of equality by the white races and their change of heart can save much future suffering but the way the democratic U. S. A. treats the Negroes and the blind alleys into which Western imperialism is driving the colonies and the dependencies tell a different tale and awaken different fears. Detroit is a danger signal for the future. And—sinister sign of the spread of the evil from the South, the former stronghold of slavery, where the Negro has been made to suffer most—Detroit is in the far North.

The discriminations and the denials, the daily hurts, insults and injustices with which the American Negro has to put up have thus become symbolical of the sufferings of a people held in bondage. Though technically free, the Negroes' life is surrounded on all sides by restrictions and barriers. Inside free democratic America there is another America which houses a sequestered and segregated tenth of the population strangled by every imaginable type of disability. In the free air of democracy the brown birds suffer a slow and regular suffocation.

It would hardly be possible to enumerate the ways in which these people suffer, for the poison has spread to every department of life. In industry as in education, in business as in finance, in civic rights as in social privilege, in legal protection as in political rights, discrimination works an utter denial not only of equality but even of the most ordinary of concessions which common decency would require. In certain parts of the country separate schools and parks and playgrounds, separate hospitals (sometimes provided by Negro initiative and effort), separate places of entertainment, separate residential areas, separate space on trains and buses are the order of the day. Neither money nor position, neither acknowledged talent nor public recognition can save the brown face from indignities. Cases are not few of the most distinguished of Negroes having had to suffer, for no fault of theirs, in most ignoble ways.

Not all America's enthusiastic appreciation of Richard Harrison's gifted histrionics could entitle him to travel through the South in anything but a Jim Crow car. The city that could shed ecstatic tears at Marian Anderson's songs would not allow her to spend a night in any "good" hotel or to be served in a "good" restaurant. The case of a Negro history scholar's having had to read the volumes he needed to consult in the men's wash-room of a public library or of the well-known author's, Richard Wright's, having

had, in order to borrow books, to impersonate a "boy" to some distinguished white gentleman are but stray instances of a sorry scheme that makes such occurrences matters of course.

That such a policy in the long run retards the progress of the nation as a whole does not prevent refusing to Negro children in many places adequate educational facilities—a factor which promotes juvenile offences and keeps down the standards of education in the whole of the land —or from keeping down wage scales for Negro workers, which kills labour initiative and business endeavour. That, in denying equality before the law to a section of the population, a rift in the whole legal machinery is being created is too readily ignored in pandering to irrational prejudice. That millions of Negroes even today are denied suffrage in practice constitutes in itself a virtual negation of democracy.

And all this against a people whose rise to a civilised awareness of life has been a remarkable sociological phenomenon of modern times! The American Negroes have achieved within eighty years what cost the white Americans centuries of groping effort. Today the Negro, through sheer dint of effort, industry and initiative can not only stand shoulder to shoulder with his white compatriot, despite restrictions on all sides, but can and does hold his own in the arts of music and entertainment. America dances to his folk tunes and wholeheartedly admires his histrionic talents. The story of Negro literature during the last seven decades is not less remarkable. The Negro's powers of endurance and his capacity for hard work have almost become proverbial. With wonderful adaptability has he gone up the rough road of modern civilisation. Placed in contact with a highly developed form of material culture —science, mechanical invention, hygiene, rapid communications and world trade—he has resurrected himself with astonishing alacrity from his erstwhile servitude. That is proof enough thrown in the face of his overbearing white companion to prove his competence to survive as an intelligent member of any modern society. That he has shown himself capable of this in the face of economic strangle-holds and social ostracism is warrant for a bright future should he be allowed a free hand. His has so far been an unfortunate tale of opportunity denied. Against the background of racial hatred and persecution his achievement gains a thousandfold.

A variety of reasons has been assigned to explain this strange complex of white behaviour. Psychologists believe that it is the expression of an aberration in the Anglo-Saxon psychological make-up which does not feel happy unless it can feel superior to someone else. To love himself the Anglo-Saxon needs to hate somebody! Economists have found the explanation in the economic submergence and educational backwardness of the Negro masses.

The historian has traced the perversity to the defeat which the landed aristocracy of the South suffered in the American Civil War. At the close of the war, some of the defeated slave-owners nursed a bitter hatred against the race they had owned in abject serfdom and the bitterness carefully handed down as a heritage has since been augmented by a false superiority complex.

An elaborate though curious philosophy of caste was evolved in justification of the treatment of the American Negro. In the days of slavery many preachers upheld the institution ; some debated if the Negro had a soul. Scientists tendered "proofs" that he was mentally and morally inferior and, to crown all, sophistry argued that since man was made in God's image and since God was not a Negro, the Negro could not be a man! Strange as all this might appear, it has the strangeness of truth, for it is a slice from almost contemporary world history. Stranger still are the explanations that continue to be offered. It is suggested—as for example in Mr. Clifford Bax's article in the March number of THE ARYAN PATH—that the Negro is by nature idle and unambitious, that only want can keep him active. It is needless to combat such an insinuation since the Negro history of the last three-quarters of a century disproves it at a stroke. To deny the Negro opportunity, position, power and responsibility and then to put him down as idle and unambitious is like denying freedom to a country and then telling it that its people are not yet ripe for freedom, without ever giving them a chance to prove their ripeness! But whether the anti-Negro feeling is a psychological complex or vengeful bitterness, there can be nothing to commend, much less to justify it. The wrong-doer has always something to say in self-justification. He never seems to care whether his hearer is convinced. His shelter is his mental arrogance and all of his attempted explanations turn out to be excuses that cannot condone the evil but only condemn him who puts them forth.

Today the Negro stands with the oppressed peoples of the world at the doors of a fretful future. Who knows how much faith he has in the war slogans of today? Naturally he is on the side of the democracies though it is at the tail-board of a democracy that he trails in the dust. Of one thing he is convinced and it is that blue-prints can usher in no sudden transformation or bring about the much-needed change of heart. The law has not helped him, inasmuch as tradition and prejudice have side-tracked law itself. He does not ask for much. He does not ask for what America cannot give. He asks for nothing more than a fair deal, nothing more than what one man can give his brother, nothing more than equality. He asks to be treated as a human being—a demand which itself is an indictment of those to whom it is addressed. He asks for liberty and peace and an

enriched life, free from want, oppression, violence, proscription, segregation. He wants, in short, democracy with the rest of his countrymen who deny him ordinary human treatment. He is convinced that the problem cannot be solved by any fiat from above but only by a fundamental change of attitude in recognition of brotherhood. If they who have toiled for centuries cannot be recognised by those for whom they have toiled, as members of a common family, nothing else can bring them together.

The suppression of the Negroes is a denial of *human* rights, morally unjust and politically retrogressive. One cannot expect the engine to run full speed with brakes on on one of the ten carriages. So there the Negroes are, this vital tenth of the American democracy, with their hopes and their aspirations, their sorrows and their sufferings. With such incongruous helotage in the heart of the Republic, American democracy defeats itself.

V. M. INAMDAR

SOLDIERS AND RELIGION

A challenge to orthodox complacency appears in *Harper's Magazine* for January 1944. Bernard Iddings Bell's open letter to the Churches "Before the Men March Home" has a message for the orthodox of other creeds as well. He quotes a chaplain as saying that if there are few atheists in shell-holes, as has been claimed, it is because these are few anywhere.

There are a lot of new would-be magicians in shell-holes though, asking desperately only that God do miracles for their benefit in the way of deflecting deadly missiles. If you call that religion, you can have it; but if religion means for a man to give his life to God and not merely to whine for God to give more life to him, the front changes very few men.

Organised religion is no longer so attractive to the more religious of the men in the services, Mr. Bell writes. "More often than not they are a little scornful of it." The churches seem to them, in retrospect,

> smothered by respectability and enervated by timidity...controlled (and the parsons too often) by small-bore laymen fearful lest the Church blow ardently upon the latent fires of spiritual and moral revolution....Nor do they see evidence of vitality enough in the churches to enable them effectively to stand for prevention of a revengeful and dishonest peace that the politicians are preparing to unload on the world....They do not believe that the churches really love God more than money or prestige, or that they have an intention to obey Jesus Christ.

"Soft parsons, padded pews, polite piety" receive deserved derision from those who have faced realities at the front. A moral and spiritual revolution is overdue.

If the Church has a first-rate variety of such revolution to offer, let the Church trot it out, or else forever hereafter hold a shameful peace.

WHY FAMINE IN INDIA?

[The serious and complicated character of India's economic problems is clearly brought out in this article by **Mr. John S. Hoyland.** It makes disheartening reading but the recognition of the seriousness of a disease may be a necessary first step towards a cure. That cure is certainly not beyond the power of enlightened and disinterested statesmanship, but drastic measures are required for drastic ills. Mr. Hoyland's article brings out most forcibly the dangers of further temporising.—ED.]

To those who are anxious to find out why it is that (as disclosed by a recent official report) there have been some two million famine-victims thronging the soup-kitchens in and around Calcutta who possess nothing in the world except the earthen platters on which they receive the rice-doles, it is pre-eminently necessary to read Sir Henry Maine's great book *Village Communities in East and West*. Maine was one of the most distinguished jurists who ever served the British in India. He wrote his book well over seventy years ago; but the diagnosis which it gives must be understood and taken into account if we are to comprehend what is happening to-day. He points out the extraordinary durability and survival-value of the primitive communal village, both in England and in India, and the benefits which it confers upon the population organized into such villages. The communal village had in his day been almost entirely destroyed in England by enclosing landlordism, which had appropriated the village common fields, and so had caused the rush to the new industrial cities. In India the landlordism and the individualist economy introduced by Cornwallis' Permanent Settlement in and around Bengal, and by the *raiatwari* system elsewhere, were destined to achieve the same destruction. In Maine's time this was not yet complete; but he saw perfectly clearly whither things were tending, and he gave a specially grave warning against the activities of the village moneylenders, backed by the operation of the British legal system in India.

It is to be noticed that the Indian communal village is an institution of extreme antiquity. The Greek philosopher Megasthenes, who accompanied Alexander the Great to India, speaks of these villages as "republics which are almost independent of any outside relations." Through the ages they endured, and enabled the Indian social economy to survive appalling shocks and sufferings, inflicted by invasion after invasion of savage foreigners. The villages were still in a healthy state when the British took over control of India, and were still performing numerous essential social functions, the distribution of the land in accordance with domestic need, the

communal fulfilment of agricultural duties such as the grazing of cattle, the taking in of new lands as these were needed and the guarding of crops, the communal shouldering of responsibility for the payment of taxes and the control of population-increase. The peasant knew himself to be more than a mere individual. He faced a world often bitterly hostile, strong in the membership he held in the village body-politic, and strong also in his assurance of his stake in the village lands.

When the communal village was destroyed in England in the eighteenth century, the displaced peasants had the new industrial towns to go to. The break-up of the village meant a tremendous increase in population, but this could be fed (though the adjustment of distribution took many decades) because of the new resources opened by industry. But when Cornwallis, and other members of the British governing class which had destroyed the communal village in England, proceeded—and with the best motives in the world, for they believed the communal village to be unproductive and an anachronism—to do the same in India, there was no vast growth of new industry to feed the immense population-increase inevitably released by the destruction of the village. The surplus population had to remain on the land, with the result that the new individual holdings, starting at roughly three acres of arable land per head of the population, were divided and subdivided as the generations passed until now, some hundred and fifty years later, there is little more than two-thirds of an acre per head. It is to be noticed, moreover, that as poverty has increased in this vast degree, so the generations have tended to pass more quickly, and the land therefore to be more frequently subdivided, and more heavily taxed between the periods of division; for it becomes urgent that the peasant should get his children off his hands at the first possible moment. Eleanor Rathbone's study has shown that there were some five million *more* child husbands and wives in 1931 than in 1921, in spite of the Sarda Act of the middle 'twenties which prohibited child-marriage!

Why is the destruction of the communal village, East or West, accompanied by a sudden and dangerous rise of population? The reasons are somewhat obscure, but they are certainly psychological. The peasant in the communal village, as we have said, is more than an individual. He is a responsible member of a social group, the village. He gets the help of his neighbours in many agricultural functions, which later, as an individual when the communal village has gone, he will have to perform for himself. He does not need so many children while the village endures; but when it is gone, with one minute field to be guarded from birds and deer three miles in that direction, and another two miles in that, and a third a mile over there, he needs

many children to help with the guarding. Moreover he is his own master now (except for the money-lender), and can have as many children as he likes, whereas in the old days to have more than one or two children meant outspoken criticism from neighbours who as fellow-members of the village polity would have to share the burden of their support. In England it was profitable for the new labouring class of the cities to have numerous children, because they could earn in the new factories and mines. In India it was unprofitable for the dispossessed villager to have numerous children, because it was increasingly hard to feed them from his constantly subdivided fields; but at the same time it was essential to have many of them, for otherwise those fields could never be worked. Thus, whilst in the West the murdering of the communal village meant in the long run not merely a great increase in population, but also a great growth of wealth through the new industry, in the East on the other hand the murdering of the communal village—carried through by the same governing class which accomplished that gigantic crime in the West, though for reasons of imperial efficiency rather than of personal profit—meant a great increase in population and therewith a vast growth in poverty.

The new imperial taxation, scientifically surveyed and apportioned, had to be paid by the new individualized peasantry in cash, and the cash went either through the landlord, in the *zemindari* provinces, or direct to Government in the *raiatwari* provinces. In either case, however, it had to be cash, and cash paid by the individual peasant (though indeed the communal village lingered on right up to the end of the nineteenth century in outlying districts paying the taxes in common). To get the cash the peasant must obviously sell his crops, and less obviously, but (as population increased) more and more frequently, his land or his children. Being now an individual, he must also have cash, or keep back some of his crop, to tide him over the three or four barren months when for climatic reasons he cannot work on the land. There are also more and more family festivals, often expensive, to be financed. As his holding is divided and subdivided, and his family grows larger, these things become more and more difficult. Sooner or later the point is inevitably reached at which he has to have recourse to the moneylender in order to get the cash. Once that step has been taken, it can hardly ever be retraced. It must be realized that the rural population is still, as regards the vast majority, illiterate. Being so, the peasants have no realization of what compound interest means; nor have they any means of checking the moneylender's accounts. When they go for the first loan, they deliver themselves over, helpless victims, to the tender mercies of a class whose mere existence in the

conditions under which they do exist proves them to be singularly exempt from tender mercies! As a Famine Charge Officer under Government, I myself have found moneylenders making loans at 150% per annum, and found also the starving peasantry eagerly accepting the loans on such terms. I arranged for one such case to be especially investigated by a chartered accountant, who assured me after doing so that if nothing were repaid—and it was very hard to see how, with his circumstances as they were, the peasant in question would ever be able to repay anything—the debt, which began at the equivalent of £4, would in seven and a half years amount to £4000! Interest is commonly extorted monthly, and very frequently indeed force is used for its extraction. The agents of such extortion are commonly Moslems of a peculiarly vicious class, even where the actual moneylenders are Hindus, though over large parts of India (especially Bengal) the moneylender is known generically as *Kabuli*, a word in which class-hatred, national hostility (Afghanistan has often been a bad neighbour to Hindu India) and religious animosities are concentrated. This fact must remind us that the terrible and increasing conflict between Hindus and Moslems, which so grievously threatens the future of India, is fundamentally economic in origin. It has its roots in the moneylending system.

It is not only the peasant who sooner or later goes inevitably to the moneylender. His cousin, the city mill-hand, does the same. In any time of food-scarcity there is a rush from the country to the city. Indigent people who either have no land or whose land (more commonly) is now so hopelessly subdivided as to be entirely incapable of supporting them, form the great majority of the migrants. They form an inexhaustible supply of unemployed labour in the city, whose existence incidentally depresses wages and makes organization of the workers appallingly difficult. They have heard of what seem high rates of pay in the city; but they find that they have to bribe Labour-Jobbers to get work, and have to continue to grease them suitably in order to retain it. The cost of living is far higher in the town than in the country. They have no security of any kind. They must have money, for living expenses and bribes. Too often, even if they get a job, they do not receive their first pay for seven weeks after they have started work. By that time they are hopelessly in debt to the Kabuli, who in innumerable instances seizes their whole pay as they come out of the mills on pay-day (I used to cycle daily past the gates of a great and immensely profitable mill where this happened), and merely allows them a miserable pittance of grain to keep body and soul together for the next month.

No wonder that when violence breaks out between Hindus and

Moslems, it is in these great mill cities that the worst excesses are committed against the Moslems. It must be realized also how rapidly these mill-cities are growing. In the last decennial period between the censuses Cawnpore doubled itself, Calcutta increased 85%, Jamshedpur 77%, and ten other cities over 50%. If Bombay increased only 28%, it was because it is built on a narrow island, and can only increase by going up into the air! The slum conditions in these vast new cities, with their mushroom rate of increase, baffle all description. In Bombay, for instance, recent figures declare that there are 15,000 rooms with over twenty inhabitants each! The health statistics, and especially the rates of infantile mortality, are such as might be expected under these conditions.

Those who have studied the report of the (Whitley) Royal Commission on Indian Labour and the subsequent history of the efforts after social improvement in India will realize that, in spite of the determined attempts that have been made to improve conditions, the mill-cities of India are the home of a vast system of debt-slavery which in many ways is worse than actual chattel-slavery; for under the latter system it is at least in the interest of the slaveholder to keep his slaves well fed and psychologically content, since he depends upon their labour and they are his own valuable property.

The situation in the country districts, where the great majority of the Indian people live, is similar. Once the process of indebtedness has begun, the prevailing rates of interest and the rapid growth of population make it inevitable that debts should swiftly increase. Before long the peasant finds himself compelled to take the whole of his crop, as it comes in, to the moneylender, who in innumerable cases has also become, by another inevitable process, the landowner. The peasant receives in return cash for the payment of his taxes and from time to time food for his family's consumption (he may also have clandestinely kept back some of his crop for this purpose, but moneylenders are hard to hoodwink over such things). He becomes, that is, a share-cropper of a peculiarly helpless type, for the share of the crop which he is allowed by the moneylender is a matter of the moneylender's grace, not of the peasant's right. He is a land-slave, again in a vicious system which seems to have all the vices—or almost all the vices—and none of the advantages of chattel-slavery.

Then comes some crisis (in this case the Japanese conquest of Burma) which sends food-prices rocketing. Who is to blame the moneylender if in the first place he makes his return-doles to the peasant smaller and smaller in accordance with rising prices (the peasant has normally, according to the moneylender's reckoning, an almost limitless sea of debt to be set against

such doles), and in the second place hangs on to his stocks of grain in hope of a further rise in prices? The Government fulminates, and rightly, that this is a man-made famine, and that the hoarder is responsible. So he is, though the Government does not yet recognize that the food-hoarder is the village moneylender rather than the actual cultivator. Meanwhile the famine grows, and more and more of the starving peasants leave the village in despair and flock to the nearest soup-kitchens. The famine will be broken for the time being, and is being broken, as food from outside is brought into the villages, whether by military or any other agency. But this is mere palliation. Such famine will recur, and will spread all over India, unless and until something is done to cut at the roots of the vicious land-system.

The Indian governments in the eight provinces between 1937 and 1939 showed that they had realized what is wrong. They began to put things right by limiting interest-rates, registering moneylenders, cancelling debts which had paid more than twice the principal in interest, establishing debt-conciliation boards, cancelling rent-increases and imprisonment for debt, putting an end to land-alienation to moneylenders, and above all by establishing village-councils in the attempt to recreate the communal village (lingering memories of which after all still endure in many parts of India). The history of those fruitful and strenuous years is full of hope that in the future an India free to act against the evil gnawing at her vitals may so act, courageously and wisely.

JOHN S. HOYLAND

BUDDHA'S FACE

A Face of light immobilised with love
But mobilising scattered rays of soul . . .
A mountain-poise no earthquakes ever move . . .
A drop merged in the deep beyond recall !

The soul reposes not in words nor songs,
For these can never cross the boundary
Of loneliness : no art can mend the wrongs
And greeds and wars of dark disharmony,

Nor heal with balms what lusts bring in their train,
(For Beauty, wafting echoes of Light's thrill,
Cannot redeem what life must mar or stain)
And so 'tis not to sound the soul would kneel,

But to a silence fecund with compassion,
Unique yet peopled with creative fires,
The Sleep beyond life's slumbers—stars' invasion
In phantom haunts of glittering masked desires.

Thou art a symbol of that voiceless Grace,
A living paradox no mind shall name :
In the world a call to what no world can guess,
In love a call to what no love may claim !

And yet the heart acclaims thee, thrilled, O Friend,
As a deep avatar of life and love :
Who shall appraise thy Face and will not bend
In awe to what no other face can prove ?

DILIP KUMAR ROY

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

PROCESS AND PURPOSE IN ART*

Many theories of the beautiful have been formulated in the past and, though several of them may contain elements of truth, none is altogether satisfactory. This is the reason why the æsthetic problem still remains an object of fresh research and study. There has recently been published in America a notable book which deals with most of the fundamental questions relating to it. It shows the author's wide knowledge of the literature on the subject, and also his close acquaintance with masterpieces in more than one of the fine arts. His approach to the problem is not merely æsthetic; it is also philosophical. He writes in the Preface:—

> For some years now I have hoped to understand art and beauty not merely in a way which would be consonant with my own appreciations, but also in a way which seemed to me philosophically satisfactory.

But the book is written in a much-condensed style, and a single page of it would easily "dilute" into half-a-dozen pages of an ordinary book on the subject. It consequently makes tough reading; but there is no question that a careful reader will derive from it much valuable insight into the nature of the æsthetic process—whether it be of creating beauty or of appreciating it. It is not possible, in a brief review like the present one, to do justice to its many merits. We shall therefore content ourselves with drawing attention to one important point in it, *viz.*, its view of æsthetic experience.

We shall indicate its main features best by contrasting it with what may be called the naïve view of æsthetic experience. The latter starts with an analysis of the work of art into elements which it takes to be distinctive of its beauty and describes æsthetic experience as a form of delight resulting from their contemplation. That is, æsthetic experience is assumed here to ensue upon the process of contemplating beauty. According to the present view, on the other hand, process and result together form a single whole and their separation is altogether unwarranted.

The distinction between the two views is vital. In the one case, æsthetic experience is the end to which the apprehension of beauty is the means. There is, no doubt, a causal connection between them; but otherwise they stand apart as antecedent and consequent. In the other case, that experience is conceived as a continuous process, of which means and end are but two phases. The only difference between them is that while in the first the creation or appreciation of beauty is in progress, in the second it is consummated. It is clear that, as thus conceived, means and end do not form a mere sequence, as in the other view, but are integral. In fact, the means itself is wrought up finally into the end, according to the present view. It is this unified whole of experience that constitutes æsthetic value here

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* *The Æsthetic Process.* By BERTRAM MORRIS. (Northwestern University Studies in the Humanities, No. 8. Evanston, Ill. $2.25)

and not mere delight. But delight is not excluded, for that experience, as æsthetic, necessarily involves a feeling of pleasure; only here it becomes an aspect of the value instead of being identified with it. That is, we seek art not merely for the pleasure it gives, but for the unique experience it brings.

The process of contemplation again is looked upon as active in this view, and not passive as in the other. That it is so is clear from the fact that the æsthetic attitude is critical. A competent spectator will instantly notice the least fault which may mar the excellence of a work of art. Those who regard the process as passive do so because they start, as we stated earlier, with a ready-made object of beauty and naturally assume that its distinctive features, already there, have merely to be apprehended for attaining the æsthetic end. Really, however, that end can be gained only through as much striving in the appreciation of art as in its creation. It implies that all great art involves a problematic situation, and that its true significance will be revealed to none who does not insightfully follow the development of that situation until its latent tensions and conflicts are fully and satisfyingly resolved. It is to this consummatory stage that the author gives the name of "beauty." He frequently speaks of art as process, and of its product as beauty. He means thereby, if we have rightly understood him, that, like other values, the æsthetic also becomes a value only when it is realised in one's own experience.

Students of Sanskrit will recognise here a striking resemblance to a theory that has dominated art criticism in India for over a thousand years. It is not necessary to enter into its technicalities to bring out the resemblance. It will suffice to refer to the significance of the title of "*rasa* theory" which is given to it. The word *rasa* primarily means "taste" or "savour," such as sweetness; and it has, by a metaphorical extension, been applied to æsthetic experience. The point of the metaphor is that both signify a process and that the process is, in neither, sundered from the result. If we neglect the almost infinitesimal time required to excite taste when a savoury thing is placed on the tongue, the process of tasting and the satisfaction that is its result are coincident. That is to say, experience is fulfilment in the one case as in the other. The metaphor has also a deeper implication. It points to the unity of æsthetic experience, however complex it may be, as also to its uniqueness for, when two or more tastes are properly blended, it is pointed out, the result is one single taste which surpasses all of them in its flavour. The appropriateness of selecting one of the "lower" senses, rather than the "higher," to typify æsthetic experience, is in the importance of the element of feeling in art for, as psychologists tell us, that element is at a maximum in them.

But, as may be expected from the widely remote circumstances in which the two theories have been developed, the resemblance is only partial; and there are more or less important differences between them. To refer briefly to only one of these: The *rasa* theory not only points to the general importance of feeling in art, which is universally admitted; it also signifies that primary emotions (*bhāva*), like love, fear and wonder, form the subject-

matter of art *par excellence*, provided their treatment by the artist satisfies the well-known æsthetic requirements such as lifting them above the personal level. Other things also have certainly a place in art, and there is no object, according to the Indian view, which is not potentially æsthetic. But, speaking in the main, their purpose is to subserve the portrayal of emotions. In the best art of India, it is this emotional theme that is depicted. In Kalidasa's *Śākuntalam*, for example, it is love (*śṛngāra*); and the secret of appeal in much of Indian music lies in the fact that it embodies the longing for God of passionately devout hearts. So far as we have been able to gather, the author of the work under review does not give the same paramount place to the emotions that Indian æstheticians do.

M. HIRIYANNA

THE CONCEPT OF RIGHT

Professor Gilson in *The Unity of Philosophical Experience* wrote that Hegel's dialectical justifications of war "are really and truly murderous ideas, and all the blood for which they are responsible has not yet been shed." And again :—

> When Fascism got the upper hand in Italy, Gentile's Hegelianism was fully justified in welcoming it in the name of Hegel's theory of the state....By saying that the state asserts its own autonomy in war, Gentile was merely repeating what we have seen to be the authentic Hegelian conception of the state.

Perhaps Professor Knox would think this exaggerated. But there can be no doubt that after the recent triumphs of totalitarianism Hegel's political philosophy has regained a topical interest and that a new and excellent translation is to be welcomed. The only complete English translation I know of, that of Professor Dyde (1896) is out of print, and I think Professor Knox does not allude to it. Dyde used the text of Gans (1833) and, like Gans, incorporated in the text certain "Additions" taken from pupils' notes of the lectures. Professor Knox has based himself on Hegel's own publication (1821) and corrections, collating these with Bolland (1902) and Lasson (1921); he has relegated the "Additions" to an appendix (73 pages) and added 78 pages of explanatory notes, without criticism.

It will be a pity if we do not take the opportunity of these scholarly labours to think over our democratic, pacific, libertarian and international ideals in the light of Hegel's grandiose totalitarianism, nationalism and militarism. But the difficulties of English readers are great. Not only is there the barbarous jargon, with its personification of abstractions like "subjectivity," (over which Professor Knox's introduction gives some help) and the hocus-pocus of the dialectic; an even greater barrier is the difference of what may be called the Prussian tone. In the country of Locke, Fox and Mill we all now pay lip-service to freedom of speech, of the press and of association; even to adult suffrage. We all admit international obligations and the

* *Hegel's Philosophy of Right.* Translated with notes by T. M. KNOX. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London. 21*s*.)

wickedness, stupidity and preventability of war. And when Hegel questions or denies all this, we are apt to smile and put it down to "German docility" or "the Prussian drill-sergeant." We forget "my country, right or wrong," our imperialist assumption that we are a race chosen for the mission of carrying the white man's burden and incidentally (in Hegel's envious phrase) of "possessing the wealth and commerce of the Indies." This is the proverbial "hypocrisy of Albion"; and Hegel's hypocrisy is of a different brand. He does not try to justify nationalism and absolutism morally. In the *Philosophy of Right* and the *Philosophy of History* (translated by Sibree) he sets the national state above morality. It has a divine right, it can do no wrong. And this, in spite of Bosanquet's attempt to acclimatise it, seems to us nonsense.

I suggest that those who feel that English and Germans are just different in these matters, and that mutual understanding is impossible, should reread Burke. Burke, perhaps because he was Irish, understood the English well, and influenced their politics as much as any one before Mill. And what in him was temperamental is just what Hegel has tried to systematise and rationalise. There is the same half-cynical, half-sentimental preference of tradition to reason, the same idealisation of the constitution under which each lived. Hegel's "cunning of the Idea," (by which states grew out of men's crimes) may well be a translation of Burke's "divine tactic," for Hegel was a close student of English politics. Both share what Professor Knox calls the "theological background" ("the Concept is his philosophical equivalent for the wisdom and so for the creative power of God"). But surely it is a pantheistic, un-Christian theology, even an idolatry. God's kingdom is held to be of this world; not within us, in our minds and consciences, but in Westminster or Potsdam, and to be fully realised in eternal and inevitable progress. Whatever is, is right.

E. F. CARRITT

MORAL THEOLOGY OF TODAY*

It is my profound conviction that we are standing today at a turning-point between two civilisations, one of those turning-points in history not unlike the first or second Christian century, the Renaissance or the seventeenth century in England. The transition from an individualist to a collectivist state of society is at hand.

The quotation is from Dr. Joseph Needham's collection of Essays and Addresses covering the years 1932 to 1942. The particular essay cited is on "Land, the Levellers, and the Virtuosi" and was first printed in 1935. but this passage may have been written in later for this collection, and undoubtedly represents the author's present attitude as a Marxist and a great admirer of the writings of Friedrich Engels. Probably his Marxism would be of the greatly modified order that Marxism has assumed in the U. S. S. R. if it came to a question of prac-

* *Time: The Refreshing River.* By JOSEPH NEEDHAM. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. London. 16s.)

tical politics, and, so far as it is possible to judge the trend of public opinion, he will find abundant backing when we come to the urgencies of post-war reconstruction. This shift towards the Left has, indeed, been so strongly in evidence during the last two years that even English land-owners have accepted, however reluctantly in some cases, the probability that some form of State Socialism is almost inevitable.

Having assumed that, we are naturally curious to know the kind of foundations upon which Dr. Needham's socialist state will be built, but, definite as he is in other relations, on this he seems more than a little indeterminate. In one essay he finds that "Communism and the Christian religion are... on the same side," confirming the opinion that the Archbishop of York recently expressed after his return from Russia. Against that, however, we must lay his statement that "No more shall we take Gautama and Plato for our guide, but rather those determined men who from Confucius to Marx were vehicles of the evolutionary process, working through them to implement the Promise occluded in the very beginning of our world." Finally in this connection may be added:—

> Where, then, is the moral theology of today? The only possible answer is that Communism provides the moral theology appropriate for our time. The fact that a doctrine of God is apparently absent from it is unimportant in this connection; what it does is to lay down the ideal rules for the relations between man and man, to affirm that the exploitation of one class by another is immoral, that national wars for markets are immoral [but not for other causes?]... that the private ownership of the means of production is immoral. It dares to take "the love of our neighbour" literally.

Now Dr. Needham is a man of abundant scholarship. He has read very widely and very intelligently. And what we should like to ask him in this relation is whether he can find in history any support for the belief that altered conditions have any effect upon individual morality. Is it possible, for instance, to cite a case in which such favourable circumstances as lack of oppression, freedom of thought, comparative equality of opportunity have provided "a moral theology"? Perhaps the nearest approach to an ideal system of property-holding was found among the Incas, but that was an effect and not a cause. Incidentally it seems likely that they were a declining race before they were destroyed by the horrible irruption of the Spaniards. And can we ever believe it possible that we shall "love our neighbour" at the injunction of the State? Moreover, is it not permissible to wonder why, in the U. S. S. R., the ideals of Leninism had to give place little by little to the present economic system? But Dr. Needham is primarily a scientist, and although in another essay he maintains that the scientist need not hold aloof from politics, he will inevitably carry over his principles into the social field. "The essence of science" is here defined as the "spirit of free enquiry," but the scope of that enquiry is confined within the limits of natural law, which means that it deals only with proximate and not with prime causes. And if an Utopia, some form of earthly paradise, could be achieved, mankind would degenerate to the level of the social hymenoptera. We may acknowledge the truth of Dr. Needham's conviction that we are in a state of "transition from an individualist to a collectivist state of society," but that in itself must prove a dead end, if we have no spiritual ambition other than that of serving the community. A people that can look forward no further than to physical death and is content with present ease, must decline into spiritual apathy.

J. D. BERESFORD

SOCIALISM IN THE MELTING-POT

Bombay's Socialist Ex-Mayor might well have taken as the text of this challenging study William Morris's wise reflection which he quotes in the course of it :—

> I pondered all these things and how men fight and lose the battle, and the thing they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat, and when it comes about it turns out not to be what they meant, and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name.

The upward progress of the race as of the individual is a series of progressive awakenings, each advance bringing with it the assurance that now, at last, the goal is within reach. Sooner or later it is found that the light towards which we had hastened was but a clearing in the forest, and not the edge of the woods as we had dreamed. Such are the implications of this honest stock-taking of socialist theories in the light of recent experience.

Mr. Masani shows how disappointing is the record of Social Democracy in England, France and Germany, with its weak betrayal of its opportunities. But the shadow that inexorably follows all human innovations lies darkest where the light of hope was brightest. Many saw in the great Russian experiment the promise of a world redeemed. It held indeed stupendous possibilities. It is not strange that socially sensitive men hailed it with an enthusiasm matched only by the bitterness and fear that it aroused in most upholders of the *status quo*. As Russia has swung ever nearer to the sorry norm, the bitterness and fear have died, but with them also died the hopes the great experiment had inspired.

Economic inequalities have grown; complete regimentation is maintained by espionage and violence; and a narrow nationalism with imperialist leanings has replaced the former international ideal. Despite spectacular achievements, Russia today is "neither *classless* nor *democratic* nor *international*," hence not socialist at all, but a "Managerial State." Mr. Masani is forced to the conclusion that nationalisation of industry leads only to a different form of exploitation if unaccompanied by political democracy.

Individual liberty also calls for special safeguards under a collectivised economy. It is over individual rights, Mr. Masani believes, that the hardest battles of the next fifty years are likely to be fought. "Who owns the State?" he recognises as "the question of questions."

If in "A False Dawn," the first of the two essays published in this book, Mr. Masani faces facts not easy for a former enthusiast to proclaim, the second essay, "A New Day," offers the reassurance that the ideal of social and economic justice has survived the shipwreck of the form. The hope of early victory has given place to a disinterested altruism. Mr. Masani writes :—

> To struggle for larger social aims, whether they are achievable in our own lifetime or not, is part of an evolved conception of living.

It is high time the Marxist assumption was challenged that "socialism can be realised by appealing to the

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* *Socialism Reconsidered*. By M. R. MASANI. (Padma Publications, Ltd., Sir Phirozeshah Mehta Road, Bombay. Re. 1/-)

collective selfishness of the working class and its collective hatred for the property-owning classes." Mr. Masani demands:—

> Can one ever get to a superior society based on co-operation and love by appealing to selfishness and hatred?

The methods of achieving socialism, he insists, should fit the end.

> This calls for a repudiation of the Communist slogan that "the end justifies the means."...Socialism can only be achieved by clean means and with clean hands.

The tools so far employed to realise the socialist ideal have proven their inadequacy except in the small, genuinely democratic Scandinavian countries, where, Mr. Masani concedes, further progress may perhaps be left with safety to the constitutional methods of the Social Democrats. Still, to capitulate either to old-type capitalism with its muddle, anarchy and waste or to totalitarianism would be, he recognises, "for the human spirit to accept defeat." He turns therefore to the search for better tools and therein makes his most constructive contribution.

The failure of the Communist experiment has roused a question whether the intelligence of the common man is equal to controlling a highly organised industrial State machine, or, as Mr. G. D. H. Cole put it a couple of years ago, to "maintaining effective democracy in any unit larger than a parish or urban district council." Mr. Masani believes it

> far more likely that a decentralised system of industry on a co-operative basis will result in the "free and equal society" of Lenin's dreams than a highly collectivised system of concentrated industry with its attendant dangers of bureaucracy and of totalitarian dictatorship.

He pins his hopes to "smaller territorial units of administration where there is less scope for regimentation and more for free co-operation." Such a decentralised economy is the ideal of Gandhiji, some of whose contributions to political thinking Mr. Masani commends to the study of socialists desiring to enrich their armoury. One of these is the weapon of mass civil resistance, clean and non-violent, which Mr. Masani finds particularly suited to a country "where the ballot box is not available and where bullets must be eschewed."

> The socialist has long argued that real democracy is impossible without socialism. Now Gandhiji points out that neither democracy nor socialism is possible in any but a non-violent society.

Gandhiji's trusteeship of wealth commends itself to Mr. Masani as a transition to a socialist society.

The socialist objective still remains that of "a free, democratic, classless and international society, where the ruling principle will be: 'From each according to his capacity, to each according to his needs.'" But if the failures of the last twenty-five years have taught any lesson in regard to means it is the necessity of the open mind, the fact that "dogmatism in respect of the institutional bases of society should give place to a willingness to experiment." And "failure," after all, as Henry Ford once wrote, "is only the opportunity to begin intelligently again."

This is a very valuable little book.

E. M. HOUGH

WARNING FROM ASIA *

Dr. Shridharani, a young Indian living in the United States, has already made a name for himself as an intelligent and energetic interpreter of his country. Both his earlier books, *War Without Violence*, an interpretation of the Gandhian philosophy of non-violence, and *My India, My America*—part autobiography and part political information—have been well-received by the American critics and public alike.

Warning to the West is a more topical, though by no means a superficial, essay. Addressed mainly to the people of Britain and America, it is a restatement of the case of the East against the West, dealt with not merely on a political plane, but against the background of deeper psychological and philosophical conflicts. Therein lies the value of this book, which is not only readable but thought-provoking.

Armed with an incisive analytical mind and an impressive array of facts, Shridharani traces the whole history of East-West relationship—the reopening of Japan to the West by Perry, the Western inroads in China, British rule in India, the ways of the white sahibs, "Missionaries: the Strange Allies of Imperialism," racial affronts from America, down to the fall of Singapore.

The whole of Asia has felt the irresistible pressure of western civilization. West arrived as a conqueror and, in doing so, inflicted a deep and grievous injury on the collective consciousness of Asia. The story that follows is a saga of West's victories in the East, and also of that reawakened Asia which is determined to drive out the western conqueror while it continues to cherish the western friend.

He pleads, therefore, not for superficial political concessions to the East.

Political action dictated by the exigencies of war will solve only a surface problem. A deeper conflict will remain which may disturb the peace, after it comes, or create another war when this one is over.

He warns that the centuries of bitterness and hostility between the East and the West can be changed into friendship by "nothing less than a revolution in the insular psychology of the western man." And yet his attitude is one of friendship to the Anglo-Saxon—"because I share with him a common cause"—and he quotes Buddha with telling effect: "Only a friend warns; the enemy strikes."

It is an admirable book and a distinct contribution to creating a better understanding between the East and the West. The correspondence between Tagore and Noguchi that is quoted in full and a devastating comparison between Cripps's views of 1939 and 1942 are used to good purpose. But Shridharani's thesis is weakened by two serious omissions. He makes no mention of the men and women of good-will—people like C. F. Andrews and the Rev. Mr. Sunderland, for instance—who, though born in the West, did cross over the racial barrier and extended the hand of friendship to the East. They might have been only a few individual idealists, but they did prove the possibility of breaking down the wall of prejudice between

* *Warning to the West.* By KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI. (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, and International Book House, Ltd., Bombay. Rs. 4/14)

the East and the West. Then, again, he fails (or is reluctant) to estimate the effect of the world-wide socialist movement and the establishment of the U. S. S. R. on East-West relations. After all, millions of Communists, Socialists, Anarchists and other radicals have not only accepted but openly advocated freedom, equality and the ending of colonial exploitation as the only basis for a new world order. The problems of colour, of race, of Asia *versus* Europe, of East *versus* West, *have* been successfully solved in the Soviet Union, and not to take this fact into consideration gives a rather distorted picture of the situation against a world background.

Finally, one might mention that it is rather naïve of Dr. Shridharani to view a global war (in which the Chinese, the different nationalities of the U.S.S.R., the Slavs, the Free French, the anti-Fascist Italians, the anti-Nazi Germans, the Abyssinians, are all on one side) purely in terms of the Anglo-Saxon powers fighting the Huns and the Japs. The issues of war, inevitably linked as they are with ideological and class conflicts, have already cut across racial lines and it is well to recognize this fact as a basis for the reorientation of East-West relations.

K. A. ABBAS

Comedy in Chains: A Novel of South India (1939-1941). By DENNIS GRAY STOLL. (Victor Gallancz, Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

One usually takes up a novel about India by a non-Indian writer with considerable prepossession if not actual suspicion. The Anglo-Indian literary tradition is responsible for that. But it does not take very long to realise that Mr. Stoll's sympathies move in the right direction and draw him to that small group of distinguished writers about India—Forster, Thompson and a few others—who have put their finger on the right point of throbbing life. It is probably possible, in the matter of detail, to quarrel with Mr. Stoll, but the perspective of his general approach to this story of a South Indian temple-girl in contact with a Eurasian doctor, is so profoundly correct that the reader hardly feels inclined to complain. Mr. Stoll must be quoted to be understood:—

> I've been about this country more than most, and I know that laws and armies aren't all that Indians think about. They don't seem so impressed with the forensic and military mind as they once were. Young India's highest aspiration is no longer to be a barrister or a subaltern. The novelty has worn off the law and the army. More Indians than we imagine are able to see beyond ordering and killing....

It is an English District Collector speaking to a hard-headed magistrate who believes in suppression. The Collector, unlike most of his kind, is open-minded.

> Now our people here talk democracy in a pigeon-tongue, partly Victorian, partly cast-off Yankee *clichés*. We fail to express ourselves in living terms that convince American and Indian democrats of our integrity. We clutter our declarations up with too many elderly phrases. Dominion Status, for instance, is anathema to Indians. It falls on their ears as a curse from devils. And yet we go on declaring it as our intention, promising it to Indians at some vague mystic date as though it were a will o' the wisp that they were after. They gave up chasing it years ago. To-day for them it is full democratic freedom or nothing....

That is Mr. Stoll, who gives us besides a number of characters we cannot soon forget.

V. M. INAMDAR

The Starlit Dome. By G. WILSON KNIGHT. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London. 16s.)

Mr. Wilson Knight quotes these words from Keats on the moon:—

> Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip
> Kissing dead things to life

and makes the following commentary:—

> See what a lot is there condensed: the mysterious levelling alteration irrespective of objects that moonlight performs; its strange ability to create a sacred and romantic glamour, rendering the inanimate mysteriously significant and vital; the use of kissing to saturate the statement with specifically romantic and erotic feeling; personification in "lip"; and concrete, sculptural weight in "silver." Keats loves the sculptural and also chariots, like Milton and the earliest and latest Shelley.

And concerning Keats's dictum—"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all ye know...." Mr. Knight explains the meaning in this way:—

> The fusion of the spatial and temporal which conditions what we call "beauty" is a penetration of essential being and therefore identical with "truth."

I choose the above quotations because they are of convenient length; but it would be more than easy to find similar commentary on almost any page of this long volume devoted to a study of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats.

There is nothing wrong or preposterous about these remarks. They are merely perfectly useless. It is true enough to say that those lines by Keats contain the numerated properties. But you could go on like that for ever about any two lines of poetry. Nothing is gained by putting good poetry into bad prose. And bad prose this is, terribly ugly, and dead as a door-nail. The whole book is written with the same complete absence of style. For lack of a better word we might call it professorese. This strange language consists in taking to pieces the living word and displaying the pieces to us with the assumption that this is Criticism. Or saying that one poet's passage is like another poet's passage: a habit in which Professor Knight surpasses himself, reaching the following sublime instance:—

> Moneta's eyes are strikingly described, visionless of "external things," seeing inwards into the depths of human personality. The blindness of Shirin in my own (unpublished) novel, *The Shadow of God*, is directly analogous.

The commentary concerning the meaning of Keats's famous dictum is all right if we happen to know the meaning beforehand. Keats meant that to be able to *see* Beauty is to be saved, that recognition *is* salvation; for Beauty by itself *creates* faith and answers our question. But who would have guessed this from Mr. Knight's remark!

Searching desperately for a *line* in his essay on Wordsworth I came on this which (for a moment) seemed to be saying something:—

> Wordsworth would isolate the poetic essence for awed inspection instead of using it. The cause lies in some rejection of the erotic instinct: for it is that instinct, and that alone, which seems to bar mankind from the full natural integration, of which it also, paradoxically, prompts the desire. Man's most obviously natural instinct is thus at once the main obstruction and highway to a naturalistic paradise. The confusion is tantalizing.

It is indeed.

At the conclusion of his study Mr. Knight says that all he hopes to do is

> to clear the ground for intelligent reading and rereading. It is the poets' or rather the poems' business to create the necessary experience. That is what poetry is for. But

this it cannot do whilst we remain impervious to its method.

It is impossible to squeeze any sense out of that last sentence: it could be made to mean anything or nothing. I can only conclude by saying that I have not tried to conceal my hostility to this book because I am perfectly certain that *its* method is the most harmful to the cause of poetry and the most likely to promote the worst form of unintelligent reading.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

The Russian Horizon. An Anthology. Compiled by N. GANGULEE, with a Foreword by H. G. WELLS. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 8s. 6*d*.)

It is more difficult now perhaps than ever to know the truth about Russia. Even Mr. Wells, who believes in scientific Utopias, qualifies the admiration and affection for Russia which he expresses in his Foreword to this volume with some downright criticism of the Communist Party. Much, too, of the unrestrained eulogy of Russia at present in fashion is dictated by war-fever and is even voiced by men who, until the war made it overwhelmingly expedient to declare otherwise, had denounced the Russian Social experiment as Satanic. What then are we to think? And does this anthology of passages from Russian writers from Pushkin to Mayakovsky and from foreign sympathisers, too, make it easier to decide? A little, perhaps, but not much. At the Pushkin Celebrations Dostoevsky said, "Our poor country will be the one which will give humanity a new word." And again Father Zossima in *The Brothers Karamazov* declared "Our people will shine forth in the world, and all men will say: 'The stone which the builders rejected has become the head stone of the corner.'" Fifty years later Frans Maseval in a *Message to the Communist Party* remarked,

> I think that today all men of good faith who have sufficient information about the Soviet Union must agree that it is in the U. S. S. R. that the social régime is being built which will assure to man a life more worthy, more human, more just: a life that will no longer permit the exploitation of man by man.

Certainly no man of good-will could do anything but hope that this may be so. But Father Zossima, I fancy, if he could see how his prophecy is working out might have considerable doubts. So indeed might Tolstoy who wrote in his Diary that "an economic Revolution not only may, but *must* come in Russia," but who also insisted that a revolution by violence could only in time result in the re-establishment of autocracy and servitude under another form. Such quotations from Tolstoy do not, of course, appear in this anthology. He may, too, have been wrong, though the course of the Russian revolution to the present day has not yet convincingly refuted him.

For many who believe that the success or failure of all experiments in living, social or individual, depends on the truth of the view of man's relation to the universe underlying them, the dialectical materialism upon which the Russian revolution has been based must seem a dubious and one-sided foundation. It has meant, for one thing, an uncritical surrender to the

machine processes which profit-seeking industrialism had elsewhere developed with so little concern for the men and women enslaved by them. Under the stresses of war, too, signs that revolutionary Russia was turning into a National State, not very different except in economic organisation from other powerful National States, have multiplied. This has been a great comfort to reactionary governments which can now point to the consecrating hand of the Greek Orthodox Church once more blessing the violence no longer directed against itself. *Plus ça change*, it might seem. But this anthology does move one to withhold that disillusioned verdict. The real revolution in the hearts and minds of men has yet to come. But in the Russian Soul as it shines through many of these excerpts there is something that inspires faith in Dostoevsky's prophecy. What they have done is a beginning of which it is impossible to foresee the end.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

The Wisdom of the Overself. By PAUL BRUNTON, PH. D. (E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., New York. $3.75)

This latest work of Dr. Paul Brunton is claimed to contain "the pith and essence of all the known and secret wisdom of the thinkers of the East concerning the Overself." The skill and care lavished by the publishers on the production of the book would almost seem to indicate that they believed the claim!

In sixteen chapters covering more than 450 closely printed pages, we are given an exposition of the chief ideas and principles of the Advaita system of our philosophy, but undergoing a change which is neither rich nor strange. The language of the book has the appearance of extreme scientific precision, because of a miscellaneous use of many modern terms derived from recent advances in psycho-analysis. But there is far too much of padding, of repetition, and a labouring of the obvious which might perhaps be gratefully welcome to those who are unacquainted with the outlines of Hindu thought. Thus, in the first fifty pages, we have an otiose explanation of the supremacy of a Cosmic Law of Karma which is summed up in a single Sanskrit quatrain, *viz.*, the nāndi slōka of Bhartrihari, the author of the *Satakās*.

Other curious features of the book are an amiable timidity which seeks to equate everything to everything else. Thus, all the religions of the world are passed in review, and each is praised for enunciating some principle or other which on examination is found to be not peculiar to itself alone. Though the Advaitic principle is emphasised from beginning to end, the author finds Dualism of all kinds equally satisfying. The Hindu concept of the perpetual flux between Purusha and Prakriti is stretched out to explain the problem of Evil in the world and how to overcome it. Even the Christian ideas of Grace and Salvation repose undisturbed by the side of the Hindu ideas of Siddhi and Mukti. Above all, frequent but vague references are made to a host of anonymous Asiatic and Oriental thinkers, and equally anonymous secret books, to enforce either obvious truths or truths for which there are definite authorities with us. In this way, many significant texts from our śrutis

as well as their classic interpretations by our Acharyas are quietly paraphrased in the author's own language. The impression is sedulously cultivated that the corpus or canon of Hindu thought is really of extra-Indian provenance. One feels too that the author must have read Sri Aurobindo's two volumes on the Divine Life. But there is no reference at all to him anywhere in the book.

The value of the book, particularly to Western readers, should lie, we think, in the methodical attempt to trace the links between the three states of consciousness, more tersely summed up in one of our own Upanishads. The author's concept of the Overself is our own idea of Brahman conceived of in its *nirguna* stage. But he coins a new term "Mentalism"—neither elegant nor adequate, we think—to account for all the phenomena of consciousness. More refined subdivisions of them are conveyed by our terms Chit, Jnana, and Buddhi.

In the final chapters, we have a series of hints on the practice of certain kinds of psycho-spiritual exercises which, in our tradition, are understood to be of full efficacy only when practised under the eye of a competent guru.

P. MAHADEVAN

Uṣāniruddha. A Prakrit Poem in Four Cantos. By RAMAPANIVADA; edited by PANDIT S. SUBRAMANYA SASTRI and DR. C. K. RAJA. (Adyar Library Series No. 42, Adyar, Madras. Rs. 3/8)

The Adyar Library, Madras, has contributed in no small way to the study of the best thought enshrined in Sanskrit, the language of the Gods, by the publication of numerous volumes pertaining to different branches of Sanskrit learning. It is, however, for the first time that a Prakrit work has been included in their valuable Series. The first canto deals with Uṣā's dream, Aniruddha's presence at the residence of Uṣā, its detection by her father Bāṇa, followed by Aniruddha's imprisonment, leading to Uṣā's grief. In the second canto the poet shows that Sri Kṛṣṇa, knowing the fate of his grandson Aniruddha, proceeds against Bāṇa. A battle ensues and Bāṇa's general is defeated. He capitulates and praises Srī Kṛṣṇa. In the third canto Bāṇa is shown as defeated, though he was helped by Siva. Bāṇa then praises Kṛṣṇa and gives his daughter Uṣā in marriage to Aniruddha. Kṛṣṇa then returns to his city, Dvārāvatī. The fourth canto ends in jubilation at Dvārāvatī and the subsequent honeymoon of the wedded couple.

Rāmapāṇivāda was a great scholar and poet at the courts of many kings in Malabar, including Ārya Śrīkaṇṭha Rāma Varma of Dr. Raja's family and King Mārtaṇḍa Varma of Travancore, who died in 1757-58 A.D. It is clear, therefore, that this poet flourished in the second and third quarters of the eighteenth century. Attempts have been made to identify him with a Malayalam poet Kuñcan Nambiar. In his scholarly introduction Dr. Raja refutes these attempts and concludes that Rāmapāṇivāda and Kuñcan are two distinct authors.

It is unfortunate that Pandit S. Subramanya Sastri, who completed the major part of the edition before leaving us, has not lived to see its completion. The edition is based on a palm-leaf

manuscript and also on a transcript in the Government Oriental Manuscripts Library, Madras. Without critical editions of Prakrit texts on the lines of the present edition no comprehensive history of Prakrit literature can be written. We have great pleasure, therefore, in welcoming the present edition and trust that the authorities of the Adyar Library will add many such editions to their illustrious Series before long.

Among scholars who have been engaged in bringing out critical editions of Prakrit texts side by side with their work on Sanskrit texts, mention must be made here of Dr. A. N. Upadhya of Kolhapur, who printed the text of this poem in 1941 in the *Journal of the Bombay University* (Vol. X). He has already edited critically certain Prakrit poems such as the *Kaṁsavaho* of Rāmapāṇivāda (1940), the *Soricariṭṭa* (1943) and others based on manuscripts discovered in the extreme South. From these works we get a fair idea of the form and tendencies of literary Prakrits as evolved in the closing period of their career and cultivated in the areas where the Dravidian languages are spoken. We hope, therefore, that Dr. Raja and his collaborators at the Adyar Library will leave no stone unturned in discovering rare Prakrit works from the South and will publish them in the valuable Adyar Library Series in the manner of the critical edition of *Uṣāniruddha*, which leaves nothing to be desired in the matter of careful editing and neat printing, features common to the other publications of the Series brought out from 1910 onwards.

P. K. GODE

The Yoga of Sri Aurobindo. Part Two. By NOLINI KANTA GUPTA. (Author, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. Re. 1/4)

Showing evolution, as the ancients did, as the return movement of an involutionary process, Sri Aurobindo's cosmic process is an awe-inspiring sweep of Consciousness downward into Matter and back again. It offers the corrective to the physicist's profoundly pessimistic dogma of irreversibility and entropy in Nature's processes. It claims a complementary upward drive of Nature, re-energisation and reintegration, more than counterbalancing the katabolic process.

Shri Gupta explains that the Consciousness latent, imprisoned in Matter, struggles to express itself and what we call Life results in the plant world; struggles again and a rudimentary animal psyche appears, "asks for a still more free and clear articulation" and self-conscious man appears upon the scene. And the higher reaches of consciousness beckon still. At each stage, when the lower level reaches a certain development, the next higher descends to lift it up, *e. g.*, "Life cannot produce Mind...unless it is seized on by Mind itself."

The concession of personality to the supreme Reality is a weakness in a system which has much of logic and of high idealism to commend it.

E. M. H.

Redeeming the Time. By JACQUES MARITAIN, translated by HARRY LORIN BINSSE. (Geoffrey Bles, The Centenary Press, London. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

M. Jacques Maritain is a thinker who commands the respect even of readers least able to share his assumptions and conclusions. Maritain believes, thinks and pleads as a loyal Roman Catholic and as a formidable proponent of the neo-Thomist philosophy deriving from the philosopher-saint, Thomas Aquinas. Constantly he guards himself —and the Church which stands behind him—against any possible misunderstanding his tolerance might evoke; but of that tolerance, prescriptive though it be, this volume is ample proof. Indeed he stretches Roman Catholic comprehensiveness and goodwill to the uttermost, as a faithful son of Mother Church who nevertheless finds in "the mystery of persons and of the divine presence within them" a sufficient ground for fellowship among men of differing creeds. Each must be true to the light that is within him, a light which may not be evaded. *Rapprochement* can come, he asserts, not through the straining of fidelity, nor through some easy syncretism uniting all forms of faith and worship in some "World's Fair Temple," but through mutual love in God and for God. A certain *community* of doctrine there must be but *identity* of doctrine, however ultimately desirable, there need not be.

Maritain looks for a fellowship of believers, not of beliefs, a fellowship of men who engage in common action for the upliftment of the world on the basis of brotherly love. In this connection he quotes approvingly some words of Gandhiji concerning the necessity of the law of the family in national and international affairs, and adds this, his own solemn warning:—

> If those very men who wear the insignia of the spirit allow their souls to become subject to those forces of destruction which desperately set evil against evil, and if they enlist religion—even, as some may say, in its own interest—in any undertaking whatever of domination and violence, I think that the disaster for civilisation will be irreparable. What is required of believers at the outset and before everything else, even in the struggles of this world, with all the harsh means they imply, is not to dominate but to serve. It is to preserve among men confidence in good-will, in the spirit of co-operation, in justice, in goodness, in pity for the weak and the outcast, in human dignity and in the power of truth.

The chapter entitled "Who Is My Neighbour?" from which this quotation is taken, is worthy of study as a definitive statement of the Catholic attitude—stretched as far as it can go—to intercredal *rapprochement.* The Catholic Church is in itself and in its own fashion, as Maritain notes in his chapter on Human Equality, a guarantor of the essential equality of mankind while recognising the inequalities that are consubstantial with social life. In October 1939, after the outbreak of war, "the Pope consecrated over the tomb of Saint Peter twelve bishops belonging to the most diverse peoples, several of whom were men of colour." In this respect at least, and as a consequence of its sacramental doctrine, the Roman Catholic Church offers an example of enlightenment to Protestants in the United States and South Africa (perhaps elsewhere also) whose worship to be pure must also be white!

No less iniquitous is racial discrimination as between Gentiles and Jews. In a chapter on "The Mystery of Israel," Maritain reveals his distress,

a distress every rational man shares, at the nightmare of anti-Semitism, but his interpretation of Israel's history as the betrayal of her mission as a chosen people will commend itself only to those who share his dogmatic presuppositions. Israel's task today, he says, is to leaven the world, to exasperate it and prevent it from sleeping. Significantly, the passion of Israel has the form of the Cross.

Woven into the Thomist pattern of the book are chapters on "The Political Ideas of Pascal," "The Sign and the Symbol," "The Natural Mystical Experience and the Void" and a critical appreciation of the philosophy of Henri Bergson who, despite his metaphysic of Duration, drew closer to Roman Catholicism in his later years. That the book is tough reading in parts is probably no discredit to the competent translator.

LESLIE BELTON

The Nature of Self. By A. C. MUKERJI. 2nd Edition. (Indian Press, Ltd., Allahabad. Rs. 7/8)

The author seeks a new solution to the "Problem of Self." The work is characterised by him as "some sort of logical envisagement in the light of modern thought, of Sankara's theory of Self." He also claims to have developed Sankara's analysis of experience in independent new directions.

The author deplores Deussen's interpretation of Sankara and challenges the raising of Sankara to a position of infallibility as an exponent of the theory of Self. It is not the Self commonly known as *Atman* or *soul*, but Self as consciousness or knowledge, that raises the problem. The author traces all puzzles regarding the self to the ambiguous use of the terms consciousness and knowledge and declares that

> the prospects of a satisfactory solution of this supreme problem are therefore likely to be brighter if we start with the notion of consciousness rather than that of self.

Throughout, the arguments revolve round "the ultimate presupposition of knowledge." The answer also repeats itself—It is consciousness as foundational, immediate, unobjectifiable, immanent and absolute. The author attacks Western idealistic theories on the one hand and psychological and naturalistic theories on the other.

The main argument seems to be that Consciousness as the central Ego, the Subject and the Knower, cannot be brought under any categories or objects of Knowledge.

Western Idealists and Absolutists are shown in their twofold anxiety, to reduce the Self either to a mere abstraction—that it may transcend the categories of knowledge—or to a reality conditioned by a subject-object correlativity—that it may be defined. But Kant is also said to have upheld an agnostic theory, whereas Green and others arrive at modified agnosticism. Still one interpretation of Kant exactly corresponds to advaitic theory. The analysis of consciousness by Kant and Green is said to be "essentially an illuminating commentary to Sankara's theory of Perception."

In spite of Bradley's Self's being an appearance, both he in his "immediate Experience" and Hegel in his "concrete Universal" reflect Sankara's theory of Self. The author is consoled

in so far as they all fit into Sankara's scheme. He happily remarks :—

The development of categories from Aristotle to Kant and Hegel is but an illuminatory exposition of the advaita position.

All the other theories that make the Self a substance, an attribute, an agent, a circle of relations, an unconscious Unity etc., are shipwrecked on the rock of materialism involving agnosticism. Buddhistic theory as revealed by Nagarjuna and Vasubandhu is observed to be purely negative or nihilistic, the doctrine of momentary consciousness leading to that of no-Soul. The author refuses to see the positive side of Buddha's teachings. Hume's and James's stands are believed to be the Western parallels to the Buddhistic position. Ramanuja is said to have thrown "logic to the winds" in order to save "his religious predilections." The author does not care to show the position of Dwaita, though it is one important system of Vedanta.

The author seems to surmount every difficulty by avoiding the triple division of Knower, Knowledge and the object known and by seeing both Knower and Knowledge in one and the same principle, *i.e.*, foundational consciousness. The metaphor of light which illumines both itself and the objects, is the only explanation. The Self like light both knows and is known simultaneously. The method of dialectic is only helpful but not complete in itself. What can at best be a *presupposition* cannot be a reasoned-out proof. The author himself remarks that

some sort of agnosticism must be a *necessary* accompaniment of every theory of self.

So the problem of Self must ever remain, as it is characterised in the Preface, "one of the most baffling and slippery problems of philosophy," unless it takes its final stand on Revelation and not Reason.

Though the book abounds in repetition and fails to do full justice to some great philosophers, it is thought-provoking and interesting to students of metaphysics.

C. SETU BAI

Angry Dust. By MANJERI S. ISVARAN. (Shakti Karyalayam, 261, China Bazar Road, Madras. Rs. 2/-)

These nine stories move briskly. Excepting perhaps the long story, "Consummation," which verges on the morbid, they afford vivid glimpses into common life, into poverty, jealousy, superstition, the waywardness of "legal" justice and the unhappiness of man's own making. The author's sure eye for the dramatic could have been used to wonderful advantage if supported by restrained handling of the situations. These seem a trifle overdone. The reader who has definitely been put in a responsive mood is disillusioned to find that what could have been left to his imagination has all been concretised. But this apart, Shri Isvaran can tell a story and tell it well. His scenes are always vivid and his characters, though we meet them only in definite contexts, always authentic. These vignettes from contemporary life are evidence of a sensitive and observant approach to life.

V. M. I

Religion, Science and Society in the Modern World. By A. D. LINDSAY. (Oxford University Press, London. 3s. 6*d*.)

The conception that science will go on indefinitely making discovery after discovery seems to Dr. Lindsay to run parallel with the idea of progress to infinite perfection as understood in Christianity.

In the East, before agreeing to such an interpretation of science as apart from religion, although in the West they are still divided, it would be necessary to analyse the meaning of science by a process of intellectual and spiritual discrimination.

It is in the ancient Sanscrit teachings alone that we find religion and philosophy advancing hand in hand, each the complement of the other. Science, taking the form of uncovering the hidden in consciousness rather than that of discovering something new, is thus more truly in line with education, which suggests a drawing forth of that which is already innate but unrecognized as such.

"What does the conception of modern science infer?" Dr. Lindsay asks. "It assumes, that the most precious things of life will not stay put." Apart from modern science, surely history reveals this fact of relativity very clearly. Relativity is not new to India. It is really "Maya." The dualism of the Absolute and the relative is the starting-point of all the Hindu paths of philosophy, as well as the bone of contention between dualistic, qualified non-dualistic, and monistic systems, represented by Dvaita, Advaita Vedanta and the Yoga paths of attainment to unity with Brahman (Absolute Existence, Beauty and Truth as essence without qualities).

These pages actually review the subjects mentioned in the title of the book, which covers the philosophies, sciences and ideals for which the Renaissance and the Reformation stood.

Was Hobbes right in his interpretation of the new sciences that made their appearance in the seventeenth century? According to Hobbes, "Men remain the limited selfish animals they started." There is no advance, no coming to perfection as the Church teaches. "Physics," Hobbes thought, "must be applied to politics." Other contemporary physicists held the same ideas and the Greek distinction between the Absolute and relative worlds was broken down.

Kant's conception of modern science led to nineteenth-century Germany's ideal of a free university. "Scientists," Dr. Lindsay says, speaking of the second half of the nineteenth century,

> acted all over the world as though the free pursuit of truth, was a task which reduced differences of nationality, colour, and class to nought. The university became more an organ of research than of teaching.

Yet when the testing time came the German universities offered practically no resistance to the forces which attacked that ideal.

Despite all differences between American and English democracy, they share the fundamental view that the State is only an instrument to serve society. Dr. Lindsay concludes:—

> The precious values of the community must be free. The rôle of the State is to preserve that freedom, not destroy it or dominate society.

L. E. PARKER

CORRESPONDENCE

THE TELL-TALE PICTURE GALLERY

May an appreciative reader of the collection of "Occult Stories" by H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, which recently appeared under the above title, take issue with Mr. Banning Richardson on a few points in his review in the March issue of THE ARYAN PATH? I fully agree with Mr. Richardson as to the striking and instructive quality of the stories by Madame H. P. Blavatsky which fill more than two-thirds of the volume, and the authentic character of which he recognises.

But he is considerably less than just to Mr. Judge, whom Madame Blavatsky herself, in more than one place, has given a status that accords ill with Mr. Richardson's implied estimate.

Any one who has read Mr. Judge's books, *The Ocean of Theosophy*, *Epitome of Theosophy*, *Echoes from the Orient* and *Notes on the Bhagavad-Gita*, his English renditions of the *Gita* and the *Yoga Aphorisms* of Patanjali and his letters, published under the title *Letters That Have Helped Me*, must have been impressed, as the writer has been, by his complete sanity and balance, by the remarkable clarity and incisiveness of his thought and by his freedom from any trace of psychism or parade of the knowledge which he obviously possessed. His *Ocean of Theosophy* is a marvellously clear and accurate epitome of Madame Blavatsky's mammoth work *The Secret Doctrine*, which is as vast in its scope as it is profound. His philosophical articles are models of cogent reasoning.

Mr. Judge was devoted heart and soul to the Theosophical Movement. He was no dilettante with time to seek self-expression in fiction. These stories, moreover, be it noted, were all published originally under a pen-name—Bryan Kinnavan. Should the revelation of the identity behind the pseudonym, in a volume published nearly half a century after the author's death, convict him retroactively of self-glorification sprung from self-delusion, as Mr. Richardson seems to imply?

No, another motive must be sought for the writing of these stories. And in that motive lies the clue to their understanding. They are by no means psychic lucubrations. They are not meant to be taken literally. Spiritual laws are adumbrated in them but these narratives are not primarily didactic, not even in the sense in which Madame Blavatsky's might be claimed to be. Nor is their "Celtic Twilight" atmosphere created to evoke a mood. Their purpose seems rather to be to touch and to awaken, however fleetingly, something that lies within and above the reader's mere brain intellect, namely, his spiritual intuition. To read them with an eye mainly to literary criticism might well be to raise a barrier to their penetration to that inner consciousness.

A STUDENT OF THEOSOPHY

Bombay.

"OBSCENITY IN LITERATURE"

Professor Naidu's rejoinder in the March 1944 ARYAN PATH confounds the issue. It is difficult to see how my arguments are *entirely in his favour*. According to him great art is born of a noble sentiment and is appreciated by those who can respond sympathetically; indecent art is the expression of ugly complexes and appeals to minds suffering from similar complexes. Such a proposition implies a vertical division of mankind—between the pure who create and enjoy noble art and the impure who revel in the production and enjoyment of the obscene. If this were true, the obscene in literature, as the Editor in her preamble to Professor Naidu's original article remarks, would be no concern of ours. Thus Professor Naidu's account of the psychological roots of art gives us a somewhat distorted picture of human nature, and fails to bring out fully the insidious nature of indecent art products which sap the foundations of morality and are indeed "unmistakable symptoms of a decadent age."

I, on the contrary, believe that art activity, from the purely psychological point of view, is akin to day-dreaming; both are compensatory in nature and serve to allay mental conflicts. Mental conflict may be the result of faulty organization of the artist's emotional life or it may arise from his dissatisfaction with his environment. Art activity is a process of mental healing, not only of the artist, but also of all who appreciate artistic products. The significance of both the creation and the enjoyment of art lies in its psychotherapeutic value.

In a rapidly changing civilized life like ours mental conflict is almost inevitable. Even the best of us fail to achieve perfect adjustment. The genius of the artist enables him to resolve his conflicts through creative art activity which provides a healthy channel for his baulked instinctive energies. At the same time, those who contemplate works of art are helped to resolve their own mental conflicts because appreciation is essentially a creative activity, the mind of the appreciator going through all the mental processes of the artist and thus recreating the work of art he is contemplating.

Thus my account of mental conditions underlying art activity is in harmony with the nature of appreciation and the true function of art as conceived by eminent art-critics from Aristotle downwards, *viz.*, that of resolving our conflicts through catharsis and thus enabling us to bear the burden of life more easily in this imperfect world.

Indecent art products are also an outcome of mental conflict but they show a regressive tendency inasmuch as they violate the moral standards of society. They are also likely to appeal to a vast majority, because each one of us, as the Editor has wisely observed, has the lower as well as the higher nature in him. That is why the obscene in art calls for severe condemnation from all who have the welfare of humanity at heart.

M. M. SHUKLA

Baroda.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____*ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

A ceremony no less significant for the thoughtful than it was colourful for all beholders was performed at Bombay on the 9th of April. Shrimati Sarojini Naidu, poet and patriot, was the recipient of an address presented on behalf of the All-India Women's Conference. Appropriately, over a hundred organisations associated themselves in the enthusiastic tribute to her services: to her country, to her sex and to culture. Her staunch devotion to the ideal of unity for Indians of every creed received a special tribute in the address read on behalf of the Conference by its President, Shrimati Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya. Tributes were also paid by several independent speakers, who included Lady Premlila Thackersey, Shrimati Rameswari Nehru and Begum Humayun Mirza. A purse also was presented to Shrimati Sarojini Devi.

And the recipient of all these honours, almost buried in garlands and bouquets, what was her response? She could only bow and smile her gratitude. She did not even frame the words "Thank you!"—an eloquent answer to the Government ban. Her lips were silenced but her heart accepted the tributes as not only for herself but also for her colleagues still behind the bars. Her heart answered, for both herself and them, the voice of India speaking at that meeting—and India heard.

The interesting and varied programme, from 7th to 10th April, of the Seventeenth Session of the All-India Women's Conference included, besides the formal meetings, lectures and social entertainment features, and an Arts and Crafts Exhibition. There were interesting and challenging addresses at the opening meeting. These included, besides the addresses of the outgoing President, Shrimati Vijayalaxmi Pandit and the Chairman of the Reception Committee, Lady Thackersey, those of Mr. M. R. Masani, Mayor of Bombay, Mr. Justice M. C. Chagla, Mr. B. J. Wadia, Shri Bhulabhai J. Desai and Sir Sitaram Patkar.

Several constructive resolutions were passed, upholding monogamy, advocating adequate medical facilities for all, etc. But perhaps the most valuable service of the session was the placing of the women's movement in its proper setting.

The effectiveness of any grouping smaller than the human family is measured by its recognition of the limitations which its partial character imposes and the effort which it makes to take the wider view. Souls and minds are more important than the pattern of the body that envelopes them, though differences between average men and women do go deeper than the physical. Roughly speaking, we might say that men have more of positiveness, whether on the right side of initiative or the wrong side of

aggression, and women more of negativity, whether on the right side of openness to intuitive perceptions or on the wrong side of passivity and resistance to change.

But the women's movement, rightly understood, is neither a fad nor a fancy, least of all a rebellion against the opposite sex. It is, as Shrimati Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya brought out well in her Presidential Address, an aspect of the world-wide movement for social and economic justice. Not men but faulty institutions were the common foe. The hearts of womankind have an important rôle to play in the amelioration of conditions for the race.

The women's movement represents an urge of the rising cycle. The speeches at the Conference turned largely around improvement of conditions in the poverty-stricken villages of India, around provision for an economic order that would recognise the dignity of labour, around insistence that increased production without fair distribution could offer no solution of our economic ills, around the right of children to a better chance in life.

Prof. Wilbur Long in his discussion of "Personalism in Oriental Thought" in the Winter 1944 *Personalist* treats chiefly of China and India. If personalism be understood to mean, as Professor Long implies, "the doctrine of the moral and metaphysical worth and dignity of every person" the personalist resources of Asia are indeed considerable. Confucius pronounced good men the chief wealth of a nation. Humaneness, brotherhood, he saw as the root of life, material prosperity as its leafage. Motze declared that there would be prosperity when each worked for the common good in the social station and the calling to which he was by nature suited. Mencius defined the Path of Life as "living in harmony with our nature. Learning to follow the Path is called education." His fine sense of values comes out in these words:—

> I like life and I like right too. If I cannot have both, I leave life and take the right. I like life indeed, but I like some things more than life.

These are all paralleled in Indian teaching. But Professor Long seems less than just to Indian thought and particularly to the *Bhagavad-Gita*, whose message suffers only less distortion from what he praises in it than from what he blames. For example, he commendingly reads into it the proposition that "finite souls are real." This unqualified statement would be challenged by those who find confirmation in the *Gita* for the view that metaphysically the only permanent Reality is the unchanging background of manifestation, the one hidden absolute existence. More serious, however, is the unfair charge that the *Gita's* teaching "is defective from the standpoint of personalistic ethics, since it sanctions the caste system and advises indifference to the fate of other men." But caste as described in the *Gita* is not the rigid hereditary system of today; only a classification of mankind by natural qualities with corresponding duties, a division which exists throughout the world. Thus Prof. Long is a Brahmana! The *Gita* does exhort to equanimity and recognition of the just, unerring moral law. But hard-heartedness is not the price of equanimity, or "doing service" would not be laid

down as the first of the steps to spiritual wisdom or devotion to the good of all creatures as a prerequisite for the final consummation—direct knowledge of Self.

It is gratifying that some Western minds are waking up a little to the wealth and to the message of Eastern thought. Anthologies of Oriental literature and philosophy like Lin Yutang's *The Wisdom of China and India*, to which we referred in our January editorial, are attracting enlightened attention. But Mr. Charles S. Braden's remarks on the above work in the January 1944 *Review of Religion*, though generally appreciative, yet give an indication that such recognition in the West is not yet general or quite spontaneous. Most who exhibit an interest in things Eastern seem moved more by academic curiosity than by any genuine hope that the Eastern approach to the fundamentals of life may give the contemporary world the blue print for living that it so sorely needs. More often than not the West's attitude is condescending, like Mr. Braden's conclusion :—

> It would be difficult for one who reads long in these writings to continue to think of the people of China and India as an inferior people, unworthy to be admitted to our country and to become citizens thereof.

This, to say the least, is damning with faint praise !

Mr. Braden quotes with approval, from the introduction to this excellent anthology, Mr. Lin Yutang's assessment of philosophy in the West :—

> There are professors of philosophy but there are no philosophers....We need a philosophy of living and we clearly have not got it. The Western man has tons of philosophy written by French, German, English and American philosophers, but still he has not got a philosophy when he wants it. In fact he seldom wants it.

"It will be good for the souls of Americans and Westerners generally," exclaims Mr. Braden, "to read Lin Yutang's introduction." And the philosophical and ethical contents ? He praises the collection as a whole for "entertainment, instruction, spiritual insight, beauty, and charm," and as "the best that the two great cultures of the East have thus far produced." Does he imply that we may yet improve upon the *Gita* and Laotse?

Convinced as we are that decentralised production is better suited to our country's genius than large-scale industries, we have been glad to see the Draft Constitution of the Indian Industrial Co-operatives Association. It is concrete evidence that the body recently formed to spread the idea and the practice of decentralised production has not, like so many groups of well-wishers, spent all its force in the initial effort.

This draft constitution is designed to provide a framework for a country-wide network of autonomous and yet co-ordinated industrial co-operatives.

China has worked wonders with her new industrial co-operatives and it is natural that Indians should hope for similar benefits for our country from a like development. But conditions here are different. China has a national government, keenly interested in the industrial progress of the country on sound lines. National leaders have backed the movement with enthusiasm. The Government-sponsored, Government-regulated co-operative movement in India has for many years included

artisans' societies for thrift and self-help in its purview, but no development comparable to that in China has taken place. We do not impute motives; we only mention facts

The emphasis for years was on credit—and we do not minimise the importance of credit in the economic pattern. Non-credit societies are being fostered nowadays, but we understand they are chiefly marketing societies for agricultural produce

The popularity of the industrial co-operatives movement and its success will be in terms of its spontaneity. The artisans must feel that it is their own movement and their own responsibility. It must be built up from below, not lowered from above as a wet blanket to enterprise. But unless the industrial co-operatives contemplated forgo altogether the designation "co-operative" we do not see how, as the law stands at present, they can evade the doubtless well-meaning but perhaps embarrassing paternal "fostering" of the Registrars of Co-operative Societies

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The January *Asiatic Review* reports the views on Anglo-Indian *rapprochement* expressed by Mr. D. L. Murray, Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*, in his presidential address at the East India Association's London meeting on the 9th of November. He viewed philosophy and metaphysics as the most hopeful approach to mutual understanding between English and Indian thought He knew that those subjects could only appeal to a small number, but the general thought of philosophers did, he said, in time permeate the mass of the people.

There was an affinity between the classic Indian philosophy and the European tradition of Idealism beginning from Plato and it had often been held that Plato himself had access to Indian teachers and Indian teaching in framing his own thought ..The philosophy of Idealism, though it started in Greece and had its next powerful influence in Germany, had always been very much akin to the spirit of Britain and had found expression in the great British idealist philosophers such as Bradley Bosanquet Green and others He hoped that something would be done in the region of philosophy to promote further understanding between the Indian and the English mind

Mr Clifford Bax, who followed Mr Murray thought that the effect of Indian thought on the British mind was surprisingly small "I am an Englishman like himself who had been deeply affected by Indian philosophy since boyhood, it was disturbing to find how the simplest notions of Indian philosophy were misunderstood by so-called intellectuals" He cited the using of the term "Karma" as though it meant reincarnation He was not, however without hope for the future

It was only about sixty years since English art was suddenly affected by the beauty of Japanese and Chinese paintings, and in another fifty years they might realize that the Indian philosophy was a serious matter The trouble with reviewers was that they had academic minds which regarded Indian thought as an interesting subject for study but not for experiment

THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—The Voice of the Silence

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THE FRONTIERS OF THOUGHT

It is the nature of frontiers to change. But at a time like this the rate of change is faster. Frontiers as boundaries between political units of general cultural parity are shifted back and forth as moves on the international chess-board, by which the human pawns are put in better or in worse positions. Of greater symbolic significance, however, is the frontier between a settled area and a ruder hinterland, such as the U. S. A. had until recent years. For long the wilderness represented a safety-valve for society, offering free scope to the adventurous, a refuge for the malcontent, a chance for the diligent to improve his station. Conflict of interests and demand for *Lebensraum* arise only when limits of expansion have been reached and there is pressure, real or fancied to be threatened, on the means of subsistence.

But limitations to physical expansion fortunately set no barriers to the advancing mind of man. This is a period pre-eminently of mental change and flux. Long-accepted social and economic patterns are being challenged, ethics called upon to justify themselves, old sanctions flouted. Orthodox moulds of thought are breaking from the pressure of the new ferment. The old tacit assumption that our concern is with the visible and the tangible alone has been rudely shaken and with it the sense of stability that rested on it. Psychical research, so long cold-shouldered by the orthodox in science no less than in religion, is bringing out disturbing powers and capacities in man that call for a complete readjustment of outlook upon life. A mental need that is becoming as insistent as the body's demand for food, is for synthetic knowledge, for an ample frame, religious, scientific, philosophical, that shall have room not only for all facts now known but also for those adumbrated by the recent work on the frontiers of thought. We must, like Oliver Wendell Holmes's chambered nautilus, leave our "low-vaulted past"

and build "more stately mansions" for our souls.

Analysis has been rightly called the thought-form of our age. The achievements of modern science—and they are great indeed—rest largely on it. Hypotheses there have been and are, or all the facts of science would be a jumbled heap. That, they are not; but, lacking an all-embracing synthetic philosophy, they are a wall of bricks with no cement to bind them.

In the modern industrial system, parts are made by many different workers, perhaps in widely different places, but those in the assembling-plant must know the place of each part in the finished product. Scientists in different lines are like the isolated makers of the parts, the only real significance of which is relational. The need for correlating efforts has been widely recognised and workers use each other's findings to a great extent. There are national research councils, national academies of science that cut across the boundaries between scientific fields and international associations of specialists that cut across national boundaries, but so far there is nothing in the scientific world that compares with the industrial assembling-plant.

Specialisation is often in the interest of efficiency and, especially in stable conditions and in normal times, the specialist, be he scientist or artisan, often considers getting on with his task more important than seeing its relation as part to the whole. But conditions are not stable nor are these times normal. The world is advancing, in the person of its intellectual leaders, on the frontiers of thought. And the frontiersman cannot specialise too narrowly; he has to be a man of many skills and of broad vision. We are going forward, out of the familiar into the wilderness that looms portentous on the borders of the known. An outline map is greatly needed to make a cosmos out of seeming chaos, a map such as the ancient scientists evolved and handed down, an outline map to fill in which each new discovery can help.

There is no place on the frontiers of thought for the devotee who is not also a scientist and a philosopher, no place for the philosopher who is not both a humanitarian and a man of science, no place for the scientist who is not also a mystic and a lover of his kind. None of these specialists can clear a way through the confusion for the millions who are stumbling after them. Only an all-embracing synthetic philosophy of life, embracing man and nature, can make advance on the frontiers of thought harmonious and safe. For only when the interdependence of man and man and of man and nature are recognised will ethical practice overcome its present dangerous lag behind our intellectual advance. A complete science of philosophy and a complete philosophy of science are what is needed—and the two are one.

CHRIST PRINCIPLES IN THE NEW ORDER

[**Mr. John Middleton Murry** believes that there will be no real world-order, only continuous anarchy, until Christ's warning is accepted that takers of the sword shall perish by it. This was a simple statement of the law of cause and effect, unexceptionable but after all a negative approach to true non-violence, the positive dynamism of which Gandhiji has stressed in our day as Christ did in other contexts and all great teachers have.

The conviction that violence does not pay is ethically in the class with the acceptance of honesty as the best policy. Both are dictated by self-interest, that worst of bases for a stable world. For what has proved bad "policy" today may seem tomorrow to be worth a trial. What Mr. Murry aptly calls "the frenzy of national separatism" is only the shadow of individual selfishness reflected large on a Gargantuan screen. And if there is one lesson more than another that the world might have learned in the between-war years, it is one in the mathematics of internationalism, namely, that self-interest, like zero, can be multiplied by any number without affecting the result. The self-interest of ten nations is nothing but self-interest still; never a common interest in the commonweal. And *that* is what we need in international relations as in individual life,—a mutual interest in each other's good, a recognition that the good of all alone can mean the lasting good of each.—ED.]

The Germans, riding the first great wave of their conquest of Europe, proclaimed a "new order" for Europe. Many Europeans believed in their promise, which may not have been wholly insincere. They longed for unity instead of discord in Europe, and hoped that the Germans might create it.

Their hopes have been bitterly disappointed. It looks as though the Germans have failed. Yet, if their attempt is viewed soberly, in the light of history, it is surprising that it did not succeed. They believed that the political unity of Europe could be created by military conquest. They had plenty of excuse for their belief. The German Reich itself had been made a unity by Bismarck's policy of "blood and iron": the United States of America themselves had achieved unity only at the cost of a terrible civil war. Nay, even the United Kingdom of Great Britain had been welded together by military conquest. As far as the evidence of Western history went, force had been by far the most potent instrument to forge political unity. There was very much more to be said for the Nazi idea of making Europe a political unity by a short sharp war than its opponents cared to admit.

Nevertheless, it has probably failed. There are, I think, two main reasons for the failure. One quite material. Hitler made the colossal blunder of attacking Russia, imme-

diately the Nazi conquest of Europe was complete. It is amazing that, seeing that the one conspicuous failure of the policy of European unification by force—Napoleon's—had come to disaster by an attack upon Russia, Hitler should have repeated the blunder. Instead of being able to devote the great energies of Germany to the mighty task of making European unity a reality, he compelled them to be wasted in a struggle with the Russian colossus. No doubt he sincerely believed that Soviet Russia was rotten through and through; but this, as the event has proved, was a purely *a priori* conviction. That Bolshevism was all subhuman savagery was an article of faith with Hitler, as indeed it was with all the ruling classes of Europe. The only difference in this respect was that Hitler believed that he had a definite mission to *écraser l'infâme*.

The second cause of the Nazi failure, though connected with this, is of a different order. We pass to it when we ask ourselves the question: What would Germany actually have done in Europe, if Hitler had not been tempted to divert its energies to the conquest of Russia? France, under Pétain, was definitely willing to accept the accomplished fact of her defeat. Were the Germans capable of making real friends with France? It is difficult to say what would have happened if the Germans had not been compelled to make intolerable demands on France because of the war against Russia. If Germany had been generous to France, if all the French prisoners had been released, if the oppressive drafts of forced labour had not been required, the story might have been very different. The great majority of the intellectual leaders of France were prepared to advocate a genuine Franco-German friendship, if only the Germans would behave accordingly.

Everything depended in fact on the Germans' being able to emerge from the hypnotism of war: to believe in fact that war had meaning and purpose only as the instrument of peace, as, as it were, the grim but inevitable midwife of necessary change. For we have to remember that the problem of peaceful change, to some extent solved within the national societies by the invention of democratic government, has never come near to being solved in the relations between nations. A German statesman was quite justified in believing that the unification of Europe, admitted by all thinking men to be necessary, could be achieved only by force of arms, because the individualistic and jealous nations would never freely consent to the limitation of their independence which unity required. But the essential condition of using war for this purpose was not to forget the purpose. The moment unity had been achieved by conquest, the war-instrument had to be thrown aside, and unity by force changed to unity by consent.

Probably the Germans in 1940

were incapable of this. They had been so powerfully indoctrinated with the worship of brute force—Hitler himself had risen to power by its means—that war had become for Germany an end in itself.

It is here that we reach the diabolical paradox which is at the heart of the world-situation today. Military force, in order to be adequate to its purpose of making possible major political changes in the relations between nations, which are incapable of change by peaceful means, has today to be so colossal that it absorbs the whole energies, material and spiritual, of the nations waging it. They have, if they are to wage total war with any chance of success, to become war-minded through and through.

To keep in mind the purpose of their war-making, which is not the defeat of the enemy, but a new kind of peace, is a psychological impossibility. Propaganda, which represents the enemy as absolutely evil, is a necessary means of keeping the people active in the service of the modern war-machine. When the war has been won, it is impossible to undo this unscrupulous indoctrination. Peace requires that the victors should make friends of the vanquished. This demand cannot be satisfied. The peoples have been taught to hate one another. And, although the hatred cannot be maintained for many years, for it does not survive the renewal of personal contacts, it endures long enough to make a just peace impossible.

Thus the nature of total war—which is a new kind of warfare that only highly developed industrial nations can practise—appears to be such that the war-method is inherently incapable of achieving its object: which is a juster peace than existed before. The problem which confronts humanity is to discover a method of making changes in the relations of nations other than by war. Changes in the relations between individual persons incessantly occur, by peaceful means, in any ordered society. A becomes rich, B becomes poor, C purchases an estate from D, who uses the money to start a business. These are the commonplaces of existence in the domestic society. But to make analogous changes between nations by similar methods is rare indeed.

In the abstract, the solution is obvious. Let the nations become members of a supra-national society. But the difficulty is just as obvious. Nations are not really like persons. They are infinitely less numerous, for one thing. There are (I suppose) at the outside 100 nations in the world. There are few nations which do not include at least a million people. Thus within a nation there are infinite gradations between the extremes of wealth and poverty, of power and impotence. Every single person in a nation great or small is surrounded by a whole group of others who are roughly his equals. It is no great hardship or humiliation to obey the law. But there are no

such gradations between the wealth and power of nations. There are a handful of Great Powers—five at the most—perhaps a dozen moderately powerful nations—and the rest are in point of power insignificant. The idea that the Great Powers should be required to obey the Law is felt by them to be intolerable. That is why no supra-national Law exists—for what is called international law is merely a fiction. Only the Great Powers could make it, and nothing—except a moral consciousness which nations as such cannot possess—could prevent them from breaking it.

Therefore, I believe that the idea of a society of nations is a chimæra, unless it is clearly understood that in such a society nations will cease to be nations. A society of sovereign and independent nations is quite simply a contradiction in terms—that is almost a truism; but it is not so clearly realised that a society of nations which are no longer sovereign and independent would not be a society of nations at all. It would be a new nation, just as the Union of Soviet Republics, or the United States of America are a single nation.

One day, no doubt, there will be a world-nation. The possibilities of total war are too devastating to make any other alternative finally possible. Changes in the relations between nations will be replaced by changes in the relations between individuals, or classes. The world-citizenship which the Stoics dreamed of will at last be realised. Whether the brotherhood of the Children of God which Christ dreamed of will also be realised is another matter. Common citizenship is at best only a half-way house on the way towards brotherhood. But even that half-way house is at present far away.

The one great nineteenth-century conception which transcended the separateness of nations was that of the Workers' International. It supplied the moral dynamic for the Russian Revolution; but now that the Revolution has "succeeded," it has been openly abandoned. The U.S.S.R. is now nominally a federation of Republics, but it is, in fact, a modernised version of the old Tsarist Empire. The U. S. A. has united people of many different nations; but they emigrated as individuals. The British Empire—as Indians know to their cost—is a commonwealth only in so far as the British and European settlements are concerned.

Nowhere has the barrier between nations been effectively broken down by any new political institution. Great claims are made for the Christian Church as a supra-national institution. But they are hollow. The Christian Church remains a supra-national institution only in pure theory, because it has long since lost all supra-national authority. Indeed the national separatism of Europe historically arose from the overthrow of the Christian Church as a supra-national authority.

So the tremendous problem confronts us in all its naked horror today. The Church and the Inter-

national proletariat have alike failed to overcome, or even to curb, the frenzy of national separatism. The proposal now put forward is for a permanent alliance between the U. S. A., the U. S. S. R., and Great Britain, to keep the outward peace under the shelter of which a new society of nations shall be organised. To me (I confess) the idea appears wildly Utopian, in view of recent experience. I find it hard to imagine this titanic triumvirate holding together for any length of time, and still harder to imagine it disinterestedly keeping the peace of the world. I can only hope that the event proves me wrong.

Such hopes as I have are two. One is a hope for Europe itself. Out of its present ordeal of suffering may arise a combination of the two impulses that have failed to curb nationalism: the universalism of Christianity and that of the International proletariat. That combination requires non-violent revolutionary action in the masses. I think this is possible. Indeed, I am sure that the masses will never achieve the freedom of which they dream until they have abandoned the idea of revolutionary violence. Under modern conditions they may learn this lesson fairly quickly.

If Europe could thus overcome the extremity of its own anarchy it would be an example to the world. But it is more than possible that this example will not come from Europe at all, but from the East. In that case the East will teach the West the true meaning of Christianity. For the West, it seems, is as far as ever from realising that Christ's great word: "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword" is true. I think there will be no real world-order any more—but only a continuous anarchy—until that truth is accepted, in the struggle between classes and the struggle between nations.

I have charged others with being wildly Utopian in their political schemes for a new order based on power. My own dream may appear more wildly Utopian still. I do not think it is. For I make no prophecy of the time this spiritual revolution will take to accomplish, or of the means by which it will be accomplished. I merely say that there will be no new order that will not collapse into new anarchy until this Christ-principle is accepted.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY

BUILDING NEW INDIA
SPIRITUAL ADVENTURE

[**Ralph Richard Keithahn, B. D., M. A.,** writes as a friend of India and of the Indian masses, whom he and Mrs. Keithahn have been unostentatiously serving through the Rural Centre on the outskirts of Bangalore City which they were instrumental in starting. How far his attitude is from that of the orthodox missionary this article makes plain. It was, of course, written before the release of Gandhiji.--Ed.]

We cannot deny our divinity or the Eternal who challenges us to vocation. Man may descend to great depths as he has done today. But the Spark within ever remains to witness at most unexpected moments to his divine parentage and calling. We may walk counter to the Laws of Eternity but thereby we break ourselves. And so every nation either builds on the solid foundations of the Natural Order, as some might call it, or it collapses, as has many a nation.

The United States of America had such spiritual foundations although it has not always been true to its calling.

Ancient India hardly knew religion as we think of it today. The word "Hinduism" was not current. Religion was interwoven with life so completely that the present departmentalisation of life would not have been understood by our ancestors. Even today the King in India, more often than not, is loyal to the Temple. In the past the noble Rishi or Priest had a large part in the court of the King. Such had great influence upon the people as a whole. Dharma, the way of life, was God's will for man and the community in every aspect of life. Even at present, plenty of examples may be given to show how difficult it is to separate religion from any phase of life in India. That is part of our communal problem.

But modern civilisation is secular and has had wide influence upon India. Modern man makes it his chief aim to seek for material blessings. Nations seek empires: political or, more recently, economic. Religion tends to become merely a formal matter, even a superstition. And in desperation it has often sought its life by supporting that which would eventually kill it, the selfish systems of man. It has become more concerned with its own vested interests than with its Way of Life for all men at all times, in all activity. Thus man has gradually become a tool of man. A new slavery has developed. That is the significance of the Atlantic Charter: a recognition of the fact that man has been entering a new slavery!

In India the National Movement and leadership have been definitely spiritual. This is so significant for the future that it demands penetrat-

ing understanding. I recognise my own unfitness to delve into such an important field; yet I do so hoping it may stimulate more sensitive minds and hearts to serious contemplation on what is happening in India and to a consecrated service as we usher in the New Order.

Creative Truth is our foundation. The National leadership centres in Gandhiji; our National Movement in the programme of the National Congress. I proceed from that starting-point. Gandhiji has made it clear, again and again, that his life and programme were absolutely impossible unless founded upon a "living faith in God." But he also had to face science and its children! At that moment God became Truth. Truth was God. Gandhiji is not so simple, however, as not to recognise that there is Truth Absolute. And That he worships. But his life is also an "experiment with Truth." He seeks realisation of his vocation: that of being a co-worker with God or Truth. And thus comes the second aspect of Truth—the relative aspect. Gandhiji and his intimate followers claim that Truth has no vital significance unless we attempt to realise it daily in every phase of life. It is a primary law which cannot be destroyed. We may not live in accordance with it but the Law ever remains. And so Gandhiji's life becomes an open book. He will permit no secrecy as the battle for Truth is carried on. He demands the scorching light of publicity that every bit of falsehood may be purged from his life. He is the first to do penance when he recognises that he has not been true to his God.

Truth is a rigorous Master. Gandhiji even considers it dishonest to have two unessential chairs when his neighbour has none. He condones no hypocrisy in any action of life. How firm he was with Kasturba, his noble and courageous partner, when she entered the Jagannath Temple at Puri, which would not allow Harijans to enter its precincts! Gandhiji does not recognise a Temple as such when it bans a part of humanity from its halls! It would be dishonest for him to enter and recognise that as a Temple of Truth. Thus Truth becomes our Faith and our daily pilgrimage. *When the nations of the world are carrying on enormous campaigns of falsehood—when so much of modern national life, even in India, is built on falsehood, then the Way that India has chosen for herself becomes all the more significant. No National worker can afford not to ponder on this profound foundation of our New India.*

Gandhiji proceeds from the principle of Satya (Truth) to that of Ahimsa: "Most active love." His strength, to a very large extent, has been due to the fact that he takes the fundamentals of his own great heritage and applies them to the glaring problems of the New Day. And as Truth is universal so these basic principles are found in every land although with different expres-

sions. Thus Gandhiji's universal challenge! Gandhiji does recognise evil in the world. He is a realist if ever there was one. He knows that the world is not heaven! And although he would be faithful to his God, he knows that such faithfulness demands detached suffering. We cannot live by ourselves. We must love our neighbour if we are to realise universal happiness. Hence, I *must* see to it that my brother, wherever or whoever he may be, receives his divine inheritance. But as Love is the only way to realise Truth I must suffer and thus realise my neighbour's good. The Cross principle is recognised in life. The Cross on Calvary becomes not an idol to be placed on our altars and worshipped but rather a fundamental part of daily living. Revolution is produced through the self-purification which is the only real revolution. Again, Gandhiji recognises Love as Absolute—God. He also recognises his own love, as expressed, as something less than Love Divine. But just as love has growingly become a workable method in the home and ordinary processes of life, so it must become a part of the relationship of group with group, nation with nation. Through active love to Truth!

This brings us to the Satyagraha technique. As Gandhiji found himself facing the tremendous problems of Mother India: the problem of political dependence; the problem of an exploiting modern civilisation; the social and religious problems of his people, he realised that if a successful struggle was to be carried on, effective methods needed to be developed, just as violence had its own methods. There was much experience to build upon, for the Satyagraha method had been known to India for centuries. But it had been developed on very limited lines. No one seemed to think that it might also be used on a community, national or world-wide scale. That is the unique contribution of Gandhiji from the days of South Africa, when he had to face the injustices of the White Race until today as he sits in the Aga Khan's bungalow, the prisoner of those who claim to fight for the Four Freedoms!

Satyagraha builds itself upon "the ancient law of self-sacrifice"; it is "conscious suffering for the cause of Righteousness"; it is a structure over which the tide of creative love may flow; a way of life that makes full use of the strength of the spirit. It is a plan for self-purification and for mass-purification; yea, also for the purification of the enemy. It is "sweet but insistent reasonableness." It is "uncompromisingly truth-guided deliberate choice and intention."

Satyagraha is utter self-effacement, greatest humiliation, greatest patience and brightest faith. It is its own reward.

It is a way of life for all. It is a life-giving substitute for the terrible method of mass violence which we find so rampant in the world today. And because it is self-suffering it immediately rids one of all the

hypocrisy that again is so common in modern warfare, when all try to justify themselves by painting the enemy totally black! The method of Satyagraha opens our own lives to the sunlight of Truth and the Satyagrahi is the first to admit his errors. The Satyagrahi must exert self-control, self-restraint, and live a life of simplicity. He must be absolutely fearless, with a living faith in God. And this sacrifice is but a development of the old concept of Yagna. This is essentially religion. And he who worships and would be true to his God, or he that loves his Nation, must consider it seriously.

Again Gandhiji delved deep into the experience of his own people and drew forth Swadeshi, another eternal principle: "The law of laws"--"pure service of one's neighbour." Each man is to be loyal to his own near-by surroundings and thus the distant problem is solved automatically. The ideal of non-possession and non-stealing is very much a part of this principle. Here are my real problems. I cannot play with them in the village. Every action of mine will be known--almost my very thoughts! Also, the unit is small enough so that I can be certain of at least limited success. When the late Dr. A. E. Holt of the University of Chicago was Visiting Professor of the Sir Dorabji Tata Graduate School of Social Work he pointed out that India reversed the working principle of modern civilisation. The latter made the village serve the city and exploitation resulted. Gandhiji makes the village the centre of his civilisation. Then any centralisation of such villages would be primarily for the service of the unit. This limits exploitation and makes service the ideal. Again, we are building on a solid spiritual basis, caring for the needy and his problems at our very door.

The economic programme for attaining economic freedom not only centres in the village but it is built on fundamental laws of Time. Man must do his "bread-labour" daily.

Bread-labour is a veritable blessing to one who would observe non-violence, worship Truth, and make the observance of brahmacharya a natural act.

In the Sabarmati and Sevagram Ashrams all have had to do all labour. Servants were not countenanced. The priest would have to clean the latrine, etc.! There must be no room for any to think that his own profession is better than that of another. All must feel their unity in manual labour. Sacrificial spinning made the spinning-wheel the symbol of "bread-labour" and of sacrifice--a symbol of the machine as the servant of mankind. Co-operation becomes real with service at its centre. Labour and natural resources are used to bring the necessary material blessings to all in the village. Again, we are working with religious and universal principles.

The National Constructive Programme aims at social justice. It has its own vital social reform aspects. Naturally all this has its religious import. The Harijan must

be treated as an equal and have an equal opportunity with his brother. The Temples must be open to all. Women must be treated as co-partners in life. For they are best able to practise non-violence. It is their own way of life in the home. Children must have an education that will truly train for life and so Basic Education is formulated. All this is based on what Jesus called the second law of man—loving one's neighbour. And if men are the children of God, then certainly a fundamental part of any religious life is to give due recognition to the needs of one's neighbour.

In this connection we come to another very important emphasis in Gandhiji's life and programme--respect for all religions. Again, he brings an old experience of India to bear on modern problems. I doubt whether even a few of us are aware of the vital importance here of Gandhiji's contribution to the future relationship of religions. Naturally the missionary religions have found it difficult to understand the underlying truth that Gandhiji is driving at. One must know the man and his religious life to appreciate how fundamental is this humility in his own religious life and at the same time his own deep respect for any devout religious experience that brings man closer to his Maker. Gandhiji does not claim equality for all religions in the sense that all are alike. Rather in the sense that all are a search after Truth are they divine and of Truth. Gandhiji challenged me to find a better word than "equal" and I must admit that I have not been able to do better. It remains for all of us not to be troubled by words but to search earnestly for the truth that lies hidden in this challenge to respect all religions.

Thus as this programme builds self-control and self-sufficiency in one's own life, naturally it builds for Swaraj, self-rule, everywhere, including the Nation. For Gandhiji the struggle for Swaraj on a national basis becomes a great pilgrimage. It has been very difficult for the modern mind to understand the saint as a "politician." But when one is loyal to the basic principles of India's religious development then it is never a surprise to find the Rishi in the Court. In fact, it is his duty to be there, at least from time to time --his duty to be there or the duty of the Ruler to seek him out wherever he may be. Perhaps never in the history of the world has a struggle for freedom been so much a religious pilgrimage as that of India. And India will not realise her true destination unless she appreciates this fact fully.

The call is for religious pioneers. The above is but a suggestive outline. Limitations of self and space have demanded a very superficial presentation of the great National Awakening of India. But I hope enough has been said to convince the reader that in this approach the secret of India's "New Life Movement" is to be found. That

done, my task is complete. For then it is the duty, more, the privilege of each soul to make his own pilgrimage along with crores of brothers and sisters. It is his duty to spend hours with Truth in quiet meditation, that he may know his true vocation. It is the challenge to most of us who will read these lines to tear ourselves from the false concepts of modern civilisation and to begin to think in accord with our own great tradition. Where that tradition has been false we must ruthlessly put such falsehood aside. But I maintain that just as Gandhiji has found the richest gems of Truth in his own past so also we shall find the best setting for modern adventure within our own rich and pioneering culture.

However, we must never be satisfied with sitting at the household shrine or making our offering at the Temple altar! One evening as I came away from Devakottai the bus was stopped and some made their coconut offerings at a wayside shrine. Later, as we sped on our way in a train, some sceptic was ridiculing the worshippers. "Such an offering is but a symbol of the clean heart. But if your hearts are black what is the good of offering the pure-white coconut?" Yes, how right he was! The religion of the private life must express itself in our work for our village and our Nation. Then our gift to humanity will be pure and true. When our sacrifice on the altar of the temple is real then there will be noble sacrifice of life for mankind. For truly it is man's experience that Divinity is ever suffering for humanity! If we are loyal to our divine vocation then also our lives must be essentially a sacrifice. There can only be real satisfaction in life, real integration of life, when we are loyal to this basic principle, that we must live for each other.

Ghaffar Khan lies in prison but the frontier is non-violent. A Gandhiji lies in prison and the conscience of all the world is uneasy. Kagawa is restricted in Japan and seeds of New Life are being sown there; that great Negro scientist, George Washington Carver, has but recently passed from our midst, but his life of suffering and simplicity and goodness has touched white America! Is it not here that we have the secret of "a just and durable" New Order? And is it not here that India must not only be true to its own great past but also to its own great present? Is it not here that India must make its own precious gift to humanity? And does not the Eternal call you and me today to the greatest pilgrimage of Truth that Humanity has ever known?—call us to be Pioneers of Life—Experimenters with Truth?

RALPH RICHARD KEITHAHN

INTERPRETATION OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY

[**Dr. P. T. Raju** of the Andhra University, author of *Thought and Reality: Hegelianism and Advaita*, expressed his views on Indian Philosophy in the chapter on that subject in the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute's *Progress of Indic Studies, 1917-1942*. In the article which follows he defends his ideas on philosophical progress. He shows us Fundamentalism and Modernism arrayed against each other in philosophy as they have been in the West in the religious field in recent years. Steady advance in understanding of Truth there must be, and often it is from the clash of conflicting opinions that new aspects of truth are revealed. There is no doubt that adequate knowledge of modern Western philosophy can be of great help in the correct evaluation of the philosophy of ancient India. In the passage of time, meanings become stereotyped; and stereotyped meanings are the foes of clear-cut concepts and incisive thought. Centuries-old formulations may get worn smooth, like old coins, and be none the worse for reminting. The value of the gold is unaffected by the mint-mark. *However much human understanding advances, Truth remains unchanged.* And in that recognition seems to lie the peaceful resolution of the conflict. We believe that the claim, to which Dr. Raju refers in passing, that every new philosophical theory has been anticipated in our ancient Indian philosophy, could be substantiated. "Modern speculation cannot get out of the circle of ancient thought."—Ed.]

It is nearly a decade since I wrote in THE ARYAN PATH (June 1934 and February 1935) on "The Need for Reorientation of Indian Philosophy" and "The Outcry against Comparative Philosophy." If absence of adverse criticism is due to lack of sufficient interest, I might have to say that not much notice was taken of the second, though, following Sir S. Radhakrishnan and some others, a very large number of articles have of late appeared in India in which comparisons are freely made between Indian and Western philosophy. But even in the very beginning the first article had a critical reception. Without making special mention of the article and its author, one writer questioned the advisability of reorientation, stating as a reason that those who made the attempt did not know Indian philosophy at first hand. Another writer criticised the article on the ground that it spoke of philosophical progress, whereas progress was impossible and inconceivable for Indian philosophy. Yet, in spite of these suspicions and criticisms, both comparison and reorientation, it is very heartening to note, are in progress, and writers are commended and their work is valued just for these characteristics, to discredit which attempts are being made. Authors very much appreciate forewords by eminent

men, in which it is mentioned that "Relevant comparisons are made between Indian and Western philosophers," "Parallels are drawn between Indian and European systems" and so forth. A method of scientific treatment is evolving. Articles have appeared on theories of judgment, evolution (*parinama*) etc., which are definitely reorientations. And an orthodox gentleman, Professor P. N. Srinivasachari, included specifically the topic of the need for reorientation in one of his latest books. Seeing the recognition which the Advaita has received in Western countries, the followers of both Ramanuja and Madhva are eagerly reorienting their philosophies. All this is a sign that Indian philosophy is still living, not dead and neglected. The sign of life is active resistance and bold assimilation; it is not passive indifference and timid retreat, which are signs of life's decay.

If we believe that, in order to keep pace with scientific and social development, progress of Indian philosophy is essential for cultural growth, and if for that progress again we feel that the Indian philosophy should be brought into line with the Western, it is not prejudicial and outrageous to suggest that interpreters of Indian thought should be well equipped with the knowledge of both Indian and Western philosophy. For a long time there has been the criticism—both fair and unfair, and it is not easy for the ordinary man to distinguish between the two in philosophy—that some of the interpreters of Indian thought have no acquaintance with it. But few stressed the other side, namely, that the interpreter should be equally acquainted with Western thought. But in regard to such acquaintance some of the worst prejudices have voiced themselves. It is astonishing to read that discipline in Western thought is a disqualification in the interpreter, who should therefore deliberately keep himself ignorant of Western thought! Study of Western philosophy, it is said, produces prejudices against Indian philosophy! Sometimes also an appeal is made to the sentiment of patriotism to discredit useful work.

It is difficult to understand why this attitude is growing strong in the minds of a few—indeed very few, though vociferous—Indian scholars. But one important point concerning them is that they are pure Sanscritists who, probably very proud of their Sanscrit philosophy, have kept themselves at a distance from Western thought and its developments. On the other hand, even Sanscritists, when acquainted with Western thought, are adopting a different attitude. Whatever conclusion may be drawn from this inductive consideration, the criticism of the first group seems to be of a sweeping and hide-and-seek kind, for they do not show where a scholar with first-hand knowledge of the Indian philosophy has been misled by his acquaintance with the Western. Unless they give a sufficient number of instances, their remarks, whatever be their position as Sanscrit scholars, will be empty. It is possible that even one without knowledge of Western thought may misunderstand Indian philosophy; and their list should exclude such possibilities.

The reasons behind such an attitude

may be both logical and psychological. It will not be of much use to take special note of the latter, except to warn against one of them, namely, the tendency in some to build up a theory out of their defects—a tendency which is closely akin to what psycho-analysts call rationalisation. So far no logical and philosophical reasons have been advanced by these writers which have been strong enough to prove their point. It is said that the Advaita has already reached the high-water-mark of philosophical speculation—has not the author of *Sarvadarsana-samgraha* traced the logical growth of philosophical thought from the materialism of the Charvakas to the absolutism of Sankara?—and that further progress is inconceivable. But did not Hegel contend that philosophical progress in the world culminated in his system and yet is not Western philosophy progressing? Do the Visishtadvaitins and the Dvaitins accept the claim that the above work represents the logical growth of Indian philosophy? Even if they do accept it, does philosophical progress mean only a march from materialism to absolutism? Absolutism is to be found even in Plato's theory of the Good, and still philosophy has progressed since Plato, since Hegel, and it will progress even after Whitehead. And what are the factors conditioning this progress? This group of writers does not seem to have given thought to this question or to the arguments advanced by men advocating philosophical progress. On the other hand, they indulge in sweeping remarks, sometimes even personal attacks, and surreptitious appeals to patriotism and the past glory of India. Ancient India was glorious, but what is her present position? Ancient Indian philosophy may be great, but how far has it entered the progressing philosophy of the world? As well exhort Indians to fight tanks and aeroplanes with bows and arrows: did not the Raghus and the Kurus fight with them? Take the example of Indian history: why the present attempt to rewrite it?

What is philosophical progress? It is the continuous intellectual reconstruction of our outlook, which runs parallel to our scientific and social progress. The reconstruction may be absolutism, monism, pluralism, or dualism. It is a mistake to think that once absolutism is reached philosophical progress ceases. Even accepting that absolutism is the highest, the eternal duty of the philosopher is to interpret in terms of his absolutism the ever-changing conditions of human life. Such interpretation gives unity to our life, to our thought and action. How is such interpretation possible? Did our ancient philosophers give such interpretations? And are their interpretations of life readily applicable to our present problems? The answer is invariably, No. That is why we have to reinterpret their philosophy and extract the logical principles. This type of work we call reorientation. Even patriotism that is sincere and prudent and does not shut itself from the actualities around us should welcome such work. If such work is useless, we have to conclude that men like Dr. Bhagavan Das have been wasting

their time.

But why all this controversy? Those who so deprecate Western thought may give up attempts at interpretation and even exposition of Indian philosophy in English. But they will not. They will write in English, but they preach against studying Western philosophy, without which one finds it difficult to understand how a philosopher can express his ideas in English. To present Indian thought in English means expounding it through Western philosophical concepts. It would be useful to make a list of the mistakes which writers on the Indian philosophy without acquaintance with the European have made in their writings, though one who made the attempt would be inviting wrath and creating enemies. But without any personal discourtesy it should be possible to point out, in the interests of the subject, at least a few, so that the importance of a sound knowledge of Western thought could be brought home. It is not an exaggeration to say that there are Sanscrit scholars who have not understood the sense in which the term "Absolute" is used in Western philosophy. The reason cannot certainly be their inability to understand the word, for its general connotation is not so very difficult. And mere voting cannot decide which English technical terms should be used as equivalents of the Sanscrit ones, for the former are already being used in specific senses and giving a new meaning will result in conflict and confusion. Hence in the interests of philosophy itself it is as necessary to point out misinterpretations due to lack of sufficient knowledge of Western thought as to point out misunderstandings due to lack of acquaintance with Sanscrit philosophy. Either one must give up writing on Indian philosophy in English or he must make himself quite familiar with Western thought. Self-sufficiency does not belong to this world.

One cannot appreciate this prejudice against Western philosophy, particularly in scholars who have adopted at least Western methods of exposition. Even the critical editing of Sanscrit texts has been learned from the West. In expounding a system the arrangement of the contents into the life of the original author, the origins of the system, its later developments, its logic, metaphysics, religion, ethics and so forth, is adopted from Western models. The method of historical criticism is undoubtedly borrowed from the West. If so, why fight shy of Western philosophy and forgo the advantages of a more useful logical understanding?

It is of course said that Western philosophy is an intellectual construction, whereas Indian philosophy is a process of life. It would be unfair to pass this remark on everything of Western philosophy. The observation is true only of those systems which are nothing more than intellectual constructions. But ever and anon we hear the note

of warning sounded by men like Muirhead that philosophy developed into a sort of mathematics unconnected with life will end in fiasco. The idealistic systems of the West are philosophies of life as well. None can justly accuse Plato and Spinoza of playing with bloodless categories, but most of the later Naiyayika writings are easily open to this criticism. If philosophy is not an intellectual construction, it will be no philosophy: only it should not be a mere intellectual construction. Even Sankara, Ramanuja, and the other great acharyas have given intellectual constructions, which are schematisations to satisfy the demands of intellect. Each has his own theory of creation, an evolution of the material world from the Brahman or the Prakṛti, an epistemology, a cosmology and so forth. Even those modern interpreters with a bias against Western thought are endeavouring, in dividing their exposition into so many topics, to present a construction which would be intellectually satisfying. Hence their objection is not really so strong as to support their contention.

It is also said that Indian philosophy has its own method of interpretation. But what is it? In what way does it differ from the Western methods? And have the champions of the Indian method avoided the Western? To the last question no one can come forward and answer that he has effectively followed the Indian and avoided the Western. Does the Indian method mean the seven *lingas* or clues accepted by Sankara and the other acharyas for determining the meaning of the Upanishads etc.? But this method is laid down by them not for interpreting Indian philosophy in terms of Western concepts but for systematising the utterances of the Upanishads, the *Bhagavadgita* and other works which are accepted as the basis for philosophical construction in India. Or is the method meant also to apply to the interpretation of Indian philosophy? Even then, what difference does it make? Are the Western methods opposed to it? It is a rule for systematisation (*samanvaya*), and as all philosophy, Indian or Western, must be systematic, its validity must be accepted by all. Hence to say that Indian philosophy has its own method of interpretation seems nothing but uttering a shibboleth.

Again, it is pointed out as a great blunder of many writers that they have not considered the fact that Indian philosophy arose out of yoga or mental discipline. Let us clearly see into this objection and determine how far this oversight, even if it is present, vitiates interpretation. Does it mean that the interpreters are not yogins? But it is as difficult to prove that the interpreters are not yogins as to prove that the objectors are yogins. However, this meaning is irrelevant to our present point. Unless a yogin comes forward and demonstrates how his interpretation would differ, it will remain valueless. Supposing it is recognised that In-

dian philosophy has its source in yoga, what difference does it make to the systems of cosmology, logic, psychology, epistemology and so forth? Is it necessary to practise yoga to understand Sankara's or Ramanuja's theory of illusion? Hence this objection seems both vague and vain. Further, is the evidence decisive that Indian philosophy started in yoga and not in nature worship? And whatever be the origins, does not our interest lie in the full-fledged systems? When we are tracing the historical growth of systems it is a mistake not to mention their origins, but not when we are discussing the dialectical interconnections between the concepts of a system. And who have taught us even this historical method?

Yet there is a peculiarity of Indian thought that we have to note. Every Indian system preached or stressed some type of yoga, the *jnanayoga*, the *karmayoga*, the *bhaktiyoga* and so forth. But every system tried to incorporate all, giving of course prominence to one or the other. But this feature generally makes no difference to the logical structure of the systems. Hence non-mention of these yogas does not result in misinterpretation.

None of the objections, therefore, to the advocacy of a sound knowledge of the Western philosophy in the interpreter of the Indian stands examination. The least that may be said of them is that they are vague and sentimental. Comparison and reorientation are necessary for philosophical progress in India, though unfortunately some of the comparisons which have appeared of late have been superficial and misleading. The tendency has grown of discovering every new cosmological and psychological theory like Holism, Hormism, and Emergent Evolution in our ancient philosophy. But this fact cannot be cited against what is advocated here, because these discoverers include also those Sanscrit scholars who are almost strangers to Western philosophy. However, it is natural that mistakes would be made; but if they are discussed and pointed out they will not be repeated. Only, one must have the courtesy to tolerate honest and academical criticism. In the West philosophy is becoming divorced from life through the sheer desire of aping mathematics and constructing intellectual systems; in India it is losing touch with life by deliberately closing its eyes to the changing conditions. Yet it is only in Western philosophy that we find a ready clue for bringing our philosophical outlook to bear on the problems of the present. This is due to what is generally called the emancipation of the concept, by Socrates, from sense and concrete experience, which marks the difference between the Greek philosophy and the Indian --a difference which is generally exaggerated. However, no longer do we find those conditions when every man performed his duties according to his caste and every twice-born could retire to the forest

and get the king's protection. No longer do we find those conditions when every philosopher could think only of the Brahman unaffected by the fall of empires and the agonies of nations. Now he will be asked: Can your concept of the Brahman show a way out of these difficulties? The answer, Eschew the world and retire to the forest, is no longer appreciated. And no ancient Indian philosopher thought of any other answer. But these questions were raised in Western philosophy and answered. We have to know how and adopt that method.

If still the objectors persist, my only reply is: Time is without end and life is a perpetual striving. As Whitehead says, its nature is progress; apologetic defence of the past is a sign of decay. Whether one likes or not, life and therefore thought and action adjust themselves to the changing conditions. If philosophical progress is opposed, it will not be long before Indian philosophy, for being antiquarian, will find a cosy corner in the archæological museums and libraries of the world.

P. T. RAJU

WORLD EDUCATION

The part which education for peace should play in avoiding future wars is sketched in *Education and the People's Peace*, recently published by the Educational Policies Commission (Washington 6, D. C.). The authors put it forward as "a venture in idealism," rightly holding that in times like these idealism may be most intensely practical. International supervision of educational policies is really no more drastic a proposal than the International Labour Office. If there is any international body after the war, an educational agency may well form a feature of it.

Nations have demonstrated their unfitness to educate their youth without supervision. It is proposed here that the educational systems of different countries shall be subject to systematic study, to determine whether their trend is detrimental to the maintenance of peace. Experience has shown that international interchange of professors and university students is not enough. Peace education must go down to the elementary and secondary schools to reach the masses.

Curiously, so strong is the Commission's faith in the power of education to develop knowledge and attitudes conducive to peace that it is fearful of isolated efforts. "Psychological disarmament," it insists, "like military disarmament, is effective and safe only when it is universal." This is the weakest link in their chain.

One of the most commendable features of the policy outlined is its complete impartiality. All nations are to agree to refrain from teachings dangerous to world peace. All alike are to be subject to supervision by the international agency.

As a permanent policy, the United Nations should not ask any of the defeated nations to submit to any educational appraisal which they are not prepared equally to undergo.

A more temperate proposal or one better fitted to serve as model for the peace negotiations in more than one field it would be difficult to find.

WHITHER INDIAN CHARITY?

[The prevention of poverty is still its soundest cure, as **Mr. John Barnabas** recognises here, but we cannot reverse the clock; wide-spread poverty is here, and its amelioration cannot be put off till social justice obviates the need of alms. Charity is no new-comer to India, as Mr. Barnabas brings out. An efficient approach to any large-scale problem in our modern world, however, involves organisation, the pooling of efforts and resources—and charity is no exception. Organised charity and trained case-workers' methods are a great improvement on the sentimental giving that too often demoralises, but the human touch must not be lost. Social work is no profession for the heartless man or woman, and the Charity Organisation Society worker has to be on his guard lest long familiarity with misery should blunt his sympathies.—ED.]

Centuries ago an ancient Hebrew raised the question: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Through the centuries the question has repeated itself and the course of "Charity" has been to a considerable measure the trend of the answer to the question. The term denotes in common usage both a quality of thought or feeling and a mode of conduct with reference to those visited by misfortune. "Charity" or love represents the principle of the good life. The term was first applied to the extension of social obligations beyond the immediate circle of kinship. A casual study of almost any religion shows that both the sentiment and the practice of charity acquired the sanction of religion very early in history. To a charitable person is attributed the triple merit of personal virtue, religious duty and social utility. Its motivation throughout history has constantly reflected this intertwining of personal, religious and social sanctions.

So far as the individual is concerned, charity stands for a "mood or habit of mind and an endeavour." Such a mind it is that eggs one on to social and personal endeavour. Inasmuch as there is a close relation between the mind and the effort, we find that where the habit of mind is not gained, where the mind is not disciplined in the very desire to be charitable, there the endeavour fluctuates and is to that extent purposeless. In so far as the mental habit has been gained, the endeavour is founded on an intelligent scrutiny of social conditions and gained by a definite purpose. Thus

> in the word charity religious and social associations meet, and thus regarded the word means a disciplined and habitual mood in which the mind is considerate of the welfare of others individually and generally, and devises

what is for their real good, and in which the intelligence and the will strive to fulfil the mind's purpose.[1]

In religion-ridden India, charity is regarded as one of our inherent, hereditary virtues. It is presumed that a religious person must be a charitable one. Charity is one of the channels into which religious enthusiasm flows unhampered. Added to all this, it has the stamp of antiquity. In the West too there was formerly that close relation between religion and charity. But with the growth of industrialism and the advent of the industrial revolution the practice of charity became a social necessity. The religious urge was there; but the emphasis gradually slid over to the social aspect of one's life. I am not suggesting that at any time in the history of charity there was a clear distinction between charity as a religious duty and charity as a social function. Intertwined as they were, it is possible to assert that at different periods, in different countries and among various peoples the types of benefits have generally reflected the changing social standards of communities.

Ancient writings among all peoples abound in references to the twin duties of care for the aged, widowed and orphaned members of the family group and help for guests, wayfarers and strangers. Among primitive peoples the helping of wanderers and beggars assumed something of the nature of a communal rite linked with religious observances.

In ancient Rome and Greece the fact of citizenship was the basis of the right to relief. The State itself experimented with a variety of poor-relief schemes, supplementing private charity and not replacing it, with a view to conserving the unity of the state by strengthening its economically weakest members. Here was a "group-protection basis" for charity. One might even say there was the political basis for a socio-religious activity. But, on the other hand, the religious aspect of Hebrew charity, like the family life in which it was nourished, had pre-eminently a social significance which, because of the nature of the group, often transcended political or territorial boundaries. Both in the individual and social attitudes and acts the desirability of mercy was emphasised, in addition to the duty of righteousness and social justice. It is interesting to note that the Christian emphasis upon personal immortality and the importance of life after death tended to prompt charity more for the benefit of the giver with a view to storing up merit for his eternal life after death, than for the social benefit of the receiver of such charity. At the same time it must be recognised that the respect for personality emphasised by Christianity, the idea that every human creature was an individual with an immortal destiny, gave warmth to fraternal feeling.

[1] *Three Thousand of Social Services.* By C. S. Loch.

The ultimate utility of an action, even when it has become a habit of mind and is prompted by the religious instinct, is to be judged by the motive of that act. Let us very briefly analyse as far as possible the motives that prompt charity in our country. In such an analysis we are studying the practical expression charity takes, that of alms giving. We are not thinking of charity as an abstract virtue. Judged on that basis it appears to me that there are six general reasons for alms giving.

The purely *religious reason* is the dominant one. Practically every major religion enjoins alms giving as a religious duty, and the followers of practically every religion believe that, in giving alms, they are laying up for themselves treasures in heaven.

The practice of giving alms has the further *sanction of custom*. In India alms giving has so long been associated with the superior class, though very wrongly, that begging is quite an honourable profession. Alms giving and the virtue of pity have been celebrated themes of Hindu mythology. Thousands of people give alms for no other reason than that it has always been done. Charity is a custom.

The *personal reasons* for alms giving are many and varied. Some give simply to experience the glow of happiness which is associated with the doing of a good deed. For others the thanks and blessings of the recipient are an adequate reward. In many cases alms giving satisfies the ego of the giver. Not a few wealthy persons find themselves troubled by the obvious inequalities in life and find at least some comfort for a troubled mind through giving charity to beggars.

It is a wide-spread practice to give alms in the hope of personal gain. A man loses money in the share bazaar or at the races. He goes to the temple to pray that he may recover his losses, and on coming out of the temple tosses a few coins to beggars in the hope that this will help him to attain his ends. A wife who desires a male child will give alms for the furtherance of her cherished end. It is also common for the relatives of a deceased person to distribute charity shortly after his death, with the end in view of lightening the gravity of his sins.

The blessings of the beggar appeal to certain fundamental human wishes. "May you live long," appeals to the universal desire for self-preservation. "May you have many children," is a direct appeal to the wish for progeny. "May you enjoy prosperity," is an expression of the universal desire for security.

There are a large number of people who give alms merely *out of pity*. The emaciated baby, the mutiliated body, the blind and the lame exercise a wide popular appeal.

Others give *out of fear* of the curses of beggars. Few ignorant people are able to resist those beggars who come to the home

bearing an image of a goddess and threatening, or a leper beggar who approaches them for alms; they get rid of them as quickly as possible by giving them alms.

There are some who simply toss a coin without thought. For many people, pice have no value; when received in change they are simply regarded as a nuisance and got rid of at the earliest opportunity. They may be described as the *careless givers*.

In studying these motives it is apparent that the welfare of the receiver is very seldom the direct motive. On the contrary, the general idea more often seems to be the benefit of the giver.

But is that the reason why India should practise charity? Do we have any adequate philosophy of charity? Did ancient Indian practice and teaching pass on this motive for charity to posterity? It is obvious that Indian charity today is contrary to the *Gita* philosophy :—

But alms given to one who does nothing in return, believing that a gift ought to be made in a fit place and time to a worthy person, that alms is accounted pure. That given with a view to receiving in return, or looking for fruit again, or grudgingly, that alms is accounted of passion. That alms given at unfit place and time, and to unworthy persons, disrespectfully and contemptuously, that is declared of darkness.[1]

The idea that charity is to be given for the benefit of the recipient, in order to safeguard the heritage of the living, and not for the selfish personal gain of the giver is to be found in the teachings of practically every religion.

The ruling motive of every Hindu making an endowment is a religious one, namely the acquisition of pious merit or the removal of the effects of sin with a view to happiness in this world and in the next.[2]

But Manu calls upon each wealthy man continuously and sedulously to "consecrate pools or gardens with faith...and with riches *honestly* gained."[3] Again, according to Manu and Parasara, *Dana* is the chief *Dharma* of the *Kaliyuga*, and might be, according to Devala, of four kinds, perpetual, ample or pure, desirable and occasional, and would comprehend the endowments of temples, *Annasatras*, *Dharmashalas*, hospitals, schools, tanks, wells, ponds, free education and the like. Ancient examples of religious charity show that their purpose was not always confined to the construction of temples of gods or maintenance of their worship but extended very often to include the maintenance of temples of learning or means of relief of human suffering in connection with the temples proper. It was felt that the service of man was another mode of serving and worshipping God.

[1] *Bhagavad-Gita*, XVII. 20-22.
[2] *Hindu Law of Endowments*. By SARASWATI. P. 29.
[3] Manu IV, 226.

It is clear beyond doubt, therefore, that ancient Indian charity had a religious basis, but was emphatically for the social good; it was not for the benefit of the giver. Whatever good came to him as a result of such charity was unpremeditated.

I have already dealt with the motives and the results of individual indiscriminate charity. Both our motive and the results thereof are unworthy of the noble act of charity. At present our charity does not preach the gospel of noble citizenship. Our conception of charity is not allied to any wider conception of citizenship. Our charity is not one which endeavours to help the fallen, strengthen the feeble-hearted and lift the pauper out of degradation. It is rather a thing that shifts and changes with our religious and social differences. It is like the light of torches, carried by a hurrying crowd, which move as they move, and which flare and flicker, as the wind blows gently or in gusts, or as the torch-bearers step slowly or quickly. In a social world such as this we have to give a new expression to charity.

Our trouble then is not that we are uncharitable, but that we are not charitable in the right way. That is in the sphere of individual charity. Let us for a moment consider the condition of charitable endowments, and of individual temple charities. The riches of the temples through the centuries are proverbial. The accumulated wealth in them is the money of the poor man also. It is estimated that Shri Badrinath Temple in Garhwal has an annual income of Rs. 135,000; Bharat Mandir, Rishikesh, gets about Rs. 20,000 per annum; Shri Rangji Temple in Brindaban in Muttra has an annual income of Rs. 200,000; Govindji Temple in Brindaban has an income of Rs. 25,000 annually. And these are considered, by authorities who know these temples, to be an underestimate. The income of all temples in the United Provinces is estimated to run to more than two crores of rupees. Rai Bahadur Pandit Shyam Behari Misra, deploring the use these vast funds are being put to, writes :—

> Almost the whole of this vast income derived from well-intentioned and devout Hindus, is spent upon maintaining the pampered and mostly debased and immoral *Pandas*, priests and the like, while a very small fraction of it is expended on maintaining and improving the religious and charitable objects for which the whole of it is really meant, or on any other desirable object. It is not only improper, but positively sinful, to allow the present state of affairs to drag on any longer, and drastic steps for its immediate improvement are urgently called for.[1]

Thus we see that our individual charity is indiscriminate and does not benefit those whom it is intended to or should benefit. Our accumulated charities are being hopelessly misused. What then should we do ?

[1] *Report of the Hindu Religious and Charitable Endowments Committee, U. P.*, p. 68A.

There is a significant passage in the same *Report*, which points the way out :—

The sovereign under the Hindu Law was the upholder of *dharma* in his capacity as the Danda or the executive authority....The temple inspired and sustained private piety; private piety thus strengthened was stimulated into gifts; the constant stream of gifts called for arrangements for their proper administration which thus gave the people an opening for public service and scope for self-rule.

The present indiscriminate charity must yield place to organised charity—so organised as to give the maximum benefit to those in need of help. The social history of the West tells us clearly that

social disorganization, augmenting the need for charity, coincided with the decline of the old religious sanctions of private giving and the depletion of charitable resources both religious and secular. The stage was thus set for the intervention of the national state as the body to administer public relief. Public relief was at first more of an enforcement of law than a charitable act.

Our sources of charity are not depleted. But the time has come for making an intelligent use of our charitable tendency.

Every city in India should have a Charity Organisation Society. Private, indiscriminate, personal charity must be put a stop to. Charitable donations of all kinds must be collected by this society and used for, not merely the temporary alleviation of the suffering of the needy, but the prevention of pauperism by meeting it at its right place and in the right manner. In such an organisation of charity individual need will not be neglected. In fact more individual attention of a constructive type will be given. The usefulness of charitable institutions is increased, their injurious tendencies are checked, by the organisation of charity, for such an organisation implies methods that lead to thoroughness in relieving the unfortunate and the afflicted. The methods of charity organisation are individual work and co-operation aided by inquiry and, so far as possible, adequacy of assistance. To me it seems that charity is both the "deepest conception of religion, the motive and sustaining force of an ideal community," and the "spirit of citizenship which would aim at making the citizen not merely live but live well." Charity when individual and unorganised is both injurious and wasteful: when combined and organised it is serviceable.

A distinguished English social worker of the last century, Miss Octavia Hill, made the following significant statement :- -

I think small doles unkind to the poor, though they bring a momentary smile to their faces. First of all, I think they make them really poorer. Then I think they degrade them and make them less independent. Thirdly, I think they destroy the possibility of really good relations between you and them. Surely, when you go among them, you have better things to do for

them than to give them half-crowns. You want to know them—to enter into their lives, their thoughts ; to let them enter into some of your brightness; to make their lives a little fuller, a little gladder....My experience confirms me entirely in the belief that charity loses nothing of its lovingness by being entirely wise. Now it cannot be wise without full knowledge of the circumstances of those to be dealt with—hence the necessity for investigation ; it cannot come to satisfactory conclusions on those facts unless it employs the help of experienced men —hence the need of a committee for decision.

In other words, Miss Hill recognises the necessity of placing alms giving on a scientific basis and of dealing with each case according to its own peculiar circumstances. Experience in the West has demonstrated that the streams of charity have not dried up when spontaneous individual giving is replaced by the modern charity organisation society. In fact, an intelligent systematic approach to the problem of charity has tapped new sources of supply and brought forth funds in increasing abundance. The tossing off of coppers will, when once the problem has been intelligently understood, give way to the giving of rupees.

One of the greatest of Jews, Moses Ben Maimon, known as Maimonedes, as long ago as the twelfth century A. D., defined eight degrees or steps in the duty of charity.

The *first* and the lowest degree is to give, but with reluctance or regret. This is the gift of the hand, but not of the heart. The *second* is to give cheerfully, but not proportionately to the distress of the sufferer. The *third* is, to give cheerfully, and proportionately, but not until solicited. The *fourth* is to give cheerfully, and proportionately, and even unsolicited, but to put in the poor man's hand, thereby exciting in him the painful emotion of shame. The *fifth* is to give charity in such a way that the distressed may receive the bounty, and know their benefactor, without being known to him....The *sixth*, which rises still higher, is to know the objects of our bounty but remain unknown to them....The *seventh* is still more meritorious, namely, to bestow charity in such a way that the benefactor may not know the relieved persons, nor they the names of their benefactors, as was done by our forefathers during the existence of the temple. For there was in that holy building a place called the Chamber of the Silent, wherein the good deposited secretly whatever their generous hearts suggested, or from which the poor were maintained with equal secrecy. Lastly, the *eighth*, and the most meritorious of all, is to anticipate charity, by preventing poverty....This is the highest step and the summit of charity's golden ladder.

Where does twentieth-century India rank on this twelfth-century scale of charity ? Is it too much to expect India to organise charity on scientific lines and to climb "charity's golden ladder" step by step and not rest till we reach the top ?

JOHN BARNABAS

CASTE IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

[**Dr. B. Bhattacharyya, M.A., Ph.D.,** of Baroda throws down the gauntlet to privilege in a profession that, as he rightly observes, should have service and not profits as its key-note. Incidentally he indicts the common human failing which lies at the root of rigid caste divisions everywhere—readiness to accept blindly ready-made judgments that rest on anything but individual worth. Medical orthodoxy has its dangerous superstitions, such as approving vivisection and inoculation; and it knows how to persecute heretics no less effectively if less spectacularly than did the mediæval Roman Church. Patients may die by the thousand before unorthodox curative methods, however effective, get the mint-stamp of regularity, but professional honour must be vindicated, professional etiquette observed. "Doctors," wrote Gandhiji in *Hind Swaraj*, "have almost unhinged us. Sometimes I think that quacks are better than highly qualified doctors." We do not decry learning or deserved prestige, but degrees are dearly bought when the price demanded is conformity and a closed mind.—Ed.]

The medical profession today excites both amazement and amusement, not only in this country but also in Europe and America. We are amazed on the one hand at the gigantic crowd of heterogeneous elements arrayed to fight disease with all modern equipment, and we are amused on the other hand at the precious little that has been achieved by that gigantic effort to break the citadel of disease and death. But the poverty of achievement has been no bar to the development of a distinctive hierarchy which carries with it all the arrogant implications of a well-regulated caste system.

Although in every department of life people are desperately endeavouring to rid society of the caste complex, a careful observer cannot fail to detect that the medical profession is fast becoming caste-ridden. The system which we had hoped would perish with the advance of civilisation and democratic ideas is raising its head again and again in new fields of life. In the medical profession there is scarcely any need for a caste system, but its presence can hardly be denied.

The castes in the medical profession are becoming increasingly exclusive, and the doctors of the higher classes are becoming conscious of their superiority over their brethren of the lower classes. Once I heard that an F. R. C. S. refused to marry the daughter of an M. D. (Calcutta) as he considered the match not equal to his status! This distinction between the different classes is not only creating heart-burning and rivalry amongst the doctors themselves, but also causing

confusion and anxiety to the public which is the real patron and employer of the medical profession.

It will not be out of place to mention that this professional class of doctors or physicians was held in rather low esteem in ancient India. The highest development of philosophic ideas and complete faith in divine dispensation took away all the importance and all the steam from the medical profession.

Doctors presumably have no control over birth and death, both of which are regulated by higher forces of nature. Even in this scientific age we have not been able to think otherwise, however much we may wish to the contrary. It is widely believed in India that planetary influences bring about disease, death or suffering, and, therefore, that it is beyond the power of the doctor to prevent them. In ancient Greece, we are told, doctors were not allowed to practise if they did not possess an adequate knowledge of astrology. Be that as it may, the doctor's duty is to try to alleviate the distress of the patient, if possible. Otherwise, he does not come into the picture at all. Why, then, all this fuss about doctors' being more scientific or less scientific only for the purpose of extracting higher or lesser fees ?

It will be interesting to note that in Kautilya's time, 2300 years ago in ancient India, medical men were looked upon with suspicion, since the *Arthasastra* prescribed a law by which doctors were required to report all serious cases to the police. If death occurred without a report, the doctor was to be punished with fine or imprisonment or both. Such a step today would at once give rise to expressions of pious horror. I do not know whether the ancients were more civilised than we, but I personally feel that even at the present day such old laws should be revived in the public interest.

Although it is a digression from the main theme of medical castes, I may again point out that even as recently as twenty-five years ago surgery as such, at least in the villages and small towns, was entirely in the hands of the local barbers. Thus the Hindus gave very little importance to the medical manipulations, and the same attitude continues even now. That is the Hindu mind.

That being so, we look askance at the importance given to doctors and patent medicines in the present day, at the empty vauntings of medical men and the gradations existing amongst them. It is a pity that instead of paying doctors for the service rendered to the public by definite cures, we are required to pay for mere treatment according to the caste of the doctor.

Let us take, for instance, such a simple thing as a headache. The person suffering from it may take a one-anna tablet or consult a doctor. The treatment begins with fees. The London M.D. charges two guineas, the M.B. two rupees, an L.C.P.S. one rupee, a compounder doctor eight annas, and a Vaid or a Homœopath

three annas or even less. According to his own ideas he goes to one or the other and pays more or less in fees, regardless of whether he gets relief or not. In disease, we forget, the essential part is the cure, and the non-essential part is the treatment which can be given by any living man on earth if the result is no consideration. I wonder whether the present-day civilisation has taken away from us the faculty of distinguishing between the essential and the non-essential!

Let us leave the headache patient to his fate. But one thing stands out pre-eminently. There is gradation among the doctors, not for their efficiency, which is essential, but for the non-essential and mysterious factor of status and qualifications. And yet we say, we are advancing!

The London M.D., the F.R.C.S., and the M.D.'s of Indian, European and American universities belong to the highest class in the medical profession. I call them the Brahmins. They dress well, move in aristocratic cars and high society, and have attractive and expensive dispensaries and nursing homes. They are generally grave, speak little and in an enigmatic manner, and do not usually come out unless given a call by a professional doctor. Apart from the question of efficiency, they are entitled to the highest fees, which may range from rupees eight to sixty-four or even more for one consultation. It is our superstition that leads us to spend these amounts for a commonplace questioning and examination for a diagnosis. Those who would like to pay, let them pay; those who would like to receive such moneys let them receive, but let both remember that such moneys are for an experiment and not for efficiency.

In these days of world-wide efficiency, the worship offered to the doctor powerless against the effects of evil Karma appears to me to be one of the strangest anomalies of the present age. Here I would like to relate a case where a patient was suffering from continuous fever for nearly ten days. An M.D., valued at Rs. 64/-, examined him and as he left pronounced the case "obscure." An elderly gentleman who happened to be present remarked: "Sixty-four rupees for one word is rather a high price." This case was promptly cured by an un-degree'd "quack."

The second class is the Ksattriya caste and includes within its fold M.B.B.S., L.M. & S. and M.B. doctors of Indian universities. These are usually the Assistant Surgeons, physicians, bacteriologists, lady doctors and general practitioners. In Government employment their highest ambition usually is Rs. 500/- a month, although some of them are available even at Rs. 75/-. Their usual fee is from two to five rupees. and they are kind, serviceable and sympathetic. They do not use a cryptic language, but make a liberal expenditure of words, which are at once soothing and encouraging to the patient. They are the real friends of the public, but they hate

men of rival professions such as Vaids, Hakims, Homœopaths and the rest, and show the greatest displeasure at any form of non-orthodox treatment. These Ksattriya doctors dress in a mediocre fashion and move about mostly on cycles and in carriages, rarely in a car. They have an almost superstitious faith in their text-books and their empirical doctrines, and stick to them like a leech even in the face of repeated failures. Great courage indeed!

Then comes the third class, the Vaisya; they are the L.M.P.'s, L.C.P.S.'s and doctors of similar status passing out of the Medical Schools. The Vaisya doctors cannot afford to dress well, and they move about both on cycles and on foot. When consulted, they are found to be most friendly and serviceable; they will pass hours with the patient, talking, smoking and drinking tea. They do not mind giving the patient an enema occasionally or helping him with a catheter, bandages, or antiphlogistine, and rendering minor surgical help. Their charges are very moderate; they have a regard for other systems of medicine, and do not hesitate to consult a Homœopath, a Vaid or a Hakim. They resent the lower status imposed on them, and they always wonder why they are paid less than the doctors of the Ksattriya caste, although both are required to do the same kind of work. The title "Sub-Assistant Surgeon" is anathema to them.

The lowest rungs of the ladder in the profession are occupied by the compounders, the nurses, the hospital assistants and the degreeless doctors who are desperately trying to make a living by medicine. They are the Sudras or the working-class, and have to carry out the behests of the doctors of the upper castes. Giving a sponge bath or an enema, applying the catheter, washing wounds, bandaging ulcers and the like are the regular work of this class. They mix medicines, label them, mark them, administer them at regular intervals, and in short, do everything that keeps the upper castes going. They also work as vaccinators and inoculators and do a little practice themselves, and their services are sometimes available even for a four-anna bit. The class of patients who cannot afford to pay for scientific medicine but for whom it has a superstitious glamour, generally goes to this Sudra class of doctors.

These are the four main castes amongst the orthodox profession, and as this profession is fortunate in having State patronage, it has almost the same authority as that of the Vedas. All others, in the absence of this authority, must be relegated to the fifth class of the Untouchables. This class includes advocates of other systems, such as Ayurveda, Unani, Homœopathy, Chromopathy, the Bio-Chemic system, Naturopathy, Auto-suggestion, Mantras, Mesmerism, and the rest. The indigenous bone-setters, cataract removers, extractors of poison, ghost doctors and similar experts also belong to this class of untouchables.

Doctors of the orthodox system will not attend on a case previously treated by an untouchable doctor. I can cite the example of a cancer case cured by a Homœopath, which was abandoned by a Vaisya doctor who used to dress the wound. The dressing, which ultimately proved to be a success, had to be done at home by inexperienced boys.

I have forgotten to include another class of men who either directly or indirectly help the profession, although they may or may not be regular doctors, or are practising only in a limited field. These are the Sankara Varnas or the Mixed castes. These include men of every status, high and low—specialists, apothecaries, opticians, shopkeepers, merchants, manufacturers, advertisers, wholesale and retail dealers, painters, designers, travelling agents, brokers, and the rest whose business it is to attend to the trade side of the profession. Their number is surprisingly large, and the profits of some of them are much larger than what even the highest Brahmin doctor can dream of.

Thus the caste system in the medical profession goes on merrily. Many people ignorant and wise are falling victims to it daily. Service should be the key-note of this profession, and not profits. The profession can live only if high ideals are followed ; otherwise it will perish like all evil systems of the past. For the present, however, I wish the New Caste System all victory. Victory be also to the ancient seers who could foresee the evil of caste that is deep-rooted in the human mind.

B. BHATTACHARYYA

DEMOCRATIC ATTITUDE TO LIFE

"The survival of political democracy depends on the creation of a democratic society," declared Mr. R. H. Tawney, presiding at the last annual conference of the Workers' Educational Association in London. And

such a society can no more be based on the rule of an intellectual *elite* over an ignorant or apathetic people than on the landed oligarchies of the past or on the financial oligarchies of today.

The creation of a democratic society involves the education of the masses in democratic ways of life. The recognition is growing that education must mean equipment for the right exercise of social responsibilities. Reconstruction cannot be suddenly thrust on the people; it has to take shape in their minds. Mr. Tawney rightly stressed that

the interests which unite men as men are more profound and important than those dividing nations, and that the things of the spirit, for which an educational movement stands, are of their very nature supernational.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

PERSONALISM *

Transformation is a collection of Prose, Poetry and Plays by thirty writers but, as the title indicates, the contributors are linked by a common allegiance to a central belief, which is ably formulated by the Editors in their Introduction and by Mr. Herbert Read in his essay "The Politics of the Unpolitical."

As this is the first volume of *Transformation*, it is proposed to examine this central belief, rather than individual contributions, especially as the values proclaimed have direct relevance to modern Babel.

Briefly summarised, these are the chief tenets of this "Personalist" creed:—

(*a*) A new type of being is emerging out of a dying culture.

(*b*) All politics which do not grow, organically, from living are rejected.

(*c*) Personalism rejects all forms of government which ignore spiritual values.

(*d*) Personalism "demands a complete revaluation of all aspects of life, a complete reorientation, a complete change of heart."

It was an editorial inspiration to follow the Introduction with Mr. Herbert Read's remarkable essay, for, in it, he makes the fact plain that all current political systems are inns without a room for the politics of those "who desire to be pure in heart." In a challenging argument, Mr. Read maintains that communism and fascism are extreme forms of democracy—that what we term democracy is a physical impossibility—that only in the sight of God are men equal.

Clearly, this rejection of all current political systems will invite the indictment that Mr. Read and those in agreement with him have deserted the arena and become detached spectators of the conflict. Mr. Read deals with this charge in the last paragraph of his essay but, even if it were admitted, it would not be difficult to show that "withdrawal" is not necessarily inactivity—that, sometimes, in the past, those who withdrew from contemporary affairs fashioned the shape of things to come far more creatively than those who battled blindly in the arena.

Mr. Peter Drucker in his penetrating book, *The End of Economic Man*, says:—

> ...personal religion has become the refuge of many of the best minds in Germany and Italy. Parallel with it a New Humanism has made its appearance ...These returns to the perennial intellectual and spiritual values of the European inheritance are not in themselves socially effective, creative, or productive.... But out of a similar resignation of the scholars of the thirteenth century who retired to their study in conscious abandonment of their function in society emerged the Renaissance conception of freedom and the society of Intellectual Man....To-day we are witnessing the same phenomenon; again it should—eventually—lead to a regeneration. In his self-imposed resignation from society the individual, freed from the limitations of the concept of Economic Man, will produce a

* *Transformation*. Edited by STEFAN SCHIMANSKI and HENRY TREECE. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 6*s*.)

new, non-economic, social substance which he will endow with freedom.

The simple fact is that there is nothing to do in Babel—for the sane. What you do must be real—for you. It *is* true that political systems which do not stem from *living* lack reality. The inescapable and terrible fact about the modern world is that power is exalted over life. This, perhaps, explains why, in Alexander Blok's words, *man's entire being is in revolt.*

Transformation deserves attention if only because it is an attempt to halt the process of "atomism" which, unchecked, must culminate in total disintegration.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

ST. PAUL *

Any author who undertakes to write a novel based upon the Bible record has accepted a labour fraught with grave responsibilities. As an author he wields the powerful weapon of the written word with which he will enter the minds of thousands of people, sowing there ideas of truth or untruth. In his handling of the Bible record he can faithfully portray the spiritual truths, clothing them in words which will illustrate these truths more clearly to others, or he can yield to the subtle temptation of allowing his personal will to dominate the story and distort characters and episodes to suit his own ends, thereby presenting a false picture.

Mr. Asch has treated the Bible record with great insight and honesty, which run through his book like a shining light, illuminating its pages. The reader may give himself up entirely to the enjoyment and inspiration of the story free from the haunting doubt that it is distorted.

With a wealth of detail and local colour Mr. Asch conducts us through the daily life of the people of Palestine, Syria, Greece and Rome of nearly 2,000 years ago. Before our eyes we behold the pageant of those times vividly unfolded as the picturesque background to the story of the early spread of Christianity. The story which is dealt with so briefly in the Bible, here leaps into the warmth of life interpreted and illustrated through the everyday affairs, worries, hopes, ambitions and loves of ordinary men and women. It takes upon itself the living reality of flesh and blood through which the reader can understand and feel a ready human sympathy for the characters who move across its pages.

After reading this book the reader will understand more easily the magnitude of the work done by the Apostle Paul and will appreciate more readily the tremendous debt Christianity owes to him. In the author's portrayal of the Apostle's character, however, one feels that a "personal magnetism" has been attributed to Paul which tends to dwarf the colossal spiritual stature and sublimity of concept which must surely have been the attributes of one who successfully completed such a work. Too much is made of his physical defects. It appears as a strange anomaly that he who could heal others could not heal himself; this will not entirely satisfy the reader who takes a

* *The Apostle.* By SCHOLEM ASCH. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.00)

more spiritual view of the power of Christ expressed in the life and teaching of the Apostle. One feels that the author is endeavouring to explain the phenomenon of the power of Christ expressed by the Apostle, upon the basis of some magnetic power engendered in the person of Paul.

The Christian of today is apt to forget the great part played by the Jews in the early propagation and dissemination of the teachings of Jesus Christ. So often too much is made of the antagonism of the orthodox Jews to that teaching and not enough is said of the thousands who gave their earthly all in its cause, with the fervour and sincerity peculiar to their race. This the author clarifies. At the same time he illustrates forcibly that stiff-necked obstinacy and narrow, ritualistic view-point which betrayed the orthodox Jews into rejecting their own long-awaited and beloved Messiah, and thus taking from the Jews their birthright, to give it to the Gentiles.

It is impossible that such a book will not meet with strong critics who disagree with minor points of scriptural interpretation, or who do not like the author's portrayal of some of the characters. But if the reader can take a broad view of the story he cannot fail to be profoundly impressed and uplifted by it.

LAURENCE E. MOORE

THE TEACHER OF THE SIKHS*

It was a wise decision to let the Guru himself speak in this account of the early sixteenth-century reformer-saint. The introductory matter and the incidental narrative are unobtrusive but appropriate settings for the jewels of his thought.

The Deity to whom he preached complete devotion is the All-Pervading, the Indwelling God. He taught of Karma and reincarnation, of control of mind, of action without interest in its fruits. He extolled the householder's life, lived in purity, above renunciation of the world; rejected outer forms as valueless. It was no new revelation that Guru Nanak gave. What teaching that is true was ever new? It was as a protestant against forms and superstitions and communal exclusiveness that he came on the scene, as all religious teachers worthy of the name have come.

Nanak's mode of teaching is more than a little reminiscent of the Buddha's. Both turn to nature for their illustrations; both use the Socratic method to good effect. But Nanak has a rich humour all his own and his gentle ridicule drives many a lesson home.

From childhood he seemed conscious of his mission and gifted with a wisdom far beyond his years. He refused to label himself Hindu or Muslim; he preached the brotherhood of man, the Golden Rule. Certainly it would ill become Christians, with their open flouting of the law of love which their great teacher preached, to marvel that the martial Sikhs trace their spiritual descent from one who advocated harmlessness in thought and act and demanded that his followers love all, even those who hated them.

Guru Nanak is a mine of wisdom.

ELEANOR HOUGH

* *Guru Nanak*. By RAJA SIR DALJIT SINGH, with a Foreword by the HON. SIR JOGENDRA SINGH. (The Unity Publishers, Gita Bhawan, McLeod Road, Lahore. Rs. 7/8)

With No Regrets: An Autobiography. By KRISHNA HUTHEESING. Illustrated. (Padma Publications, Ltd., Lakshmi Building, Sir Phirozeshah Mehta Road, Bombay. Rs. 6/8)

It is inevitable that the reader of Krishna Hutheesing's Autobiography should feel inclined to contrast it with the Autobiography of her brother, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. They are genuine autobiographies both and they are equally more than mere autobiographies. Sister or brother, the autobiographer is also the historian of the House of Motilal, the historian, too, of renascent India and her great leader, Mahatma Gandhi. Personal and public life, family and national history, all coalesce to give us works of art that are at once human documents and national testaments.

However, Krishna Hutheesing's book is slighter in bulk and is a more human and vivacious narrative than is her brother's more famous Autobiography. Hers is essentially a feminine book; she excels particularly in delineating the great women of the House of Motilal, though the glimpses she gives of the father and of the brother are also unforgettable. She is less austere, less restrained, less unwilling to suffer fools, than is her brother; and she speaks, as most women do, "right on." Her narrative, again, is candid and sensitive with the embracing fluidity of love, and the mere woman, a chip of the eternal feminine as any, is never obscured by the pomp and circumstance of the highlights of political life. On the other hand, Krishna Hutheesing's prose style, nervous and delicate and effective as it is, has nevertheless yet to acquire the utter finish and marble purity and strength of Jawaharlal's.

With No Regrets is a beautiful book, and it is also a brave book. Political leadership has brought to the members of the House of Motilal little more than "double double, toil and trouble"; at the present moment, Krishna's brother is in jail; and "heartache and sorrow" lift their unwelcome heads again and again in the course of the narrative. But Krishna Hutheesing is wise enough and brave enough to "look back on all that has happened with no regrets."

The book carries a Foreword by Shrimati Sarojini Naidu and an Introduction by Dr. Amiya Chakravarty. It is also equipped with fifteen illustrations, so that it may be not inaptly described, in a double sense, as a national portrait gallery.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Talking to India. By E. M. FORSTER AND OTHERS. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. *7s. 6d.*)

These "predominantly cultural talks with a literary bias," selected from the B. B. C. Broadcasts to India, can be appreciated even without agreeing with George Orwell's claim in his introduction that "English, although spoken by comparatively few people, is the only true lingua franca of India." The number of those who take to the study of English literature today being what it is, this book, which discusses a variety of interesting aspects of modern English literature, with a particular though unmentioned emphasis on literature and war wins an easy response. Eliot, Forster, Orwell, Wickham Steed, Hamilton Fyfe and Waddingdon are good names to attract attention undoubtedly. But the limitations of

time—for all these were broadcast—have sometimes helped to close down boring propaganda as they have, at other times, seriously handicapped a full development of the argument. The fault cannot be the writers', therefore, if most of these selections read sketchily though interestingly. The section on propaganda needs no comment but the general section could have included some talks on some of the major linguistic cultures of India. Surely India is not interested in English literature alone!

V. M. INAMDAR

Sri Ramanuja's Theory of Knowledge —A Study. By Dr. K. C. VARADACHARI. (Sri Venkatesvara Oriental Institute, Tirupati. Rs. 3/-)

This book is a justification of Sri Ramanuja's epistemological Realism and ontological Idealism or Spiritualism. While God is the only reality, He is gratified both by the intelligent and the non-intelligent forms of being, which together constitute His body. The relation of soul and body is thus fundamental to reality and is the only intelligible form of an ultimate unity. In the realm of knowledge, however, the finite self and the things that he knows are quite separate and independent The relation of knowledge, unlike the relation of body and soul, is external. The author is concerned to defend Sri Ramanuja's view that all perception is *savikalpaka* and apprehends some structure or *samsthāna* of the object, however primitive; that perception is a normal and valid means of knowing; that illusory perception is not the perception of a non-existent or an unreal object but only the perception of a subordinate or an unimportant part of it; that illusory perception can be explained through causes which we can discover in perception itself guided by common-sense; and that while all knowledge is in a sense true there is such a thing as *divya-pratyakṣa* or divine knowledge, which may be said to be the culmination of all knowledge. Consciousness is here freed from all limitations of body and mind. This is the state of *mukti*. There is no such thing as pure immediacy or pure consciousness.

The author brings out the salient features of Sri Ramanuja's theory of knowledge. But the book is not written in an attractive or a lucid style. It does not read well. It may be difficult to express Indian thought accurately in English, but the author's knowledge of this language appears to be deficient even for an Indian. There are all sorts of awkward and inaccurate forms of expression. It is also evident that the author has had very little training in philosophical thinking. No problem in the book has been discussed with clearness, method or a proper sequence of thought. The quotations from Western thinkers appear to be quite unnecessary and irrelevant. The book leaves much room for improvement in both content and presentation.

G. R. MALKANI

Sri Venkatesa-Kavya-Kalpa, Edited by D. T. TATACHARYA, Siromani. (Sri Venkatesvara Oriental Institute, Tirupati, Rs. 4/-)

The inaugural number of the Sri Venkatesvara Oriental Series issued under the general editorship of Prof. P. V. Ramanujaswamy contains a number of deeply devotional prayers in Sanskrit dedicated to Lord Sri Venkatesvara and His Consort Sri Padmavati. These have been got ready for publication by Pandit D. T. Tatacharya. It is sad to record that most of the important editorial work had been completed by the late Dr. M. Krishnamacharya, who was Director of the Institute and in that capacity had carried on and organised splendid research. It is gratifying that the present Director and Curator have continued the work and traditions of Dr. Krishnamacharya whose *History of Sanskrit Literature* is an unsurpassable classic.

The first part of this work contains four prayers; the second, which forms the major portion of the volume, contains thirty-four. The third part contains some Tamil stanzas (*Sadagopagatha*), with the Sanskrit commentary of Rangaramanuja.

The prayers have all been composed by classic authors and reveal a remarkable psychological surrender of the entire personality to the Lord, in whose praise the spiritual yearnings of the writers' hearts have so spontaneously poured.

When every prayer of these classicist devotees is a finished work of art in itself, it would seem invidious and withal needless to single out this or that composition for especial commendation. Yet I would draw attention to "Dayasataka" and "Srinivasagunakara," which contain the basic quintessentials of a theistic approach to the Lord of the Universe as the only sympathetic saviour of sinning souls struggling in the whirlpool of metempsychosis. I would further commend the prose-prayer "Lakshmi-gadya" which, in that particular style of composition known only to Sanskrit, constitutes a stirring, serene and harmonious succession of syllables and sense. These Gadya-prayers are usually chanted to the musical tunes known as "*Arabhi*" and "*Devagandhari*" and they make a special appeal to the ear of tyro and trained alike.

While the editing has been accomplished with commendable care and selective judgment, it is rather regrettable that typographical errors have been allowed to creep in. The title on page 46 is an amusing case in point. The Editors are to be sincerely complimented on the publication of the work, which is bound to be useful to a large section of devoted worshippers of the Lord on the Tirupati Hills.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

The Ethical Philosophy of the Gītā. By P. N. SRINIVASACHARI, M.A. (Sri Krishna Library, Mylapore, Madras. Rs. 2/-)

This work embodies the author's lectures as Reader of the Madras University. In a critical survey on Western lines of the religious and ethical philosophy of the *Gītā*, he closely follows the commentary of Ramanuja, the exponent of Visistādvaita Vedānta. Commentators divide the eight-

een chapters of the *Gītā* into three equal sections, each dealing with a group of related topics. In the preface, the author indicates what, according to him, are the topics treated in the three sections. These bear no obvious resemblance to the division according to Yamunacharya, the Paramaguru of Ramanuja, who has epitomised the teaching of the *Gītā* in his *Gītārtha Sangraha*. This divergence, however, is only apparent and is due to the author's intention to present the Visistādvaitic interpretation of the *Gītā* in a form that will appeal to the modern student of religion and philosophy whose outlook is influenced by Western methods of approach to such topics.

In the introductory chapter the author remarks that "the *Gītā* is difficult to understand though it looks easy in its apparent simplicity." It is no doubt true that many passages in the *Gītā* are apparently simple but there are couplets in it so enigmatical that they have taxed the ingenuity of many a commentator in interpreting them so as to agree with his own school of thought. Almost every writer on the *Gītā* starts with a particular theory of the Self (*puruṣa*) and his interpretation of the *Gītā* is determined by this theory. The Visistādvaitic concept of *puruṣa* is clearly stated by Professor Srinivasachari in the following words:—"There are three different *puruṣas* recognisable in the *Gītā*:—the *kṣara* or mutable in nature, the *puruṣa* embodied in *prakṛti*; the *akṣara* or the immutable *puruṣa*, the silent self freed from *prakṛti*; and the *uttamapuruṣa* or Supreme Lord."

Man's activity must have for its goal the attainment of *atmananda*, the inner joy of the Soul. One becomes an *atmaraman* not by inaction, but by right action. Right action leads to *Jnāna* (knowledge) and *Bhakti* (loving devotion to the Supreme Lord). To the aspirant for self-realisation duty is a divine command and its performance is divine service.

> Regard all your actions as determined by *Bhagavan* or God as the ultimate subject or *karta*. *Gītā* iii. 30 (P.N.S.).

The book is to be welcomed as a valuable addition to the literature on the *Gītā*. The author's reputation as an exponent of the Visistādvaitic Vedānta, a reputation already high, is enhanced by the present work.

B. VENKATESACHAR

Sati Kasturba: A Life-Sketch with Tributes in Memoriam. Edited by R. K. PRABHU, with a Foreword by M. R. MASANI. (Hind Kitabs, Hornby Road, Bombay. Re. 1/4)

The flood of spontaneous tributes which Kasturba Gandhi's recent death evoked is a phenomenon worth analysing. The fact that she was the devoted wife of the greatest man in the public world today and that so many sympathised in his bereavement does not explain it altogether. Nor do her sacrifices for her countrymen abroad and for her country's freedom, both creditable and inspiring as they were. Nor does even the pathetic circumstance of her having died in prison.

It is as a symbol that her memory is hailed and the homage paid is a triumphant affirmation of traditional values in a world which has largely set them at nought. The power of the humblest life lived by principle stands

vindicated in the extracts which make up this unsensational life-sketch, as also the Indian woman's self-effacing service. Not only wisdom but goodness is justified of her children !

Appropriately, the profits of the book all go to the Memorial Fund to benefit the womanhood of India.

E. M. H.

Deluge. By SHANTI JAVERI. (Author, Shanti Bhuvan, Choupatty, Bombay 7. Rs. 3/-)

This is a discussion play, the central theme of which is the misdoing of man in the name of science, religion, politics, peace and all the rest. We are presented with contemporary types, imagined as dead long ago, but hovering in eternal restlessness for destiny unfulfilled. We come across their points of view that make up the contemporary chaos and rush toward self-annihilation without an alternative. There is hope for the New Man, the author implies, but not until the old mischief is undone. Not surely until Man realises that he has a destiny to fulfil other than meeting a violent end Not until he unlearns his philosophies of race prejudice and political hatred and accepts man as his brother.

In a play like this characters sag and shrink into marionettes with view-points tacked to them unless the whole is held up by a Shavian brilliance of dialogue. The author's attempt has promise.

V. M. L.

The Schools of Vedanta. By P. NAGARAJA RAO, M.A., with a Foreword by SIR S. RADHAKRISHNAN. (Bharatiya Vidya Studies No. 2, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. Rs. 2/-)

Lay readers who have had their interest piqued by references, so frequently met with, to the *Shad-darsanas* or the six schools of Indian philosophy, will feel indebted to the author for this clear exposition of their points of superficial variance and the still more significant points on which they openly agree. The differences are of terminology; fundamentally the ideas of the six schools are complementary when not identical.

All of the *darsanas* recognize the possibility of liberation; all accept philosophy as less a view of life than a way of life; all demand detachment from self-interest in action; all view the universe as a purposeful moral order and all accept Karma and Reincarnation as the mode of human progress.

All of the systems are sympathetically presented here, but Shri Nagaraja Rao makes no secret of his predilection for Advaita with its central doctrine of the identity of Brahman and the individual self.

E. M. H.

Talk for Food: A Farce in Frustration. By S. GOPAL and V. ABDULLA. (Shakti Karyalayam, Madras. As. 10)

We have in India today all-party conferences, and no-party conferences; press conferences and food conferences. We have communalists who would divide India and others who would unite it before either would raise a finger to relieve hunger. We have comrades who endlessly swear by the people and princes who pathetically cling to imaginary paramountcy. We have vanquished advocates arguing still and idle worthies releasing pompous platitudes. Above all we have Western journalist birds of passage who report the gods to be O. K. in Whitehall and all quiet and happy in dying India. All this against the background of imprisoned hope makes facts look farcical.

If the cross section of contemporary Indian public life presented in this playlet may rightly be described as a "Farce in Frustration," the credit goes not so much to the authors' sense of humour as to their sense of realism. India today is Talkistan.

V. M. INAMDAR

CORRESPONDENCE

OBSCENITY IN LITERATURE

I have read with interest Mr. Aslam Siddiqi's article in *The Indian P. E. N.* for August 1943 and that of Prof. P. S. Naidu in THE ARYAN PATH for December. The following paragraphs are penned to supplement the interesting discussion which followed in the latter journal for March 1944. Professor Naidu's approach has been psychological and rather technical while that of Mr. Siddiqi has been practical. I do not propose to criticise their views but only to reinforce their arguments from the view-point of an ordinary reader. Mr. Siddiqi indicts specifically two writers, one of whom, it is alleged, has not only produced obscene literature but also defended it, demanding why, if temples and mosques may be written about, brothels may not be. The present writer is no student of Urdu literature and is not in a position to read the particular stories which provoked Mr. Siddiqi's protest and the successful prosecution of the publisher. But since the question of obscene literature is common to all Indian literatures, the difference being only one of degree, and since the question is or ought to be the concern of everyone who would keep literature free from demoralising influences, the following remarks will be on obscenity in literature in general.

Mr. Siddiqi in his argument against obscenity in literature seems willing to hurt but afraid to strike. His argument only amounts to this: that because the world's great literature and great literary geniuses are free from that taint, the moderns also should not soil their hands with it. And if some great writers have occasionally indulged in undesirable writing it is because of necessity, *i. e.*, to relieve the tedium of sententious moralising. Scrutiny

will reveal that in both these arguments Mr. Siddiqi is playing into the hands of the opponent, who will justly retort that he openly refuses to be bound down by the tradition and the practice of earlier writers. Tradition, the opponent will say with some justification, is no authority and he may add that if tradition, which is after all only hardened convention, is going to restrict his freedom, he will have nothing to do with it.

But obscenity in literature has to be opposed not because it is contrary to the practice of earlier writers or because it goes against the general tenor of the great literatures of the world, but because the accepted practices and conventions and traditions have sound reasons behind them, because obscenity is an undesirable thing in itself. The defence of the advocates of such writing therefore has to be met with a more shattering refutation than a mere appeal to past practice. That refutation is to be found in the unquestionable need for a sane and moral outlook in literature as in life.

The defenders of this undesirable kind of writing generally argue in two ways. They say firstly that literature which has its roots in life and aims at its accurate portrayal cannot be properly so called if some aspects of it are to be deliberately avoided simply because those aspects happen to be ugly reminders of class prejudice and social selfishness; that literature must encompass the whole of life, cruel as well as kind, beautiful as well as ugly. That is what is meant when it is argued that if writers can expatiate upon temples and mosques there is nothing that should make writing about the houses of sin taboo as is commonly claimed.

Secondly, on the side of method, if realism is good and necessary, it is good and necessary either way, *i.e.*, for the description of what is wholesome as well as of what may not be wholesome. There can be nothing wrong, they argue, in a writer's dwelling on the uglier aspects of life. What is obscenity after all? they ask, and answer that it is a prudish concept of a self-devised and self-righteous code of moral right and wrong which makes a thing obscene or its opposite purely on the strength of personal predilections. Since the progressivist trend in contemporary literatures has always been to question accepted standards of judgment and facilely to place all responsibility for social evils on the conservative elements in a community, these writers believe that a literature which flinches at the exposure of unwholesome things is not literature at all but only idle romantic escapism. Thus with presumptuous arrogance and false philosophy they start on an expedition towards, not life, but hell on earth.

Let us admit at once that literature has to deal with the entirety of life which is ugly as well as beautiful. The case of those who would devote their talents and energies to descriptions of unpleasant aspects of life could readily be allowed if literature could be utterly divorced from ethical implications. Not that every piece of writing always is or must be actuated by deliberate motive or virtuous purpose, but it cannot be denied that every piece of writing is the expression of its author's outlook. Consciously or unconsciously, that outlook implies values in life which invest literature with what significance it has for life. The moral

validity of that outlook, therefore, in respect of its effect and influence upon the ordinary reader, is a vastly significant factor which goes a long way in earning for that writing the judgment of the discriminating public which will also be the judgment of posterity.

Needless to say, literature is great to the extent that it has power in it to influence humanity towards what is ultimately good, beautiful and true. What goodness or truth or beauty can one find in an orgy of perverted sex relations which cannot but be unhealthy, in the squalor and the wretchedness of brothels which cannot but fill one's mind with disgust? It may be asked whether, just because those aspects of life are unhealthy and wretched and disgusting, we are to shut ourselves away from them in complacent virtue, in literature as in life, and leave the sufferers to their misfortune? No. But a vital distinction has to be made. If a particular author is unquestionably moved by the social injustice which makes the wretchedness and the squalor possible and also has in him the ardour and the necessary constructive outlook, helpful in remedying the unfortunate state of affairs, then perhaps, he will be entitled to attempt the theme. But even then, he need not keep in his shop window all that may be unbeautiful if he can achieve his purpose by suggestion and allied literary devices. An author, just for the reason that the cesspool is a dirty reality in life and that therefore literature has to reckon with it, need not dive into its depths and lay before his audience all that he comes across in his misdirected expedition. It is not merely unnecessary but positively dangerous, as much for the reader as for the writer himself. The question, therefore, is always one of motive as well as of method. The pure motive is its own justification for handling the theme and devises its own methods. But the method must always be governed by the strictest needs of the situation; that deserves to be emphasized. Suggestion, restraint and reticence must be the writer's watchwords. That is how writings like Alexander Kuprin's *Yama the Pit* escape being obscene despite their relentless realism of detail.

The issue may further be clarified with particular reference to one aspect of life which has provided the ground of difference between the traditionalists and the progressives and that is the troubled question of the treatment of sex in literature. Naturally sex has been a subject which has enticed many a young writer to dangerous pitfalls. Such a writer is always sure of popular appeal, since a large section of the reading population takes to reading as a means to while away an idle hour and such stuff makes absorbing reading.

Moreover, only a very small percentage is capable, spiritually speaking, of realising the harm which salacious writing can do to the reader's mind. Many, though convinced of the moral horror of turning inside out an aspect of life that gains beauty by reticence and restraint, are sure to be enslaved, for the moment at least, by the thrill and the excitement which such writing provides in ample measure. And whenever saner minds attack such writers it is usual to find them entrenching themselves behind the works of writers like D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce. Why, they demand, if works like the former's *Lady Chat-*

terley's Lover and portions of the latter's *Ulysses* can be not merely tolerated but acclaimed as great writing, should other writers who attempt to be equally bold and "realistic" have to face the critics' fire ? The argument looks sound but is fallacious. Lawrence is a writer very easy to misunderstand and often misunderstood. One can say without hesitation that if a writer of obscene stuff can quote Lawrence in his defence, he is doing injustice to himself and also to Lawrence.

This is not the place to enter into an explanation of Lawrence's philosophy of sex or the motives which actuated his most discussed novels and stories. But none will deny that Lawrence's was a crusade against an intellectual hypocrisy that undervalued an important aspect of life. His novels and stories glow with the heat and light of his convictions. What strikes the reader there is not salaciousness but the travail of a tortured consciousness and a mind agonised by the beauty, the power and the mystery of sex. All Lawrence's writings are in one sense therefore *personal* and for those who do not agree with his convictions, on which he built his stories and novels, there will be little really interesting or valuable in the long run. Moreover, even Lawrence's philosophical outlook and his crusading ardour could not altogether justify his occasional violences and the temporary ban on some of his writings only indicated the danger of going too far on the road he travelled. The road is dangerous not because it may get the author and the publisher into trouble but because of the increasing chances of one foul and perverted sensibility contacting and contaminating many others.

For the discriminating reader who can pick out the grain and discard the chaff there may be little harm, but to the inexperienced adolescent who is fascinated by sex and its attractions and who naturally depends upon books for his knowledge of such things, the danger is really incalculable. The baser side of it is more likely to occupy his mind and claim an attention which it does not deserve. When all the psycho-analytical jargon about the libido and the rest has not been able to explain away the mystery that surrounds sex, a perverted account of this fundamental relation is likely to create more disgust than awe, more ugliness than beauty. That is why it has been rightly said that books which, like Joyce's *Ulysses*, give the reader the impression that sex is grubby through and through are meanly blasphemous. The problem of obscenity in literature is the problem of literary hygiene with this difference, that in the case of an unclean book the contamination has the added danger of spreading simultaneously to vast populations. An obscene book is a universal peril.

V. M. INAMDAR

Bombay.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____*ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The release of Gandhiji from prison on the 6th of May is not a small and isolated happening; it is a major move of the world war, an event that may well have results more far-reaching than many a spectacular campaign. Lord Wavell by this act of justice, belated though it is, has won for the Allies a victory of outstanding importance on the moral front. It is a symbol, this release of Gandhiji, a symbol and a promise of ultimate release for India and also for the world.

Defeat after defeat upon the moral front has largely cancelled out for the Allied Nations their achievements on the well-fought field of battle in the sky as on the water and on land, on the Continent of Europe as among the scattered isles of the Pacific. Professions negatived in practice work against, not for, their makers. So an impregnable position morally must form the groundwork for a lasting victory by force of arms. The avowed defenders of Democracy staged a retreat that was far from being strategic when they locked up Gandhiji, who in the eyes of almost all the world stands as the Force of Peace personified. His good-will, which flows out to all, they could not alienate, but certainly they missed a golden opportunity in failing to secure the active friendship and co-operation of this great lover of his fellow-men and of the cause of liberty.

Now Gandhiji is sick. His very sickness is a symbol, too. For India is sick; the world is sick—sick of coercion, sick of injustice, sick of violence. These sicknesses will never yield to homœopathy. *Similia similibus curantur* does not apply to moral sufferings. Justice alone can cure inequity; freedom, coercion; and compassion, hate.

Gandhiji's sickness is regretted far and wide. But the grounds of his release are less important than the fact that he at last is free. The man of Non-Violence is free now to advise, to instruct and to inspire, his country first and then—through India's heeding of his words—a war-sick world.

"Democracy is for the unafraid," proclaims Chester B. Hines in the Winter 1944 *Common Ground*. Fear, he declares, leads people to be cruel, vicious, furtive, dangerous, dishonest, malicious, vindictive. "They destroy the things of which they are afraid, or are destroyed by them."

Dictators are afraid; Mr. Hines points out that their attempts to enslave the world are an expression of that fear.

Only cowards seek to destroy "minority" groups. courageous people are not afraid of them

The cowardly few are not dangerous in themselves. But fear is alarmingly infectious. Mr. Hines finds frightening the spreading of fear, among white people, of those of darker skins. They are beginning to realise how greatly they are outnumbered by the darker

peoples and a fear that has been largely subconscious is breaking out.

Dedicating life to the proposition of upholding the superiority of one's own race is a barren calling. The white race has long dominated and exploited other races. Is not the professed "fear" of those races largely fear of having to give up that exploitation? The notion of supremacy and the claim to prestige are hard to lay aside. But

when the white man banishes his fear, he will banish with it all the bugaboos of race; and he himself will for the first time be free.

In "Ethical Revaluations," the editorial in *The Ethical Societies Chronicle* for March, Mr. A. D. Howell Smith recalls Emerson's dictum that in moral science we are still only "at cock-crowing and the morning star." Conventional taboos, differing with place and time, hedge all men in and discrimination is needed between the meaningless and the significant. Mr. Smith overlooks the Ariadne's thread of universality which can lead us out of the labyrinth—that single system of morality which all great teachers have proclaimed. Great men have taught us morals; their pigmy successors, manners.

Mr. Smith recognises the imperative of conscience, ignoring which lowers our moral tone and dims our moral vision and heeding which tends to our moral betterment and clarity. But he insists that "we cannot really achieve morally for ourselves unless we achieve morally for others.

Our involution in the lives of others is such that nobody can escape responsibility for social evils, though the scope of such responsibility must vary from person to person.

Individual morality is total. Without all-round moral advance, isolated virtues carried to exaggeration become vices. Thrift overdone too often has degenerated into miserliness, courage into foolhardiness, generosity into prodigality, kindliness into sentimental mushiness.

The good man who can see no farther than his own moral rectitude may be a public menace,

and often the more sincere and persistent his goodness the more extensive is his power for mischief. Good Pope Innocent III was a greater danger to morality itself than immoral Pope Alexander VI, whose vices injured far fewer people than the other's fanatical virtues.

That the mind of the scientist plays an important part in controlling the behaviour of the variable factor he may be observing is suggested by the findings at Duke University at Durham, N. C., in the U. S. A. An article which John J. O'Neill contributed to the *New York Herald Tribune* for 27th February reports the findings of Dr. J. B. Rhine and his associates which seem to point that way. Experiments with extra-sensory communication or telepathy and extra-sensory perception or clairvoyance both seemed to justify belief in human powers beyond those recognised by modern physical science. From these they have gone on to tests of precognition and psychokinesis, or mental control of an event as it is happening. Statistically valid and scientifically acceptable results are claimed to have been achieved in both, though doubtless many substantiating experiments lie between these and general acceptance of the findings. If the scientist's mind does, as suggested, affect his experiment, the fact would go far to explain the baffling but

not uncommon phenomenon of a single investigator's getting results that seem *bona fide* but fail to be confirmed by subsequent investigation which follows his technique.

More important still, the results of the Duke University experiments, Mr. O'Neill suggests, may make personal immortality scientifically plausible.

> If the mind is different from the physical brain system, it could have a different destiny, could perhaps be independent, separable, unique.... Is it not then provocative, to say the least, to discover certain capacities of mind that appear to operate beyond the boundaries of space and time within which our sensorial, bodily system has to live and move? Here surely, if ever, "hope sees a endeavour. National jealousies and honest joining of hands go together. Perhaps it is the little men who stand upon prestige. Certainly, as Dr. Stern observes,

> The comradeship of the great has always disregarded artificial boundaries of space and even those of time.

The claim is often put forward that the universal and impartial nature of scientific inquiry promotes human collaboration and human understanding above the narrow distinctions of nation and race. Dr. Curt Stern in an article "The Journey, Not the Goal" in *The Scientific Monthly* for February admits that this is little more than a pious hope. The international congresses, he says, offer proof of the possibilities of co-operation as also of the fact of its absence. More than fifty different nations join in discussion and diversion and the hope of civilised co-operation seems materialising. Yet, when it comes to questions such as upholding national prestige, choosing the next venue of the congress, etc., narrow nationalism too often is to the fore.

That is not the whole picture, as Dr. Stern admits. Side by side with pettiness at such sessions goes the expression of sincere sentiments of desire for general human understanding and mutual help in all civilised

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The relation of alcohol to traffic accidents as well as to physical fitness is engaging increasing attention in the West. *The National Temperance Quarterly and Medical Review* (London) for February reports a special course offered last summer by Yale University in the U. S. A. on some of the modern scientific findings in relation to beverage alcohol. From that country also comes the report of an examination of 100 drivers involved in traffic accidents, in which alcohol was found in the blood of 46.6 per cent. A check test of 100 drivers stopped on the road showed no alcohol in the blood of 87.9 per cent.

This bears out the point made by Major Thomas Macleod, O.B.E. (late of the R.F.C. and R.A.F.) in a lecture reported in the same issue. He emphasised the cumulative action of alcohol and its effect on the accuracy of visual judgment, upon which traffic safety, on the roads or in the air, so largely depends. In concluding he urged

> that in the post-war world when speed will be an increasingly accepted factor it was even more imperative that the human factor should be more dependable, and that human dependability could not be reconciled with the inefficiency produced by the drink habit.

The great need for an adequate indigenous pharmaceutical industry has been underlined by the situation brought about by the war. Many important medicines are unavailable or

procurable only at prices beyond the reach of the ordinary man. India with her wealth of medicinal plants should not be thus at the mercy of circumstances beyond India's control. The Fourth All-India Pharmaceutical Conference which met at Calcutta on April 8th and 9th urged upon the Government the taking of all necessary steps to make India self-sufficient with regard to all essential drugs.

Interesting in this context is Vice-President Wallace's vigorous condemnation a few months ago of the exploitation of physical suffering. In a speech at Chapel Hill, N. C., on the 12th of December 1943, he declared that the coming peace

must smash for all time international monopolies on vital medicines and other elements necessary for fighting disease. Power to condemn millions of people to suffering because they cannot buy health at monopoly prices must be eliminated. We must not allow special privileges here or abroad to stand in the way of the struggle against disease.

A mistake of many to whom the idea of a vegetarian diet appeals is to rush into vegetarianism without adequate study of dietetics or the provision of the necessary protein elements to take the place of meat. When they fall ill too often vegetarianism is blamed instead of their own unwisdom.

Few men have done more than the late Dr. John Harvey Kellogg not only to popularise a meatless diet in the West but to make it safe. The meat substitutes such as peanut butter and protose which he invented in his long life of over ninety years have helped make Battle Creek famous throughout the world.

The January issue of *Good Health*, the official organ of the Race Betterment Foundation which he formed, reports an interesting point in connection with his discovery of the process of preparing cereal flakes.

Experiment after experiment had proved unsuccessful. One morning when he awoke, after a particularly discouraging series of experiments the night before, he felt sure that the difficulty was solved. He declared that his subconscious mind had worked out the formula while he slept. He went to the kitchen, prepared some wheat and put it through a roller....While he turned the crank, an assistant scraped off the flakes with a large knife and placed them in the oven to bake. The result was as fine flakes as have ever been made since. This was the beginning of the breakfast food industry.

A wealth of garnered folk-wisdom finds expression in the old saying: "Give a dog a bad name and he'll earn it." The great German conductor Bruno Walter amplifies it in a letter to his fellow-exile Thomas Mann, which the latter quotes in *The New York Times Magazine* for 19th March. The comment was inspired by Thomas Mann's radio broadcast to the German people. The sixty-seven-year-old maestro writes:—

I am particularly moved, of course, by the belief in and appeal to the better side of the German people, which inspire these talks. I fancy I know something of education. I know that my second bassoonist will play better if convinced that I believe he can. There is no surer way of making a man thoroughly bad than by telling him that he is hopeless. However depraved the majority of Germans may be, summary condemnation makes so many Hitlers of them. We could shorten the war, prepare the peace and pave the way for a new and better Europe by a solemn declaration of our faith in a better Germany.

The psychology is sound, the warning apt.

THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—*The Voice of the Silence*

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THE RIGHT TO WORK

Social and economic history was made in May when the Twenty-Sixth International Labour Conference at Philadelphia agreed upon a social charter of far-reaching implications. Its principles embodied in practice would go a long way to restore world economic health, to redress injustice and to soften the rigours of the modern competitive economy. The Conference went on record as in favour of improved standards of living, of guarantees of the right to work, so necessary both to mental balance and to moral health, and of effective recognition of those rights without which labour invites exploitation at the hands of its employers—the rights of freedom of association and of collective bargaining.

The International Labour Office is one of the most constructive of all modern co-operative undertakings on the international scale. Its first Conference at Washington in 1919 might perhaps justly be taken to mark the opening of the century of the common man, of whose welfare we hear so much and see, alas, so little. As a moulder of public opinion, the power of the I. L. O. is cumulative. The Philadelphia Charter was not an isolated achievement but represents the keystone of an arch that has been long in building. This was recognised at the Conference when Mr. E. J. Phelan, its Secretary-General and the Acting Director of the I. L. O., described that charter as the "crown and confirmation of the efforts of those who drew up the I. L. O. Constitution twenty-five years ago."

But there are limitations to the positive effectiveness of the I. L. O., which might not inaptly be called the conscience of modern industrialism. Like conscience it lays down ethical demands which, again like conscience, it lacks the authority to enforce. Its Conferences propose and Governments dispose, each at its will and pleasure, of their recommendations. These become binding upon any Government only when

it ratifies them. And even then they are sometimes treated cavalierly, *e.g.*, the Geneva Convention forbidding the employment of women underground, ratified by the Indian Government eight years ago but most regrettably set aside during the present war.

How effective the new social charter will prove in insuring freedom from want will depend, therefore, upon governmental action and that in turn upon the pressure of public opinion. If, as the Conference proposes, these principles are written into the peace treaty, they will stand a chance of more effectiveness.

Society has long set limits to individual freedom to play the tyrant in the home. The Government will interfere if a man maltreats his wife or child or servant or if his home is so insanitary as to threaten public health. International society has no less a stake in the internal affairs of nations. The world moved toward that recognition when the Philadelphia Conference accepted the principle that Governments cannot be permitted to allow unemployment to develop unchecked or low living standards to persist, in view of their international consequences. Governments, it was emphasised, have a responsibility that they cannot evade in respect to employment and labour conditions.

Individual nations have too long acquiesced in widespread unemployment with its attendant physical and mental sufferings and its demoralisation of the individuals concerned and of society. Doles, the modern *panem et circenses*, debasing those that take and those that give, have many times, no doubt, kept riots and looting at bay, but they are no fair substitute for honest work. And in some countries, like our India, no adequate or general system even of doles has stood between unemployment and disaster.

The practical solution of the problem is still to seek. Even the U. S. A. with its Federal Unemployment Service was far indeed in the depression years from general employment. The Nazi solution of complete regimentation and stifling of initiative is worse than the ills which it essays to cure. So too is war, which also furnishes employment at too high a cost. But now the principle has been conceded the finding of a satisfactory solution must surely be a question of time.

Meantime the recognition of the intimate relation of full employment to effective demand, on which general economic prosperity depends, means at least partial recognition that the good of the few is never independent, in the long run, of the common good. And that admission is a vital link in the chain of proof of human brotherhood.

THE MAN WHO DREAMED THE SAME DREAM

[This is the first story by **Mr. Claude Houghton,** the English novelist, that we have had the privilege of publishing since "Mr. Bramley's Date with Destiny," which many will remember from our March 1942 issue. Those who read that will look to this for a like quickening—and they will not be disappointed.—Ed.]

It's happened for a long time now—nearly three years. Every night I dream the same dream. Identically the same—down to the minutest particulars.

Try to realise that. Close your eyes for a moment and imagine that, every night for three years, *you* have dreamed the same dream. Identically the same.

You'd be surprised if you knew how many experiments I've made in order to induce another dream, or to cause a variation in the familiar one. I tried going to bed very early, or very late. I spent solitary evenings, or surrounded myself with people. I visited a lonely part of the country: I stayed in a big hotel in the centre of a huge city. One summer, I slept in a tent for weeks. Once, I went to bed half-drunk. But, whatever I did, or wherever I was, I always dreamed the same dream.

Although I tried these experiments, some of which I could not afford, you must not think that I wanted to banish the dream. Quite the reverse, I assure you. It is not exaggeration to say that I could continue to live only because of it, but, nevertheless, something impelled me to discover whether it would visit me nightly in every variety of circumstance.

I remember all the details of the night on which I dreamed it for the first time.

I had been alone for several weeks and had a room at the top of a suburban house. A dreary house in a dreary street. Every morning, at the same time, I went to the station to catch a train as I had to be at my office at about nine-thirty. Invariably, I took a short-cut through a long alley, on either side of which were the narrow gardens of ugly houses. The branches of smoke-grimed trees protruded over the alley walls and, just before reaching the main street with its clanging trams, was a wretched eating-house with a broad pavement in front of it.

This dismal alley was an uninspiring start for the day, but use had deadened its effect and, finally, I scarcely noticed it. As I hurried to the station always at the same time, I usually passed the same people hastening in the opposite direction. For instance, there were two girls, evidently typists, whom I often

met in the alley—and a girl who frequently got in my way just as I was about to cross to the station—but, as I never looked at them closely, I should certainly not have recognised them if I had seen them anywhere else.

That's the kind of life I was living.

Then I dreamed the dream.

It was a November night—dark, with a roving wind which rattled leafless boughs and ringed the house with a whining lament. I went back to my room at about eight o'clock. On the way home, I had stood outside a cinema, wondering whether to go in for a couple of hours, but decided to return to my room.

I took off my overcoat, lit the gas fire, then looked at my books, but I did not want to read. There was nothing I wanted to do. I stood for a long time, staring at the fire, asking myself how much longer I could continue to live without freedom, without joy, without beauty.

At last I decided to go to bed, although it was so early that I fully expected to stay awake in the darkness for hours.

While I undressed, all sorts of far-away things came into my head—long-forgotten things. Memories of marvellous moments that come to a child, and only to a child. Moments that one forgets—or dare not remember—as the jostling years multiply.

Five minutes after getting into bed, I went to sleep.

Then, for the first time, I dreamed the dream.

I woke up.

That is how the dream started. I woke up.

For some moments I lay still, lulled in measureless content. The air had a new quality. No sound came from the house: none from the world outside. Then, slowly, the rapturous knowledge that I was alive pulsed through me. Not merely that I was alive, but that I shared in the life of creation: I shared the life of rivers running to the sea; the life of stars; the life of all that stirred, flowered, blossomed. I shared hearing with everything that heard.

Soon, there was a glimmer of dawn and, eventually, through a gap in the curtain, a shaft of light softly lit the room.

I raised myself on my elbow and looked round.

A top room in an unknown house! I had never seen a room like this, with its pasted colouring and furniture so lovely that you stretched hands towards it. Then, as I gazed in astonishment, I suddenly understood that every single thing in this room had been made by those who loved their work—loved it passionately. Everything bore the signature of that devotion. Everything was hallowed.

Dawn was now a swelling symphony. A May dawn, fragrant and rich with the promise of maturity. A magical May morning! Fragile plumes of laburnum would toss in an errant breeze; lilac quiver; hawthorns be lit with beauty. May! Streams tinkling in lush meadows;

birds darting in and out of hedgerows; woodlands pierced with pencils of light!

I rose hastily, threw on some clothes, then, just as I was about to go downstairs, I came to a sudden standstill.

Somewhere, quite near, a woman was singing.

I stood as if hypnotised. Never had I heard a voice like this voice. I did not know, and I did not care, whether it had superlative quality. For me, it was "a revelation of the unfathomable." It wakened wonder. Listening to it, the miracle of being alive on this sea-girdled planet, under a host of stars, so possessed me that I ceased to be aware of my own identity.

The song ended—and an enriched silence filled the room.

I hurried to the window, threw it open, pushed back the green shutters.

An exclamation broke from me.

What place was this? Never had I seen such light, such trees, such flowers, such sky. Everything looked as if it had just been created—Eden, on the first day.

I felt a trespasser.

Then I noticed the green aisle of a lane, threading a winding way behind the gardens of unseen houses. Spreading above this lane were branches laden with tremulous pale laburnum, luxuriant lilac, red and white may. Somewhere, not far away, a stream sang its unique song.

I went out into this immaculate world.

The exaltation on finding myself in the May sunshine is indescribable. The incense-breathing earth; the green shade of the lane; lyrics of innumerable birds; a dancing mosaic of shadows—bewitched and bewildered me. Then, having rounded a turn in the ever-winding lane, I saw two girls approaching. They waved as they passed, but I could only stand motionless, staring after them.

For a moment, fear chilled me. Where was I? Who were these girls? They were as remote from ordinary humanity as the cosmic women of a Blake drawing. The freedom of their harmonious figures; the spontaneous grace of their gestures; the totality of their welcome to me created the impression of something wholly—*other*.

I walked on slowly.

Murmuring bees journeyed from laburnum to lilac; from guelder-rose to gala hawthorn. Sometimes, through a gap in lacquered leaves, I had glimpses of brightly-shuttered houses, dream-like gardens, where the loveliest children played and laughed. Butterflies, like winged flowers, hovered overhead, or zigzagged idly by. In the near distance, a stream sang to a wood.

A sudden turn in the lane brought me to a green circular space in the middle of which was a pond with four self-important ducks. To the right, set back from a sloping velvet lawn, was a blue café with tables on a terrace. Near the entrance, a little girl in white played with a black puppy. On the roof, a solitary pigeon

sunned itself.

Again, the impression of something wholly *other* disturbed me but, almost immediately, the desire to sit at one of the white tables banished everything else.

No sooner was I seated than a girl appeared with the most marvellous fruit drink ever made. I knew perfectly well that any one could see I was a trespasser in these serenities, but she seemed unaware of it. She put the drink on the table, smiled, then walked slowly away, humming a haunting tune.

Some moments later, I noticed two young men. They were quite near me—one lying full-length on the grass, the other sitting by his side. The one lying full-length had the features of a poet; his companion, those of a student.

"Never known any one like you!" the latter exclaimed. "You're always intoxicated with something or other."

"Well, why not? You'd be intoxicated if you did what I've been doing lately."

"What have you been doing?"

"I've made a big discovery. I'll tell you what it is. It's a new way of spending your leisure. It's very simple. This is how it works. Last Monday, I spent all my free time contemplating trees. Nothing else—only trees. Whenever I had an odd moment, I gazed at trees. I watched them in all their moods: motionless boughs at dawn; quivering boughs at noon; dancing boughs in the evening breeze. That was Monday. On Tuesday, I spent my leisure looking at clouds. Simply and only clouds: power-puff clouds, solitary clouds; ivory continents moving majestically across the sky. Then, on Wednesday, I gazed only at the eyes of passers-by. That's how I've spent odd moments lately. You try it."

"What's the effect?"

"When I shut my eyes, on Monday night, I saw trees—trees in unbelievable beauty. Tuesday night—clouds! Voyaging clouds—celestial armadas. Wednesday night-eyes! Eyes, like living jewels."

"You're the craziest person!"

"You try it. You'll be surprised."

They went on talking but I ceased to listen, for I suddenly became aware of a giant sunflower and, eventually, everything ceased to exist but its haloed glory. All the mysteries centred exclusively in this great black disk, fringed with flame. It and I were the universe.

At last, determined to snap a spell which had become overwhelming, I rose, hurried down the velvet lawn, then continued to explore the lane.

Soon, however, for the third time, a realisation of the extraordinary nature of my surroundings possessed me. *Where was I?* Who were these incalculable people? Should I ever return to the familiar world—see again my drab suburban room—hurry every morning along that alley? After all, these represented the Known. I belonged *there*—and I certainly did not belong *here*. Besides, there were other things--

unpleasant things—which I discovered I did not want to lose.

Suddenly, I found I had reached the end of the lane.

Facing me, was a closed gate in a wall which seemed to surround a vast estate. Directly I saw this closed gate, I knew with intuitive certainty that, if it opened and I passed through, I should find unimagined bliss. And yet, simultaneously, hunger for the futilities of my normal existence raged in me.

Then—the gate opened.

A girl stood in the entrance—looking at me.

I remained motionless, torn by opposite desires—one urging me to go to the girl and ask to be allowed to enter; the other goading me to hasten back along the lane, back to my familiar life.

For a timeless period, I stood gazing at her, but, eventually, I turned my head—and looked over my shoulder.

Then such a thrilling voice exclaimed: "Oh, aren't you stupid!"

The gate banged.

And I awoke.

* * *

That is the dream.

For nearly three years I have dreamed it every night without the slightest variation.

But the depression which overwhelmed when I awoke after dreaming it for the first time! The sense of loss—the loneliness—the feeling of futility!

It was a foggy November morning. Meagre light dimly revealed my room at the top of the suburban house. The striped wall-paper, the brown paint work, the dull curtains, the resentful furniture, were such a total contrast to the harmonies of the dream that I felt like a prisoner in the condemned cell.

I dressed hurriedly, descended the steep stairs, then went out into the damp gloom of the dreariest morning imaginable. Fog shrouded everything like a visible curse. Everything had a phantom air: every one seemed a spectre. The ghastly ghost of a day confronted me. The alley was as lugubrious as a pit-shaft. I could not believe that the houses were solid—that living beings inhabited them.

As I passed the eating-house at the end of the alley, I saw in one of the windows a crudely printed notice which announced: UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT. Imagine believing that anything *new* could happen in such a miserable hole!

On reaching the main street, I had a glimpse of the girl I so often met at this spot but she vanished into the fog, like a shade, and I crossed to the station where a few lights cast a yellow glare on obscurity.

But the depression experienced after dreaming the dream for the first time was negligible compared with the effect of continuing to dream it night after night.

As the weeks and the months passed I became obsessed by it. It was more real to me than waking life. It opened a harmonised world, inhabited by a redeemed humanity.

They were free, joyous, beautiful—and their surroundings reflected that freedom, that joy, that beauty. All my life I had longed for the companionship of such men and women: all my life I had longed for a world like theirs. It is not surprising, therefore, that this dream became precious to me, infinitely precious.

The inevitable result was that the daily round seemed unendurably squalid. I contrasted its grey details with the serenities of the dream, until my room, the alley, the station, the office, became as monotonous as a recurring decimal.

This was especially the case regarding the people whom I met every day. I contrasted their voice with the voice of the woman who sang in my dream. I contrasted the typists with the girls I passed in the green aisle of the lane—I contrasted the girl I met in the main street with the one who opened the gate at the end of the dream. Eventually, therefore, an ever-widening gulf separated my waking life from my visionary life.

Necessarily, therefore, the daily round which claimed me when I woke each morning became more and more repellent. It became so repellent that, finally, I had one desire and one only: I longed for night to come. I longed for the moment when sleep would transport me to a vision of life which was infinitely more precious than actual life.

I told no one about the dream. Not a single soul! Never even hinted at it! No miser ever buried his treasure deeper than I buried mine. I became proud that this dream visited me every night. I felt certain this indicated that I was a remarkable person. Perhaps a genius. I looked down on normal humanity from a great height. I had no share in their hopes; no part in their sorrows. I lived in my visionary world.

Then—quite suddenly—only ten days ago—a new thought came to me. *Perhaps everyone dreamed this dream.* It might not have the same form—it might not come in the same way—but perhaps everyone dreamed a dream of freedom, joy, beauty.

I began to look at passers-by. For months and months I had ignored them, but, now, I began to look at them. How was I to know that each and all did not dream a dream resembling mine? I had told no one about *my* dream. Perhaps they had remained silent about *theirs*.

I felt excited, almost afraid. A great glow quivered in the depths of me—an out-reaching towards all those who were sharing life with me on this sea-girdled planet, under a host of stars. My brothers—my sisters!

And then—only a week ago—something so extraordinary happened that I am half-afraid to think of it.

I had dreamed my dream and woke, as I always did, when the girl with such a thrilling voice had exclaimed: "Oh, aren't you stupid!"

and had banged the gate.

I awoke—to find myself in my so-familiar room with its striped wall-paper and resentful furniture, and, as always, I felt oppressed that the vision had vanished and actuality returned.

While I dressed, I heard a woman on the floor below singing as she dusted the room. It was little more than a noise. Then, suddenly, she sang a note which belonged to the voice of the woman who sang in my dream!

I stood transfixed. It was the same—the *same*. Here, in this ugly room! I was awake—and I had heard a note of the magic song!

I went downstairs, then out into the street.

It was a May morning. I had left the house much earlier than usual so I had no need to hurry.

When I entered the alley, I saw a plume of laburnum on one tree; lilac on another; and, over the wall, a solitary guelder-rose. Nothing very remarkable, if you hurried past—but beautiful beyond belief, if you had time "to stand and stare."

I walked on slowly.

Evidently everyone was earlier this morning because I saw the two typists coming towards me, talking and laughing. As they passed, I looked closely at them. One had the brow, the other had the lips, of the girls I met in the dream. Only the brow, only the lips.

When I reached the eating-house, I saw that some tables had been placed outside on the broad pave-ment. Two lorry drivers were sitting at one and I went and sat near them.

A jolly-faced woman appeared and I asked for coffee. When she went, I noticed a barrel in which nasturtiums were growing. One towered above the rest and was therefore isolated.

Then I heard the woman say:

"You're looking at them nasturtiums. I said to my husband: "Must have some flowers, though it's nothing of a place, as you might say, so what shall we have?" He says: 'Nasturtiums. They'll grow anywhere, but you'd better shove 'em in a barrel, or they'll have you out of house and home.'"

"You've improved this place, anyway."

"Well, you can't do a lot with it, but that's no reason for not doing what you can."

Soon after she left me, I heard one of the lorry drivers say:

"I never see such a sky. Never! Ablaze with stars! Millions of 'em! If you shut your eyes, you went on seeing 'em."

As I was thinking of leaving, I began to gaze at the nasturtium, and went on gazing at it until I saw nothing else. It and I were the universe.

I left the eating-house, then walked slowly on.

No doubt it was entirely my fault that, on reaching the main street, I nearly collided with the girl I so often met at this spot, but it was

she who exclaimed: "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

Such a thrilling voice.

* * *

Now, perhaps, you understand why I am excited—almost afraid.

Wherever I go in the everyday world, I find resemblances to the dream. My waking life and my visionary life are no longer separated. A bridge links them.

I do not mean that I do not find squalor in the daily round. Of course there is squalor! Squalor is everything that awaits redemption by the spiritual will.

But I have discovered that no world is more mysterious than this world; that in it are hints, glimpses, prophecies of paradise; that if you open your heart to the earth, it opens its heart to you. And, having discovered this, I do not care whether I continue to dream the dream....

It has been said that each of us comes to the world to learn one thing. Well, I have learned this:—

You can glimpse the eternal anywhere.

Everywhere.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

EDUCATION FOR TOLERANCE

Education is valueless unless informed by the principle of humanity, declares M. F. Ashley Montagu in *School and Society* for April 1, 1944. "For what is the use of facts unless they are humanely understood?" A competence in reading, writing, and arithmetic

by no means equips the individual to lead the life of an adequate human being or confers upon him the ability to be socially sympathetic to, and individually interested in, other human beings, of whatever country, caste, or colour they may be.

What, he demands,

do the mass of the people do with their ability to read and write and add up a column of figures?...Who can observe mature individuals enchanted by the fantastic puerilities of the "Funnies" without being convinced that somewhere something is somehow wrong.

Little or no effort is made, Mr. Montagu charges, to supply students with the facts which science makes available regarding race.

But we do, on the other hand, supply them with the kind of information which provides fertile ground for the development of race prejudices.

He sees the hope for the elimination of race prejudice as lying in education, not so much, however, "in the facts about 'race' as in the processes which lead to the development of a completely integrated human being."

Race prejudice can ultimately be regarded as merely the effect of a poorly or incompletely developed personality.

The truly humane mind values human differences and variety. Tolerance of other human groups, he writes, is, like all tolerance, "a matter of simple human decency; and decency is an attitude of mind which is, for the most part, culturally produced." The teachers of youth, those "unacknowledged legislators of the world," cannot evade responsibility for the essential spade-work in the task of "making humanity safe for the world."

NEGRO LITERATURE

[**Shri V. M. Inamdar,** M.A., analyses briefly here the history and achievements of the Negro American's pen. Only perhaps when the need for propaganda is ended by social justice can we expect that Negro literary talent will rise to its full potential height.—ED.]

It appears necessary to explain the title of this article before we proceed to the subject proper. This for one or two important reasons. The term "Negro Literature" may mean either literature about the Negroes or the literature produced by the Negroes themselves. Since the American Negro has been the subject of portrayal in a very large number of works by white authors and since the approach of the white authors, as also their modes of treatment, are distinct from those which the Negro writers adopt when dealing with their own kinsmen in the body of literature they produce about them, the distinction is more than relevant. In general it may be stated that the Negro of the white author's literary creation is a stereotyped product, however much the individual authors might claim insight and observation into Negro life. It may also be observed that the white authors' attitude—with rare and honourable exceptions indeed—has been one which justifies the social exploitation of the Negroes in one way or another. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the American interpretation of the coloured race has almost always been, consciously or unconsciously, governed by the dictates of social policy. Thus in the hands of white authors the Negro has generally been either an idealised victim of racial prejudice or a self-effacing, hard-working domestic slave. He has been delineated as the specimen of either an obsequious and naïve folk or of the exotic primitive, unmoral and flamboyant. He has again been portrayed either as the comic buffoon—beloved, no doubt, but ridiculous—or as the wretched and unhappy freedman longing to relapse into serfdom. Despite, therefore, the claims of white authors to authentic treatment, the picture of the American Negro which they give is generally partial or perverted or one-sided or all three.

It is almost a critical truism that for a true picture of the life of a people we must go to *their* literature, the literature produced by themselves, about themselves and about those whom they know best. If literature is the expression of the fundamental social and spiritual consciousness of a people, the working of the Negro spirit must be studied first-hand. The white author, however honest in his intentions, is after all an observer to whom only the "outside" view is possible. For the inside view we must go to the people themselves who are best fitt-

ed to express and explain the innate aspirations of their race. By Negro literature therefore we mean the literature produced by the coloured writers of America—writers who have mirrored in true colours their sorrows and their sufferings, their hopes and their aspirations.

Before we proceed to an examination—necessarily limited—of the different literary forms which the Negro authors have tackled with distinction, it would be well to notice some general characteristics of Negro writing. Firstly, and contrary to common expectation, the Negro literary tradition extends over more than a century and a half. Secondly, the tendency has been to reject the stereotyped presentation of the Negro character. Thirdly, as may naturally be expected of the literature of a people politically and socially suppressed and exploited, struggle for existence is the dominating theme. And finally, again as is to be expected of a long-suffering people, there is to be perceived a strain of stoical resignation running side by side with the chafing and the inward promptings towards freedom and liberty. While in the field of folklore this last aspect gives to expression an extremely poignant emotional note, in more formalised and popular types of literary expression it brings in a strain of propaganda—sometimes subtle and sometimes militant and aggressive. On the whole it is no derogation to say that the bulk of Negro literature throbs with a purpose that enriches it with pulsating life and that that purpose is the common "racial" cause. Negro literature is meaningless without the psychological background of that purpose, and it is as an expression of the bitter struggle of a people for common human equality in the social fabric of America, for democratic freedom in the world of the future, that Negro literature has chief significance for the outside world.

The 150 years of Negro literary tradition naturally divides itself into two periods. Before the browns were granted freedom, the dominating motive behind Negro writing was invariably the fight against slavery. And after slavery was abolished the centre of emphasis gradually shifted towards an increasingly insistent demand for the rights and responsibilities of citizenship in the democratic life of the country. During slavery the Negroes produced a surprising body of anti-slavery literature. Expression then was not confined to the printed word. The forties and the fifties of the last century abounded in stories of fugitive slaves —sometimes autobiographical—and provided ammunition for the anti-slavery arsenal. The ancestry of the well-known *Uncle Tom's Cabin* includes these fugitive narratives. While a body of literature was being produced in the North under abolitionist sponsorship, the South was busy weaving the folk-songs and the "spirituals," on cotton and tobacco plantations, in field and factory, in "slave rows" and dank rooms. The

Negro folk-song and spiritual, transmuting experience into authentic poetry, tell of long tribulation and persistent faith in the future, symbolic, indirect, but unmistakable. They constitute the finest contribution of the Negro to American literature and the claim has been allowed without question.

But the Negro creative imagination has encompassed all literary forms. Though due to social disabilities his composition ordinarily does not achieve the phenomenal successes on the market which white productions often do, the Negro's has been a voice claiming in recent years more attention than patronising sympathy—a fact which in itself is proof of his literary competence. In the field of the novel as of the short story and biography, in the sphere of poetry as in that of drama, in the realm of the essay as in that of the literature of the day like journalism and open propaganda, the Negro has proved his worth. It would be an interesting experiment to release the composition of a Negro author anonymously and notice the market reaction. What the result would be is proved by the enthusiasm with which the well-known Negro short-story writer's Chesnutt's earlier writings were greeted, though the reasons for their anonymous publication were entirely different. The Negro author has risen against great odds and today can stand shoulder to shoulder with his white brothers.

It is an interesting item of history that the first Negro poet should have been writing even when slaves were still being imported and that the second Negro poet should have been a lady. Jupiter Hammon, a Long Island slave who published his poem in 1760 was the first Negro poet, and Phyllis Wheatley (1753–1784) the second. Both were greatly influenced by the religious movements of their time. Hammon died in 1800 and twenty-nine years later appeared *The Hope of Liberty* by George Horton, who was the first slave poet openly to protest against his status and treatment. From 1840 up to the Civil War anti-slavery propaganda was at its height and the Negro poets used poetry more or less as a vehicle for propaganda. A number of poets sprang to fame, the prominent among whom are Daniel Payne, Charles L. Reason, George B. Vashon, Elymas Payson Rogers, E. W. Harper, James Bell and James Whitfield. In their protest against slavery they wrote with genuine passion though in their anxiety to refute the accusation of intrinsic difference and inferiority they followed their American and English models rather too closely. Yet with scorn and denunciation they demanded democracy. For them poetry had no use except as a hammer that would unshackle their enchained brothers. This remained so until after the Civil War when they turned Negro experience into channels other than anti-slavery argument.

Negro poetry of the Reconstruc-

tion Period and of the closing years of the last century shows interesting developments. The poet was confronted with the false picture of his people presented by his white fellow poets, whose creations were more or less analogues of the contemporary "stage Irishmen" of the English writers about Ireland and the "Babus" of the Anglo-Indian literary tradition. In order to undo this literary mischief the Negro poets followed a twofold course: (1) They denied the stereotype by creating its antithesis and (2) they deepened the delineation of the Negro character by a detailed, careful and sympathetic portrayal. Albery Whitman and Paul Laurence Dunbar represent these two tendencies. While the former in his *Not a Man and Yet a Man* swung the pendulum to the opposite extreme the latter substituted for the pathetic and comic posters intimate and sympathetic portrayals. Dunbar's is a great name in the Negro poetic tradition, not merely for his close insight into Negro life but for his dialect pastoral poetry which earned for him the recognition that he was the first Negro poet "to feel the Negro life æsthetically and express it lyrically." Dunbar had many imitators and his subtle protest against the unjust treatment of his race gradually deepened into bitterness in poets who followed, particularly after the wide-spread disenfranchisement and the increasing violence the Negroes met with during the first decades of this century. W. E. B. DuBois, though not primarily a poet, expresses his burning hatred of racial injustice in such well-known pieces as "A Litany at Atlanta."

To attempt an escape from an unhappy present is but a tendency of human nature and the first decades of the present century showed a class of poets who detached themselves from the hurly-burly of life. The escapist tendency was, however, only a transitional phase as the experiments in fresh ways of approach and expression of poets like James Weldon Johnson prove. The movement from rhetorical defence to genuine lyricism, from conventional dialect to dramatic depiction (evidenced clearly in *God's Trombones*) in the language of the people brought literature and life closer together and made Negro literature the sensitive barometer of Negro social life. With the changes which the first World War produced, Georgia Douglass Johnson and Angelina Grimké showed in their poetry a more vigorous social awareness. In addition to this, the New Poetry movement did much to repudiate the sentimental and the false optimistic note of the earlier generation. Claude McKay in his *Harlem Shadows* (1922), Countee Cullen in his *Colour* (1925) and Langston Hughes and Anna Bontemps in their numerous collections supported the New Negro Movement. All these were the accredited exponents of a poetic renaissance. The genuineness of their passion and the fecund-

ity of their expression, coupled with the versatile technical mastery which each of them displayed, must give these Negro poets an honourable place in the gallery of world's poets. The names of Frank Marshall Davis, Richard Wright, M. B. Tolson and Robert Hayden are mentioned often as bright promises for the future. Radical protest against inhumanity and injustice is the central theme again. Davis's *I Am the American Negro* (1937) and Hayden's *Heart Shape in the Dust* are outstanding poetical publications. Protest has been the key-note throughout, though in the rare folk-songs and the spirituals the immediacies of the painful present are left far behind, reaching out towards what may be called spiritual illumination. Philosophical value apart, the Negro poetic tradition—richer than other forms of his literary expression—affords convincing expression to all what being a Negro in America has meant and still means. The Negro poets need no better warrant or justification.

The Negro achievement in the field of the novel is not less remarkable. The same general features of motive and the same variations of tone and tendency are observable here also. William Wells Brown's *Clotel* published in 1853 was the first Negro novel. It was franker than *Uncle Tom's Cabin* on the subject of miscegenation in the South. It was followed six years later by Delany's *Blake or The Huts of America*. But it was not till 1892, when Frances Harper's *Iola Leroy or Shadows Uplifted* was published, that the Negro novel started on its triumphant career. The complications due to miscegenation and the suffering which it meant to the victims form the central theme in a very large number of novels which followed until Charles Chesnutt opened the field of social analysis and criticism in such of his best known novels as *The Marrow of Tradition* (1901) and *The Colonel's Dream* (1906). Chesnutt's insight into social realities and his capacity to combine criticism with an interesting narrative were equalled by W. E. B. DuBois, whose trenchant discussion of the many political, economic and educational problems of the South won immediate recognition for his novels like *The Quest of the Silver Fleece* (1911) and *The Dark Princess* (1928). DuBois is an unsparing critic and his mordant attacks are levelled impartially against the American treatment of the Negroes and the Negroes' own weaknesses. James Weldon Johnson's *Autobiography of an Ex-Coloured Man* (1912) heralded the portrayal of Southern rural life just as Walter White's *Fire in the Flint* is symptomatic of a type of novel that could do without lynching as a dominant feature. Yet the latter depicted ambitious and successful lives leading gradually and indirectly towards a more sympathetic delineation of the Negro middle classes. Miss Fauset's *Comedy, American Style* (1933) is a tragic

story of colour prejudice. Nella Larcen's *Passing* pictures upper-class Negroes while Rudolph Fisher's *The Walls of Jericho*, a pioneer social comedy, provides an intimate, intelligent, but satirical account of Harlem. *The Conjure Man Dies* (1932) is the first Negro detective novel. Langston Hughes's *Not Without Laughter* is only less remarkable than Richard Wright's *Native Son* (1940). Both, most discussed Negro novels, are specimens of social realism. The story of the frustration of the human personality under the pressure of a cramping social environment is here told with great power.

The above brief references to some of the outstanding Negro novels can give us an idea of the scope and the variety which that literary form has achieved. The Negro novel has really proved itself what a novel is expected to be—an exploration of life. The same has to be said about the developments in other branches of literature, such as the short-story, drama, biography and essays. Outstanding, and indeed comparable to the best that other races and literatures have produced, have been the Negro contributions in all these departments.

The story of Negro literature cannot be compressed within the limits of an article. It is too rich for that. If any criticism of Negro literature was to be made at all and that of a general nature, it might be said that the Negro writers generally err on the side of exuberance in expression rather than on the side of restraint. Yet if we would know the sufferings and the struggles of a people aspiring for equality and democracy, we can turn to the story of their literature to feel the throb of life. Even the whole body of their writing rises a concerted single cry—the cry for real liberty. India can read many of her own thoughts and inchoate longings there. Literature may be the balm of hurt minds but it can also be the trumpet call to duty and to action. To which category Negro literature belongs need not be stated. Can not our India's many literatures read a lesson here?

V. M. INAMDAR

MAN AND THE STATE

[We agree with **Mr. J. D. Beresford** in repudiating the termitary as a fit model for human society. But the choice is not necessarily between regimentation superimposed and the glaring maladjustments and injustices of the present "democratic" régime. If assent to the former is a betrayal of the reasoning mind of man, acquiescence in the latter is no less treason to his very soul. The difference is wide between automatism as puppets of the state and the deliberate sacrifice, by mutual consent, of freedom to exploit the weaker members of society. It is not true asceticism but Hatha-Yoga that mortifies the body, as if that ever yet had led to the unfoldment of man's spiritual powers! We need not fear that physical well-being can ever permanently lull to sleep the "divine discontent" implanted in every human breast, that goads man on to mental, moral, spiritual heights.—Ed.]

The consideration of what may be the general trend of post-war reconstruction is increasingly occupying the thoughts of the peoples of Great Britain and America as the failing dynamism of the Axis Powers brings the prospect of peace within almost calculable distance; and, in England at least, there is a very noticeable tide of opinion setting against the current of what is generally intended by the idea of Democracy. The vast disorders of the past four years have produced a natural reaction in favour of the ideal of a strictly *managed* world, of international federation and of a national government that is not at the mercy of a majority vote. For more than a generation there has been growing criticism of the unconstructiveness and waste of time characteristic of the Party System which, at times of great emergency, is temporarily put out of action. And it is certainly logical to ask why, if unity is so necessary when the State is in danger, the same principle will not best serve us in the direction of our affairs when we are no longer threatened from without.

The plain answer to that is that although the implementing of a single will would unquestionably benefit the people, that single will is only expressed when there is a vital cause that we all share. Once we are released from the opposition of a common enemy, we shall again be split into the two main parties that represent Capital and Labour, with the mass of the comparatively inert middle-classes in favour of maintaining an individualist society glorified by a long tradition whose watchword has always been "Freedom." For this difficulty, democracy has no solution. All it offers is a recurrent swing from right to left and back again, something gained here for Labour, something done there to buttress the fortress of Capital. The tendency may be towards State Ownership, but the essential problem

is not resolved, nor would be even by a revolution.

Wherefore, with such models before us as those set by the U.S.S.R., Nazi Germany, and Fascist Italy, models of organisation and unification under a control that is not dependent upon the whims and uncertainties of an electorate, the serious sociologist is becoming more and more impressed with the immense advantages offered by some form of Totalitarianism. That may seem a strange result of a war nominally waged in the defence of Democracy, by, in the first instance, Great Britain, France and the U.S.A., but we have had to change many of our most cherished opinions since we entered into an alliance with Russia; and we may have to change many others when it comes to the resettlement of Europe.

And there is a very weighty psychological argument to be taken into account when we come to a consideration of a collectivist as opposed to an individualist form of government. The most noticeable characteristic of mankind in the mass is its inertia. The average human animal when it thinks at all, thinks indolently, and almost exclusively along the lines made familiar by experience. A man or a woman may be physically active, an excellent worker at a set job, because it is the particular thing that he or she can do, and maybe take a pride in doing; but it needs an exhausting and uncongenial mental effort to undertake the thinking out of new assumptions. The fear of the unknown thing is an influence that decides the beliefs of most of us. Safety, it seems, is most easily found in the familiar.

An instance of this attitude that is relevant and symptomatic in the present connexion is to be found in religion. The congregations of the Churches rely trustingly on the direction of their priests. They like to be told exactly what they must believe, a sufficient explanation of the fact that among the Christian sects, Roman Catholicism counts the greatest number of adherents. It is so much easier to depend upon a recognised authority than to make any examination of the grounds upon which that authority rests. Submission is more comfortable than revolt, and, in the history of the world, revolution comes only when the effects of submission have become unendurable. Even so, the effort to maintain a new way of life soon proves too great a burden and is followed by a relapse into the old habits of thought. It takes more than a social revolution permanently to disturb the characteristic inertia of the people, and we have had an example of this slow process of reversion at work in the U. S. S. R. during the years that have elapsed since the autumn of 1917. Russian Communism at the present day differs in important particulars from that of Marx and Lenin.

The plain deduction from this well-founded psychological assumption is that the people as a whole

must be told what they are to do, and not consulted. Unless too great a strain is laid upon their concept of right, they will accept the dictation of a leader who knows his own mind and has a steady vision of the kind of society he desires to form. In its inception his policy must not diverge too startlingly from tradition, but in the course of the last half-century the general ideas of collectivism have been so widely preached and practised that they would no longer be regarded as revolutionary in Great Britain. Given a leader with those indicated qualities of confidence and foresight, the British, and possibly later the American, people would follow him as a happy relief from the alternative of attempting the unendurable effort of thinking on unfamiliar lines. There would necessarily be a party that would resist an innovation of this kind, because the members of it would be under the influence of thought habits derived from the democratic tradition. But if the mass of the people were willing to follow the leader, foreseeing the economic benefits that would come to them and glad to undertake those functions under the new régime which they were naturally fitted to perform, the resistant individualist minority would be faced with the alternatives of submission or, in the Russian manner, liquidation.

Let us therefore assume for the moment that by these means a relatively short cut might be found to the establishment of social conditions that would appear Utopian in contrast to the all-too-evident evils and abuses of an individualist, capitalist society; and then go on to enquire what might be the outcome of such a totalitarian government. We must further assume that the principles of this new rule would be adopted by all those nations that have influenced modern civilisation, for we are looking forward, now, to an era of world-wide peace controlled by united powers too compact to be threatened by any invasion of barbarism. And this era we look forward to is to be founded on the concept of justice and equality, its working based on the Fabian formula "to each according to his need, from each according to his ability." And have not various designs for such a society been drawn for us again and again from the Republic of Plato to the Utopias of H. G. Wells? Is it possible that all that lies between us and the attainment of the earthly paradise is the task of imposing a new thought habit upon the peoples of the world? Or does this ideal of an ordered society conflict with some fundamental principle essential to man's development?

We have seen it working in nature. In the hive and still more markedly in the termitary, the insects have achieved the perfect form of a collectivist society. Of the beginnings of that voluntary association we know nothing. The principle was established and in full working order before the dawn of history. But it is at least conceivable that

our world-wide Utopia might be the first step towards the kind of specialised activity one finds among the termites. And if, after a few centuries, the ideal of the State as a unit had superseded individual ambition, would not that mass inertia tend to produce the kind of automaton whose only happiness was to be found in the performance of his particular function? And once that stage reached, it becomes progressively easier to imagine the devolution of mankind, the retrogression towards the perfected insect community, static and self-sufficient.

This is, of course, an absurd forecast of the distant future. There are many reasons why such a determination of humanity is inherently impossible. Nevertheless the principle holds good, namely, that the surrender to habits, mental and physical, leads to automatism. How clearly this is realized as an essential truth is demonstrated by the methods of every school of occult training. The first thing a pupil has to learn is to change his conception of the space-time world, founded on the perceptions of the senses. In the Gourdieff school at Fontainebleau, one means of doing this was practised by various exercises designed to break down the habitual muscular reflexes, and bring the performance of every physical act into consciousness. It is the principle, however imperfectly understood and directed, of ascetism, the denial of ease and satisfaction to the physical organism. Indeed, the way of spiritual progress seems to lie always along the path of denying validity to sense impressions in order to develop the true knowing of the mind. And there is no greater or more difficult task that a man can undertake.

For these reasons, now that the time is so near when we shall have to plan our new society, it may be well to apply a fundamental test by considering how far our plan tends to sacrifice the development of the individual to the purposes of the commonweal. We must ask ourselves whether the ultimate purpose of our Utopia is to found a static, self-sufficient, world-wide collectivist State, in which every man and woman has an appointed task, with no ideal other than the service and maintenance of the community as a whole. It is such an appealing vision to the political idealist, such a satisfying contrast to the horrible disorder, injustice and inequalities of our present individualist, capitalist society, such a lure to the philanthropist and altruist who earnestly desires the greatest happiness for the greatest number! How is it possible for any intelligent, generous-minded man to disagree with a reformer of this kind, more particularly when he so confidently asserts that in those conditions mankind will be free to develop its mental and spiritual qualities, and to rise to continually greater heights in the scale of evolution?

Unfortunately, a study of the few thousand years of history of which

we have any comparatively certain record, aided by the observation of familiar life does not uphold that last assertion. Ease and security do not develop vitality in a nation or in an individual. There are many outstanding exceptions in the case of the individual. Some of the best work of the world in science and philosophy has been done by those who were not driven by economic necessity, or tempted by the desire for wealth. But we have to consider the mass of mankind, and we are confronted with the deduction that whatever the energy and the initiative of the few, the general effect of this ease and security is to deepen the inertia that is our physical inheritance. What inducement would there be for discovery and invention in a perfectly ordered world, except to satisfy a personal curiosity,—a taste that the community would almost certainly discourage? Was it not the exuberance of inventions and discoveries that led mankind into the miseries of world war?

This does not mean that we should cease to think and work for the welfare of mankind, since that is one of the means of our enlightenment. But it does mean that the ideal of Totalitarian government is a false one, using a wrong method to obtain —as a wrong method inevitably must do—wrong ends. All forms of drill and regimentation are directed towards the making of automatons, the development of conditioned reflexes and habits, physical and mental, the enslavement of mankind to fulfil a present purpose strictly confined to material well-being. That cannot happen. It isn't in the scheme of the universe. It is a negation of that law of progress which is ultimately not physical but spiritual. Nevertheless, in this age of ours, in which the machine has been set up as an idol for worship, the idea has taken a strong hold on the minds of many political leaders, who have recognised in that inertia of the people a characteristic that may be used in the building of a world state in which the activity of the individual would be confined to the exercise of one particular function.

What is the alternative? Can we assume that it is not good for man to make the world too comfortable a habitation, a place in which he can be content to live out his span of life without any anxiety for the future? That is only a partial truth. We are compelled by some inspiring urgency to relieve distress, but it is not enough to bring temporary ease and satisfaction to the suffering and oppressed. We have, also, to do whatever in us lies to help everyman escape from that compulsion of habit which will leave him contented with his present state. If mankind is trained to the worship of the wheel, how can he ever hope to escape from it?

J. D. BERESFORD

THE SPRING OF INDIAN ART

[The following essay by **Shrimati G. Sumati Taranath, B.A., L.T.,** is a defence of the lofty æsthetic theory of the ancient East, a tacit challenge to the modern Western art with its appeal primarily to the emotions.—ED.]

The urge of everyone is towards unbroken bliss or *Ānanda* and God as such is conceived as eternal joy—*Sat-Chit-Ānanda, Akhandānanda* and so on.

If *Ānanda* is the instinctive urge of every being, what is it that feels that urge? It is the mind, but for which it would be impossible to sense and record pleasures (*Bhoga*).

In India the Ancients analysed the mind into *Chitta, Mana, Buddhi* and *Ahankāra*. *Chitta* is the repository or home of the first cognates that arise as the result of natural environment and previous *Saṃskāras* (subtle impressions of the past). This then is memory or the retentive faculty of the various cognates that gives rise to our likes and dislikes, which in a more developed form are emotions. *Chitta* therefore is the centre of emotions which on the lower plane leads to gross likes and dislikes; but on the higher plane it expresses itself in a more subtle form as art. It is emotion therefore that is the mother of all arts. *Chitta* being then the originator and the recorder of experiences, the Tantric School gave the name *Chit* to the Cosmic Energy, God or the Divine Mother from which all else evolved.

Mana is the focussing faculty which helps one to convert mere sight into observation and hearing into listening. It is, in other words, the attentive faculty which facilitates the concentration and meditation that are very necessary in the process of realisation of *Ānanda*. And *Ahankāra* is the assertion of one's conviction of Truth.

As already stated, the urge of man is towards *Ānanda* (endless joy) in *Kriyā* (action) and *Pratikriyā* (reaction). And, to attain this end, there must be harmonious development of *Chitta, Mana, Buddhi* and *Ahankāra*—the *Antahkarana Chatushtayā*, as they are called.

Art, therefore, is not merely the perception of external influences; not the gross that is felt by the outer senses alone. Art is that which reveals to the *Antahkarana Chatushtayā* or the Inner Eye that which the great Shankara calls *Samarasa-Spandhana* or Harmony. *Art then cannot be only a reproduction of what is perceived outside in Nature: it is more a reprojection of "That" within.*

Indian art is categorised as *Sādhana-Kalā* and *Siddha-Kalā*. The former has its origin in the desire of the *Bhakta* (devotee) to symbolise certain convictions or ideals of his. A *Sādhaka*—a man incessantly on the onward path—often finds it impossible to concentrate on abstract ideals. He therefore consciously attempts to symbolise those in certain

forms—*Pratīka*, as they are called. But the *Pratīka* itself may be lost sight of and therefore he finds the necessity of further converting it into a grosser form or *Pratimā*. When an image is looked at, therefore, it may at times seem absurd and even unnatural. But one must remember that it is not a mere portrait of anything seen in nature: the image is often the interpretation of the deeper and subtler nature as symbolised in the artist's mind. *Pratimā* is more subjective than objective: a result more of experience than of experiment.

Now passing on to *Siddha-Kalā* or perfected art, it does not consciously set up landmarks for its expression. Unlike *Sādhana-Kalā*, *Siddha-Kalā* is a spontaneous projection and not a laboured production. Here the piece of art is not reasoned but reasonable. It emanates only from the mind of the artist or *Sārvabhauma* who is the master of circumstances and who has transcended the very faculties of the mind, the *Chitta-Mana-Buddhi-Ahankāra*. The *Siddha-Kalā* therefore is characteristic of *Madhumati* (essential wisdom, the expression of which is ever sweet), *Madhu-pratīka* (essential forms that are to serve as explanations for the benefit of devotees and followers) and *Vishoka* (eternal bliss).

Art for the *Sādhaka* is a psychological necessity whereas for the *Siddha* it is only a *Leela* (play), an effulgence from within. In the former the ideal is knowledge, for the *Sādhaka's* own benefit, while in the latter, art is but the expression of the realisation of the inner "I." The *Sādhana-Kalā* is an attempt to lead to the Godhead: the *Siddha-Kalā* is an expression of Godhood. The best arts of India mostly belong to the latter type.

In both of these kinds of art, the motive is similar. The *Sādhana-Kalā* is an attempt to realise God: the *Siddha-Kalā* is to reveal God. Therein is the fountain-head or the spring from which originates all *Kalā* or Art.

G. SUMATI TARANATH

IS PROPAGANDA LEGITIMATE?

Editorial condemnation of propaganda as beneath the dignity of self-respecting national governments appears in *The Nineteenth Century and After* for March 1944. Writing on "Europe and the Moral Law," the Editor denounces propaganda as a sure sign "either of deep-seated weakness...or of arrogant power bent on illegitimate conquest and employing propaganda to conceal this purpose and to bully, wheedle, cajole, deceive the prospective victim into pliancy or submission." Honest news and plain explanatory broadcasts are useful in promoting understanding, whether in time of peace or war. But propaganda undermines prestige.

A good, well established and legitimate political order can allow the truth about itself to speak for itself. It does not require advertisement. Propaganda—which is but advertising—is unworthy of a great nation. It is an implicit denial of the moral law—truth need not be advertised if it is truth, nor need justice be advertised if justice is done.

LITHUANIAN LEGENDS AND FAIRY-TALES

[**Ernest John Harrison** adds interestingly here to the picture that he gave us in "Lithuania: Land of the Gods" in our August 1943 issue. The mythology of Lithuania echoes world-wide traditions in its fables of giants and metempsychosis and in seeing nature as "made up entirely of living and animate forces." Many a *fabulous* statement contains fact and truth, however veiled in allegory or overgrown with popular fancy.—ED.]

In a previous article I tried to give readers of THE ARYAN PATH some idea of the religious beliefs of the early Lithuanians, including a necessarily brief and an incomplete review of Lithuanian mythology, and in passing an attempt was made to trace an analogy between the Lithuanian and the Indian traditions. It was suggested that evidence of spiritual and ideological affinities could be found in the resemblance which the Lithuanian language of today bears to the ancient Sanskrit. The purpose of the present article is less ambitious; it is to reveal other phases of Lithuanian character through the medium of popular legends and fairy-tales of which, too, there is no dearth in Lithuania. And again, the space at my disposal will permit of only a superficial handling of a subject which, for anything like exhaustive presentation, would require a volume to itself.

In my earlier article I spoke about the King of the Lithuanian Olympus, Perkunas, God of Thunder, and of the distinctiveness of the Lithuanian myths of the Sun and Moon, in which the Sun is feminine and the spouse of the Moon, which is always masculine. But according to another very old conception, the entire heaven with its constellations is incarnated in the person of a single divinity, Karalunė, the Goddess of Light, represented as a beautiful virgin whose head is adorned with a sun. She wears a mantle sprinkled with stars and closed at the shoulders with a moon. Her smile is the dawn. When it rains whilst the sun shines, Karalunė weeps. The palace of the Sun is in the East, in that country whither the souls of the virtuous return to enjoy eternal felicity. Aušrinė, star of morning, and Vakarinė, star of evening, ignite the fires of the sun, carry water to the Goddess for her bath and prepare her bed. There was also a god named Vejopatis, or Lord of the Wind. This god appears in the *Rig-Veda*, under the name of Vayu, presumed to be etymologically related to the Lithuanian Véjas, wind, and to the Greek Aiolos or Eole. There was among the denizens of the Lithuanian Pantheon an Audras, God of the Storm and Tempest (*audras* means tempest in Lithuanian) and a Bangpūtis, God of the Waves (*banga* means wave and *pūtis* to blow). It is worthy of note, as

exemplifying the veneration in which all natural phenomena were held by the ancient Lithuanians, that the many other divinities who represented and protected the activity of man were subordinated to the gods of nature. Thus it came about that Lithuanian mythology is characterized by so distinctive an animism which nowhere among other primitive mythologies is so universal and sustained as among the Lithuanians who closely attach religious symbolism to mythical personification. If, as they imagined, nature was made up entirely of living and animate forces, each inert material object was but an envelope for a hidden life and even sometimes the sign of punishment. For example, the little flints which are present in sand were regarded as the breasts of Laumé, a malicious spirit punished by the deity for her amours with a handsome young man. The rainbow was merely the belt of this same Laumé (*Laumés juosta*). This tendency to allegory was so powerful that it is difficult, when studying Lithuanian mythology, to distinguish that which belongs to symbolism from that which relates to personification.

The ancient Lithuanians believed in good and evil spirits. One of the latter category, named Giltine, was the cause of death in which we should not see a natural or necessary phenomenon. Another named Aitvaras, represented in the form of a flying serpent, bore riches to those whom it favoured, since everybody knows that wealth is not always the fruit of a laborious and an economical life. The devil, known under various forms (*velnius*, *kipšas*, etc.) was incessantly pursued by Perkunas, who tried to overtake him in order to strike him with a thunderbolt. Naturally the Lithuanian did not neglect the cult of the dead. Says Mickiewicz: "The cult of the dead is common to the Lithuanians as to other peoples of antiquity, but nowhere has it remained more deeply rooted and so pure as in this race."

It has been more than once observed that the Lithuanians are particularly sensitive to telepathic phenomena. Perhaps, as Šalkauskis, a Lithuanian authority, opines, this may be accounted for by their fidelity to ancestor worship. Their popular literature is rich in tales of the life led by souls after death (in Lithuanian "vėlė" means a spirit, a ghostly being, a spectre, etc.) The idea of metempsychosis was not foreign to the ancient Lithuanians. According to this belief, the souls of the best developed passed into heaven by the Milky Way, and the seat of those privileged beings was located amongst the stars north of the Milky Way. When a man was born a new star always appeared on the horizon. The stars of children or of men who would not live long were very small and lasted only a few years in the sky. The stars of men who died a violent death were the shooting stars, whilst the fixed stars were attached to the destinies of gods and heroes.

Legends of giants are as common in Lithuania as they are among all Indo-European peoples. These gigantic forms, which many scholars have declared are the arbitrary creation of the popular imagination, will not seem surprising when we realize that according to their original signification, they give meaning to the irresistible strength of physical nature. In the Lithuanian legend of Water and Wind, these are giants who devastate the earth. The peasant often believes that there actually was an epoch when giants of incredible strength and amazing size fought on the earth. "Today," say the peasants, "the earth is not as it was formerly; a curse hangs over it. Today the trees do not grow so high and the stones are almost without life. But formerly rye grew as high as the vine. In olden times men were of greater stature, the trees extremely strong, and they bore such fruit as one can hardly describe. But afterwards all people became smaller and weaker from year to year, and we shall yet come to such a pass that men will be transformed into dwarfs and half a dozen will be required to lift a single straw."

As a prelude to the following remarks on death and disposal of the dead, it should be stated that according to archæological evidence, although both earth burial and cremation were practised by the ancient Lithuanians, earth burial would seem to be of later date than cremation, which in hoary antiquity was apparently regarded as alone pleasing to the gods.

Good men, immediately after burial or cremation, proceeded direct to heaven, but the souls of evil men, and of those who died prematurely, entered into animals or trees, lakes and rivers, where they suffered eternal privation and hunger. If, however, the gods were so to decree, any particular soul might temporarily quit its *post mortem* body, appear to relatives or strangers, and leave on the threshold or in the doorway some article buried or burnt with it, as a sign whereby the soul's identity could be established. Then the soothsayers and augurs could ascertain from the soul what it required for its salvation. But the souls of the godless, murderers and other evil-doers, went to hell, where they were subjected to ceaseless torments in expiation of their earthly misdeeds.

The ancient Lithuanians attached the utmost importance to minute observance of funeral rites, for it was believed that negligence in this regard would inevitably provoke the vengeance not only of the gods but also of the disembodied spirit of the deceased, which might damage the offender's crops, cattle and other possessions, besides terrifying him at night with loud wailing and lamentation and other unearthly noises. The soul of an uninterred person could suffer from hunger and thirst like the living, and in order to placate an angry spirit and to minister to its material needs it

was the custom of the deceased's relatives, at the beginning of a meal, to scatter the first morsels of food and to sprinkle drink upon the ground.

Even for the good the way to heaven was far from easy. To reach the desired goal the soul had to scale a lofty and forbidding mountain, and so, to facilitate this arduous task, when burning a corpse the mourners were wont to cast into the flames the claws of a fox or a lynx, and often before death the dying person would allow his nails to grow so that after his demise he could more easily cling with hands and feet to the rocks and crags obstructing his painful ascent! Nor was this all. At the foot of the mountain reclined a frightful monster which with a swish of its gigantic tail would sweep the wrong-doer into oblivion like autumn leaves before a hurricane. It was far more difficult for the souls of the rich than for those of the poor and needy to climb this mountain. On the summit amid the clouds dwelt the supreme deity Perkunas, who granted eternal rest and bliss to the deserving, but condemned the bad to eternal punishment.

Countless legends and folk stories have gathered around the popular belief that every year a single fern blooms and that untold wealth and knowledge await the lucky mortal who finds this flower on St. John's Eve. The following are characteristic. A certain youth grew ferns in his garden and every St. John's Eve used to watch for them to bloom, but never succeeded because the devil was always too quick for him and would seize and carry off the flower before him. Then an old woman advised him to spread a white cloth in front of the fern-bed, set a lighted candle upon it, and fix his gaze unflinchingly upon the ferns and nowhere else until they flowered. On the following St. John's Eve the youth obeyed these injunctions and took up his lonely vigil. Soon all sorts of hobgoblins and apparitions began to torment him. At one time a spectral hound with bared fangs would snarl at him; then serpents and lizards in a writhing mass would suddenly appear; or a gigantic bear would menace him. But the youth, remembering the old woman's counsel, never removed his eyes from the fern-bed, and the spectral forms, seeing that he was not afraid of them, vanished. And then he noticed a huge black cat which, emerging from the garret of his cottage, crept along the tiles and leapt straight on to the pot in which the candle was inserted. The youth could not restrain himself and waving his hand at the cat tried to frighten it off. Simultaneously the ferns blossomed, a flower rolled on to the extended cloth, and an owl, darting forward, seized it and bore it off. An outburst of fiendish laughter seemed to assail the ill-starred youth from all sides, and he was again left without the fern flower.

A man was making his way through a wood at midnight on St.

John's Eve. He was wearing bast shoes. In due course he reached a bed of ferns and as he was wading through it a fern blossomed, broke away from its stem and, unknown to the pedestrian, became entangled in his shoe-laces. In a flash he knew everything—what was happening at that moment in the world and what his folk at home were doing. The vast mineral riches hidden in the bowels of the earth were revealed to him. As he pursued his journey he grew weary, and sitting down to rest removed his shoes. As he did so the fern flower which had caught in one of his laces fell to the ground, and instantaneously his short-lived wisdom melted away as swiftly as it had come to him.

The distinguished Lithuanian writer Krévé-Mickevicius has effectively embodied many of these popular beliefs in his long dramatic poem *Śarunas, Duke of the Land of Song*, picturing early medieval Lithuania. In the prologue to this work, one of the characters, a stripling named Kazys, tells how one St. John's Eve his grandfather had set out from Geloviné, after inspecting his boat-nets. The season was just after the change of the moon, and dusk had fallen. Suddenly on the roadside he saw a large iron chest full of gold. The lid was open and attached to an alder tree, and on top lay coiled a small black dog. But the old man was no fool and knew better than to thrust his hand into the chest. Instead he used an oar he was carrying, when down came the heavy lid with a crash and cut off the blade of the oar. And then the lid rose again as before. The old man repeated the experiment with the same result. Enraged at this he verbally consigned the chest and its contents to perdition, whereupon the black dog yelped, even the chest howled dismally and was borne away as though by a whirlwind over the neighbouring Balynas hill, where it disappeared. Diabolical laughter resounded on all sides, and half-dead with terror the old man ran all the way home.

Another character, Petras, tells the legend of Śarunas. Śarunas is described as a ruler with what we today might call totalitarian tendencies. He wanted to conquer the earth. But as he and his people were pagans, God saw that if they subdued the world not a single church would remain. He therefore visited upon them a plague which eventually wiped out the entire population. That is one reason, we are told, why so many human skulls are found today in the funeral mounds or barrows so numerous in Lithuania! When the people began to sicken Śarunas ordered guns to be discharged at the sky, but the projectiles fell short. Then an old man supposed to be very wise told the king about one hill so lofty that it supported the regions below the heavens, whereupon Śarunas prepared to have his cannon dragged to the summit so that he could fire at God. But his mother and wife tried to persuade him to be baptised

instead of warring on God. This good advice so infuriated the monarch that he slew both his mother and his wife. When dying his mother cursed him so that he did not perish like the rest, but was turned into stone and condemned to sit in his palace in the centre of a hill until the crack of doom. Another version has it that on the eve of the world's end Šarunas and his people will rise again, conquer the earth and massacre the Christians. On St. John's Eve curious listeners have heard him groaning and asking when he will be able to sally forth. Already he has recovered the use of the upper part of his body, and only his legs are still petrified. For our own sake let us hope he will never entirely regain his powers of locomotion!

Lithuanian folklore associates a legendary King of Zemaitija (Samogitia) with the golden age of Lithuania. The palace or castle in which this ruler dwelt was built of iron and hung in the air. Another castle was situated in a marsh, and could be approached only by a leather bridge. When the king walked or rode over the bridge, it would roll itself up behind him. He also possessed a boat which navigated itself, and a chariot drawn by winged steeds or, alternatively, a double-headed eagle. During his reign every farmer could kill a fowl or a sheep and roast it for food on holidays. The king's end came after all his knights had fallen round him in battle. As he heard the enemy approaching he stamped his foot upon the floor and the castle sank into the earth. In a hill at Kretinga there are said to be a giant and a smith. The smith forges swords from steel. When a sword is ready he hands it to the giant, who tests its strength. Hitherto this giant has broken every sword made by the smith. But when the smith can forge a weapon which the giant cannot break, then the King of Zemaitija will return to rule over the country.

From a veritable plethora of folk fairy-tales I have chosen "Eglé, Queen of the Serpents" (*Eglé žalcių karalienė*) as perhaps most fancifully illustrating the Lithuanian love of personification. Exigencies of space have, of course, rendered drastic condensation unavoidable.

Once upon a time there was an old couple who had twelve sons and three daughters, the youngest and most beautiful of whom was named Eglé (Fir). One summer evening the three sisters went down to the sea to bathe, and when they emerged Eglé found a large snake coiled on the sleeve of her chemise. The eldest sister seized a stick and was about to drive the snake away when it raised its head and in a human voice said: "Eglé, promise to marry me and I will go away of my own accord." This request greatly distressed Eglé. How could she ever marry a snake? But the snake insisted and in the end Eglé was obliged to give her promise whereupon the snake uncoiled itself and

crawled swiftly away. Three days later a whole regiment of snakes invaded the farm-yard and from their ranks the so-called match-makers (*pirśliai*) were delegated to enter the house and clinch matters with Eglé's parents. At first they resisted and even tried to foist the other two daughters upon the match-makers, but in vain, and finally Eglé, weeping bitterly, left her home with her reptile escort. On arrival at the beach they were met by a handsome young man who informed Eglé that he was none other than the snake which she had found coiled on the sleeve of her chemise. Then the entire party repaired to a near-by island and from there descended underground beneath the sea to the domain of the serpents, of whom the handsome young man was king. Here in a magnificent palace their marriage took place amid prolonged festivities. Gradually Eglé grew reconciled to her new life and almost forgot her parents, brothers and sisters. She bore her consort three sons named respectively Azuolas (Oak), Uosis (Ash) and Berzas (Birch), and one daughter named Drebulé (Aspen). One day at the end of nine years the oldest son Azuolas questioned his mother about her parents, brothers and sisters, and then she again remembered them, and was seized with the desire to see them all once more. The King of the Serpents for some time resisted her pleadings and made his consent conditional upon her discharging certain tasks which he hoped would prove impossible but which, thanks to the advice of an old wise woman, she succeeded in performing. At last he consented and himself escorted Eglé and her children to the seashore. Before parting from them he enjoined on them that on no account must their visit last longer than nine days. "When you return," said he, "come with the children only to the shore and there summon me with these words:—

'Zilvine, Zilvine!
If thou art alive, milk foam.
If thou art dead, blood foam.'

"Then if you see milk foam approaching the shore on the waves you will know I am still living, but if blood foam, that I have met my end. And you, children, I forbid you to let anybody know how to summon me."

Eglé's parents, brothers and sisters were overjoyed to see her, and the neighbours too flocked to the farm-house to hear the wonderful story of her good fortune, so that the days simply flew by and it was almost time for her to return. Meanwhile, however, her brothers, sisters and parents had been secretly discussing how to prevent her return, and for that purpose the brothers decided to try to ascertain from the children how her husband was to be summoned, so that they could call him first and despatch him with their scythes. The three sons bravely denied all knowledge, in spite of threats and beatings, but the youngest child Drebulé broke down when a

birch-rod was produced, and betrayed her mother's secret. The brothers forthwith proceeded to the beach, summoned the unsuspecting Serpent King, and cut him to pieces with their scythes. On the ninth day, as arranged, Eglé in her turn went to the beach with her children and called her husband with the stipulated formula, when to her horror blood foam appeared on the surface of the sea and her husband's voice proceeding from it in mournful tones told her: "Thy twelve brothers cut me to pieces with their scythes, and Drebulé, our best-beloved daughter, betrayed to them my invocation!"

Eglé shed bitter tears and then, turning to her children, chanted:—

"Be thou transformed into an aspen!
May'st thou tremble day and night!
Let the rain drench thy face!
Let the wind visit thy head!
You, my sons, stand like strong trees!
I, your mother, shall remain a fir!"

And as she spoke, so it happened: the oak, the ash and the birch are the strongest of all Lithuanian trees, and the aspen today, blown by the slightest breeze, at once begins to tremble.

Lithuania is, *par excellence*, the land of amber, small particles of which can be found mingled with the sand on the shores of the Baltic. Scorning the scientific explanation of the formation down the ages of this highly-prized substance, for which Lithuania was famous even in the days of Tacitus, legend ascribes its origin to the action of Perkunas, the God of Thunder, who, wroth with the beautiful sea goddess Juraité for having so far demeaned herself as to fall in love with a mortal, the handsome young fisherman Kastytis, slew the latter with his thunderbolts at the moment when the lovers were embracing, and simultaneously shattered into a myriad pieces Juraité's amber palace in the ocean depths, so that the fragments were scattered far and wide over the Baltic shores. The famous Lithuanian national poet Maironis has made this legend the theme of a well-known poem.

E. J. HARRISON

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

KALIDASA'S "SAKUNTALA"

The story of Śakuntalā is taken by Kalidasa from an episode in the *Mahābhārata*. The poet develops its possibilities and transmutes the theme by building up its meaning-structure so as to make it the vehicle of a vision of life. The courtship which led on to the Gāndharva marriage is elaborated; the repudiation of the lady is explained differently; and the nature and circumstances of the reunion are interpreted on a different plane. The Curse *motif* with the Ring episode makes the difference vital.

The seven Acts of the play would really be five if we could take the first three as one composite First Act. To the poet the marriage is not the close of the love episode; rather is it the beginning. Its consequences are studied over a period of years in worlds far removed from the field of its first impulsation, under totally different conditions. This marriage, between two persons who belong to different stations in life, and concluded secretly, works like destiny through sorrow, frustration, humiliation and despair; but fortunately to a happy end.

The structure of the play is simple and it has a smooth continuous development. Every odd Act shows meeting between the principal characters; the even Acts prepare for it, showing separation and yearning. A significant aspect is the background-structure, one of nature and life on at least three planes of existence, each seemingly self-sufficient, with a special colour-character and behaviour mode and special laws of evaluation and judgement; each succeeding stage records a progression and the three together present a coherent view of an aspect of life.

To make this clearer: the first three Acts are set in the hermitage of Kanva Kāśyapa. The Fourth is still set there but is a consequential, a transitional Act; the Fifth is in an audience hall in the King's palace. The sixth is worked out in heaven, at and about another hermitage. If life in the Kaṇvāśram is a delighful idyl, the hermitage at the other end of the play is one of deep and austere grandeur; a *tapas-siddhi-sthānam* (place where penance attains fruition). If the atmosphere in the earlier scenes is one of youth and freedom and that of the court, one of Law and Duty, the atmosphere here is of fruition and fulfilment. A Śārṅgarava shows up only in the Fourth Act in the fears of an Anasuya, and his shrill, disapproving tone is not heard till the Fifth Act is well on.

Life in these two hermitages is, again, contrasted with life in the capital city and in the palace of an earthly king. Behind and around all this throughout is the presence of Nature in closest sympathy, helpful, suggesting hope and creating an atmosphere proper for each stage. Childhood, youth and age; maidenhood, marriage and motherhood; freedom, law and justice; flower, fertilisation and fruit; dream, fact and wisdom; individual, society and Dharma and other trinities of like

order and value are held up for contemplation.

The caddish, cowardly conduct of the King in the epic must have puzzled Kalidasa. He tries in this play to offer his explanation. A king of the Lunar race and one, moreover, called a Dharmātmā even in the *Mahābhārata*, could not have so lightly forgotten and so ill-treated a lady of Śakuntalā's quality. So Kalidasa invents a curse to broad-base the events on plausibility. What does the King lose if he accepts her and where is the difficulty in doing so? There are two others in his palace already. Her beauty is exceptional and he can have her for the taking. But a real dilemma has arisen in his mind: he will be a *Daratyāgi* (a deserter of his wife) on the one alternative, or a *Parastrī-sparśa Pāmsulah* (one polluted by the touch of another lady), on the other. How accept as his own one quick with child when he does not remember any relationship with her? He is tireless in the performance of duty, loves his subjects like a parent and would stretch a law to their benefit always. He is considerate to his women even when he has ceased to care for them; he never fails to behave as is proper to his station, or to place, time and need. A sage like the great Kaṇva has sent the young lady to him and hermits the very embodiment of truthfulness, bring her to hand over. She looks the picture of innocence. Every circumstance which could prompt acceptance is, therefore, present. Yet with all these, one fact must not be overlooked; he is not a *Kāmi* (one given to love), he is a *Vaśin* (one who is self-controlled). Nothing less than a curse could have worked such havoc. But neither Śakuntalā nor Duṣyanta knows of the curse, which makes the dramatic and emotional situation tense and destiny look hard.

The circumstances leading to the curse and its terms are however, known to us. The poet grounds it in character and situation and in a default of duty. Durvāsa is only the occasion, and a likely one, judging by his history and his temper. Any one else would do. If Fate is at work, it is best to link it intimately with the character of the persons involved rather than present it as an adventitious, external force juggling with human fortunes to suit some unknown predetermined end. So the curse is central to the structure of events and becomes the complicating factor and an instrument of *catharsis* and final redemption.

In the short run, it causes grave hurt and heartache. Part of the way in which a factor like that works is to surround the persons with ignorance; part to prevent that ignorance from lifting before the process fully works itself out. That is why Śakuntalā's friends decide not to tell her the details of the impending danger; why the Ṛiṣi is kept out of the Āśram; why the Viduṣaka (jester) is technically impounded by the words spoken to him at the end of the Second Act; why the signet-ring cannot be sent to the King in advance by the anxious Anasuya and why the ring itself could not be produced as evidence in the court. How could the lady be so forgetful of herself and of the very symbol and evidence of her relationship with the King as to lose the ring and be unconscious of having done so? Unless she suffers through love, this dross in her make-up will not be burned up or she be ripe in worth. And if she must

suffer through love so must Duṣyanta. The King's light-heartedness and conceit have to be cured to make him a fit husband for Śakuntalā. Possibly the shadow of the epic King was still on the poet's page: for it must not be forgotten that the curse is invented to redeem him.

Born from a breach of vow and Dharma, Śakuntalā is a natural child, half Kṣatriya, half Nymph—daughter to a celestial seductress. Such birth has been her bane. It is perhaps because of this that Kaṇva has imposed on her extra austerity, though she is the apple of his eye and the life of the Āśram. But if her birth has exposed her to temptation by making her the frailest in the Āśram against love and the first to succumb to the glamour of the world, her being daughter of Viśvāmitra and her training in the Āśram will yet have given her enough strength of soul to redeem herself.

The Fifth Act opens with the curse fully operative and with ignorance enveloping the principals. The action drives forward and Śakuntalā is about to be thrown on the hospitality of a priest. Is it to live in the care of a *Purohit* that all her aspiration has tended, that all the love and beauty and prayer of the earlier Acts have been building? Her helplessness is complete. She has come away from her foster-parent, from her friends and from the old *milieu*, which now could no more rest her or be happy to sustain her if she went back. She is even peremptorily stayed from returning to it. Here her husband will not have her. Branded as a wanton she is unable to offer proof of her *bona fides*. She is betrayed and desolate. The epic Śakuntalā in a similar plight had cried out "*Asākshinī Mandabhāgā Gamiṣyāmi yathāgatam*" (Unfortunate and uncorroborated as I am, I shall go back as I came.) Śakuntalā here is as broken-hearted; but her cry, "*Bhagavati Vasudhe Dêhi mê Vivaram*" (Divine Earth, open to me!) is like that of Sīta in the Uttarakaṇḍa of the *Rāmāyana*. When the earth fails to open, the world has no justice to extend, the highest court in the realm dismisses her petition with but a law it can administer and a duty to enforce—who shall succour her? None on earth; only Heaven, if it can and will. Kalidasa shows it as willing; for it alights to the rescue; comes gently down as a mother-spirit to raise, to save, to offer asylum till the time be ripe for reunion. If the earth cannot be more just, it is the business of the vigilant Heaven, administrator of the moral order, to see justice done.[1]

From the life of the hermitage to the life in the palace and from there to heaven wends Śakuntalā's passage. The Kaṇvāśram is like an island, shut off from the rest of the world, living in peace and harmony with the life of nature and of all those spirits that dwell therein. Everything is friendly and affectionate. All is beauty, laughter and wit and golden sunshine; free, frank and guileless; ignorant of pain. It is a state of pupillage for young persons who learn to love and live and practise the discipline needed for worldly or religious duties. Kaṇva is a Kulapati, a sort of Vice-Chancellor of a

[1] An appeal seems to lie in all cases to heaven. So long as individuals keep to their Dharma the Gods will see to it that they are saved. This seems to be the final implication of the play and, incidentally, of much Indian thought, however unconvincing it may sound to modern ears.

University. If anything hurtful should come into the hermitage, it could only come from the outside world—from the world of men, from Gods, from Rākṣasas, from outside Riṣis or from beasts external to it. It prepares its young people for serious living.

But how these will actually fare will be their responsibility. Youth, flower and beauty are never the consummation of life. A harder core of being than is bred here—trained to survive the shocks of circumstance—is needed for success there. The earth is harder, crasser and is less beautiful, gentle and sensitive than the dreams in which life passes in this Āśram. Beauty, innocence, trustfulness and righteousness bred as in a nursery cannot safeguard one against the world.

Śakuntalā is made to pay the penalty for trusting too readily, too carelessly, prompted only by the unrestrained impulsion of her heart. Reason has not steadied her. Duty does not keep her watchful. Wisdom does not guide her The Āśram life is much too good, much too unreal for the world's tasks and needs. In itself it is helpless. A King who is no part of its internal life has to protect it. The deer, the physical integrity of the Āśram, the inmates, men and women, the Riṣis and their sacrifices to the Gods, their studies, all need his protecting arm. This gives him a prestige and a function here. Its life is incomplete and defenceless without him.

If the Fifth Act presents the earth and the secular order, with a court of its highest justice deciding on conduct, it does so unimpeachably. That the curse of Durvāsa has blacked out the King's memory on one point is the only limitation upon his and its justice. For the King bears grave accusations patiently; he gives every chance to prove the case against him. Without the curse the harshness of the Fifth Act would not be. As it stands, alternative judgment or behaviour seems impossible. And if the Fourth Act is lyrically one of the loveliest in literature, the Fifth is great drama. It shows the world's ways *in excelsis*, in both strength and weakness. The common reaction to Śakuntalā is summed up, strangely by Śārṅgarava, the leader of Śakuntalā's party. But in the King's decision the world and the husband-cum-King-cum-judge all find against her at one stroke. It is a pity that he who is a party to the case is also judge; but the hearing is in no way prejudiced by that; for the King does not once forget that he is judge.

This is a triumph of Law, social and secular. But is this the last word? It our vision be limited, it is. If, however, one looks deeper, it is not; for, in Kalidasa's vision of values heaven completes the processes of earth. The Āśram looks for aid to the King, and both alike are subject to the will of heaven. The King is Indra's friend quite as much as he is a doughty warrior of proved virtue as a ruler. One of the parties is innocent: the lady is a daughter to the Gods. Both are ignorant. And disproportionate suffering will be inflicted on both if the grace of heaven does not descend to relieve distress and clear the situation.

The moral order which functions in human life, linking up events, measuring conduct and motive, standing for judgment and obligation, desirous of holding the balance even, is also the instrument of heavenly justice. Is the aid of such Gods then real? Yes, says

the play. Is all this symbolic? May be. It is, at least, poetic vision; and, in poetry, there is no higher validity. From the beginning earth and heaven are inextricably linked up, involved in each other's existence. From the moment of sending Mênakā down to ruin the tapas of Viśvāmitra the Gods have involved themselves in the fortunes of their issue; to wit, with the basic premises of the play. If evil befalls Śakuntalā for no more than a trivial failing she should not be let die broken-hearted. So the Gods appoint her mother to go down to earth, this time to aid her own child. She who did their behest then for their ends this time will do it for a dearer sake.[1] Fate, human life, the life of bird, beast and flower, of disembodied spirits and celestial tapasvins, earth's kings, and social conventions, gods and the parents of gods, the moral order itself—all are involved as part and parcel in one pattern of meaning; in interrelation; in helpful, intelligent functioning. That seems to me the drift of Kalidasa's message.

With the translation of Śakuntalā to heaven all future action prepares there. Protection and reinstalment are now heaven's work. This world comes under watch. An observer, Sānumati, comes down from the Gods' Kingdom. She is present to look on, to assess and to report, while the end of the Sixth Act, Mātali is sent down to fetch the King for a service to the Gods—virtually to the region where alone Duṣyanta can meet his discarded wife. Some six to eight years have elapsed since the events of the Fifth Act. Once the ring is discovered, the King remembers. He is mad with remorse. The picture of slighted virtue with its piteous accusing eyes haunts to torment him night and day. Nothing pleases or can compensate. Nothing consoles him who feels he has been cruel, unjust, unloving. The tasks of kingship do not interest him, though he attends to them as duty.[2]

Sānumati looks on pleased at all this sorrow, poor Śakuntalā can now look forward to happiness and the plan of the Gods will be successful for the mind and heart of the King are prepared to receive with due appreciation a gift of the Gods. She is not there as an official representative, but as a private intelligencer on her own account for Śakuntalā's sake and in behalf of a loved friend, Śakuntalā's mother. To give the King tidings of plans being made in heaven for bringing the couple together or to set his doubts at rest or to speak to him comfort or of his fatherhood, is not her task. The time for that is not yet. The Gods will do it when they will and in their way. Indra's official message to the King does that before the Act is over. Meanwhile the King has to be roused from the listlessness into which he has sunk. He has to be roused to a sense of his duties as protector of men and a warrior friend of the Gods. Śakuntalā and love should at best be half his kingly occupation. Personal grief has no business to keep him mooning when kingly duty and divine service call.

It is noteworthy that Act VII begins

[1] Indeed, the silent presence of Mênaka in more than one Act of the play, by implication, by reference, by description and by actual advent is a richly felt reality and is part of the major graces which crowd the play as background and as factors.

[2] Simultaneously with the awakening of this love there is a timid celebration by the garden maids of the advent of spring, which is tell-tale, if not symbolic.

after service has been rendered to the Gods and after the King has been publicly rewarded by Indra—in a way to make Indra's son Jayanta envious. What is important here is the condition of Duṣyanta's mind. He is worthy now of the highest rewards. For the spirit in which he renders service and the way he reacts to the honours—though his is the benefaction—shows humility. His heart is nursing another hope. But dares not ask for its fulfilment. That is why it is given him. All the gay confidence which made him think so highly of his deserts in Act I, when he was ready to greet fortune through every gate, is now shed; the hauteur of the Fifth Act is spent. When an omen flashes indication of good luck, he is shy in trusting it. It is not Mātali who suggests the visit to the heavenly parents. The King himself wishes to offer obeisance to them before returning to his kingdom and his duties.

It is when he is waiting to interview such elders in felicity that the poet brings father and child together and, through that son, the son's father and mother. What a picture she presents here! We have had many close-up views not only of her face, but of all the stages in the evolution of her fortune as maid, sweetheart and wife and now as mother:

Vasanê Paridhūsarê Vasānā
Niyamakṣāmamukhī dhṛtaikavēṇī

(Wearing dusky garments, with her face emaciated by vows (and) her hair in a single braid).

Another point in the constructing of the play is the way the poet indicates that the Kṣatriya family does not belong in heaven. If in the First Act it is Śakuntalā who shows signs of an excitement unworthy of the Āśram,[1] indication that she will soon cease to belong there, it is now her restless, irrepressible little son, who disturbs the serenity and peace of this heavenly Āśram where everything is chaste, sedate, dignified; where a child's shout or romping is disturbance and the least desire an irreverence. He must leave the place and get back to the earth to indulge his Kṣatriya sports and impulses.

The wheel has come one full circle and recorded progress. The Gods have been kind and have wound a fate back to cheer and happiness. The hero and the heroine have paid through suffering. Only thus cleansed and steadied can love have full meaning and not be a disturbing factor in life. Attraction, excitement, the keen-edged joys of union and the pangs of separation, love and marriage, urgencies of the blood and instinct are no sanction or proof of enduring loyalty or such as the Gods may approve. They can fulfil themselves only through self-government and performance of duty. Nothing secret, light or merely romantic can lead to good. When social duties are forgotten or neglected, even through ignorance or love's tender preoccupation, it offends the moral order which then assumes the rôle of Durvāsa. What have the world and the Gods to do with private considerations? Love and marriage have a social bearing, imply responsibilities and lead to consequences. More, Dharma and the human personality can develop only within such a context. The very highest persons, therefore, must learn to conform and not to strive against the Law.

[1] Hers as maid and of the hermitage

Should the Ṛiṣi not be kind? Is the secular order kind? Has it heart or ruth? Is the world of social obligation tender in its impact on the personal life? Such kindness is the domain of the Gods, to whom it is reserved to look into motive. They are the only agencies who can so measure and help. The laws of the world cannot be of more assistance. The heavens must and will if they are vital in the ordering of life. They will, however, make sure first that all passion is spent, that all tumults of the soul have settled down, and that calm understanding prevails, after testing for depths and loyalties. Then, after the performance of duties to themselves will they reward and bless: even as this reunited family is presented to heaven's parents for blessing and reunion.

Not a cheerful doctrine or decree, but this seems to be the hierarchy of values. Notice how the King, who is sovereign lord of the earth, on whose convenience and time the world has to wait, is a humble supplicant for an interview with Māricha. The latter's is no doubt a kindly but an awesome presence. The King and Śakuntalā are fully reconciled to each other there where all mists clear and they learn the cause of all this misery. Apparent harshness and sorrow line up in proportion to explain conduct and there is a newborn understanding. Their marriage is now really made in heaven.

If the curse episode means anything more than a mere dramatic device or a literary trick it means this—as a value in interpretation and in critical dynamics- if not even as fact in the intention of the poet. And since the curse is what distinguishes the play as ground and explanation of conduct and fortune, the poet seems to convey all this as message. And the structure of the play integrates quite as much as it enshrines it.

V. SITARAMIAH

A KARMA-YOGIN OF THE WEST *

Dr. Kraus, the publishers tell us, "was a friend and correspondent of Schweitzer; imprisoned by the Nazis, he ultimately reached England and continued his work at Oxford, where he died in 1942." The Master of Balliol pays him high tribute in a brief introduction to this translation. "When you met the man there was a single-heartedness and simplicity that shone from him, a wonderful example of scholarly devotion carried to a pitch of saintliness." But Dr. Lindsay hints that the English reader may find Kraus's demand for an unshakable intellectual certainty . . . very odd and even rather in the way . . . What Professor Kraus in effect says is, "This man's metaphysics are completely erroneous and I should not really bother about them except that, when I think of Lambaréné and what Schweitzer did there and why he did it, that action of his illumines all that he has written and said and makes me determined to try and understand how such an action came about, how there could be a man like this and what he stands for in this shattered and groaning world."

The book was written in 1925 and published under the title "A Character-Study of an Ethical Personality and a Philosophic Mystic." After sixty-two

* *Albert Schweitzer: His Work and His Philosophy*. By OSKAR KRAUS. (Adam and Charles Black, Ltd., London. 6s.)

pages of what can be described only as philosophical criticism of an unusual degree of intensity (and integrity), Dr. Kraus suddenly reminds himself that "when I undertook this work it was not my intention to write a criticism but an analysis of character." One gathers that with so fruitful a subject he continually found the dividing line a little difficult to see—for metaphysics can create as much darkness as light, especially the metaphysics of a man so (may we suggest?) terrifyingly intellectual as Dr. Kraus. Or, to put it in another way, Kraus is like a man who has stared so long into the sun of the absolute that when he turns away he is blind to all else around him.

Nevertheless, in his curious cerebral way (in which the intuitive plays no part), he does much honour to Schweitzer's greatness. In seventy pages or so, he searches into each of Schweitzer's many activities and tells us very convincingly what we, with a much humbler metaphysical apparatus, already surmised. (And after all, what book does more than tell us what we already know? To read a book profitably is to be confirmed in what we previously divined.) He reveals the double conflict in Schweitzer: the first between his joy in life ("reverence for life"), the exercise of his immense powers and the scope of his genius on the one hand, and the need for "atonement," the ever-present awareness of suffering humanity on the other: the second, the conflict within—between theism and pantheism, between a fundamental agnosticism and an "unfounded optimism" beyond the sphere of knowledge. This conflict, or contradiction, baffles and fascinates Kraus, who craves, as Dr. Lindsay says, for "unshakable intellectual certainty." But faith begins where intellectual certainty ends; and Schweitzer was great enough to make the crossing. Kraus saw this, though he could not understand it. "In Schweitzer's actions, too," he says, "we see that the ethical forces which were active in Christ are still a living reality."

We are accustomed to think of a saint as being of one of two kinds: the ethical or the religious. The one is moved largely by humanist considerations in the finest sense; the other by the "intellectual love of God." The one is active for good in a stricken world; the other contemplative on a plane from which human suffering is seen *sub specie aternitatis*. Modern psychology, if not mere unprofessional observation, has shewn how often the apparently ethical activity is bogus, how it amounts to little more than the restless busybodying of men with no inwardness. Thus altruism becomes the activity of the man with an untenanted soul, and philanthropy the sop to the manufacturer's conscience. Today the bias of the sensitive mind is in favour of the second kind of saint, the contemplative. Faced with the "problem" of a man like Schweitzer, we are all (though in less degree) in Kraus's plight. Here is a man whose integrity is beyond all question and yet who throws aside the gifts of the gods in pure disinterestedness. O wonder in the Western world of the twentieth century! Dr. Kraus is right to describe Schweitzer's great renunciation as "a work of atonement." By it Schweitzer atones, so far as one man is able, for the evil done by modern Europe to the ancient land of Africa. And in the work of atonement, ethical and religious meet and fuse into one compelling act.

J. P. HOGAN

GANDHIJI*

These quite distinctive books are both by honest men, who have been honest not only with Gandhi, but with themselves. The value of their different approaches lies in the fact that each author has looked at the Mahatma in the light of his own tested personal experience—Mr. Fischer as a democratic American journalist living in and out of his country; Mr. Walker as a British Christian pacifist living in and out of his country's prisons.

Neither of them claims to present anything more than a subjective and necessarily incomplete likeness of the Mahatma's personality, conversation, or writings. The perfect Gandhi-book is yet to be published. When it is, the author or compiler will probably be much more metaphysical-minded than is Mr. Fischer, and perhaps less inclined to religious hero-worship than Mr. Walker.

It is to the latter's credit that he at once makes known his bias by conviction in his Introduction to *The Wisdom of Gandhi* :—

I began with a general acceptance of Mr. Gandhi's pacifist position, and a study of his life and work has deepened my belief and widened my understanding of him. More than this, his wisdom has given me peace and composure in a time of trial and sorrow Mahatma Gandhi speaks always to the people, to the poor, the downtrodden, the simple, and the illiterate. There is not one of us who cannot venerate him and benefit from his gentle wisdom if we number ourselves among those who seek after truth in the spirit of persistent good will.

No Indian *satyagrahi* could pay a warmer tribute, nor, we think, have made a better sixty-page compilation of Gandhi's wise and sane sayings from the pacifist point of view than Mr. Walker has.

What the author of *A Week with Gandhi* lacks of metaphysical wisdom, he makes up for in sympathetic intelligence, human understanding and experience. He shows us the Mahatma at home, a deeply loving and lovable man, good-humouredly putting himself at the disposal of his questioner.

Gandhi came in, greeted me, and lay down on his bed. "I will take your blows lying down," he said. The Moslem woman gave him a wet mud-pack for his abdomen. He said, "This puts me in touch with my future." I said nothing, and after a moment he remarked. "I see you missed that one." I told him I hadn't missed it, but thought he was too young to think about returning to the dust.

Mr. Fischer's is a respectful, but not a reverent approach. His is an intimate account of a week's political talks with Gandhi at Sevagram in early June of 1942. He clears up many points in which the Mahatma has been mischievously quoted out of context. He does not wilfully suppress any vital facts.

Gandhi said: "I think my influence is due to the fact that I pursue the truth. That is my goal."

"I do not underestimate the power of truth," I argued. "But this explanation seems to me inadequate. Leaders like Hitler have achieved power by telling lies. That doesn't mean that you cannot become influential by telling the truth. But truth in itself has not always availed others in this country or elsewhere. Why is it," I con-

* *A Week with Gandhi*. By LOUIS FISCHER. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 6s.)

The Wisdom of Gandhi. Selected and arranged by ROY WALKER. (Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 2s. 6d.)

tinued, "that you, without any of the paraphernalia of power, without a government or police behind you,...have been able to sway millions and get them to sacrifice their comforts and time and even their lives?"

"Truth," he said, "is not merely a matter of words. It is really a matter of living the truth."...He paused.

"Isn't it," I suggested, "that when you advocate independence you strike a chord in many Indians? A musician does something to the members of his audience. You play a note which Indians are waiting to hear....You say and do what your people want you to say and do?"

"Yes," he said, "maybe that is it."

This is the nearest Mr. Fischer comes to metaphysics. He is not likely ever to spell truth with a capital T. But how much of truth there is in his plain honest thinking! Yes, as the Mahatma said, maybe that is it.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

Little Reviews 1914–1943. By DENYS VAL BAKER. (P. E. N. Books, George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 2 *s.*)

This rather unsatisfactory little book on a rather unsatisfactory little subject is somewhat lacking in critical standards (and might perhaps have been more carefully written and proof-read). It catalogues the literary reviews which have appeared in the cultural firmament of the past thirty years, blazed there for a time, and, in nearly all cases, vanished leaving little or no trace. If there was any doubt about it, this catalogue makes it abundantly clear that this type of literature is essentially ephemeral; the exceptions merely prove the rule. That is well enough: little reviews are still interesting in their place: but extravagant claims must not be made for them, and it is doubtful whether Mr. Baker's contention—that they are the reflection of "the spirit of a literary period" and are "at least alive and honest" since their contributors write for the most part to please themselves—will bear examination. Too often little reviews are the meeting-place of a mutual admiration society or the expression of an individual's idiosyncrasies. Contributions to them are only in rare cases significant beyond their moment; and this, judging by Mr. Baker's lists, is equally true of their authors. Literary papers tend, in fact, to contain rather the dross than the pure ore of a literary period and so present a distortion rather than a true reflection of its spirit. And whether or no writings set down to please their writers are alive and honest depends upon the writers. The intellectual pomposity and introspective egotism which find too easy a field of expression in literary reviews are liable to be negative and devitalized, affected and self-deceptive, rather than alive and honest. Brilliant exceptions—two or three papers, half a dozen contributors—no doubt justify the dreariness of literary papers in general. But these speak for themselves; which leaves all too little justification for Mr. Baker's essay.

R. H. WARD

The Motherly and Auspicious. By MAURICE COLLIS. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

This strange work has no religious or philosophical interest. On the other hand, it is of great interest as a psychological and as a historical study. Readers who can remember, even hazily, the affairs and vague influences of the world at the beginning of this century may recollect that in 1900 there were persistent rumours of a terrifying Dowager-Empress of China. Mr. Maurice Collis's new book is a loosely built semi-dramatic version of her life, supplemented with a clear well-written preface which sets forth the salient facts of this astonishing and appalling career. The reader will not have forgotten Mr. Collis's gripping account of "Siamese" White, the seventeenth-century pirate-financier who for a time practically ruled Siam, and will therefore perceive that the author has a liking for unscrupulous and high-powered personalities.

In the construction of his drama he has adopted as much of Chinese dramatic convention as, in these days, any reader or spectator should want. We have, after all, been familiar with the amusing informalities of the Chinese stage ever since, about thirty years ago, *The Yellow Jacket* gave us a surprise of quaintness. The Confucian civil servant (with his habit of writing poems whenever he finds a little leisure) who here acts as *compère* before each scene, well justifies his time on the stage. Indeed, the piece would lack coherence without him. Mr. Collis perhaps does not expect this work to be performed. It contains a costly number of characters; the action is so episodical as rather to suit the novel than the drama; and the speeches, though gracefully phrased, do not issue from different voices or different brains.

"Tzu Hsi, which means Motherly and Auspicious, was born in 1835 and died in 1908." She was the daughter of a petty official, and from obscurity and extreme poverty rose by ruthlessness and determination to the high position of Imperial Concubine. In order to increase her power she obtained a newborn man-child and persuaded the Emperor that it was his and hers. In due course she became Dowager-Empress and Regent of China, riding rough-shod over three dissolute Emperors and two or three brainless Empresses: nor did she think anything of poisoning man, woman or eunuch who might seem to stand in her path. Like most women of her uncompromising type, Tzu Hsi evoked almost as much devotion as detestation, and Mr. Collis has used with advantage the memoirs of an admiring lady-in-waiting who casually states that the Dowager-Empress was always attended by a squad of floggers, and that one hairdresser was beaten to death because the comb pulled out a few of the Imperial hairs.

In late life, too, it was Tzu Hsi who, hating and despising the Western races, incited the Boxers to attack them and, in consequence, provoked the pillaging of the Palace at Peking.

Here, then, is the record of a callous, crafty, power-drunken woman: but Mr. Collis, an able interpreter of the Far East, flounders fantastically when he says that

> One difficulty in England in understanding such a person as Tzu Hsi is the absence of her like in our history. Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria [save the mark!] have some resemblance to her, but they had not her

overwhelming force, the force of the female when fully concentrated. . . . She had only one interest—to see the force she represented prevail over its opposite, to know that she, a woman, was the master of men.

In English history we may not be able to find her counterpart, but Mr. Collis could find a number of equally formidable and soulless women in the annals of the Merovingians and in the earlier part of the Italian Renaissance. Even Catherine de Medici and Catherine of Russia might consider their chances of winning a first prize for feminine infamy.

CLIFFORD BAX

The Eleven Religions and Their Proverbial Lore: A Comparative Study. By SELWYN GURNEY CHAMPION, M. D. (George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., London. 18s.)

This is an anthology of quotations from the sacred scriptures and the classical writings of the eleven major living religions of the world and of the proverbs of the peoples following those religions. The eleven religions dealt with are Buddhism, Christianity, Confucianism, Hebraism, Hinduism, Islam, Jainism, Shinto, Sikhism, Taoism and Zoroastrianism. The plan of the book is simple. Each of these religions has been introduced by an essay by a leading authority on the subject. Each introductory essay not only embodies a short historical account of one religion but also epitomises its fundamental teachings. Confucianism and Taoism are thus introduced by Dr. Lionel Giles, Buddhism by Dr. E. J. Thomas, Christianity by Dr. L. E. Elliott-Binns, Hinduism by Dr. Betty Heimann and Islam by the Rev. Richard Bell. The different religions, like the excerpts and the proverbs, have been arranged alphabetically. A comparative table gives origin and distribution of the eleven religions and a detailed index at the close facilitates reference.

The claim to impartiality implied in the subtitle seems justified. There is some disparity, however, in the number of selections in proportion to the following each religion has attracted. For example, Buddhism with the largest following and going back to the 6th century B. C. gets only 333 references while Christianity, with a lesser number of adherents and younger by about 600 years, claims 907, and Hebraism with an even smaller following tops the list with 1019. A similar disparity is noticeable in the cases of Hinduism and Islam. A larger number of references do not necessarily mean prestige or dignity for the religion, however, and this unbalanced selection need not concern the critic unduly. It does not detract from the quality and the purpose of the book. Its reader cannot easily miss the fundamental unity of the central teachings of all the great religions.

If the quotations from the scriptures and classical writings represent the best thoughts of all times and climes, the proverbs indicate the extent of the assimilation of those teachings into common popular experience. The Golden Rule, for instance, is not the exclusive property of any single religion, as is generally claimed, but has been, as the author brings out in a comparative table, stressed by almost all the great religions, though in different words. The ethical code that underlies every religion is what ensures the basic unity of all. That code has always

pleaded for compassion and tolerance, charity and kindness, whatever the external denomination. Invaluable for the student of comparative religions, a patient study of the book should greatly help in dissipating sectarian differences.

V. M. I.

Training for the Life of the Spirit. Pamphlet Two. By GERALD HEARD. (Cassell and Co., Ltd., London. 1s. 6*d*.)

Mr. Heard's first pamphlet, of which this is the successor, dealt mainly with the ground to be cleared by a beginner who would undertake the arduous exercises by which character can be changed and latent spiritual capacity released. Here we are introduced step by step to the exercises themselves. Not that there is any hard and fast line between the two pamphlets. If the first concentrated primarily on "Purgation," the getting rid of bad or futile habits, and this one deals chiefly with growth in "Proficiency" or the acquirement of virtues, each is a condition of the other. So far as Mr. Heard differs from the countless earlier writers on the practice of prayer it is in his belief that by means of it men and women can become, not merely more saintly or harmonised or truly resigned, but, in a very practical and revolutionary sense, seers and world-changers. Writing, for example, of one of the more advanced stages in the experience of prayer, that in which true contemplation begins with "The Prayer of Christ," he says: —

> A Crisis of growth has been reached and all and every resource is now pressed into the service of effecting a lasting issue. For first we have discovered what attention and devotion is required if much of the work done is not to be wasted, if prayer is really to yield its tremendous, unique results—change of character, and not merely change of conduct. And secondly we have begun to detect what lies ahead: if we will persevere and become completely qualified then we may attain to that complete change of consciousness which alone permits the life of full, direct and time-changing action.

That "complete change of consciousness" which, in his view, is the goal of prayer, is a psycho-physical state, not merely an enlargement of abstract awareness. In advancing towards it the body, as he puts it, may at certain stages, be "left behind as the consciousness hastens on to face up fully to Reality."

> But once Reality is confronted and can be endured, then the body can and does draw up alongside. Though at first shocked...the body can now take part in the new efficiency, in the complete allaying of conflict and in perfect functioning.

This will suggest how little for Mr. Heard prayer is a private retreat into some entranced communion with another sphere in which the body is left behind. If he errs in his emphasis, it is in making prayer too much of a science, too little of an art, in expounding its technique almost as if it were a sort of super-Pelmanism which will qualify those who practise the exercises to be the revolutionary adepts and reorganisers of a disintegrating world. He allows too little, perhaps, for the essential element of creative mystery, with its corollary on the human side of seeking and even visualising no efficient end to be achieved, out of which may spring what he describes as "a beautiful and subtle balance of attention only possible after innumerable efforts and complete renunciation of self."

But as a succinct guide to the ascending and descending stages of prayer, vocal, mental, affective, and of "Simple Regard," leading over the threshold of Proficiency itself, this is a clear and helpful little book.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ *ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The horizon has broadened almost terrifyingly in recent years. The primary ethical requirements have not changed. To deal justly and to love mercy are still of the essence of righteousness. But to apply justice and mercy only in one's immediate social and economic group, which once summed up the obligations of the common man, comes today little short of denying them outright. Almost overnight the world has become our neighbour and the responsibilities of world citizenship are not light. They cannot be properly discharged in ignorance. International policies are the concern of all.

What the United Nations are doing and planning on a hemispheral scale to relieve distress after hostilities stop is as much the concern of the ordinary man today as the destitution of his next-door neighbour was, a century ago. He must be ready to make the necessary sacrifices. He should welcome such a digest of official reports on "Relief and Rehabilitation" as the Fabian International Bureau recently brought out. (The Fabian Bookshop, 11, Dartmouth Street, London, S. W. 1. 1s. 6*d*.)

This paper analyses the Agreement of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Association, the Resolutions adopted by the U. N. R. R. A. Council at its first session (November 10th to December 1st, 1943) and the recommendations of the Inter-Allied Post-War Requirements Committee. It brings out some disturbing problems. These include the dangerous lag in the accumulation of reserves of essential commodities against the day of need, which may come sooner than anticipated. Too long delay, inadequate prevision, may mean a shocking toll in human suffering and human life.

Discrimination in distribution on national, religious or racial grounds is guarded against in theory by a Resolution of the U. N. R. R. A. The force of public opinion must insure that it is guarded against in fact. The special need is pointed out for agreement on a broad and generous policy towards the relief of former enemies. And a number of administration problems are posed of which the most important is the need for an overall organisation which shall be above national and regional policies. The problem of repatriating some 20,000,000 European refugees looms large. China apparently is to be left to deal with her own vast refugee problem; it is announced to lie outside the purview of the Inter-Governmental Committee on Refugees.

A merited rebuke, a ringing challenge to the educated womanhood of India is given by the President of the All-India Women's Conference in *The Bharat Jyoti* for the 21st of May. "Where are those mystery maidens, the educated girls of India?" she demands. The picture of mass wretchedness she paints must put the

acquiescent privileged to shame. The huddled squalor of the city chawls, the destitution of the cultivators, the awful toll of life exacted by preventable disease, the hopeless inadequacy of medical and nursing services, the backwardness of obstetrics in India, the shocking infant mortality, the pall of ignorance that lies upon the common people. Need Government neglect be matched by educated indifference? These things ought not to be!

Not only in the alleviation of these many and glaring defects but in constructive efforts also should educated women pull their weight. Shrimati Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya mentions the revival of hand-industries as a line of effort that would pay rich dividends. Not only would it bring increased income but also, to how many drab and hopeless lives, a new self-confidence and the joy that creative activity can give. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

Noblesse oblige! and every privilege carries its corresponding responsibility. Of those to whom much has been given much can legitimately be expected. In happier times, under better conditions, it might be enough for an educated woman to lead a pure and virtuous life, and to let her light shine only for her household and her friends. *It is not enough today.* While ignorance and misery and want are the lot of the majority, while homeless children wander through our streets, the educated woman who does not look beyond the four walls of her home cannot escape the charge of heartless selfishness.

The Fabian Society for sixty years has been an unwelcome spur to political orthodoxy, thanks to its penchant for seeing farther and straighter than the average man and its embarrassing habit of speaking its mind. As William A. Robson writes in the Diamond Jubilee Number of *Fabian Quarterly*,

> the Fabian Society has often shown prescience in directing attention to problems that would not otherwise have penetrated the consciousness of the public until many years afterwards, and to that of Governments still later.

Its influence has been evident in many directions, *e. g.*, the growing recognition of the defects of an acquisitive basis of society, the socialisation of particular industries or services, the increasing Governmental control and the recognition of the importance of trade unions, consumer co-operation, the minimum wage, regulation of hours of labour, poor law reform and the idea of a National Medical Service.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, assessing "Fabian Failures and Successes" in the opening article, condemns the cumbersome and dilatory parliamentary advance.

> If we persist in governing ourselves by parliaments which take thirty years to do a week's work we shall some day have to do thirty years' work in a week, which will give us an extremely unpleasant rush hour, and most likely a very bloody one.

Writers in the democracies inveigh against Fascism. Mr. Bernard Shaw uncloaks the wolf in their own fold:—

> State Aided Capitalism, now called... Fascism in Italy, National Socialism in Germany, and Freedom in England, where we are up to the waist in it.

That the roots of anti-Semitism are to be sought not in politics or economics or social prejudice but in the Christian Church is the argument of

Paul Eldridge (condensed from *The Protestant* in *Magazine Digest*, March 1944). The poison is injected into children's minds that the Jews killed Jesus. The subsequent Jew-baiter has only acted on the diabolical insinuation. And the fact that such teaching of hate has continued for centuries to pervert young minds is indicative of the measure of distortion which the basic teaching of Christian love has suffered at the hands of the Church. "We Must Discard the Scapegoat Complex," the title of the article proclaims.

Even as democracy cannot endure half free and half slave, so Christianity cannot exist half love and half hate.

The Jew is surrounded by fear and suspicion and hatred whether in democratic America or in occupied Europe. Whatever the cause, the fact of racial prejudice is there, to be eradicated only by proper understanding of mutual human relations. The Churches, if they would, could hardly undo overnight the mischief of centuries and of their own making. The Jewish problem has therefore to be handled like any other problem of race and colour prejudice; by attempting to bring to all awareness of the basic fact of common humanity; by emphasis on trust and co-operation rather than prejudice and suffering. The one thing needful is willingness to understand our fellowmen and act upon that understanding.

Under the heading "Total War on Intolerance" Mr. Benjamin Fine describes in *Liberty* of 4th March the "Springfield Plan," a constructive educational approach to racial and religious tolerance. Springfield, Massachusetts, was the pioneer, but Pittsburgh and other American cities are following suit in educating for unprejudiced citizenship. At every stage the importance of living together in mutual co-operation, in a true democratic spirit, is stressed. As class-room work the children prepare scrap-books full of interesting facts.

The cultural contribution of different racial groups is studied and points of creedal similarity are brought out in joint festival celebrations. Frank social intercourse among the children has meant the breakdown of cliques. The plan, while working from inside with the students, reaches out also into the community, encouraging desirable racial attitudes in prospective employers, fostering adult education forums etc. The teaching staff includes Negroes. All these calculated moves to dissipate complexes, the writer notices with satisfaction, are producing the desired results, and he believes the success of the plan "shows that a community, by going all-out in a total war on prejudice, can succeed."

If the lesson that differences do not necessarily imply inferiority can be brought home in time of war, when enemy inferiority is almost an article of patriotic faith, what could not be accomplished in peace time!

"Man," Massingham, late Editor of *The Nation*, once exclaimed, "is quite the bloodiest fool God made." H. M. Tomlinson, who recalls that verdict in his "Notes on the Way" in *Time and Tide* for 25th March, does not himself suffer fools gladly. He brings in a special indictment against men of business, who have been in control and have made a mess of things. "Men of business terrify me

more than Hitler ever did," he confesses and puts his finger on their disqualification as politicians. "Service of Mammon and the people at the same time cannot be done." And today, despite proved possibilities of destruction through the conquest of the air, the business men, he complains, are denouncing international control of the airplane and clamouring for "freedom of the air." "Commercial freedom in the air may end in our inability to breathe it."

Mr. Tomlinson cannot see much improvement since 1900.

My recollections as a journalist point to the probability that the commonweal, though its fund of skill, gadgets and knowledge has increased miraculously, makes collective noises more like Bedlam than ever, and louder....Our latest gadgets have actually broken up the work of ten centuries.

Even today, after five years of suffering and death, the lesson does not seem to have been learned. Not until human welfare is placed above national commercial and business interests can unrestricted freedom of the air fail to invite ever larger potentialities of winged death and destruction.

"A 'Third Front'—Against Juvenile Crime" is urged by John Edgar Hoover in *The New York Times Magazine* of 27th February. The Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation sees the war's influence in the great increase of crime among young people in the U. S. A. The first nine months of 1943 saw 57.4 per cent more arrests of girls under 21 than the corresponding period of the year before. And the explanation?

"Juvenile crime flourishes where the home ties have been weakened," he declares. "Our homes are not the sanctuaries of family life they once were." The war has enormously increased the tendency towards neglect of children. Elders in many cases are on war work and, as another writer has put it, the production front has been strengthened at the expense of the home front.

But parental neglect is not the whole story. Vocational and recreational programmes of the community, rural or urban, are inadequate. And the war's background of violence and ruthlessness has had a dire effect. How could it be otherwise in a universe of law? Youth's natural desire for adventure and excitement has in many cases been misdirected. As the old Hebrew prophet Jeremiah quaintly put it: "The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge." Mr. Hoover writes:—

The screaming newspaper headlines of daring Commando raids, hand-to hand encounters and courageous dive bombings have whipped young blood to the fever point.

Result: increasing violence, vandalism and promiscuity. Mr. Hoover warns against a future era of serious adult lawlessness unless home and community (in the geographical or civic sense) provide the indispensable control and legitimate outlets for youthful energy.

The U. S. Children's Bureau's *Controlling Juvenile Delinquency: A Community Programme*, brought out last year, places the responsibility squarely on the failure of home and community "to satisfy the basic needs of children and youth—the need for security and for opportunity for growth and achievement."

Home ties are stronger here and the war's influence less stimulating in the wrong direction to the country's youth, thanks partly to the wide-spread illiteracy. But even India cannot afford to lose sight of the community's responsibility for furnishing young people opportunities for right expression of their energies and talents.

THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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MIRACLES, DIVINE OR HUMAN?

We believe in no "miracle," divine or diabolical, which involves transgression of the eternal and unchanging laws of nature, or which transcends the scope and capacity of the mind of man. But we do not look upon evolution as a finished process and we believe the laws of nature and the powers of man are vast beyond the dreams of modern science.

The attitudes towards miracles lend themselves readily to classification—credulity, blank denial, open-minded examination of alleged phenomena and their implications.

To the theologian, imputing to a personal God the power to set aside the laws of nature at his whim, "divine miracles" present no difficulties, as the Rev. Mr. Leslie Belton brings out in the following thoughtful article. But along with the "miracles" of Moses the Bible records the enchantments of Pharaoh's magicians, which orthodoxy would certainly not hold to be divine. To ascribe them to the Devil does not get us very far.

How much more logical the explanation that such phenomena as both performed were scientific "miracles," performed through knowledge of occult natural laws imparted in the sanctuaries of Egypt, which have been called the "Royal Societies" of those days!

If it is superstitious to believe the laws of nature can be contravened, it is no less foolish to believe that science knows all that can happen without contravening law. Categorical denial is the simplest way to deal with what cannot be understood, but only sciolists believe in the omniscience and infallibility of science as it stands today.

As Sir Lawrence Bragg, Professor of Experimental Physics at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, told an interviewer recently (*The People*, 16th April 1944),

there are adventures and discoveries in the realm of physical science, in the structure of this world and, indeed, of

the whole universe, awaiting us just round the corner.

Some of these, he indicated, promise to be "so startling that even those of us who have been studying these problems all our working lives are overawed."

Apparent miracle is but a happening inexplicable in terms of present knowledge. The bounds of the miraculous shrink as knowledge advances. The savage would account as miracle the flooding of a room with light upon the turning of a switch. But we go further than to say that modern knowledge does not compass all the wisdom that the future may disclose. We are convinced we have forgotten much that the wise men among the ancients knew.

Without falling into credulity and accepting every claim for supernormal happenings at its face value, an open-minded person cannot fail to be impressed by the similarity among many "miracles" ascribed to individuals widely separated in both space and time. This duplication of phenomena, attested by consistent universal evidence of legend and tradition, coupled with the overwhelming evidence of science that we live in a universe of law, makes it indubitable that there are laws unknown today but known to the performers of those "miracles."

Religious bigots may dispute the legitimacy of the practice of "magic art" but the reality of Magic, both as art and as science, can hardly be disputed. The testimony is too vast and too wide-spread. There is hardly a spiritual hero of the race without a nimbus of miraculous tradition round his name. And on what but a basis of fact can universal tradition rest?

Mr. Belton suggests that

some personalities have the power in certain conditions to produce extraordinary events or to effect extraordinary changes either upon the order of nature or upon human bodies. They work supernormally but not supernaturally.

Undoubtedly; but it is important to recognise that such a power is not the gift of chance or of divine caprice. The deliberate and conscious production of superphysical phenomena, requiring exercise of the mysterious, imperial power of the imagination and of the sovereign will of man, demands knowledge, metaphysical and physical.

The "lawabidingness of the universe" is for us as absolute as for Mr. Belton, but to reject a "dualistic universe" in one sense is to close the door to understanding of most *bona fide* miracles. The clue to many of these mysteries would seem to lie in the existence, within the physical, in nature as in man, of an energising, more ethereal counterpart, no more supernatural than the physical, and no less subservient to law.

Complete knowledge of the inner chemical and dynamic laws of nature and of the principles of man must give the trained mind power over hidden forces, the exercise of which produces "miracles."

MIRACLES RECONSIDERED

Do miracles happen? The question is less perturbing to us than it was to our forefathers in the later decades of the nineteenth century. Until its close, and even since then in some quarters, the element of the miraculous in Christianity was something which no Christian was at liberty to accept or to reject as he chose; it was rather an essential assumption integral to the whole structure of Christian belief. All the miracles recorded in the Bible were thought to be true, not because they were credible but simply *because* the Bible recorded them, the Bible being the inspired Word of God. In short, miracles happened because the Bible said they happened.

From this initial assumption it was an easy and natural sequence to base acceptance of Christian doctrine upon belief in the miracles. Since (it was said) the coming of Christianity into the world was accompanied by miracles; since the birth and resurrection of Jesus were miraculous events wrought by an omnipotent God for the salvation of men, the Christian claim was paramount and the Christian doctrine irrefutable. To throw doubt upon the miracles was tantamount to calling in doubt the supreme and decisive miracle of the Incarnation.

This position is now largely abandoned, even by the more conservative interpreters. Belief in the bodily resurrection is still thought to be crucial among all except the most radical schools of Christian thought but, in Protestant circles, the dogma of the virgin birth of Jesus is usually held to be inessential and there are very few apologists who would now argue that the miracles associated with the life of Jesus have indispensable proof-value for the absolute truth of the Christian revelation.

A principal cause of the retreat from belief in the miraculous, and one that effectually influences the manner of presenting Christianity to intelligent people, is the increasing dominance of scientific modes of thought. In this also we may discern a marked change of outlook during the last fifty years or so. Contemporary science is no more amenable to the supposition that miracles occur than were the scientists of the Victorian era; but a milder temper is abroad and there is a less assertive insistence upon the idea of a closed universe allowing of no departure from a fixed causal scheme and thereby ruling out any possibility of the operation of unknown laws.

Religion and science have in part interlocked and only the extremists on either side are indifferent to the contribution of the other. Both must have their part in any clarifying answer to the question, "Do miracles happen?" though it is certain that on the side of religion it is the conservative Christians who will have to surrender most. As they stand, neither the Christian's avowal

nor the scientist's repudiation takes us very far. There is need of a more precise definition of the word "miracle" lest the proponents on both sides continue to import their own meaning into the same misused word. A miracle is usually described as an event caused by some supernatural agency; or, as Canon Raven defines it, a miracle is "an event transcending the common order of the world, in which God is thought to be specially manifesting himself."

Significant here is the theological implication. A miracle is not just an unusual or supernormal event. Such occurrences, frequent enough, are wrongly described as miracles. An unaccountable event is miraculous, in the proper meaning of the word, only if it be attributable to a supernatural person or agent who causes it. A miracle implies a miracle worker. It must further be assumed that this person or agent, in virtue of omnipotence or special power, is able to set aside, transcend or in some way to intervene in the natural order of the world as it is commonly understood. To the Christian this supervening person or agent is God, who alone has the power to abrogate natural law.

It follows that belief or disbelief in the possibility of miracle is mainly determined by our philosophical and religious presuppositions. If we believe in a personal transcendent God who occasionally intervenes dramatically and decisively (the supreme intervention being God's giving of himself in his only-begotten Son) then we are believers in miracles, uncompromisingly. We *must* allow of the possibility of miracle, and if we are Catholics we shall acknowledge an invasive supernatural realm manifesting itself miraculously in the Sacraments and in the experience of the saints. If, however, we hold no such view of God and disallow any assumption of arbitrary intervention; if the law-abidingness of the universe is for us absolute and uninterruptable, then it is clear that miracles, as defined above, are impossible.

The only alternative is to give the word "miracle" a special or provisory meaning incompatible with its customary significance. This in fact is what often happens, increasing the confusion of the debate. Thus, when Walt Whitman glowingly writes:—

> To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
> Every cubic inch of space is a miracle

he means only that life itself is abundingly wonderful, a sentiment we can admire or on occasion share, even though in other mood we realise that the poet's miracle is not that of the theologian, the philosopher—or the dictionary.

In cooler reason the question must still be probed: What is a miracle? Do we find an explanation in terms of supernaturalism, then miracles are possible, and indeed certain, since the miraculous is the sign within the natural world of the supernatural order. Do we reject this dualistic universe and discern

within the manifoldness of things an all-enfolding unity that is always and everywhere natural, always and everywhere incapable of arbitrary action, then miracles, in the sense defined, are unthinkable. The Reign of Law is imperious and universal. The cosmos knows not caprice.

This being assumed, then, as the view-point adopted here, the assumption compels us to face a mass of alleged evidence which suggests that our judgment is false, that miracles do occur and are verifiable. Confronted with this evidence we realise that a discussion of miracle involves other considerations besides the philosophical. We have not only to ask whether we are existing in the kind of universe that allows of miracles; we have also to ask whether (so-called) miracles have actually occurred in human history.

This evidence must now be briefly examined. Abounding in numberless sources, it is discoverable in every religious tradition, notably in the life-stories of heroes, prophets, seers and saints. Scarcely has a great figure existed to whom the pious imagination has not attached some tale or hint of miracle or magic. So inextricably is legend interwoven with history that the substantive facts have to be sought and sifted out of a mass of palpable fiction, usually with indeterminate results; where history ends and legend begins no one can precisely say. The nonplussed historian or biographer may be pardoned perhaps, if, facing the situation, he sweeps clean away from his picture every trace of the supernatural and the miraculous and leaves us with a mere outline of the life he would fain reconstruct.

But it may sometimes be that the legends he sweeps away as so many worthless accretions have some basis in fact, that these legends are fabrications, exaggerations, multiplications of a genuine theme which should have its place in the completed life. Such legends attach, for example, to the life-story of Gautama the Buddha, who is said to have performed miracles even as Jesus did, some of these miracles being strikingly similar to those associated with the Christian teacher.

Each tradition tells of a temptation and a transfiguration. As Jesus fed the five thousand with loaves and fishes so Gautama fed five hundred brethren with one small cake. Both are healers of the sick. Buddhism has also its Peter who essays to walk on the water and sinks through lack of faith. Whatever be the explanation of these and other parallels, extending even to certain parables and teachings, whether there be "a common fund of imaginative decoration" (as Estlin Carpenter suggested) or one tradition be directly or mediately derived from the other, the question that concerns us now is whether a substratum of fact may conceivably lie beneath some of these stories, be they reported of Gautama or Jesus or of many a Christian saint.

Many life stories are replete with

miracles but nowhere are miracles recorded with quite such admirable restraint as in the canonical gospels. (The apochryphal gospels, excluded from the canon of scripture, are much more extravagant in their relating of miracles.) In considering these, regard must be paid not only to the intrinsic probability of the miracles but to the reliability of the texts which relate them, for modern scholarship is by no means ready to accept the whole of the four gospels or every incident in them as having equal claim to historicity. Moreover, some of the miracle stories permit of a spiritual or parabolic interpretation and therefore lose their force as factual events, though even these, for all we know, may have some basis in fact.

Most contemporary scholars are less negative in this matter than were critics of the liberal school in the late nineteenth century, less inclined to explain away all the miracles in the gospels as the result of the human tendency to spin supernatural webs around its heroes and saints. Of the "mighty works" ascribed to Jesus some are difficult to accept at their face value, *e. g.*, the nativity and resurrection stories. The same may be said of nature miracles like the miraculous feeding of the multitude, the stilling of the storm, the coin in the fish's mouth, the miraculous draught of fishes.

The healing miracles are commonly accepted as more inherently probable if only because modern psycho-therapeutical practice (medical psychiatry, faith-healing, Christian Science cures etc.,) has extended our understanding of such matters and demonstrated the influence of the mind over bodily states. It is significant that Jesus constantly demanded faith of those who sought his aid. To the woman suffering from hæmorrhage, Jesus said, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." To the two blind men who asked him to heal them, Jesus is reported as saying, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" "Yea, Lord," they replied. Then said Jesus, "According to your faith be it done unto you."

In all, Jesus is said to have performed twenty-six miracles of healing. But this number allows of considerable multiplication if we take into account such general allusions to works of healing as this:—

"And the report of him went forth into all Syria, and they brought unto him all that were sick, holden with divers diseases and torments, possessed with devils (psychotics?) and epileptic, and palsied; and he healed them."

Assuming the authenticity of these accounts; assuming also that not every nature miracle ascribed to Jesus and other great figures is a meaningless prodigy or baseless extravagance; assuming further that all such stories should be accepted with the utmost caution, the strength of the evidence required being proportional to the improbability or strangeness of the event; assuming all this, and having regard no less to the fallibility of human testimony,

can we still assert with complete conviction that miracles never happen?

Obviously, as we have already seen, everything depends upon the meaning we read into the word miracle. If we use it as implying the supersession of natural law through God's direct action, or his indirect action through some intermediary agent, the evidence will seem convincing and is the more likely to prove convincing since we are predisposed to find it so. But if we cannot allow of any superventional theory; if the universe be governed, as we believe, by undeviating law, what then? The evidence proves to us not that miracles occur, since miracles are interruptive acts, but that some personalities have the power in certain conditions to produce extraordinary events or to effect extraordinary changes either upon the order of nature or upon human bodies. They work supernormally but not supernaturally.

That is all, and that is much. But this should be emphasised: the difference between the believer in miracles and the believer in extraordinary powers is that the one ascribes such events to an invading supernatural agency whereas the other, rejecting this notion, interprets the so-called miracles as unaccustomed happenings involving no breach of law but rather the operation of unknown laws outside the bounds of accepted knowledge and use. Some day physicists may combine to explain more fully much that is as yet ill understood concerning the hidden forces in nature and the latent powers in man.

Though we affirm that miracles do not happen, may we not also affirm that the consistent impulse to believe that they do is basically justified in spite of the superstitions to which it gives rise, that within the fable there is often an undiscerned element of fact, a foreknowing of things that shall yet be disclosed and understood? Nothing can happen contrary to the laws of nature, but the limits of possibility cannot be drawn in a universe unfathomable to the finite mind.

LESLIE BELTON

Never were the phenomena presented in any other character than that of instances of a power *over perfectly natural though unrecognised forces*, and incidentally over matter, possessed by certain individuals who have attained to a larger and higher knowledge of the Universe than has been reached by scientists and theologians, or can ever be reached by them, by the roads they are now respectively pursuing. Yet this power is latent in all men, and could, in time, be wielded by anyone who would cultivate the knowledge and conform to the conditions necessary for its development.... An occultist can produce phenomena, but he cannot supply the world with brains, nor with the intelligence and good faith necessary to understand and appreciate them.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

ANDAL'S "TIRUPPAVAI"

A WOMAN-SAINT'S APPROACH TO GOD

[**Shrimati M. A. Ruckmini,** Madras High Court advocate, has written in our pages upon Sanskrit themes. Here she turns to the rich field of ancient Tamil and introduces us to a great woman-saint of Tamil Nad.—ED.]

Unique in the history of the Alwars of the Vaishnava movement of South India, who have enormously enriched the stock of devotional literature in Tamil, stands the woman-saint Sri Andal. By her single-minded service to God and her intense mystic practice of the presence of the Infinite she demonstrated that, notwithstanding the monopolistic claims made by man, a woman is perfectly capable of rising to the highest goal of spiritual and philosophic eminence which is still the *terminus ad quem* of the effort and endeavours of aspirants. The month of *Margali* in which the Sun passes through Sagittarius (Dhanus) is believed to be specially sacred to the memory of Andal who has composed thirty soul-stirring songs or stanzas containing a passionate appeal and an alluring call to all who may have the necessary ears to hear, to dedicate themselves to the service of the Lord and to the realization of the unalloyed bliss of such devoted, dedicated service.

I propose to attempt a psychological account of the steady and gradual evolution, of the schooling or training of the soul, typified or patterned in her compositions. The story of Andal, so well known in South India, may be briefly told for the benefit of the general reader. The foster-daughter of Periyalvar, Andal from childhood had an instinctive urge for service to God, and she desired to be the eternal Bride of the eternal Bridegroom—the Lord. Tradition has it that she was sent to the Lord at Srirangam decked in transcendent beauty as a bride and became absorbed in the Divine Presence in the Temple, and that thenceforward mortal eyes saw nothing more of her.

Andal was the sweetest and brightest lamp of Earth, and in the language of Edwin Arnold was destined to lead wandering souls with bright beams of the light of love—to lead those who, day in and day out, grope in the darkness of life in pain and woe to the peace and comfort of spiritual realization of the Divine Presence. The effective and unfailing secret of her songs, collectively known as *Tiruppavai*, lies in the remarkable absence from them of the pessimistic tone that is dominantly resonant in practically all the systems of Indian philosophy. If it was the aspiration of Proclus the Greek philosopher to secure such knowledge as would not let the dark gloom of despair envelop his weary and wandering soul, it was

the supreme goal which Andal actually fought for and won. She proclaimed the advent of and ushered in the glorious and resplendent Dawn. (Stanza 29, "*sitranchiru-kalai*")

Her songs emphasize a profound truth. Weary and wandering souls need not endlessly wait and sit in despair and dejection expecting God's grace to descend on them like the legendary shower of manna. The aspirants are not so many *chataka*-birds waiting for rain-drops with uplifted beaks open heaven-wards, as other Alwars would have it, but they have a right, a charter of freedom to proceed straight to the abode of the Lord, to claim and demand deliverance as of right. The term used in *Bhagavatha* to illustrate this idea is *Dayabhag, i.e.*, one who earns a title to Moksha.

Andal's should be deemed a spirit that would not easily be baffled by any failure. Her attitude was one of eternal cheerfulness that always led her higher and higher in spite of the difficulties she had to face in achieving her object. To her, every failure was a stepping-stone to success, as may be seen from her persistent attempts to wake up Nandagopa and Krishna by turns. The theme of her songs is that Andal, fancying herself beloved of the Lord, goes in company with other Gopis to the abode of the Lord to wake Him up at dawn. It is her special glory that through the perils and perplexities of life she is led to the very centre of the sacred light. Enjoyment of the light by Andal is after all a personal matter. Greater stands her glory because she has been rightly acclaimed as the leader of a band of aspirants, a waker of sleeping souls. Her songs shine out like so many stars, inviting earnest and toiling mariners, souls and aspirants tossed by the waves of passion and ignorance in the ocean of life (*Samsara*), inviting them to the calm and comfort of rest in the spiritual haven or harbour——not the rest of lotus-eating idleness, but rest dynamic and invigorating after back-breaking toil.

Andal's active and assertive spirit may be traced from stage to stage. For instance, *Subheccha, i. e.*, the first or preliminary determination to pursue a planned programme of spiritual activity is reflected in the very first stanza of her poem. The second verse indicates the necessary discrimination (*Su-vichara*) by means of the details of the programme; items to be selected and rejected, etc., are settled. The third verse emphasizes the psychological importance of concentration of attentive energy on the execution of the desired programme, *i. e.*, *Tadbhava* or *Tanmanasa*. It voices a stern and sound determination and irrevocable resolution. The fourth appeals for the ready and willing co-operation of all sympathisers, and proclaims the goal of universal peace and prosperity.

Unless there is the psychological self-confidence no goal can be reached. That is the assimilative or

conviction stage. (*Satvapatti*) There is full conviction that the soul or self is all-powerful and that nothing would stand in the way of its fullest and completest spiritual evolution or development in approach to divinity. The fifth stanza expresses the hope, the assurance, and even the certainty that success is guaranteed however distant the object may be. Then comes the emancipation stage (*Asangata*), marked by the safe and secure balance or equipoise in the cognitive, emotional and volitional mechanisms of the mind and their characteristic reactions.

From the sixth onwards, the steady and sustained march of aspirants, *Bhagavathas*, to the desired destination of self-realization or God-realization is shown. The devoted members of the party of pilgrims do not complain that the Lord has been unmindful of the devotees, cruel, heartless and so forth, as in *Kadian-kodian-Nedumal* etc. Rather, the party would seem to move magnificently in dignified and stately processional march on the Path to Perfection or the Path to Reality, voicing or proclaiming a reminder to the Lord of His own pledges, promises and protestations that He would save the souls.

A rise is then made to the stage of *Padartha-Bhavana*. Truth is discriminated from falsity, appearance from reality. The chaff is sifted from the grain. The glamour of the world and its hedonistic values fade or disappear into nothingness. The only precious object from this standpoint of evaluation is the practice of the immanent Presence of the Infinite. That may well be termed the fourth (*Tureeya*), stage of beatification. That is at-one-ment with Bliss. The spiritual journey's end is reached. The pilgrims' progress terminates with realization of this final stage. The sleep is over. Unpleasant dreams no longer trouble and torture the soul. The soul wakes into eternal sunshine, the endless day of the enjoyment of the Infinite. This finds striking illustration in the Upanishadic call—Arise, awake, get your boons and know and realise the Infinite. Such in brief is the sketch of the soul's journey to the realization of God-head contained in the songs of Andal who, far from being selfish, is passionately in earnest in enjoying her spiritual treasures and sharing them with others in sisterly love and affection.

The distinguishing feature of Andal's philosophy of life consists in the passionate and positive manner of approach to the Deity. Him she would secure at any cost and Him alone in the countless series of existences she might have to pass through. There is no wavering, not a faltering step. Instinctively the right step is taken, and that once taken is taken for ever. That is Andal of supremest spiritual strength and devoted, dogged determination to secure Him as her Lord. The other Alwars have emphasized the negative aspect of Moksha or final liberation, which they understand in terms of non-return to transmigra-

tion, as in the Vedanta aphorism—*Nacha-punaravartiate*. But Andal, like Alavandar, would enthusiastically welcome any number of rebirths provided she could always be assured of the honour and the privilege of serving Him in such rebirths. Andal is definite and positive that she does not care for such service understood selfishly. She does not anticipate any hedonistic return or any personal advantage or gain, or pleasure of the senses. She is intensely interested in such service because it is service of Deity, and such service must be pleasing to Ishvara. Her one aim is to be with God always, not necessarily in some special locality like Paramapada or Heaven, but in whatever birth, station, or environment her lot may be cast by the Lord.

When Andal is overpowered by her spirit of devotion, she forgets herself and her finite personality entirely. She proceeds along with the Gopis to awaken Krishna. Temporal, spatial, environmental improprieties such as untimely hour, private residence, etc., do not deter her in her devoted undertaking. She would brook no refusal and no prohibition from any agency, any quarter. Her intrepid spirit of sheer self-expression must find a spontaneous outlet. She commences knocking at the door of the Lord in full and complete confidence it will be opened. This is almost Biblical. "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." She summarily brushes aside the limitations of time and place, convention and other social artificialities, and becomes deeply absorbed in the execution of the crusade she has ventured on with her friends. Her life affords the best illustration of the dictum that scriptural sanctions and inhibitions do not bind the genuinely devoted. (*Atyanta-bhaktiyuktanam-na-sastram-na-vyatikramah*)

Andal's philosophy of life is no mere intellectual or doctrinaire construction. Nor is it the lip-prayer of the charlatan and the sanctimonious pretender. Her philosophy involves a living contact with the Infinite. Through the instrumentality of all the God-given senses His immanent presence is realized and enjoyed. The vicissitudes of life do not fatigue such souls. At the journey's end of spiritual realization such souls are found fresh, renovated and rejuvenated. Such blessed souls as Andal find peace and happiness everywhere. The *Tiruppavai* would strongly remind one of a stanza from *Bhagavatha* in which like sentiments are expressed. (...*Sarva-sukhamaya-disah*)

Andal's approach to God is unique. Her message is one of hope and robust optimism. She is no supplicant. She fights for her rights. She approaches God with a direct and stern reminder. He should save his devotees. The position of Brahma, the over-lordship of the Earth does not tempt her. She wants the supremest Reality—The Infinite—and to unite her destinies with those of the Infinite. That is spiritual marriage of souls—the most sacred which human imagination has as yet conceived. In the entire history of the world's mysticism no finer, no safer, no securer approach to Deity has been indicated. Andal counsels only supreme, selfless service to the Lord. This message entitles Andal to a permanent and prominent place in the galaxy of Vaishnava Saints.

M. A. RUCKMINI

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF JOHN KEATS

[**Dorothy Hewlett** is the biographer of Keats: her *Adonais* appeared a few years ago. *Bright Star,* one of her several plays successfully produced in London, depicts the romance of John Keats and Fanny Brawne. Her article on "Keats, the Poet" appeared in THE ARYAN PATH for April 1938.—ED.]

Though a quarrel in the Streets is a thing to be hated, the energies displayed in it are fine; the commonest Man shows a grace in his quarrel—By a superior being our reasonings may take the same tone—though erroneous they may be fine—This is the very thing in which consists poetry; and if so it is not so fine a thing as philosophy—For the same reason that an eagle is not so fine a thing as a truth—Give me this credit—Do you not think I strive—to know myself? Give me this credit—and you will not think that on my own account I repeat Milton's lines

> "How charming is divine Philosophy
> Not Harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose
> But musical as is Apollo's lute."
>
> (From a Letter to George Keats and his wife, March, 1819).

In the small body of "mister John Keats five feet high" there was not only a complex mind in continual "burning of thought," but a soul flexible, far ranging after the Truth that is Beauty, a Beauty which is Truth; probing in no mere æsthetic mood self-hypnotised into a pontifical poeticality, but with a sane firm realism which in general, before illness touched him with a marring finger, could view man's foibles and weaknesses with understanding and a native humour.

In the letters, that rubric of his life the more valuable because it is unconscious, natural, his own authentic voice, there is amazingly little, even in the earliest, of youth's "Byronising" or of attitudes purely imitative. Long before his death at the age of twenty-five he knew his own worth, his power, yet modestly, humbly. Within the family circle he could affirm, "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death," but he knew, the more clearly because his mind ranged far beyond the common, beyond even the scope of the men of intellect surrounding him, that wisdom, intuitive or acquired, could be but a drop in the divine ocean, and what beauty he might grasp a mere glimpse of an immense, a measureless truth. Of his idol, Shakespeare, he could say in reference to minor poets admired in boyhood, "...now I see through them....Perhaps a superior being may look upon Shakespeare in the same light—is it possible?"

This conception of "a superior

being," a supernal intelligence, dominated his mind, an ideal in its calm and "disinterestedness" to be striven after, longed for with an intensity now painful, now comforting; and since in his humanity he must make for himself a token, a symbol, he lifted his head to the solemn vast of night. "Bright star," he cried in the agony of love, "would I were steadfast as thou art," and earlier, walking among the Lakes, he wrote, "they make one forget the divisions of life; age, youth, poverty and riches; and refine one's sensual vision into a sort of north star which can never cease to be open lidded and steadfast over the wonders of the great Power." Then he was smarting from the first division, a wound to the "heart's affections" he considered holy, in the separation from his oldest friend, the brother who had left for a new continent.

This vision of a star never left him, even though in the last mortal illness it was twisted to malignity, to a personal application in the old astrological debasement, in the conception he was born under an unlucky planet. The moon, "th' inconstant moon," might his goddess in that early work, *Endymion*, but it is significant that in one of the profoundest passages, when the lovesick shepherd falls into a sleep bringing him to "The Cave of Quietude" within himself, his body is floated along through a "skyey mask, a pinion'd multitude" of planets chanting a call to the marriage of the Star-Queen.

This passage on the Cave of Quietude is perhaps the clearest linking of Keats, the visionary, the dreamer, with the man we ordinary beings can more easily understand, he whose feet were solidly on the coarse earth; the man who could rejoice, not only in the sacred "holiness of the heart's affections," but even in the tattered emblems of humankind; who could exclaim on meeting a squalid old Irish woman, "the Duchess of Dunghill," with a pipe in her mouth and looking out from a filthy sedan chair "with a round-eyed skinny lidded inanity." "What a thing would be the history of her Life and sensations!" Just as in the Christian allegory God, not content with the angels, those crystal, selfless beings, created Adam in his divine imperfection, a perverse and human personality, so Keats knew, and insisted on, the value of individual experience. "Axioms in Philosophy are not axioms," he declared, "until they are proved upon our pulses." Yet Keats was no sensualist, no wallower in the beauty and pain, direct or vicarious, of this earth: the world to him was a "vale of soul-making," and man's lot a slow garnering of wisdom in that "Cave of Quietude," his own soul, "a den,"

> Beyond the seeming confines of the space
> Made for the soul to wander in and trace
> Its own existence, of remotest glooms... the man is
> yet to come
> Who hath not journeyed in this native hell.
> But few have ever known how calm and well
> Sleep may be had in that deep den of all ...
> O happy spirit-home! O wondrous soul!
> Pregnant with such a den to save the whole
> In thine own depth.

Although when the above was written he had, so far as we are informed, experienced no personal grief beyond that of the loss of his mother in comparative childhood, there lay already on his spirit a heavy load, "the burden of the mystery," the riddle of evil, of human suffering. "Were it in my choice," he cried, "I would reject a petrarchal coronation—on account of my dying day, and because women have cancers." Within two years his own "native hell" was to be cruelly dark, and before the last grim shadow of death struck him dumb he wrote in that last great fragment of a poem, "The Fall of Hyperion, a Dream," lines more tragically intimate which extend and illuminate his conception of the soul's den of quietude, lifting it to the sublime. The dreamer, one of those "to whom the miseries of the world are misery, and will not let them rest," dragging himself in frozen agony to the altar's step in that temple "sad and lone" of old Saturn, is given strength to ascend, to behold unveiled the face of Moneta,

> Not pin'd by human sorrows, but bright blanch'd
> By an immortal sickness which kills not

and to look through her intelligence at a god's high tragedy, the fall of Saturn, "free from all pain, if wonder pain thee not." When Keats wrote the second "Hyperion" he had known personal sorrow enough, the "burden of the mystery," indeed proved upon the pulses, in the death of his brother Tom and a consuming love he inwardly knew to be hopeless. There was material enough and to spare within him for the making of a soul, a soul "nourish'd by its proper pith," winged to view disinterestedly, "free from all pain," the fate of a god.

That incomplete and difficult work, the second "Hyperion," is full of a new humility, of a doubt which strikes at the very root of Keats's being, his knowledge of himself as poet, and yet almost at the same moment as he must have been composing at least its opening lines he wrote proudly,

> My own being which I know to be becomes of more consequence to me than the crowds of Shadows in the shape of men and women that inhabit a Kingdom. The soul is a world of itself, and has enough to do in its own home.

And earlier he had written,

> Do you not see how necessary a World of Pains and troubles is to school an intelligence and make it a Soul?... Not merely is the Heart a Hornbook. It is the Mind's Bible, it is the Mind's experience, it is the teat from which the Mind or intelligence sucks its identity. As various as the Lives of Men are—so various become their Souls."

But though by temperament and conviction Keats held experience, direct or sympathetic, to be the spiritual matter of the soul, he knew the value of a cultivation of pure intellect.

> An extensive knowledge is needful to thinking people....The difference of high Sensations with and without knowledge appears to me this—in the latter case we are falling continually

ten thousand fathoms deep and being blown up again without wings...in the former case, our shoulders are fledged and we go thro' the same air and space without fear...every department of Knowledge we see excellent and calculated towards a great whole...there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good in the world...there is but one way for me—the road lies through application study and thought.

If he knew his own way to lie through study and "a continual burning of thought," what was the general function he assigned to genius? "Men of Genius are great as certain ethereal Chemicals operating on the Mass of neutral intellect," and the peculiar power of

A Man of Achievement, especially in Literature, and which Shakespeare possessed so enormously...*Negative Capability*, that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason.... What shocks the virtuous philosopher, delights the camelion Poet. It does no harm from its relish of the dark side of things any more than from its taste of the bright one: because they both end in speculation.

The exact intent of Keats's word "speculation" is important in considering his philosophy of life: perhaps it is best defined as "intelligent or comprehending vision." It is not without a secondary interest, though perhaps rather fanciful, that an old meaning is "an observation of the stars." "This vision we must link with the 'disinterestedness.'" "I have no doubt," he wrote, "that thousands of people never heard of have had hearts completely disinterested: I can remember but two—Socrates and Jesus—their Histories evince it....It is to be lamented that the history of the latter was written and revised by Men interested in the pious frauds of Religion. Yet through all this I see his splendour." Disinterestedness, a purity of spirit, a mastery of soul won through individual experience, is evinced no more clearly than in the history of John Keats. Though his sensitive being was often chafed by contact with men and women, though in the misery of his disease he was a difficult and exacting lover, his behaviour to his fellows was magnanimous, unselfish. In the early flush of an accepted love he withdrew from Fanny Brawne determined not to allow her to link herself to a man without worldly prospect. "I will never return to London if my Fate does not turn up...at least a Court-card....I have so much in my heart I must turn Mentor when I see a chance of harm befalling you." His last thought in death was that the devoted Severn should not be frightened.

This creed of life as "a vale of soul-making," the ideal of a star looking disinterestedly down, might, detached from the context of Keats's life and work, seem austere, joyless, lacking in humour; but we know he had an immense capacity for enjoyment. The drama of the soul was to him full of interest, vital in its very being, and the star bright in

the heavens. After all, Keats was a poet. We might paraphrase a line of his own and say, "too many tears for *poets* have been shed." His infinite gust in life, the sweep of his great mind, brought joys a lesser nature can hardly begin to understand. An intimate, an intuitive knowledge of character promoted understanding of his friends, nature was an unwearying and creative resource ("The setting Sun will always set me to rights—or if a Sparrow come before my Window I take part in its existence and pick about the Gravel"), his imagination could range back through time "with Achilles shouting in the Trenches, or with Theocritus in the Vales of Sicily," so that even the wind came to him legend-laden through the trees. Solitude was a pleasure sublime to one who had a "mighty abstract Idea...of Beauty in all things."

This exercise of the mind, a garnering of experience, Keats could in one mood term "Indolence," but surely an indolence far removed from the day-dreaming of an average man. Perhaps it is in this aspect of his way of life that Keats can instruct our feverish modern world in something at once very old and new, the value of contemplation, of "speculation." "Many," he wrote, "have original minds who do not think it....Now it appears to me that almost any Man may like a spider spin from his own inwards his own airy Citadel—the points of leaves and twigs on which a spider begins her work are few, and she fills the air with a beautiful circuiting. Man should be content with as few points to tip the fine Web of his Soul, and weave a tapestry empyrean full of symbols for his spiritual eye, of softness for his spiritual touch, of space for his wandering, of distinctness for his luxury." But though we may stumble in his path it is given to few to interpret, to express that contemplation,

> For Poesy alone can tell her dream.
> With a fine spell of words alone can she
> Imagination from the sable chasm
> And dumb enchantment.
>
> DOROTHY HEWLETT

> Glories infinite,
> Haunt us till they become a cheering light
> Unto our Souls, and bound to us so fast,
> That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
> They always must be with us, or we die.
>
> —KEATS

SYMBOL AND REALITY

A DEFENCE OF IMAGE-WORSHIP

[**Shri R. B. Pinglay** presents here an aspect of image worship which is generally overlooked by many a man who condemns "heathen superstition" unheard, while cherishing mental idols of his own. Every fabricated form, as every speck of the manifested universe is, like that universe itself, "an aspect and a reminder of that universal *One Soul*—which philosophy refuses to call God, thus limiting the eternal and ever-present root and essence." But to choose any form as the special manifestation of Deity is to attempt to dwarf and to circumscribe the Illimitable, besides seeking without for That which must be sought and found within. The worshipper's faith in an image may indeed play a part in the concentration of thought and in helping him to raise his consciousness at a certain level of unfoldment, but every objective aid will be valueless when the ever-Unknowable is recognised as the highest object of worship and Its shrine and altar are found on the holy and ever untrodden ground of the individual heart. "The silent worship of abstract or *noumenal* Nature, the only divine manifestation, is the one ennobling religion of Humanity."—ED.]

Words are not brought into existence without a definite implication or significance behind them. They have their own derivations and are never hap-hazard developments or empty of meaning. Like words are metaphors and like them, too, are pictures, images and idols. Pictures and idols are not devoid of qualities, not only bare space-entities or empty forms. What are pictures? What are images? Are they merely fanciful objects? Mere dead things? Or do they have a value for the seeker after the things of the spirit?

A metaphor is a figure of speech, and therefore portrays some underlying idea. There is a transference of meaning in it. A vivid verbal description forms a picture. When we picture a thing in our minds we form a mental likeness of it. Briefly, therefore, an Image represents something which one is capable of understanding. So the metaphor, the picture, the image and the idol are not mere abstractions; they signify *something* which is perhaps not visible to one and all. And therefore these have a certain dynamic force. The creator of a metaphor, of a picture or of an image has endowed it with attributes which are sometimes beautiful, always powerful and dynamic. He has transformed his thoughts and ideation into his creations. It is not mere pictures, images or idols that we see: we see through these a force which is vital, life pulsating through them. Those objects breathe and live. There is also a certain truth

or reality enveloping them and this truth radiates an active principle. How many have received inspiration through objects portraying truths!

There is a purpose or a cause behind all arts, whether literary or spiritual. The idol in a shrine, a picture in a hall or a monument on earth would be mere stones and material products had there not been the hand of genius to pour into them the life and the energy from which any soul could derive enlightenment. One beholds the idea of a picture or an image and only then notes its technique or composition. He then sees harmony or rhythm pervading it and he gets the idea of the external expression. But behind these stands that unique, inner, invisible energy which one should not forget. Great men have seen the inner energy of such objects and have risen intellectually above this earth.

It is therefore that one sees in this world the propitiation, the worship and the prayers offered, not to the external object, the outer *form*, but to the internal *content*, the Reality. If there are sanctuaries still breathing forth the active principle of life, it is due to the hidden content of the idols or images which those sacred places enshrine. A saint who has risen above all earthly and transitory existence has no need of temple or shrine, image or picture, but for him who still has to find the way of life they may be potent aids. For such as he, such glorified, mystic and vitalising objects embody in themselves an aspect of Reality. This is a need or an urge that he feels till he transcends it and is free to choose his own path.

It is a false conception that by putting in front of us an idol or a divine image we are limiting the Omnipresent and Omnipotent God to that small space and form. Every thoughtful individual is conscious that the Deity or the ultimate Reality is formless, impersonal and universal. If such a metaphysically conscious person should indulge in prayer as the ardent turning of the soul to the Divine, it is that same Omnipresent Reality to which he turns, the Reality which envelops the idol or image, as it envelops every being on earth and which is the contained of every container and the content of each created form. This world, both intellectual and non-intellectual, needs a means to the realisation of That, a stepping-stone by which to rise to the contemplation of that which transcends form. Any attachment is difficult to discard at one stroke. It is a patient and long process, through various obstacles, to learn to stand entirely alone.

Everyone knows that the idol in every shrine is made of stone. But what draws millions to a particular shrine, if there be nothing enshrined there, in image or idol or picture? How many have been cured of their ailments, relieved of their distresses? And how many great saints in India have resorted to that which the idol

or the image enshrines, as to a safe refuge? How many great metaphysical thinkers and Acharyas have still persisted in paying their homage to the Lord's feet? What is that craze due to (if it be so termed by the onlookers)? It is due to the wavering nature of the mind, and it is from that fickle-mindedness that refuge is sought.

It is to have the true concentration of mind that That which lies behind idol or image is invoked. It is, in short, because metaphorically the image or the idol is a representation of that Reality which is omnipresent, ominiscient and impersonal, dwelling in all beings and everywhere. Even Lord Krishna is not free from this maze when He limits Himself, as when He says, "I am the Ego which is seated in the hearts of all beings." The impersonal is seen through the personal, the unbounded is visualised through that which has bounds.

Thus we see that in every picture and image there is something which is definitely more than the mere form or external existence. When we speak of a metaphor, an image or a picture, we not only compare it (*upamana*) to certain invisible forces but also we see the similarity (*samanadharma*) and that similarity lies in the content, invisible and impersonal, of those objects.

The contents of the pictures etc. have different effects on us, else how could we compare them? The *Alamkara-Sastra* analyses the *form* of the picture or the image, and also emphasises the *content* which one might overlook. Whether we derive pleasure or pain through images, pictures etc., is mainly due to their content, which are forces in themselves. The artist-genius has created an objective form with the main thought that his creation should serve humanity and the wish of the artist is thus fulfilled.

If Shri Shankaracharya adored the image of Shri Sharada, the Goddess, it was not that Shri Shankara was not aware that that idol was made of marble by the hand of a sculptor; if Shri Thyagaraja embraced the idol of Shri Rama, it was not that Thyagaraja was not aware that the image he held was one of bronze designed by a smith; if Shri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa adored the Goddess Kali it was not that he was unaware of the image's being of stone; if people worship Buddha's image it is not because they are not aware of the monolythic stone. They were certain, however, that behind those objects there was their invisible content which they propitiated for their own upliftment. There is no reason therefore for anyone to decry another's worship on the mere ground that that other does not follow his own creed. It behoves all men to be tolerant towards others not of their own creed, in the spirit of fellowship and brotherhood.

R. B. PINGLAY

INDIA AND INDUSTRIALISATION

[We publish here the views of **Mr. Kaikhosru Shapurji Sorabji** on the important question of industrialisation for India. He had prepared his contribution for our Correspondence columns but the immediate importance of the subject makes it desirable to give his essay a more prominent place. For a common-sense approach to this vexed question, he gives the palm to Gandhiji, who stands against the sacrifice of the country to the town, " the crippling and impoverishment of the peasant and the countryside, " which reckless industrialisation involves. " As often happens, the Saint and the mystic it is who shows intense practical good sense and realism. "—Ed.]

Mr. Philip Mairet's admirable and cogent review of Mr. N. Gangulee's *Constituent Assembly for India* in the issue of July 1943, and Mr. L. E. Moore's note, " Industrialism and India's Future " in the February 1944 number are both to the point.

Mr. Mairet, the distinguished Editor of *The New English Weekly*, deals faithfully with those " many—too many " Marxian indoctrinated Indian politicians who are unaware how largely discredited the Marxian dogma now is, as the result of the searching criticisms of the great Italian sociological investigators, Gaetano Mosca and Vilfred Pareto, by Oswald Spengler and, above all, by the Social Credit analysis of Major C. H. Douglas. The deplorable lack of objectivity which ideological—like its counterpart, religious—fanaticism induces, the lack of an experimental scientific approach to the matter (as Pareto himself puts it) is demonstrated by Mr. Mairet's quotations from Mr. N. Gangulee. One who either deliberately ignores (as so many of the ideologues do), or is ignorant of, the bulk and weight of the evidence against Universal Servile States of Robotry, evidence overwhelmingly documented, such as that of Boris Souvarine, Eugene Lyons, Max Eastman, W. H. Chamberlin, Walter Duranty, Joseph Davies and the London Anarchist Group, is not to be taken seriously in the discussion of these matters.

It is appalling that any one in whose land is to be found the very root and origin, the supreme archetype of democratic representative self-government, namely, the village Panchayat, an institution of millennial antiquity, can be so led astray by uncritical enthusiasm and go " awhoring after false Gods " as the English Bible so well puts it, so far as to speak of what Mr. Mairet, with the best reasons in the world, calls " a technocratic empire of the greatest possible disciplinary severity, " as the home of prosperous liberty and equality. It augurs very ill indeed for India if such people ever attain the political power they are after with such pertinacity. It is both singular and sinister that the truly progressive and enlightened

democratic countries of Europe, such as Switzerland, Finland, Sweden, and Norway, whose standard of living is beyond the wildest dreams of the serfs of the slave-states, are never even so much as mentioned by the ideomonomaniacs. Why ?

Mr. L. E. Moore also deals admirably with those infatuated with the idea of industrialisation *à outrance* for India, and very rightly he points to Gandhi and Tagore as representing the real sane attitude of the best Indian thought on this matter. Gandhi's attitude is greatly misunderstood ; as Wilfred Wellock and Middleton Murry have so well pointed out, he is *not* all out against the machine *as such*, as he is so often ignorantly misrepresented as being. He *is* all out against the ruthless subordination and sacrifice of the *country* to the *town*, the crippling and impoverishment of the peasant and the countryside. This, Gandhiji, with age-old sagacity and wisdom, sees as the inevitable result of reckless industrialisation. It leaps to the eye in every highly industrialised Western land and it is against this that he is out to protect India. The cosmic evils of soil erosion that are the deep concern of the best minds of England and America spring directly and inevitably out of the mechanistic subordination of the countryside to the industrialised town. This monstrous perversion, nay, inversion, with its potential consequences to the world's food and health, is the most hideous and frightening of evils, as no one can fail to realise who reads such appalling documents as *The Rape of the Earth*, the writings of such authorities as the Earl of Portsmouth, Lord Northbourne, Sir John Orr, Sir Angus McCarrison and Sir Alfred Howard or the remarkable work of the Peckham Health Centre here in London.

The average Indian politician shows no signs at all of grasping these facts; he is too much the doctrinaire, the political theorist *à la* Bloomsbury, too far divorced from the soil, too "modernly" and urbanly "Western" by a great deal to appreciate the paramount importance to the community of the countryman, and the immeasurably vital necessity of doing everything imaginable to foster and protect it and him, particularly from the fearful dangers of unchecked industrialisation. Large-scale mechanised farming, the application of the mass-production industrialistic methods to agriculture, which enjoys the ignorant and uncritical enthusiasm of the doctrinaires, is now seen to be appallingly destructive of the soil. The evidence against it is alarming in bulk and cogency.

The pathetic joke about the whole business is that our Marxian indoctrinated monomaniacs are rather given to superior smirkings at Gandhiji's name. "He was, of course, all very well for his time, poor old dear, but *we* have moved so far ahead of him, you know...." The boot is hopelessly on the other leg. It is Gandhi himself who sees and is

light years in advance *of them*. As often happens, the Saint and the mystic it is who shows intense practical good sense and realism, while the dialectically materialistic Marxian addicts are befogged in the cloud-cuckoo-land of their ideological superstitions.

And so many Indian politicians and political writers, even such an outstanding figure as Nehru, show no glimmering of a perception of financial and monetary realities, that is to say, they do not, cannot—or perhaps *will* not, like their counterparts here—see that adherence to an outworn, primitive, barbarous and essentially corrupt monetary and banking system is at the root of almost all the world's ills, India's no less than England's. They show no signs of being cognisant of the all-important work in this field of the great monetary reformers, Soddy, Kitson, Gesell and, above all, C. H. Douglas, thus shewing that, like so many of their way of political—Left-ist—thinking, progress and study in this matter has left them far behind and makes their platform catch-words and *clichés*, as it does those of the Right, not only "as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" but irrelevant.

KAIKHOSRU SHAPURJI SORABJI

INDIA IN AMERICA

We are indebted to the U. S. Office of War Information for a note on the infiltration of Oriental thought in the cultural life of America during the nineteenth century. This note, entitled "From Vedic India to Concord, U. S. A.," is by Dr. Arthur Christy, a valued contributor to THE ARYAN PATH, and Dr. Henry Seidel Canby. The former is the author of *The Orient in American Transcendentalism* and Dr. Canby, the biographer of Thoreau and of Whitman.

They take us back to the middle years of the last century, when Emerson, Thoreau and Alcott studied and disseminated the teachings of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, the Upanishads and the Hindu scriptures generally. Breaking away from traditional Puritanism and seeking with open minds the meaning of the universe, these thinkers were greatly helped in their quest by the ancient spiritual lore of the Orientals.

Emerson discarded the theism of his time in his conception of the inexorable law of compensation and indicated how far the Orient was leading them out of the predominantly Calvinistic concepts of God and Man. When Emerson declared "I make my circumstances," he was only vividly enunciating the doctrine of Karma. Thoreau, by precept and example, advocated contemplation as the means of disengaging oneself from the chains of time and circumstance. Alcott as the Dean of the Concord Summer School of Philosophy promulgated the mystic lore of the Orient. Deeply read as these three were, their works exercised undoubtedly a liberalising influence on nineteenth-century American thought. The contribution of the Orient radiating from the Concord of those days to the much-boasted freedom of thought of today has not been small, as the authors of the note observe.

Hindu writers have recognised in Emerson a translator of ancient Indian thought into the idiom of modern culture. Coming a few years later with her synthetic account of the entire body of Oriental spiritual thought for the benefit of a growingly materialistic world, Madame H. P. Blavatsky found in the U. S. A. an interest in the subject already quickened and some of the spade-work done, thanks to the labours of the Concord friends.

DAYA: KINDNESS

[The paramountcy of Dayā among the virtues, which **Shri Shantichand K. Jhaveri** maintains here, is undeniable. But is not to regard emancipation as the end and aim, denial of the very spirit of Compassion? "To reach Nirvana one must reach Self-Knowledge, and Self-Knowledge is of loving deeds the child." But "to reach Nirvana's bliss but to renounce it," to sacrifice the Self to weaker Selves, "is the supreme, the final step, the highest on Renunciation's Path." Individual progress and individual happiness may, indeed must, be the fruit of duties done to all, but must not be our motive, under penalty of falling into spiritual selfishness.—ED.]

Dayā or kindness is the root of religion, and pride is the root of sin. So long as one has life, one should not forsake Dayā.

SANT TULSIDAS

All religions recognise Dayā or kindness as their root. If there were no Dayā, then there would not remain on this earth anything worth calling religion. Each religion has accepted as its chief doctrine some lofty ideal or principle. Still at the root of all these is Dayā.

While keeping in mind the Dayā of their own life or soul as the aim, human beings have recourse to these principles to prevent becoming more sinful or impure. But while they are observing those principles in the fullest measure, it is the uplift of their own soul which is their chief aim. Kindness towards self, *i.e.*, Dayā for one's own soul, is the important thing. It may be that while trying to practise this kindness towards self there might creep in kindness towards others, but that is only a secondary consideration. The principal idea is to free our soul from the endless burden of miseries and karmas. Having attained true knowledge, our soul now does not wish to bear that unbearable burden, and hence it is the supreme and worthy desire of an awakened soul to get rid of it, to be free as soon as possible from the bondage of karmas and to attain salvation, Moksha, Mukti, Nirvāna.

If the soul's Dayā is not the goal in practising non-violence, truth etc., then what is? Perhaps it may be submitted that by observing non-violence no trouble would be caused to anybody, that by speaking the truth no harm would be caused to anybody etc. Now it is to be seriously thought over, what happens to our non-violence or truth when the persons benefited and saved by them are troubled or put to misery by the violence and falsehood of others? As corn-ears are reaped incidentally while we only wish to produce fodder, in the same manner, while trying to save our own soul from committing violence etc., our act of non-violence may benefit others, our truth may help others. But in this process the saving of

one's own soul from sinful acts is the paramount thing. Kindness towards self is the thing desired, though it may involve kindness towards others. The kindness of one man is not made less if some third person wrongs his beneficiary.

According to worldly notions the welfare of others is enhanced if some material good is done to them, but so long as their soul is not benefited no worldly benefits showered upon them do any good; but on the contrary are wasted from the spiritual point of view. One may get worldly benefits, one may get honours, but one will not get spiritual uplift. Thus in any act done according to religious principles, the soul's Dayā is in the premier position. In the uplift of the soul lies the uplift of everything. All want uplift, then why should it not be achieved by uplifting one's own soul? Dayā being the root of all religions, is used in any way they like by the followers of the different creeds or sects. Some give importance to worldly kindness, and absolutely forget spiritual kindness. Some mix up material and spiritual kindnesses. Some wish to spread their creed by making others believe that their material, worldly or physical happiness is kindness or Dayā. Hence the original thing slips away out of sight, useless stuff remains and the original idea is forgotten, exchanged for imitations. Leaving aside the living thing, one sticks to shadows and lifeless things and thus is misguided.

So, so long as "kindness" is not exposed in its true colours, it carries no meaning. A minute analysis, a sensible, logical and argumentative discourse will put kindness in proper perspective and show its real importance and significance. A human being cannot attain spiritual uplift, he cannot attain Moksha, Nirvāna, Siddha, Buddha or Godliness, without Dayā towards his own soul. And so long as his own soul deserves Dayā or kindness, how can he boast of showing Dayā to others? What is to become of him? Whence does he come? What was he before birth? Whither is he bound after death? His inability to answer these questions makes his attempts to show kindness to others futile and meaningless.

Human life is the most important period of existence; it is only during it that one can realise his spiritual uplift. But if one is not able to know properly what soul is and Dayā is, then is that precious period not wasted? In spite of possessing a very powerful understanding, if one is not able to follow ordinary reasoning and common-sense, what is his fate but to remain imperfect for ever?

Therefore it becomes imperative to know that at every moment and at every step our soul is being attacked, handicapped, troubled and misguided. We are doing bad acts at every moment. Our soul is in urgent need of being saved from all these soul-killers. If we are not able to save our own soul from these spiritual enemies, how are we going

to save others from physical foes? Are we fit, do we deserve to do so? We realise inability to show Dayā to our own self which deserves Dayā and we take pride in having showered Dayā on others? What pride!

It may be due to the prevailing but misconceived belief that apparently we are not committed to violence or untruth in our behaviour and conduct of life. But are we sure that our life is absolutely pure, innocent, independent and free from all violence whatsoever, sure that we are not causing any minutest injury, mental or physical, to any being? If we think deeply, we shall realise that we are killing every minute some of the six categories of living beings, *viz.*, those imperceptible beings of earth, water, fire and air, of the vegetable, animal and human kingdoms. Thus at every moment our soul is becoming more guilty. Can such a guilty soul justify its pride in having shown Dayā by such an insignificant and minor act as giving mundane or material help to others?

Our soul is moving from uncertainty to uncertainty and at the same time we claim to be benefiting others. What a strange claim! First of all, we ourselves must be completely non-violent and truthful and then we must try to help others become so to a perfect degree. Preaching, being pure in speech and action, possessing a cultured and peaceful mind—and thus trying honestly to inspire others to emulation, that is the pure, real and genuine Dayā—Dayā worthy of acceptance and recommendation.

We must maintain the same kindly nature, once having accepted and acquired it. It is but natural that once gained one would never part willingly with such a jar of nectar —such a superb achievement—as Dayā. False pride of such possession will however, destroy Dayā. Pride makes our thoughts prejudicial and our speech and action uncontrolled. Dayā, acquired by self-restraint, is melted away by pride. Preaching without genuine Dayā fails. The idea of "being the best" having entered the mind of the preacher of Dayā, marks his downfall. Real Dayā will run away and its ghost will remain. When the mind becomes confused and overpowered, Dayā moves away, but so long as the mind is steady and the soul observing Dayā is connected with the body, Dayā will never depart. Because the dearest thing in the whole world is our soul—who will not practise kindness towards it?

After much thought the statement that one should not forsake Dayā to the end of his life, appears of immense value. We must become worthy to possess such an invaluable treasure as Dayā to self and to all. The Jain scriptures proclaim:—

> Dayā or kindness is the creeper of happiness, Dayā is the mine of happiness; Many souls have attained salvation—Mukti—by observing true Dayā; Know ye, such are the fruits of Dayā.

Dayā is the true root of the Jain

religion. What remains to be done (except Dayā) if it is not (for, out of, by, with) Dayā? But this small word Dayā can play havoc in the spiritual world. Without proper knowledge and definition, it is of no use to shout Dayā. So long as we are not able to distinguish between our body and our soul, we cannot see Dayā in true perspective. Dayā in its ordinary sense means non-violence. To be non-violent in mind, speech and action is to be completely kind. Such absolute or complete kindness can be observed only by true ascetics who lead a pure and godly life. One who harms others or does wrong to others, harms his own soul and one who does no harm to others or does no wrong to others, saves his own soul by not harming its pure innocent conduct. One who does harm to others has to bear the consequence of those ill acts in the same manner as he inflicted them upon others.

The real nature and meaning of Dayā is that one should not commit sins, should himself do no violence. Nobody has been able to stop the terrific warfare going on in the world. Of course, one must try to stop that destruction by preaching. But "might is right"—the stronger will harass the weaker—such things go on eternally. But one must keep oneself away from such abominable acts.

Some support certain beings by killing other beings and call this Dayā. This belief is an illogical illusion. The Jain philosophy rightly believes that even touching beings of the vegetable kingdom and of other imperceptible regions, causes them great pain. Then what if they are cut, crushed, burnt, or otherwise separated from their respective bodies? In this world all beings have full right to live and that is their supreme desire. Who has given us the right to snatch from any their birthright?

No other religion except Jainism has been able to explain and to analyse so minutely the true nature and meaning of Dayā. It may be objected that, if one tries to be non-violent to that extent, one cannot live in this world; but if any one commits violence in order to live, that violence does not therefore cease to be violence and become Dayā. Those who are careful and watchful enough will be able to observe all possible Dayā and will not hold and spread false beliefs.

Nobody should be inconvenienced, harmed, troubled, pained or in any way put to misery by oneself—that is the correct definition of Dayā. The Jain scriptures say:—

There is no Dayā in the beings living by themselves, and no violence in the beings dying by themselves; one who saves himself from killing any being or from causing injury, mental or otherwise, to any being, is the man possessing real treasure and virtue of Dayā.

Thus Dayā and violence must be fully understood in their true meanings. To be absolutely non-violent in mind, speech and action is Dayā.

Sometimes it is our bounden duty

to do certain things, *e.g.*, to support and help the members of our family, our caste, our country, and the world; to protect our country's cattle-wealth; to do acts of social reform and of benefit to our Motherland; to do these and other benevolent acts is our duty. But nobody should expect to reap rich fruits of spiritual Dayā Dharma from such worldly duties. No spiritual uplift can be attained by money or by physical force. Worldly progress lies in the aggrandisement of riches; spiritual progress lies in their abandonment. The soul becomes pure by going on the path of penance and renunciation. Dayā towards one's own soul or spiritual Dayā is the only Dayā worth adopting. To uplift the soul after knowing it fully is the genuine Dayā—the Mahā Dayā.

SHANTICHAND K. JHAVERI

CASTE : PRO AND CON

Shri R. R. Bhole's paper "The Untouchables on the Move," read before the East India Association, London, is reproduced along with the interesting discussion which followed, in the April *Asiatic Review*. It is not to condone untouchability, for which no justification is possible, to recognise that his zeal betrayed him into bitterness and overstatement. Several who took part in the subsequent discussion stressed ameliorative influences and exempted the parts of India with which they were familiar from the extreme rigours of his charges. It was brought out in the discussion that the amelioration of Depressed-Class suffering was not only or chiefly a political issue. That it depended primarily on improved economic conditions and on a successful fight against illiteracy and ignorance.

Mr. P. J. Griffiths, who presided, while condemning untouchability, as every humanitarian must, conceded certain advantages to the caste system. It carried out a social discipline and it made for stability if it did put a brake on progress. He also recognised that "the caste system in its extreme forms was an excrescence upon Hinduism" and had arisen not more than two or three millenniums ago.

A man's caste originally depended upon what function he fulfilled in the social life of the village. The caste system in its subsequent development has borne too heavily upon the large class it excludes. Untouchability persists, a graver problem in some parts of the country than in others. But once-inviolable barriers are gradually breaking down. The fostering of separatist class consciousness on either side is to be deplored. Those factors must be stressed which can promote such unity and mutual understanding as will make political safeguards supererogatory.

THE POWER OF WORDS

| **R. L. Megroz**, poet, dramatist, biographer and critic, analyzes here those living messengers called words. Words are things, even upon the lower plane of social intercourse, but soulless and dead because the convention in which they have their birth has made abortions of them. But when we step away from that conventionality they become alive in proportion to the reality of the thought that is behind them—and its purity. The hope for words is well put by Mr. Megroz, that "language will catch up with mankind's deepest knowledge in an apocalypse of world-wide consciousness."—Ed.

Dulled or distorted perceptions, restricted sympathies—all the petty ills of the world which accumulate into its mighty evils—represent the permanent opposition to the destined development of the human race. A previous article on "The Poet's Influence on the World" [The Aryan Path, February 1944] stressed the spiritual warfare always going on between the creative impulse and the suicidal tendencies of society motivated by fear and greed.

Edward Young's aphorism—"Speech ventilates our intellectual fire"—is true but not the whole truth because the creators have no monopoly of verbal communication though they are (very fortunately) the only masters of language. The enemy in our midst however can make an easier appeal to us on a lower plane and it is well to be aware of the misuse of the verbal instrument while we are considering its nature.

The verbal medium is much more complex than the medium of any plastic art or of music. Stone, pigment and sound are easily analysable elements, to which is added the mind of the artist. They are raw materials. Words are not raw material. Many of them (*e.g.*, *mother*) are familiar labels for ideas encrusted with emotional associations. Many (*e.g.*, *ruin*) are what has been called "fossilised poetry" because they are the legacy of moments of intense perception and still carry within, like a piece of coal, a latent energy.

Clearly then, words, whether just dictionary labels or fragments of poetry, can with all their potent suggestions be misused very readily. The popular employment of many of the words that are labels for ideas often shows up social tendencies. Let us take a few examples of this way of imparting a specialised meaning to words:—

race—especially "our" race, meaning then something superior, or "theirs," meaning inferior.

breed—much the same as above.

half-caste, *nigger*, *dago*, etc.—all indirect expressions of self-esteem.

visionary—usually derogatory, implying the speaker's own sound common-sense.

realist—usually indicating approval, though having no necessarily closer relation to truth than what is meant by *visionary*.

Every reader can easily add to this black list other terms, especially slogans which spread more rapidly under the stress of war. Even the word "propaganda" itself has degenerated. The original design of the propaganda certainly included the increase of the power of the Roman Church, but the opinions it preached were meant to be true. We can see that the word now betrays the growth of an unscrupulous power motive, and it is no matter for surprise that the pace towards completely immoral propaganda should have been set with diabolical ingenuity by leaders of ruthlessly aggressive states in the modern world.

But the muddled democracies of the modern world cannot afford any complacency. One of the great and growing industries, and the faithful servant of much weightier interests, is Advertising. Not only does it corrupt the supposedly free press but it serves other antisocial purposes such as encouraging acquisitiveness, not merely for the benefit of consumers but for the benefit of private interests and often at the expense of consumers. I commend to the sceptical reader a pungent little book published last year, *Voice of Civilisation, An Enquiry into Advertising*, by Denys Thompson, which shows that modern advertising is very clever and far more influential than the innocent man in the street imagines. Its success depends more and more on the cunning exploitation of the power of words. Smart advertising today will imitate the usages of poets and even of the English Bible to make its cheapjackeries more impressive. "The advertiser is aware" (writes Denys Thompson) "that by employing this vocabulary he can make his reader emotionally plastic; the writer once heard Sir William Crawford say: 'Copywriters must read the Bible, Kipling, Stevenson, and Burns, because they know how to touch the human heart'—advice echoed in many text-books." And this deliberate debasement of language has for object "sales promotion" and bigger profits for the advertisers.

The detection of counterfeits and the appreciation of quality are operations which at least help each other even if they are not inseparable. The modern counterfeit literature of advertising is well worth the attention of the student of literature. In advertising can be seen the exploitation of the expressive qualities of words (which demand closer scrutiny) and of sentiment. The appeal to sentiment may be wrapped up in the guise of a logical demonstration or be presented with a flourish of candour for what it is. The influence of sentiment is evoked through words that are labels for acceptable ideas; the selected label is familiar and rich in emotional associations.

The sentimental advertisement will favour the kind of words which one used to see listed by readers of journals when they were offering what they thought were "the most beautiful words" in the language. The significant feature of those lists was the confusion between the æsthetic or expressive qualities of the word and the attractiveness of the idea for which it was a familiar label. The majority of the favoured words were like these:—

mother, father, patriotism, lovely, beautiful, dawn, sunset, home, etc., etc.

Sometimes the choice of a word with an attractive idea provided an example of a verbal quality of expressiveness which was usually lacking: among the lists were sometimes words like these:—

tranquillity, glow, lucid, tenderness, radiance, wing, wind.

The proof that such words were chosen mainly because of the appeal of an idea and not for their texture is the rarity of choice for very expressive words that are not labels for pleasing images, *e.g.*:—

plop, splash, wide, hollow, drag, drum, crunch, regurgitate, struggle, tremble, low, high, and so on.

Looking closely at them we find in such words at once two of the commonest means by which the sounds of language are made expressive. One, which has always been recognised, is imitation of sound. This may be simple and obvious, as in *plop* and *splash* or complicated with an image, as in a word like *trees*. The symbolical or label value of *trees* is enhanced by the suggestion of the sound of the leaves in a breeze. But sound imitation fades into another expressive quality of words, which is now recognised as an imitation of action, that is gesture in the speech apparatus. In *hollow* we have not merely a dictionary label for an idea but a verbal expression of the idea in sound. The consonants and vowels seem to be part of an imitation of the image. The *l*, as Bacon pointed out long ago, sets up a slight tremble of the tongue—the movement suggesting space—and the aspirate and *w* being the most yielding and dim consonant sounds to avoid any idea of solidity. (Contrast the value of the *t's* in *tight.*) The vowel sounds suggest depths by throat and mouth gesture. (Contrast the *i* in *height.*) This is merely a very simple example of how expressiveness is obtained through verbal texture. Although we are unavoidably using one language, the same general principles operate in any language.

It is by a combination of conscious technique and sensitive intuition that the masters of language communicate powerfully their ideas or the ideas they absorb from other thinkers. In the most intense communication, when language is truly creative, the idea and the word are indivisible. At the moment of expression mind is being incarnated, given material form. The process results first in the continual revitalising and enrichment of language. I commend

to the reader on this subject, section seven—"The Making of Meaning" in Owen Barfield's valuable book *Poetic Diction*, particularly his tracing of the history of the word *ruin* and how Shakespeare recreated it, gave it a soul. An understanding of this endless creative process helps us to appreciate the strain of magic in language. The interfusion of religious magic with primitive art is now a commonplace but perhaps not so thoroughly acknowledged is the significance of this fact. While the primitive artist cannot make even a decorative pattern without expressing and therefore appealing to psychological forces, it is no wonder that the writer does likewise. Verbal language is a specialised form of language. Words are merely a different and more efficient medium but, like other forms of language, including gesture, they are a means of communication which may be either practical or magical. In the primitive phase of thought the two functions are more often confused.

When we are depressed at the constant passing of counterfeit verbal coinage we may take heart in the thought that the creative impulse will not cease to recreate the words in currency, for there is so much more to express than has been ever yet expressed. Verbal language is one of the incarnations of that intelligence which is shadowed in human mind. The painful political evolution of mankind, the discoveries of scientists, the visions of seers, the creations of artists—all shadows of reality—await the word to take them out of the stream of time. As a lifelong diary or a vivid memory is to an individual, such is a literature to a people. One must believe that communication between minds will grow with experience, and perhaps language will catch up with mankind's deepest knowledge in an apocalypse of world-wide consciousness. Then there will be but one language all over the earth, one only community of men, and the Parliament of Man will be the Temple of Truth. Unless all is a futility, that is the ultimate meaning of the power of words.

R. L. MEGROZ

CHRIST'S MESSAGE AND THE CHURCHES

There never was a great religious reform that was not pure at the beginning. The first followers of Buddha as of all the other great teachers, no less than the disciples of Jesus, were men of the highest morality. The history of the Buddhist reform is full of the most noble and heriocally unselfish acts. The decline from the Christianity of Jesus to the Churchianity of his professed followers, from the original purity and power of a great spiritual impulse to orthodoxy and ritualism, which **Mr. Laurence E. Moore** paints here, is the history of all religions when the prophet gives place to the priest, and the form, whose proper function is but to transmit the living message, becomes its substitute and silencer. But the voice of all the great Teachers is always in the world. Their message is the same and those who live by it can prove its undiminished power today.—Ed.

Christ Jesus' injunction to his followers was that they should go out into all the world and—"Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils," and he made it clear that this command did not apply to them alone but to all who should believe his teachings through them. The power to perform these great works was to be spiritual and would come to them when they fully understood his teachings and his living example. From first to last he left them in no doubt that what he did they also could do, and if they failed to do the works that he did, and in fact greater works, then the judgment of men upon them was to be that they had not understood his teaching. His unfailing standard of judgment, which he gave them in his wonderful discourse known to us as "The Sermon on the Mount," was that by their fruits they were to know all men, and hence this was the standard by which they themselves would be judged. This work which he commanded them to do was the very corner-stone of his teaching. It was the "signs following," the signet of God, the seal of divine authorship upon his work. It was undeniable demonstration of the efficacy of his teaching to bless and to benefit all mankind, and formed the very basis of his claim to be showing men the way to establish the Kingdom of God upon earth. Until that Kingdom was established the healing work was to go on in ever-increasing power and grandeur, until all men recognised themselves as the Sons of God, and then it would cease, for perfect harmony would reign.

This was the constant theme of Jesus' teaching and the all-embracing objective of his life-work and he knew that it must be practically demonstrated. It was this ability to bear out their professions in daily practice before men that was responsible for the remarkable spread of Christianity in the early centuries

of the Christian era. Undoubtedly those early Christians possessed a great measure of spiritual power, which enabled them, in the very teeth of furious and violent opposition, not only to preserve their faith but to propagate it all over the European world. Through the power of this understanding whole nations were converted, by the ministry, very often, of a single person, from ways of life of the most extreme barbarism and cruelty, to ways of peace and progress. It must surely have been a most inspiring era in the world's history, those early years of the Christian era, when the teaching of love and good-will amongst men really meant something and, in the hands of those who spread it, had power and effectiveness. Those were the days when the spreading of the Gospel of Christ truly meant to his followers the spreading of the "glad tidings," the higher meaning of the word "Gospel."

That was a magnificent period, at the dawn of Christianity, when an all-consuming love filled the hearts of its followers with joy and praise. When love governed their actions so that Christians were truly men and women of good-will and practised in their daily lives the brotherhood of men. In those days the followers of Jesus Christ were not concerned with gaining converts to a particular creed or doctrine. Their hearts were full to overflowing with the wonderful significance of their Master's words, "Freely ye have received, freely give," and they could no more have refrained from spreading the "glad tidings" than the rising sun can fail to flood the earth with light. He had taught, expounded and demonstrated to them a "way of life," illustrated by the most wonderful practical examples amongst ordinary men and women. He had told them to go and do likewise and to teach all men that by following this same way of life they could do the same works. They were not gathering recruits to a creed, but exhorting all men, with joy and gladness, to follow the New Way, that the Kingdom of God might be established upon earth with all speed. Many of them were martyred for their faith, but the power that was in them overcame all obstacles and the teaching spread and prospered.

It was at this stage that Christianity faced its severest trial. Opposition, martyrdom, abuse, misrepresentation only caused the teaching to spread faster and wider; only heightened the spiritual power and ability of its adherents. All these it could survive and prosper on, but popularity, acceptance by the world, proved too severe a test. The leaven of the Pharisees, against which Jesus so constantly warned his disciples, was at work and penetrated the ranks of the Christians with dire results. Worldly economy was prepared to accept this new teaching, to give it an honourable place in its structure, providing it was willing to make just a few small concessions. It was prepared to shower upon leading Christians material wealth,

ease from labour, high positions amongst its great ones, flattery and temporal power, in return for a few concessions to materialism.

The early organisations of the Christians, the Churches or Assemblies, which had been entirely democratic in conception and action and in which all men and women were looked upon as brothers and sisters, gradually lost their democratic outlook and took on a hierarchical aspect, in which some were elevated to positions of privilege and others were relegated to positions of servitude. Truly it was the doctrine of the Pharisees creeping in and with it came an increasing regard for ritual and ceremony, for the importance of the letter, and a consequent falling off in spiritual power. Those at the top constituted themselves the sole authorities to interpret and to dictate to those below as to how they should understand and practise the teachings of Jesus; and to support their authority they formulated specific creeds and dogmas.

Thus, within four or five centuries of Jesus' birth, it came about that the teaching of him who had laid such constant stress upon the importance of the spirit and the insignificance of the letter, was gradually perverted into a doctrine of observance of the letter with ritual and ceremony. The very corner-stone of Christianity, its demonstrability, its "fruits," to which Jesus attached so much importance, slowly disappeared as the centuries passed until Christians grew accustomed to thinking of their faith as a series of moral precepts designed to act as a moral curb upon them in this life and to prepare them for a harmonious life somewhere hereafter. Thus Christianity, which in all its first brave glory and fervour, came teaching a way of life to be followed by all men immediately, in order to bring the Kingdom of God upon earth, became a doctrine of postponement, which could do little else than provide a moral basis for a very inharmonious life on earth, holding out no promise of improvement until after death. How strange that this should have occurred with the teachings of Jesus Christ who, both in his own life and in his teaching, so categorically denied the reality and the power of death, and unmistakably taught that death should be overcome, not submitted to. Does it not indicate that his teachings have been totally misunderstood? That, in fact, the blind leading the blind both have fallen into the ditch?

Nevertheless, so far ahead of its times was this teaching, that even after it had been stripped of most of its original power it continued to spread through the testimony of the inspired lives of individuals who recognised the imperative nature of its great moral precepts even though they could no longer understand its healing power. During the centuries which have passed since this metamorphosis in the Christian teaching took place, a mass of theological doctrines has been built

up until today the Bible is surrounded by a highly artificial atmosphere through which it is difficult to penetrate in order to catch a true glimpse of the events it depicts. Despite this, since the power that Jesus taught and demonstrated is spiritual, it is still as efficacious as in his day. Hence, if we can but retrace our steps until we can recapture some of that simplicity and humility of acceptance of the early Christians, and cleanse our minds and above all our hearts from the stultifying doctrines which have been creeping into them for centuries, we shall surely find the power of Christ available to us today.

What, then, is to be done, that we may have this power? We must remove from our own minds the barriers to the acceptance and understanding of his teaching, and the greatest of these is intellectualism. We are so wise in our own eyes and so clever! We have set up for worship a new God, intellectual rationalism, and everything must bow before him. The human mind in all its material self-sufficiency has grown fat and has thrown a challenge into the face of God, even as the Psalmist sings,—"Yea, they spake against God; they said, can God prepare a table in the wilderness?"

We have very largely lost the ability for intuitive acceptance, which is absolutely necessary to an understanding of Christ's teaching, and which may be defined by the word "faith." Moses' rebuke to the Children of Israel rests upon our brows—"And he (God) said, I will hide my face from them, I will see what their end shall be: For they are a very froward generation, children in whom is no faith." The ability for intuitive acceptance is essential, because we cannot properly understand much of Christ's teaching until we have felt its power in our own lives and the strongest barrier to intuitive acceptance is intellectualism. Because of its pride of achievement and its self-sufficiency, its lack of humility, the stern rebuke of the Revelator rests upon it:

> Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.

The pride of knowledge of this age is different only in degree from that of Jesus' age. That which he rebuked so emphatically in the Pharisees of his day is just as widespread amongst us today, and he made it quite clear that the worldly-wise would not be able to understand his teaching. His low estimate of their wisdom is illustrated in his selection of disciples. He chose as his immediate followers, to receive the dynamic teaching of the Word of God, simple fishermen and country-folk, men quite uneducated and illiterate in the eyes of the intellectuals of their age. These men in their rugged simplicity of thought, their honesty of purpose, their zeal, courage and humility, were able to accept and to understand where the

doctors of law were confounded. That certain of the Pharisees did appreciate the value of Jesus' teachings is evidenced by their coming to him privily for instruction and discourse, but their worldly pride stood in the way of their open acceptance and there is no record that they ever put his teaching into practice. This was left to the simple fisherfolk and countrymen, and the power to instruct the mind and enhance its faculties with divine intelligence has never been more clearly demonstrated than in their lives. For in later years all men were amazed at the wisdom of these men who by them had always been considered illiterate. They were heard speaking in many tongues, expounding the scriptures with authority and confounding their opponents in open debate with a fluency and an intelligence which even the doctors of law could not better.

The message of Jesus Christ is just as powerful and imperative in this age as it was in his own. His tender, appealing summons is knocking at the door of our hearts as persistently now as then :—

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

My friends, can we resist this loving, unselfed call to follow him who loved and cared for suffering humanity and made such a crowning, unparalleled demonstration of the power of his teaching? Can any doubt the purity and the majesty of his purpose? Then let us answer, in the words of the Psalmist, with joy and gladness and a ready humility in our hearts, "I delight to do thy will, oh my God; Yea, thy law is within my heart."

LAURENCE E. MOORE

RELIGION AND MORALITY

Dr. Vivian T. Thayer, who writes in *Harper's Magazine* for April on "Religion and the Public School" attacks

the traditional notion, so commonly accepted uncritically, that religious belief is essential for moral development. But surely there is little evidence that moral fibre is dependent upon orthodoxy of any one kind.

He cites the findings of two psychologists who had made careful studies of juvenile delinquency. One concluded that there seemed to be no significant relation between religious training and delinquent or non-delinquent behaviour. The other declared that "mere knowledge of the Bible was not in itself sufficient to insure character growth." Dr. Thayer writes :—

Character, moral behaviour, grows out of a way of life which people not only profess in common; and where profession is sincere it is the practice rather than the conscious formulation that is primary in educational growth. Accordingly, if we are genuinely concerned that our children shall acquire habits and ideals of honesty, fair play, self-control, generosity, and respect for the personalities of others, we will have to create conditions of living in home and school and community that embody these ways of acting, feeling, and thinking.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A RECURRING PATTERN *

In this edition of Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War*, abridged and edited from Crawley's translation revised by Feetham, Sir Richard Livingstone is at pains to draw a parallel between the Peloponnesian War and the war in which the majority of the world is at present engaged. It is true that history repeats itself; it is equally true that it does not. To judge the present by the past and act upon that judgment is a dangerous proceeding, for it almost certainly involves the failure to discriminate between reality and appearance, even when the evidence upon which the judgment is based is furnished by as sober, objective and dispassionate a witness as Thucydides. In any case the supposedly reliable habit of history to repeat itself is of negative rather than positive value. It encourages fatalism and offers too easy an escape from responsibility; if history repeats itself whatever we do, of what use is it to try to influence history, to make it rather than merely to suffer it? The popular conception of the positive value of history's repetitiveness lies in the supposition that, by a study of history, we can avoid the mistakes of the past. But men learn little, as Mr. Eliot says, from others' experience.

The disconcerting fact remains that almost any war, should one search it diligently enough, would furnish a parallel for almost any other. All war is war, and all war springs from a common cause, or a series of common causes, in the subconscious regions of the psyche; economic, political and strategic similarities, still sometimes regarded as causes rather than effects, inevitably arise. It is easy to forget that as many outward circumstances as are similar are dissimilar, and the parallel between the Peloponnesian War and our own breaks down somewhat disastrously on close examination, even in the matter of such differences between Athens and Britain as the size of their respective populations, their weapons of war, their respective scientific knowledge, customs, cultures and traditions, and even climates. There is a sense in which one feels that a disservice is done to Thucydides by Sir Richard Livingstone's elaborate comparison between his war and ours; one feels that the Peloponnesian War, which was great in its day, and has acquired a dignity with time and through the agency of Thucydides' words, would have been better left to speak for itself, just as it might have been better not to vulgarise *War and Peace* in the light of the supposed parallel between Napoleon's invasion of Russia and Hitler's.

It is true that a certain initial sense of wonder seizes us on perceiving these apparent parallels, but this is quickly superseded by a sense of futility. Have we learned nothing, in so many cen-

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**Thucydides' History of the Peloponnesian War.* Edited in translation by SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE. (World's Classics, Sir Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London. 3s.)

turies, except the negative lesson of how to make war more painful, more morally degrading, more inhuman? The progress once thought to be inevitable if evolution were a reality, bitter experience, as well as science, is teaching us to believe in no longer. Some aspects of human life may get better, but an equal number of others get worse; we have no reason to congratulate ourselves that we are not Athenians or Spartans of the fifth century B. C. Yet, if "progress" is a myth, evolution remains; we have as yet no evidence, scientific or other, that life is not fundamentally a matter of change, and no evidence that change is not wrought, at least in the human individual, by suffering, though by suffering, we believe, of a positive rather than a negative kind, since it seems that negative suffering produces a stasis, a spiritual death, and positive suffering, that to which the individual reacts with acceptance, assimilation and imagination, a spiritual rebirth.

So the sense of futility which, on examination of past wars, takes the place of the sense of wonder, gives place in turn to a speculation: it may be that, not many centuries hence, warfare will have outlived its usefulness. For its usefulness lies in its ennobling effect upon the individual who can suffer it positively; it is perhaps because we preserve an instinctive knowledge of war's value to our spiritual life that we have preserved war as an institution. It is the ordeal which tests manhood, ennobles personal love and calls forth the greatest nobility of all, which is mercy towards one's enemies. It is these things still, to some extent; just as, to some extent, it has always been at the same time degrading, bestial and dishonourable. But the values of warfare are changing rapidly with the rapid changes in its technique. Its misery tends to outweigh its grandeur, the negative suffering it causes to outweigh the positive. "Total war," conscripted labour, breed futility and irresponsibility, rather than personal courage and comradeship. A sense of guilt, such as those who use the weapons of modern warfare must inevitably feel, is a degrading thing, the antithesis of a just indignation. You cannot, after listening to your own planes going out to massacre your enemy, entirely replace the sense of guilt by a just indignation when your own sirens sound a little later. And patriotism, once real in an age of nationalism, is the merest shadow of itself in an age which technology has made essentially international. As the opportunity for positive, voluntary and ennobling suffering, war's day appears to be over. But the instinctive need for such suffering and for the evolutionary changes which it effects in the soul, remains, and is perhaps stronger in this age than in many. We shall have to seek other means of positive suffering.

This possible elimination of war is no disguised hope of "progress." Progress demands the elimination of suffering. Life does not; it demands merely that suffering shall be positive in its effects; thus it demands that means of suffering which have become preponderantly negative in effect shall be eliminated, but not suffering itself. It is a revealing paradox that, while suffering is one of our greatest spiritual needs, something in the human spirit continually urges suffering's mitigation, and rightly urges it. Thus we must

seek to eliminate war; but we must not seek to avoid whatever other means of suffering life insists upon offering us in its place. It is only in this way, perhaps, that we shall be able to speak truly of history repeating itself—repeating its inward content rather than its outward form. For in accepting positive suffering while yet rejecting war as too negative, we may approach again the condition of spirit, on another plane, and in other circumstances, in which Athenians and Spartans went to war. The point about history, if Sir Richard will forgive us, is not to look back to it as a thing of the past; the point about history is that it is at present in the making, and that in the making it must be redeemed.

R. H. WARD

The Meaning of Pakistan. By F. K. KHAN DURRANI. (Sh. Mohammad Ashraf, Kashmiri Bazaar, Lahore. Rs. 3/12)

That India is a geographical unity is also a fact which the Muslims must never forget. There is not an inch of the soil of India which our forefathers did not once purchase with their blood. We cannot be false to the blood of our fathers. India, the whole of it, is therefore our heritage and it must be *reconquered* for Islam....Our ultimate ideal should be the unification of India, spiritually *as well as politically*, under the banner of Islam.

The italics are mine but the words are Mr. Durrani's and the idea behind the words is shared by thousands of fanatically inspired young Muslims who interpret Mr. Jinnah's Pakistan demand as but the stepping-stone to "the reconquest of India" and the establishment of an Islamic empire.

It is this jingoistic spirit which characterises the whole book and vitiates the narration of events and circumstances that, according to Mr. Durrani, have led to the crystallization of the Muslim demand in the form of Pakistan. Mr. Durrani suffers from a superiority complex, speaks with contempt of the Hindu religion and philosophy, misinterprets (or misunderstands?) Congress policy and exaggerates isolated cases of miscarriage of justice into "atrocities" alleged to have been committed by the Congress Ministries. One can expect little of understanding and even less of a helpful analysis of the communal problem in such a book. Yet it is worth a perusal for it gives us a glimpse of the fanatical mind Mr. Jinnah's irresponsible and dangerous advocacy of Pakistan has produced among young and educated Muslims. I wish people like Mr. Rajagopalachariar and our Communist friends would read this book to realize the dangers of the Pakistan demand which they want the Congress to accept.

One must give credit to Mr. Durrani, however, that he has the good sense to admit in one of the earlier chapters that the Hindus and Muslims, in spite of fundamental differences in the teachings of their respective faiths, could, by virtue of their traditions and those very teachings, live together as good neighbours and associate with one another with sympathy, courtesy and mutual regard.

Nothing that he writes later really proves that the Hindus and Muslims cannot continue to live like that for ever, without the necessity of vivisecting the country on a basis of exclusiveness and mutual hostility.

K. A. ABBAS

Food for the People. By SIR JOHN BOYD ORR. (Target for Tomorrow Series No. III, Pilot Press, London. 5*s.* 6*d.*)

With the aid of photos and diagrams, this book deals interestingly with food requirements, legislation, present conditions, committee reports, and the target of a universal food-planning policy, from the view-point of the nation and its health, of agriculture, industry, trade, organisation and international co-operation. It should be noted that the modern ideas on nutrition are not, as the book seems to imply, the last word on the subject, but only touch the fringe of it. The second point is whether, in all this planning, despite the excellence of the aims, the cart is not put before the horse.

Take this, for example.

> If the nations, as they must and they undoubtedly will, reach agreement on a world food policy based on human needs and proceed to carry it into effect on a world scale, they will take the first step in initiating a movement which will bring about a great advance in human well-being, and an expanding world economy that will bring prosperity to agriculture, industry and world trade. Further, in carrying out the policy, the nations will develop the spirit of the "good neighbour" in working together for a common world cause, and they will evolve a technique of international co-operation which can be used for the solution of all world problems.

How much hangs upon an "if"! Unless the "good neighbour" spirit is already active in the majority, the carrying out of the policy is bound to fail. While the will to co-operate, and the technique to do so, must develop together, the first is the key point.

Nevertheless, those who already have some good-will should be grateful to the author, in that he brings together facts and suggestions about the subject in so compact and readable a form.

E. W.

Srimad Bhagavatam: The Wisdom of God. Translated by SWAMI PRABHAVANANDA. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50)

In making readily available to English readers nearly half of this classic, as inspiring as it is beautiful, Swami Prabhavananda has made the West his debtor. It ranks next in authority, he writes, to the Upanishads and the *Bhagavad-Gita*. To read it is to be impressed anew with the characteristic Indian preoccupation with religion. Through story after story runs as *Leitmotif* the tireless quest of God. King, miser, prostitute, all find their way at last, through a profound *vairagya* for the things of sense, to union with the Self of each who is the Self of all.

Srimad Bhagavatam is said to popularise the Vedic truths but it goes beyond the Impersonal Deity of the Vedas. The Krishna of Book Tenth is God incarnate. He is the Lord of the Universe but he is also the teacher of the world, the tangible object of devotion. The stories of him as a child and as a young cowherd are given with rare tenderness and skill.

High ethics are exemplified and taught and the anecdotal form of much of the book has doubtless helped to fix these lessons in the people's minds.

E. M. H.

God's Innocence: Thoughts in Wartime. By BARON ERIC PALMSTIERNA. (Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Baron Palmstierna has a deplorable habit of writing "we" when he means "I." He begins by saying that

> in these years we hear voices from many sides, voices of sensitive and thinking people, who, in anguish and doubt, ask how a God of love, if existing, can allow the evil things that occur to go on without any interference from His mercy and might.

Sensitive and thinking people ask nothing of the kind. The question *is* asked—among the insensitive and the unthinking. Its appeal is to the literal-minded. It would gather a large audience in any of those sectarian bethels where intellectual eccentricity, decked out in a few borrowed quotations, is administered to the lonely and defeated.

The good Baron answers what we must assume to be *his* question, not ours, in the time-honoured way, that is, by dissociating the creator from his creation. He does it skilfully, calling in the services of Origen, Eckhardt, Augustine, Blake and Sri Aurobindo. God exists in the eternal serenity and beauty of innocence, and knows not evil, for which men alone are responsible.

One might think that this shut God off pretty effectively from his own cosmos. So it does, when it suits Baron Palmstierna's argument; but later in the book we find that this God, so remote in his love and innocent even of the knowledge of evil, is actually within us after all. How a God who is within us ["Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet". -Tennyson this time: a bit of a come-down] can be unaware of the evil which men do and of which they are the victims, is not explained.

But there are good things in the book, as when Baron Palmstierna suggests that evil cannot be vanquished by resistance but only by love; that what is needed is not the extermination of evil but the creation of greater good. Nor is he unaware of the limitations of orthodox Christianity; and one can only hope that some day he will be able to liberate himself from this Western mania for orthodoxies and systems and follow "the *via negativa* of the East, avoiding human descriptions of the Godhead." Meanwhile he has to offer us only the cold comfort that "the cause of chaos on earth must be sought for within mankind itself." He is rightly emphatic that all religions, of the East and the West, have a common basis: but in asking for united action he is, to put it mildly, optimistic. Nor does he give us the slightest inkling as to how united action, even from the most catholic platform, is likely to regenerate a world governed wholly, in the secular sense, by economic expediency.

J. P. HOGAN

The Poligars of Mysore and Their Civilization. By P. B. RAMACHANDRA RAO. Second Impression. (Palaniappa Brothers, Trichinopoly. Re. 1/8, 3*s.* or $.75)

This is a brief but well documented historical account of the Poligars, the feudal chieftains who occupied, through a long course of history, the territory which now forms the Mysore State. Such feudal rulers could be found over almost the whole of South India with a long historical past. The author's thesis is that these Poligars were not

the creations of the Vijayanagar rulers as is commonly believed but existed long before their empire was established. But admittedly their rights and responsibilities changed under Vijayanagar, when they were more or less vassals bound to render military assistance, whenever occasion arose, in return for concessions allowed them. The brochure is a valuable introduction to this interesting and important aspect of South Indian history.

V. M. I.

Vinaya-Pitaka (The Book of the Discipline). Part III. Translated by I. B. HORNER, M. A. (Sacred Books of the Buddhists, Vol. XIII, Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The Teachings of Buddha, first given in the Ardha-Magadhi dialect, have come down to us in two recensions, a Sanskrit and a Pali one. Of the former, most of the originals are lost and they are now available only in their Chinese translations. The Pali recension, which represents what is known as the *Hinayana* or Southern Buddhism, as contrasted with the Mahayana or Northern Buddhism preserved in the Chinese texts, comprises three collections called *Pitakas* (boxes), namely, the *Vinaya-Pitaka*, the *Sutta-Pitaka* and the *Abhidamma-Pitaka*. The *Vinaya-Pitaka* was edited in Roman script by Hermann Oldenberg in five volumes published between 1879 and 1883. The *Vinaya-Pitaka* consists of the *Mahavagga* (Vol. I), the *Sullavagga* (Vol. II), the *Suttavibhanga* (Vols. III and IV) and the *Parivara*. The work under review contains the concluding portion of the *Suttavibhanga*, corresponding to pages 124 to the end of the fourth volume in Oldenberg's edition. The *Vinaya-Pitaka* deals with subjects like initiation, duties and rules of conduct, expiation of sins represented by violation of these rules and the training of the religious order of *Bhikkus* (monks) and *Bhikkunis* (nuns).

It must be confessed that translations of Eastern literary works into a European language are mostly stiff and uneven. English and other modern European literatures developed with Greek and Latin thought as content. These languages have yet to be adjusted and adapted to the needs of Eastern thought and modes of expression. So long as such studies remain objects of curiosity for a few intellectuals, without access to the peoples of the Western countries, this inconvenience in translation must persist. Yet no one can fail to admire the magnificent work done by the scholars and by the academic institutions of European countries in promoting the study of Eastern literatures; and India and other Eastern countries are eternally indebted to Europe for this great service. The book under review, which keeps up the best standards of accuracy in rendering, has a scholarly Introduction and a few useful indices.

C. KUNHAN RAJA

Seeds in the Wind. By WILLIAM SOUTAR. (Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 5s.)

It is a difficult task to review a book in Scots for non-Scottish readers. The Scots dialect, or Doric, is not easily understood by English speakers, and unfortunately is becoming a foreign tongue even to many Scots also.

If it had been possible to write *Seeds in the Wind* in English this book would have achieved world-wide fame among lovers of poetry. But it never could have been written in anything but Scots for its very soul is Scots and its substance the peculiar quality of Doric which invests with charm and colour the simplest of everyday things.

These poems by William Soutar sing of things which interest children. They deal with the realities—the realities which only children properly perceive. Consequently they have a beauty which is untranslatable. One cannot translate the song of the nightingale into words. One cannot even imitate it in music. It is possible to translate meaning but not feeling and so the poems of William Soutar must be read in Scots. If a person were to learn Doric for no other purpose than to read *Seeds in the Wind* he would discover a treasure of language beyond estimation.

William Soutar was a master of the Doric and in *Seeds in the Wind* he has left a masterpiece. That the language of which he was such a master is dying fast only adds the beauty of pathos and regret to the loveliness of his work.

MILLER WATSON

Look On Undaunted. By P. R. KAIKINI. (New Book Company, Kitab Mahal, Hornby Road, Bombay. Rs. 2/-)

The six simple translations from Konkani folk-songs which follow the author's twenty-three poems in this slim collection afford a study in contrast in theme and technique, indicating the way modernist poetry is going. Shri Kaikini is surely one of the moderns with whom the trouble is always the choice of imagery from a purely personal world of associations. The result is occasional obscurity, through which the inevitability of Shri Kaikini's poetic emotion is able to show itself only in stray passages. But the genuineness of his feeling cannot be doubted; nor can his faith and hope. Prof. Amaranatha Jha contributes an appreciative foreword.

V. M. I.

Premchand. By MADAN GOPAL. (The Bookabode, 119, Circular Road, Lahore. *De luxe* edition, Rs. 3/8)

Not much of the late Premchandji's work has been translated into English. While his premier position in Hindi and Urdu fiction is assured, the wider recognition merited by both the volume of his work and its staunch idealist outlook has yet to be accorded. Premchand, therefore, has remained the critic's rare opportunity. Like a true journalist has Shri Gopal caught it but unfortunately the journalist has had the better of the critic in him. Though readers who cannot contact Premchand's work in the original will be thankful for this brief monograph on his life and work, the impression cannot be avoided that a closer analysis and estimate of his work rather than merely a descriptive account of it would have given weight to this admiring tribute to a great modern Indian *littérateur*.

V. M. I.

CORRESPONDENCE

CORRUPTION OF BUDDHISM

Mr. A. R. Wadia in "Liberalising Religion" (THE ARYAN PATH, March 1944) says that "Buddhism itself got corroded by caste." It is indeed a tragedy that the teaching of Gautama Buddha, which knew no caste and treated every human being as an equal, should have been corrupted by those very bhikkus to whom was entrusted the care of the Dhamma.

In Ceylon the bhikkus are divided into three castes. One of them, known as the "Siamese" caste, consists of people of the "high" castes while the other two sects are composed of people of the so-called "low" castes. Such is the exclusiveness of the teachers of the Middle Way—exponents of a teaching that knew no caste! The teachers are obstinately blind to the noble teaching of their Guru who said

> There is no caste in blood, which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears, which trickle salt with all.

J. C. MOLEGODE

Rikillagaskada,
Ceylon.

OBSCENITY IN LITERATURE

I am pleased to find that quite a large number of people despise obscenity in literature and that my article [*The Indian P.E.N.*, August 1943] which was intended as a reply to an individual has started a useful controversy. I did not take the long or broad view in writing my article; this has created some misunderstanding to which Mr. V. M. Inamdar has given expression in your Correspondence columns in June 1944. I agree with him that I ought to have based my refutation on "the unquestionable need for a sane and moral outlook in literature" but the trouble is that the people to whom my article was addressed do not attach any importance to morals. In fact, they regard God, religion and moral and social laws as opiates with which the poor classes are taught to remain content with their lot.

My reference to "grand old literatures" has been misunderstood. I never wanted them to be regarded as repositories of all possible good qualities or as checks in the form of tradition on the genius of the modern writers. I believe that every great man of letters has to create a taste in the public for his writings and if the literature of any nation is arranged chronologically, one is bound to find in the works of every master elements of revolt against his age as well as against literary traditions. Despite all these divergences, all of them agree to present some aspects of human life having permanent value, permanent appeal.

This view may be dismissed as subjective optimism, but the undeniable fact about them is that they have withstood the varying tastes of generations and ages and have been sifted of all dross by Time, the best of critics. It is this uniqueness which, in the absence of any set of values recognised by such writers, emboldened me to measure this new literature with reference to standards set by grand old literatures and to declare it "wanting."

New Delhi. ASLAM SIDDIQI

ENDS AND SAYINGS

" _____ *ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Verrier Elwin's renewed protest against the proselytising activities of Christian missionaries in the Wholly and Partially Excluded Areas deserves immediate attention. His account of proselytising methods, particularly in the Mandla District, appeared in *The Bombay Chronicle* of 14th June. Not only, he indicates, are conversions effected through the offer of facilities, *e.g.*, schools, but more objectionable methods are reported of exploiting the ignorance and poverty of the tribal people.

Money-lending in impoverished India offers great opportunity, no doubt, to disinterested philanthropy, but it does establish a hold on the borrower. It should, in their own reputation's interest, be eschewed by those who have a stake in getting helpless illiterates under their influence.

Mr. Elwin cites a case in which a too zealous missionary propagandist resorted to a threat of force against one of Mr. Elwin's own workers if he dared to oppose the Christians.

Already the Dutch Catholic missionaries are operating through more than a hundred minor centres, besides their Sijhora Training School with its thirty buildings. The withdrawal of part of the Government grant to this institution has apparently embarrassed them not at all. And Mandla is being invaded by Protestant missionaries as well.

Mr. Elwin charges openly that nearly every day he hears of new converts being "tricked, bullied or purchased into the Church." The fact that the areas are nominally segregated has been helpful in avoiding public scrutiny of proselytising methods "that would have been considered disgraceful in the Middle Ages." The ostensible segregation was designed to preserve the cultural and religious integrity of the aboriginal population, and this is the way their cultural interests are being guarded. Without imputing any deliberate connivance on the part of the Government, its allowing of foreign missionaries an almost free hand must lay it open to misunderstanding.

Mr. Elwin demands that all schools opened in Mandla District since the passing of the Act of 1935 be taken over by the Government and that missionary money-lending and proselytising activities generally be prohibited in all Excluded Areas.

Shri K. S. Venkataramani's *The Indian Village* (*A Ten-Year Plan*), now in its second edition though written twelve years ago, contains proposals which have not lost their relevance. Not because nothing very much has been done in the matter of rural uplift but because of his basic clarity and emphasis upon the fundamentals of the problem of the rehabilitation of our villages. Shri Venkataramani does not believe in the possibility of the success of rural reform imposed from above by some

high-seated authority. In fact he reaches back to the self-sufficient administrative traditions of ancient India. The village, instead of being a poor relation to be tolerated and supported by a supercilious urban civilisation, was the vital unit and the mainstay of the country's life. It is not merely the hope of recapture of the civic, social and economic self-sufficiency of the traditional village, therefore, that can justify the revitalising of our rural areas. The ideal of co-operative endeavour and mutual helpfulness which the Indian village in its ideal state enshrined makes its rehabilitation the prime step in national advancement. In its equality of work for all and the assurance of its benefits for all, not in cash but in kind, to each according to his needs, the village stood as the very foundation of a democracy that never cared how it was described, so long as it could keep its people happy and contented.

Today, when rural reconstruction is so much in the air, the truth needs to be stressed that the way of rehabilitation is not by urbanising the villages but by reviving those features of co-operative life. The villages were not only self-sufficient units. They were centres of self-administration that not only saved huge governmental expenditure but also avoided the practical ineffectiveness of a too centralised control.

Was it not Epictetus who advised that, when evil was said of one, one should laugh at it if it were false; correct oneself if it were true? But some false accusations are not humorous. Such was the serious charge which Mr. P. J. Griffiths, M. L. A. (Central) brought against India before the East India Association at a meeting reported in the April 1944 *Asiatic Review*. His address was on "The Indian Food Scarcity: Its Causes and Its Lessons."

His analysis of causes was superficial. He left out of account altogether the points to which Mr. John S. Hoyland attached such importance in his article "Why Famine in India?" in the May ARYAN PATH—the destruction of the communal village with its accompanying sudden rise of population and the consequent increased fragmentation of holdings and debt slavery. Mr. Hoyland claims that the chief food hoarder was the village money-lender, to whom the indebted peasants had to yield their crops. But Mr. Griffiths blamed, along with speculators, the cultivator's greed for higher profits, for the hoarding which undoubtedly did play a great part in the Bengal famine.

Apprehensiveness of the future in the face of the threat from Japan, Mr. Griffiths said, had caused householders in towns also to lay up such food stocks as they could. This, which he grants might well have seemed to them dictated by common prudence, helped to diminish stocks available for daily sale and to force prices up. It was in that connection that Mr. Griffiths made a statement which must not pass unchallenged. Through all these difficulties, he declared,

> the lack of a highly developed civic conscience has been one of the aggravating factors. You cannot deal either with speculative hoarding or with innocent and understandable holding on to stocks without the assistance of a strong and well-informed public opinion. In India as yet there is no such public opinion. India today is about to embark upon self-government; if she is to prosper and to grow in

stature, her first task will be to build up this sense of civic duty, and to engender in the minds of all her citizens a spirit comparable to that which saved Britain in the dark days of 1940.

It is not fair to compare the civic consciousness of an uneducated people under foreign rule with that of educated freemen. The statement, moreover, is unjust and its implications are misleading. The sense of civic duty has not been wanting in the past, when India was mistress of her own house. What, for example, but a high sense of civic duty engendered in the self-reliant rural democracies of the Punjab could have driven out the Greek invader Alexander in the third century B. C.? Centralised power under alien rule has dried up the very spring of civic consciousness—the basic, self-dependent, virtually autonomous village units that had survived so many centuries of changes at the top.

There is not, and there never has been, sufficient food produced in the world to feed all the people in accordance with the desired standards.

Thus Sir John Russell, long Director of the pioneer Agricultural Experimental Station at Harpenden, addressing the East India Association in London. Happily he did not say that there would never be enough to go around! *The Asiatic Review* for April publishes his address of January 28th on "The Hot Springs Resolutions: Their Relation to Indian Agriculture." Sir John spent some time in India not long ago and is familiar with our problems here.

According to the Fabian Bureau's *Hunger and Health in the Colonies*, the problem of malnutrition is even more urgent in the tropical than in the temperate zones.

While more work on nutrition problems is necessary, according to Sir John, "it is safe to say that the food of a considerable proportion of the population of India is lacking in first-class proteins, in vitamins and in minerals—calcium, iron and phosphorus." He emphasises that increasing grain consumption cannot make good these deficiencies. More vegetables, fruit and milk would be acceptable to every section of the population but their provision in sufficient quantity is a problem. Vastly increased production of vegetables and fruits would be required to provide the 10 oz. of vegetables and 2 oz. of fruits per person per day which Dr. Aykroyd has included in a balanced dietary. Sir John sees no physical reason why India should not produce all the needed vegetables and fruit--

particularly if the beneficent movement for improving the villages should continue, and carry in its train a further planting of fruit trees round the villages.

Increasing milk production presents more serious problems, including cattle grading and the growing of more and better fodder crops. The situation in regard to milk is definitely worsening instead of growing better.

The encouragement of mixed farming and the overcoming of the evil of fragmentation of holdings are both desiderata; problems of transport and distribution have to be solved; but Sir John sees the difficulties, while great, as not insuperable. They are not, if the will to solve them is sufficiently strong and sustained.

Over the broad and hospitable entrance of the great Carnegie Public Library at Washington is carved: "A University for the People." That is exactly what a public library should

be. And that even in the United States, with its high literacy figure, there is need for such post-school opportunity is apparent from the recent draft figures. Approximately 20 per cent. of those called up had not had more than a fourth-grade education, *i. e.*, were only one-third of the way to matriculation.

There are probably few donors and few charitable trusts that have done more for the infiltration of culture into the less educated strata of society than the late Andrew Carnegie and the Carnegie Corporation of New York. The belief of both in books and in making them available to all has played a large part in the building up of the great public-library system of the U. S. A.; and other English-speaking countries have also benefited. That Corporation's 1943 report shows that through gifts of forty-one million dollars its founder and the Corporation that succeeded him had provided 1681 communities in the U. S. A. with public library buildings. When Mr. Carnegie started his gifts for libraries there were only 971 free public library buildings in the United States. Now there are 6,880. The terms of the gifts were calculated to encourage local responsibility. Upon the support of 600 of these libraries their communities have spent 343 million dollars.

What would not such a system mean for India!

In the death of Acharya Prafulla Chandra Ray at Calcutta on June 16th at the age of eighty-three modern India has lost one of her greatest sons. The scientific achievements of the founder and first president of the Indian Chemical Society, the pioneer of this country's chemical industry, are well known. His devotion to his special subject was amply proved.

He died rich in honours. But he was more than a great educationist and research worker, more than a deep student of ancient Sanskrit lore, more than the founder of a great industrial enterprise. He was a foe of untouchability, a friend of the village masses, a true philanthropist, an ardent patriot. His life was an example of self-forgetting service.

His memory can best be honoured by service of the causes for which he spoke so eloquently on more than one occasion: the promotion of cottage industries, the meeting of the people's nutritional needs, the independence of his native land.

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—The Voice of the Silence

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GANDHIJI'S RELIGION

All this—whatever there is in this universe—is pervaded by Deity. Renounce all and enjoy. Do not covet the wealth of another.

—Ishopanishad

I suggest to you that the truth that is embedded in this very short *mantra* is calculated to satisfy the highest cravings of every human being—whether they have reference to this world or to the next. I have in my search of the scriptures of the world found nothing to add to this *mantra*....This *mantra* tells me that I cannot hold as mine anything that belongs to God.

—Gandhiji in *Harijan*, January 30, 1937.

The whole of India and his many many friends all over the world are celebrating the 75th Birthday of Gandhiji tomorrow—the second of October. We want to be among those who are saluting Gandhiji on this auspicious day and we wish him to possess in increasing degree the strength of the Soul on which the healthful life of the body depends and which exerts its own peculiar influence even in the death of the body.

THE ARYAN PATH, unconcerned with power and party politics, has always discussed the moral and mystical ideas and tendencies underlying Gandhiji's attitude to life and labour. Today we are reviewing the religious outlook of this highly religious man, who has profoundly influenced the religious life of the twentieth century.

The activities of Gandhiji are many; the village and the city, men and women, old and young, rich and poor, with their problems of body, mind or Spirit, belonging to this country of India, have all received attention from him. And further afield, India as a part of the world, affecting and affected by it, has not been overlooked. To understand the life and work of Gandhiji in a true way we must try to see the intimacy subsisting between his inner character and his outer conduct; between his personal life and his

public labour. As we ponder over this we find that in spite of some bifurcations and frustrations he has succeeded, in a unique measure, in bringing about a real harmony between these. He may well be described as a practising Advaitee or one who regards his own life and work as but an aspect of the One Life and his purpose as but an arc of the Great Purpose of the Universe—the Circle of Necessity.

This is the starting-point which will enable us best to perceive Gandhiji's outlook as an embodied Spirit. We all are embodied Spirits, but alas! possessing it, the Spirit is not heeded; It so little avails us. A man's true religion shows itself in his own inner attitude to his fellows and to Nature. The *Bhagavad-Gita* says that all men are shaped according to their *çraddhā* (heart-energy), faith; man is faith-formed; what his faith is, that verily is he (XVII. 3). A man's religion is not that of his bodily birth or outward denomination. If it were, the churches would be full of true Christians—but we know that they are not; good thoughts, words and deeds would flourish in the consciousness of every Parsi, but they do not; Hinduism would be free from the curse of untouchability if even a majority of Hindus accepted and lived up to the Teaching of their faith, One Imparite Self shining in every human heart, but alas! untouchability persists!

Most men have two religions: one, the inner, manifesting in daily life, in one's character, ideation and action; the other is the religion of the family into which the body is born. An honest mind, an earnest heart, a really sincere man soon acknowledges to himself that the routine of his life is not in harmony with his highest aspirations, the yearnings of his Soul; these Soul-yearnings and inner aspirations may or may not be wholly in conformity with the teachings of the religion into which his body was born. Thus, a Brahmana by bodily birth may or may not find himself in agreement with the Brahmana-Dharma expounded in Holy Writ or the Shastras. Nor are his hopes and ideals realisable through the ceremonialism of his outward religion—going to a temple, wearing the sacred thread, putting on a caste-mark, performing this and that ritual. The inner religion of such a "Brahmana" may be what is called Free-Thought, whether of the tamasic, the rajasic or the satvic variety. Unmindful of his inner cogitations, his silent hopes and aspirations, he might "live" his religion through the dead-letter performance of the prescribed ceremonies on the appointed dates whenever these cannot possibly be assigned to a hired priest, through the outward observance of all traditional rites, but what of his inner life? What connection has his professed religion with his inner *çraddhā* or faith?

The evolution of the human Soul is to be measured by the degree of integration of the different constituents which compose man. In the

unevolved Soul there is inner discord. The thoughts of his mind, the aspirations of his heart, the words on his lips and the millions of actions which result from these are in conflict. The resolving of this conflict so that the warring elements of his being are made to work in unison and harmony constitutes human progression. To integrate one's own self, to help others to do likewise, such is man's mission on earth.

In Gandhiji the inner and outer religions have become harmonised, not to perfection, as he himself has indicated, but in comparison with ordinary persons to a considerable extent. That is why to the people his life looks marvellous and his actions seem as if endowed with some magical quality. How he has achieved this is not difficult to comprehend ; in fact, it is simple. What is difficult, nay, Herculean, is the application of what is perceived. Intellectual honesty, mental sincerity, is the requisite. That we all know. He has made applications of that principle of integration in his own living and in his own dealings with people, as all of us would like to do, while failing more often than not. It is not that we lack the perception to resolve righteously, or the will to achieve, but that possessing these we allow our desires to take us away from the task of application. "Behind Will stands Desire" says the ancient teaching. We must make all our personal desires lean towards and centre upon the Soul's desire. If that be strong enough our many desires will not take us away from the central task of life, *viz.*, integration of our own self and the helping of others to such integration. The stage any person has reached in his evolutionary progress can be known by examining dispassionately the quality and the measure of the integration achieved between his head and his heart, his lips and his hands.

Thus, Gandhiji's Hinduism is not a mere belief in the performance of so-called religious deeds in the outer life, but an inner faith rooted in his own understanding of what he has learnt of the religion of his own family and country. He was born of Vaishnava parents, but he says :—

> The Gandhis used to observe not only the Vaishnava but also the Shaivite vows, and visited the Vaishnava as also the Shaivite temples.
>
> —*My Experiments with Truth.* Vol. II, p. 183.

His Hinduism is not acceptable to the orthodox Hindus. Orthodox Hinduism of today, says Gandhiji, "has become moribund, inactive, irresponsive to growth." And why ? "Because we are fatigued" (*Young India*, April 10, 1924). Orthodox Hinduism has become static due to this fatigue. To vitalise it back into life and make it dynamic a Hindu has to become heterodox along a constructive line and that is precisely what Gandhiji has done. He calls himself

a lay humble student of Hinduism, and claiming to be one desirous of practising Hinduism in the spirit and to the letter...

and yet adds :—

Let us not deceive ourselves into the belief that everything that is written in Sanskrit and printed in Shastra has any binding effect upon us. That which is opposed to the fundamental maxims of morality, that which is opposed to trained reason, cannot be claimed as Shastra, no matter how ancient it may be.

—*Young India*, October 20, 1927.

So Gandhiji's religion is not dependent on any Shastra. His religion is a way of life and he but uses the Shastraic and other ideas to live his life whenever these ideas are not opposed to "the fundamental maxims of morality" and to "trained reason." Under what influence did Gandhiji evolve such views?

Gandhiji was directly influenced by the great spiritual forces which were streaming forth in the last quarter of the 19th century. The false concept of religion as a mere set of dogmas believed in by a certain number of people, large or small, was attacked and was being demolished. The very definition of religion underwent a revision, consequent upon the conception, also put forward and largely accepted, of Humanity as one and indivisible, superior to and more important than any nation or race. The human mind was being fecundated by the grand principle of Universal Brotherhood. It was pointed out that

The world needs no sectarian church, whether of Buddha, Jesus, Mahomet, Swedenborg, Calvin, or any other. There being but ONE Truth, man requires but one church—the Temple of God within us, walled in by matter but penetrable by any one who can find the way; *the pure in heart see God.*

—*Isis Unveiled* (1877) by H. P. Blavatsky, Vol. II, p. 635.

And Religion was defined thus :—

A Religion in the true and only correct sense, is a bond uniting men together—not a particular set of dogmas and beliefs. Now Religion, *per se*, in its widest meaning is that which binds not only *all* MEN, but also *all* BEINGS and all *things* in the entire Universe into one grand whole. This is our Theosophical definition of religion.

—*Is Theosophy a Religion?* (1888) by H. P. Blavatsky.

This was not a new discovery, but the uncovering and the reiteration of the old forgotten truth, *e. g.*, of the *Mahābhārata* (*Karna-parva*):

That which supports, that which holds together the peoples, that is Dharma.

The ancient verities were coming into prominence again; the era of materialism was closing; the age of Spirit ascendancy was opening and among the comparatively few Gandhiji was directly touched by that current of spirituality. Under its liberalising influence he became a channel for affecting the mind of the race along his own lines. To him "Hinduism is a relentless pursuit after Truth" (*Young India*, April 10, 1924).

To Gandhiji life became "an aspiration. Its mission is to strive after perfection. which is self-realization" (*Harijan*, June 22, 1935). And so a very natural unfoldment of his native Vaishnavism and

Hinduism has been taking place. Under his fostering care has arisen not a new religion, but an expansion from within without of Vaishnavism and Hinduism, for he was not impervious to world-forces while holding fast to the old moorings. Born a Vaishnava, Gandhiji would bring within his spiritual fold a cow-killing and a beef-eating Westerner. Born a Hindu, he would not look upon any one as Mlechcha. He writes :—

> There is no one so fallen in this world but can be converted by love.
>
> —*Young India*, August 8, 1929.

> Indeed, Hinduism teaches us to regard the whole of humanity as one indivisible and undivided family and holds each one of us responsible for the misdeeds of all.
>
> —*Young India*, May 13, 1926.

So Gandhiji cannot be called a Hindu or a Vaishnavite in the ordinary sense. He may be compared to a tree whose roots are in the soil of Hinduism and Vaishnavism but whose foliage and fruitage are distinct and different. From the old soil the tree has grown, absorbing modern atmosphere, and under its shade millions are finding refuge from the oppressive heat of the twentieth-century civilisation.

Curious it is that this forward-moving heterodoxy which is such a marked feature in Gandhiji's life is not generally noticed. He is even regarded as going back to old Naturalism. This misunderstanding has one grave consequence—people do not follow Gandhiji's Religion while trying to follow that which flows from it, thus meeting with frustration and failure. The soul of Gandhiji's policy and programme is in his Religion; instruments and institutions (*e.g.*, the Charkha or the Harijan Sevak Sangh) are but vehicles through which some manifestation of the inner current takes place; and these vehicles become soulless, and their functions produce poor results, if used when the religious ideation and imagination hidden in them have not been touched, not been felt, let alone been absorbed. Thus, to many, plying the Charkha is boring or vegetarianism a mere fad because they have not perceived the soul in and of them.

How did this Religion of Living come into being in and through Gandhiji? He says that he became entirely absorbed in service of the community in South Africa because he felt that "God could be realised only through service" (*My Experiments with Truth*, Vol. I, p. 371). In clarifying his own mind so that he could deduce definite propositions for his Religion of Service he undertook a comparative study of religions. That study has not been abandoned, is still being pursued. Writing in 1937 on the subject of different religions he says :—

> But ultimately I came to the deliberate conviction that there was no such thing as only one true religion and every other false. There is no religion that is absolutely perfect. All are equally imperfect or more or less perfect.
>
> —*Harijan*, March 6, 1937.

Gandhiji sees Religion as a Tree and the many religions as branches on that one Tree. His own inner religion rejects without hesitation that which is not good in Hinduism and accepts that which is good in every creed. But who is to decide? Who is infallible enough to accept or reject this teaching or that idea pertaining to one religion or to another philosophy? Humility and confidence illumine these words of his :—

I claim to have no infallible guidance or inspiration. So far as my experience goes, the claim to infallibility on the part of a human being would be untenable, seeing that inspiration too can come only to one who is free from the action of pairs of opposites, and it will be difficult to judge on a given occasion whether the claim to freedom from pairs of opposites is justified. The claim to infallibility would thus always be a most dangerous claim to make. This, however, does not leave us without any guidance whatsoever. The sum-total of the experience of the sages of the world is available to us and would be for all time to come. Moreover there are not many fundamental truths, but there is only one fundamental Truth, which is Truth itself, otherwise known as Non-violence. Finite human beings shall never know in its fulness Truth and Love, which is in itself infinite. But we do know enough for our guidance. We shall err, and sometimes grievously, in our application. But man is a self-governing being and self-government necessarily includes the power as much to commit errors as to set them right as often as they are made.

—*Young India*, April 21, 1927.

In and through the service of humankind the True must be sought, and, when found, applied. And so we come upon another basic factor in Gandhiji's religion—Truth. This seeking he considers as true Bhakti.

Hence, in examining his religion, *i. e.*, his method of integrating the different elements of his being, we must look at Gandhiji's conception of God as Truth. Numerous are the Symbols and the Names given to Deity; and among these, certainly God as the True and Truth as God have been repeatedly used. But Gandhiji defines this term in his own distinctive way, calling Love and Non-violence its synonyms. Let him speak on this very important item of his religion :—

Generally speaking, observing the Law of Truth is merely understood to mean that we must speak the Truth. But we...understand the word Satya or Truth in a much wider sense.

—*From Yeravda Mandir*, pp. 2-3.

To find Truth completely is to realise oneself and one's destiny, *i. e.*, to become perfect. I am painfully conscious of my imperfections and therein lies all the strength I possess, because it is a rare thing for a man to know his own limitations.

—*Young India*, November 17, 1921.

The word "Satya" (Truth) is derived from "Sat" which means being.* And nothing is or exists in reality

* Philosophically "Being" is one of a pair; the other is "Non-Being." Deity must be above this pair and so it would be more appropriate and correct to say that Deity is "Be-ness."

except Truth. That is why "Sat" or Truth is perhaps the most important name of God. In fact, it is more correct to say that Truth is God, than to say that God is Truth. But as we cannot do without a ruler or a general, names of God such as King of Kings or the Almighty are and will remain more usually current. On deeper thinking, however, it will be realised that "Sat" is the only correct and fully significant name for God.

And where there is Truth, there also is knowledge, pure knowledge. Where there is no Truth, there can be no true knowledge. That is why the word "Chit" or knowledge is associated with the name of God. And where there is true knowledge, there is always bliss (Ananda). Sorrow has no place there. And even as Truth is eternal, so is the bliss derived from it. Hence we know God as "Sat-chit-ananda," One who combines in Himself Truth, Knowledge and Bliss.

—*From Yeravda Mandir*, pp. 1-2.

Now, it is this recognition and application of Truth which are considered by Gandhiji as the very first steps:—

Devotion to this Truth is the sole reason for our existence. All our activities should be centred in Truth. Truth should be the very breath of our life. When once this stage in the pilgrim's progress is reached, all other rules of correct living will come without effort, and obedience to them will be instinctive. But without it, it would be impossible to observe any principles or rules in life.

—*From Yeravda Mandir.*

Next to Service and Truth we come upon the factor of Non-violence; Ahimsa, Non-injury to others spells passivity and without its positive pole of Love does not become dynamic. Ahimsa must be regarded as one aspect of Deity, Satya, Truth, and Seva, Service, being the other two aspects. Just as the Hindu Trinity of Sat-Chit-Ananda or Brahma-Vishnu-Shiva is one and indivisible, so also Service, Truth and Love (Non-violence) form a triad; Gandhiji's God is the Trinity of Service which creates, Love which sustains and Truth which regenerates and these three in unison make up Satya-graha which is like Parabrahman, the Absolute.

To worship this Trinity, *i. e.*, to become worthy of relationship with Seva-Service, Truth-Satya and Love-Ahimsa, one has to have and to follow a Discipline of Life. If God within the Cave of the Heart is the Triad, its self-realisation and outer expression require practice, true Yoga, if we may use the term. Yoga is the Yoke of Asceticism which leads to Self-realisation or union with the Soul and it also enables us to show forth the Power (Shakti) of God in our daily life.

This Discipline of Yoga of the Gandhian ascetic is a fourfold one. The Triad of Service, Truth and Love requires a Quaternary for manifestation. This Quaternary Gandhiji has put forth as the Square of Swaraj. In *Harijan* of January 2, 1937, he speaks of "Ramraj, *i. e.*, the sovereignty of the people based on pure moral authority"—and that can be realised by the nation only if a fourfold Self-reliance is practised.

Swa-raj, Self-rule, means the Triad of the Soul, the God within, the Inner Ruler, has become the Master of life and of all possessions of life. Life in Matter means a life of possessions and these are (1) Political, (2) Economic, (3) Social and (4) Spiritual. Writes Gandhiji :—

Let there be no mistake about my conception of Swaraj. It is complete independence of alien control and complete economic independence. So at one end you have political independence, at the other the economic. It has two other ends. One of them is moral and social, the corresponding end is Dharma, *i. e.*, religion in the highest sense of the term. It includes Hinduism, Islam, Christianity etc., but is superior to them all. You may recognize it by the name of Truth, not the honesty of expedience but the living Truth that pervades everything and will survive all destruction and all transformation. Moral and social uplift may be recognized by the term we are used to, *i. e.*, non-violence. Let us call this the square of Swaraj which will be out of shape if any of its angles s untrue. In the language of the Congress we cannot achieve this political and economic freedom without truth and non-violence, in concrete terms, without a living faith in God and hence moral and social elevation.

By political independence I do not mean an imitation of the British House of Commons, or the Soviet rule of Russia or the Fascist rule of Italy or the Nazi rule of Germany. They have systems suited to their genius. We must have ours suited to ours. What that can be is more than I can tell. I have described it as Ramraj, *i. e.*, sovereignty of the people based on pure moral authority. The Congress constitutions of Nagpur and Bombay for which I am mainly responsible are an attempt to achieve this type of Swaraj.

Then take economic independence. It is not a product of industrialization of the modern or the Western type. Indian economic independence means to me the economic uplift of every individual male and female by his or her own conscious effort. Under that system all men and women will have enough clothing—not mere loin cloth, but what we understand by the term necessary articles of clothing—and enough food including milk and butter which are today denied to millions.

This brings me to socialism. Real socialism has been handed down to us by our ancestors who taught, "All land belongs to Gopal, where then is the boundary line? Man is the maker of that line and he can therefore unmake it." Gopal literally means shepherd; it also means God. In modern language it means the State, *i. e.*, the people. That the land today does not belong to the people is too true. But the fault is not in the teaching. It is in us who have not lived up to it.

I have no doubt that we can make as good an approach to it as is possible for any nation, not excluding Russia, and that without violence. The most effective substitute for violent dispossession is the wheel with all its implications. Land and all property is his who will work it. Unfortunately the workers are or have been kept ignorant of this simple fact.

—*Harijan*, January 2, 1937.

One more factor in Gandhiji's Religion must be borne in mind—service of Humanity as a whole.

My religion has no geographical

limits. If I have a living faith in it, it will transcend my love for India herself.

—*Young India*, August 11, 1920.

I do not believe that an individual may gain spiritually and those who surround him suffer. I believe in *advaita*, I believe in the essential unity of man and, for that matter, of all that lives. Therefore I believe that if one man gains spiritually, the whole world gains with him, and if one man falls, the whole world falls to that extent.

—*Young India*, December 4, 1924.

If by service of and in the village Gandhiji is trying to free India, so by service of the Motherland is he endeavouring to liberate our civilisation fettered by militarism, industrialism and materialism. The Soul of the world needs a vehicle of expression and it can only be created by men and women who carry the Tathagata Light within their hearts. May that Light illuminate and guide the steps of an ever increasing number throughout the world !

"ACCORDING TO HIS WORK"

WHAT IS IMPLICIT IN THE SPINNING-WHEEL?

Shrimati Lila Ray describes her excellent study on the mystical aspect of work and the circle of routine, which creates satisfaction in the psyche of man and makes bodily fatigue healthy as "an attempt to explain what Gandhiji's spinning-wheel symbolizes for me. I think the spinning-wheel is still the least understood part of his programme." We consider this an appropriate occasion to print her essay along with our Editorial.—Ed.

What is a human being worth? To those who love him he is worth more than his weight in gold; to his employer he is worth the work that can be got out of him; to society he is worth the service he gives it; to humanity he is worth what he adds to the wealth of the race. Is worth then relative? It would seem so, yet each of us is convinced of his own inherent worth as a living creature and a human being. When that conviction is lost life becomes intolerable. Each man's worth to himself is absolute, and his potential worth is greater than his actual one. A good motto for any new experiment in the perfecting of the human condition is "Value others as yourself." For upon the manner in which the question of a man's worth is answered depends the manner in which the whole of human life is organised.

How to determine this inherent worth a man feels himself to possess? We can get an idea of it from the way in which it is indirectly acknowledged. Surely each of us is worth his keep? Otherwise would not the

insane, the invalid, the very old, and all who for one reason or another are useless alike to society, employers, humanity and even family be killed off instead of provided for? Why does the human heart revolt at the idea of putting them away altogether? A person *is* worth at least his keep irrespective of whether he can work, is a burden or a bearer of burdens, serves or is served. Says Shakespeare :—

For naught so vile that on earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give.

This is the Magna Carta of living things. They are entitled to live for the special good that is theirs to bestow on the earth, no matter how obscure that good may be. Being entitled to live they are entitled to their livelihood. This accords ill with the Darwinian doctrine of the survival of the fittest. No one will deny that all animals and, in their own way, plants, struggle for their existence, that is, fight for their lives. What is overlooked is that they do not struggle for their livelihood. The things they feed upon are provided by their habitat and their need of raiment too is anticipated by nature. Is this not what Christ meant when he said, "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.... And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: Yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." And when he told us not to take thought for food and clothing for "the heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things" was he not in so many words proclaiming that these belong to man by the intrinsic and inalienable right of a living being? Yet, man does not find all he needs ready to his use as do other living things. He cannot put his lips to the earth and suck up his sustenance as can the lily nor can he feed as fowls of the air. He shares with them the need, use and enjoyment of light, water, air, virgin soil, and natural beauty. But for clothing and most of his food he has to busy himself more than the bee, labour more unremittingly than the ant. It is as though nature, in bestowing upon man a fraction of her own superb creative power, withdrew from him at the same time several natural advantages in justice to other creatures, choosing to deny him those things the absence of which would best help him develop his new power.

No man alone can do all that is necessary to secure himself clothing and food. Even in the most favourable circumstances he is not long in discovering that two heads are better than one. Working together men have been mutually dependent upon each other for their livelihood from the start. Not all the gadgets of their machine-proud civilisation have been able to free them from this dependence. The opposite has

been the case. The dependence of man upon men has grown. This common dependence gives rise to moral relationships. Morality takes us back to religion. Therefore did Christ add: "...Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things will be added unto you." This is, take thought not for food and clothing but for the justness and uprightness of your dealings with men, for upon them do you depend for the wherewithal to live. This dependence is inseparable from man's humanity. The various forms the relationships arising out of it take are called societies. The *raison d'être* of a society is to secure their livelihood to its members. When for any reason it fails of this purpose the society disintegrates and another replaces it.

What do we mean by livelihood? Surely at least sufficient food to keep the body in health, sufficient clothing to protect it as well as his fur protects the tiger, and lodging as adequate to the rearing of the human young as his den for the rearing of the lion's cubs? Yet how many people in the world have these today? How many in India?

It will not then be overestimating the worth of a man to assume that he is worth his keep. Let us take it as his irreducible primal right, his basic value. He adds to it to the degree he loves and is loved, works, serves and contributes to the human store. His ability to do these things gives him an additional right, the right to what will enable him to develop this ability to the full, for only so can he become of the greatest possible worth to himself and others. His worth, over and above his basic worth, is relative, being in direct proportion to the development of his abilities. Obviously it is in the interest not only of the man himself but of those who employ him, of society, and of humanity to provide what his development requires. This was what Marcus Aurelius meant when he wrote: "...Thou wilt observe this also as a general truth, if thou dost observe, that whatever is profitable to any man is profitable also to other men."

A great deal is said about what is called the cheapness of human life and labour in Asia generally and India in particular. Human life is not, and can never be, cheap. That any man or woman may be compelled by circumstances to work for a fraction of his or her livelihood does not mean that he or she is worth so little. It means only that they are not given their due. Human life can be undervalued, human labour underpaid. It is well to remember the expression "cheapness of human life and labour" came into use only after the exploitation of Asia had begun. Too many of Europe's proud cities are paved with wealth stolen from the human race. To walk their streets is to walk over the bones of millions of human beings, Occidental and Oriental, whose worth has been denied them and the wealth wrought by their

labour stolen. If what profits one profits all, has not the profit of the exploiter benefited humanity? Some one will immediately put this question. The answer is no. Theft profits no one, neither the person stolen from nor the person who steals. The one dies directly or indirectly of starvation or diseases bred of starvation, the other dies morally and diseases such as war, bred of an atrophying morality, sooner or later complete the work. What profits no one, profits none.

The ability to add to his own worth is the most important thing about a human being from any stand-point. How does he do it? He acquires skill, sureness, strength and speed; he acquires knowledge, understanding, wisdom; he becomes a man in the fullest sense of that word. How does he acquire these? By loving, by working with hand and head, by serving.

A person takes a broom and sweeps a dirty floor. What was foul becomes fair. He takes cotton and spins thread. The cotton becomes something it was not. He takes a lump of earth and fashions it into a graceful water vessel. The earth has taken on a new use and beauty. The same phenomenon takes place when he smelts ore into metal, chisels stone into a statue, builds a dwelling, hollows a tree and floats it, fits words together to make an idea, polishes shoes or cooks a dinner. The state of the thing upon which he works is changed; it acquires new uses, beauties, values.

"In the process of production," writes Marx, "man can only work as nature works—by changing the forms of matter. Nay more, in this work of changing the forms of matter he is continually aided by the forces of nature." As a result of this change the value of the thing worked upon is enhanced. Work produces worth. This worth is greater or less according as man's skill, sureness, strength and speed are greater or less. These grow through the work itself. But less skill and strength are needed to sweep a room clean or polish shoes well than to smelt ore, build houses or express ideas. Yet all work will be seen to have one thing in common, its creativeness. And that creativeness is twofold. Marx goes on to say, "By thus acting on the external world and changing it, he (man) at the same time changes his own nature. He develops the potentialities that slumber within him and subjects these inner forces to his own control." Man's ability to work is a creative ability twofold in its effect, enhancing at one and the same time the worth of the worker and the worth of his work. As with a man's work so with his love. The better able he is to love the more apt he is to be loved. The creative power of love, though perhaps less tangible, is certainly not less than the creative power of labour. And if a man loves and works to the fullest of his powers society and humanity will be simultaneously served.

To arrive at a correct conception of the character of man's work its double action must be studied more closely. The great stress laid on physical hygiene in recent years has succeeded in making the physical needs of the worker at least known. His psychical needs are very far from being realised or acknowledged. Fatigue in the worker has sufficiently hampered production and caused the industrialist enough loss to stimulate him to an effort to reduce and if possible eliminate its evil effects in the interest of efficiency. Of the inquiry into the nature of fatigue a new science, Industrial Psychology, has been born. Fatigue is important for, as we will see, it is one of the more obvious symptoms of maladjustment between the worker and his work. The research into its causes promises to give us eventually the psychic hygiene contemplated by Dr. Maria Montessori. But the angle of approach must be the human being's, not the industrialist's.

Man develops through the dual exercise of his psychical and physical powers. They are as inseparable as heat from the body. To try to dissociate them as is done in modern industrialism is to kill the man. Marx, in speaking of the high mortality of labour, quotes from a speech made by Ferrand in the House of Commons, April 27, 1863. Ferrand said: "The cotton trade has existed for three generations of the English race and I believe I may safely say that during that period it has destroyed nine generations of factory operatives."

When we speak of man's livelihood therefore we mean more than the bare physical necessities, important though these are. And one of the things a man must have to live is work, and he must work as nature works, his work being as natural a function of his spirit as digestion of his body. What, then, is this work? It is a process, a dynamic procedure which results in a material product on the one hand and an immaterial "product" on the other. Let us consider the spinning of cotton into thread by hand, analysing it at first materially, then psychically. Let us assume for convenience that the cotton is already ginned. It must now be carded, rolled into slivers, spun, reeled off the spindle on to a winder and made into hanks. We have five phases of a material process the product of which is thread. What is its psychic counterpart? There is a preliminary phase of preparation for the main task. Easy subsidiary operations are performed, materials got ready, cotton is carded and rolled, the wheel set in order. Then the phase of serious work begins, the effort of the worker culminating in the actual spinning which in itself is more complex than the other phases, consisting of three operations, the drawing, twisting and taking up of the thread on the spindle. This phase is intense and prolonged. The pitch of attention is high and sustained though the intensity of the worker's concentration rises and falls with a variation as

steady and regular as that of a musical sound wave. It is at its peak when the thread is being drawn, at ebb when the thread is being taken up on the spindle or reeled off and made into hanks. When the worker's maximum effort has spent itself a period of rest sets in. There is a slackening off, the remaining tasks are completed, implements cleaned and thread put away. This is all done with a thoughtful, contemplative air. The worker is serene, quiet, happy, examining the results of his own and others' labour. It is at this time, Dr. Montessori tells us, that man has most need of time "to stand and stare," that his powers of contemplation are keenest, and the mind takes off on those mysterious flights which widen and deepen his understanding, give his vision of life perspective, and lift him to a higher rung of being. An internal cycle of work has been completed and it has its counterpart in the completion of an external process. It is only from such a cycle of activity, an internal process regularly and completely carried out, by means of a corresponding external one, and the methodical concentration work with an intelligent object entails that the worker acquires steadiness, skill, precision, patience, elasticity, and the power to do something more difficult the next time. Only after such work does the worker feel refreshed, happy, satisfied and strong with the sense of something good gained. Whether the process take years or a day is immaterial, depending on the kind of work undertaken.

What happens when such a process is broken up or interfered with, as is usual in large-scale industry? A worker is kept engaged the whole of his working time with only one phase of a work, a partial function, such as rolling slivers. He is not allowed to go on to the next phase or complete the process. That is done by others whose labour also in its turn is confined to a single phase or sub-phase of the work in progress. This sort of division of labour came into existence about the middle of the sixteenth century in Europe with the rise of manufacture and is still the dominant form of the capitalist process of production. Let Marx answer our question: "Whereas simple cooperation leaves the individual's methods of work substantially unaltered, manufacture revolutionizes these methods and cuts at the root of individual labour power. It transforms the worker into a cripple, a monster, by forcing him to develop some highly specialised dexterity at the cost of a world of productive impulses and faculties—much as in Argentine they slaughter a whole beast simply in order to get its hide and tallow. Not merely are the various partial operations allotted to different individuals, but the individual himself is split up, is transformed into an automatic motor of some partial operation. Thus is realised the foolish fable of Menenius Agrippa which depicted the human being as nothing more than a fragment of his own body."

He goes on to say: "The independent peasant or handicraftsman develops knowledge, insight, will, even though it be only to a moderate extent....Under the manufacturing system these faculties are needed only by the workshop as a whole. Intelligence in production is amplified in one direction because it disappears in numerous directions." This crippling of the worker is completed in large-scale industry which detaches science from labour as manufacture detached the intellectual from the manual powers, making both science and intellect into oppressive tools of exploiting capital.

The worker's connection with the larger mechanism of the factory compels him to work with the regularity of a machine, to be, as it were, a living tool of a machine. The pace and intensity of his work is set for him by the mechanism he serves. It is steady and unrelenting from the moment he starts to the moment he stops and in its starting and stopping he has no say. No easy and natural ebb and flow in his effort is possible and the slightest relaxation on his part too frequently carries the threat of horrible mutilation or horrible death. For hours on end he is compelled to a strained and fixed attention. There are no "phases," all is one blur of tense effort. So he loses absolutely all freedom of function even on a detailed operation.

And he loses his freedom of movement also. Writes Marx: "The handicraftsman who carries out one after another the various detail processes that are needed in the making of a finished product, must from time to time change his place and change his tools. The transition from one operation to another interrupts the flow of his work, making, as it were, gaps in his working day. The gaps close up when the worker performs one and the same operation continuously throughout the working day; or they are reduced in proportion as the changes become less frequent...persistent labour of a uniform kind impairs the intensity and vigour of a man's animal spirits, which find refreshment and stimulus through change of activities."

The value of his labouring power inevitably declines. And the value of man declines with it. It is true much improvement has been made in Russia and elsewhere, but the fundamental problem, as I hope to show, remains untouched and but dimly realised. Otherwise H. G. Wells would not find himself compelled to admit in 1944 that: "Man in his Dawn, though maybe an ignorant being, was certainly not so collectively maladjusted as the man of our time. The *average* contemporary man *en masse* is definitely a degenerate creature, in the sense that he presents no collective resistance in the face of change." Nor would the recrudescence of cruelty puzzle him. His "man" is of course Atlantic man. Asia's very backwardness has been her salvation.

So the worker, deprived of all opportunity for progressive development, freedom of function and move-

ment, loses also his adaptability, his power to offer resistance to change, his power to do anything but the partial operation he has been assigned to. Because he loses these things individually, he loses them collectively. When he is thrown out of employment he finds himself helpless, without the resources that would enable him to find alternative work or a new way of life. He sinks to the level of unskilled labour and slowly becomes extinct. "Unhappily for the progress of the science of Political Economy," writes Ruskin in *Unto This Last*, "the plus quantities, or—if I may be allowed to coin an awkward plural—the pluses, make a very positive and venerable appearance in the world, so that every one is eager to learn the science which produces results so magnificent; whereas the minuses have, on the other hand, a tendency to retire into back streets and other places of shade, —or even to get themselves wholly and finally put out of sight in graves: which renders the algebra of this science peculiar, and difficultly legible; a large number of its negative signs being written by the account-keeper in a kind of red ink, which starvation thins, and makes strangely pale, or even quite invisible ink, for the present."

To interrupt or vivisect the normal growth of mind through a corresponding physical process by subdividing a work process is to interfere with its vital functions. It reacts as painfully as any other living organism. Its orderly development thwarted, it loses the stability that comes with uninterrupted growth. The moral being decomposes. Hearts die, as Shelley found to his distress that they could. Man becomes irritable and restless, discontented, a sense of frustration growing into bitterness and cynicism. He becomes vindictive and is easily led into disorderliness and violence. Something is gone from within him and he dimly perceives that something to be his manhood, his humanity. Work becomes joyless and exhausting toil. His physical resistance is lowered; moral deterioration and disease make rapid strides. Industrial pathology puts in an appearance, followed by "uplift" movements.

LILA RAY

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly,
and lost among the host—as does the evening
star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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A MOMENT WITH LIN YUTANG

[The young Indian journalist and writer **Khwaja Ahmad Abbas** here describes an interesting contact. The conflict in the soul of modern China is mirrored in the conflict in the mind of one of her most gifted living sons. That conflict must end in defeat for all the noble and the beautiful in China's heritage, if opportunism is learned by China in the modern school of self-interest. But we have too great faith in China to believe that outcome probable—and too great faith in Dr. Lin Yutang!—ED.]

To meet one's favourite author in flesh and blood is an experience at once fascinating and dangerous. The fascination lies in being able to compare the mental picture one has formed of him from his books with the reality; the danger is that of disillusionment. Would he measure up to the dimensions of the super-individual one has conjured up in one's imagination, pieced together from all the most impressive characteristics that one believes to have glimpsed in his writings? Or would the giant turn out to be a pigmy, the cavalier of words be revealed as a prosaic bank clerk?

Before I met Somerset Maugham I used to think of him as a flamboyant, colourful individual, like one of the characters in his tales of the exotic tropical islands. He turned out to be a shy and modest little man with a slight stammer. Ernest Hemingway, author of such sensitive writings as *Farewell to Arms* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, looked like a stout, beefy, army colonel with a fierce moustache, instead of the dreamy intellectual whom one had imagined. And Upton Sinclair, seated on a wicker chair in his back-garden, had nothing of the outward appearance of the socialist agitator that he is in life as well as in his books.

It was, therefore, with considerable misgivings that I met Lin Yutang. Would he too belie my mental picture of him based upon the impression created by his books? But he did not. He is as wise as

the compiler of *The Wisdom of China and India* can be expected to be; he has the serenity, sense of humour and love of life of *The Importance of Living;* his conversation is flavoured *With Love* [of human beings] *and* [gentle] *Irony*. In him is the agelessness of *Moment in Peking* as well as the tempestuous fighting spirit of *A Leaf in the Storm*. As one talks to him one feels his transition from the gay and gentle philosopher who wrote *The Importance of Living* to the embittered and disillusioned idealist who wrote *Between Tears and Laughter*. The experience of his people during the last seven years has changed both the content and the tone of Lin Yutang's writings, and I think it has changed him personally, too.

The intellectual heir to Confucius and Lao Tse today talks in terms of guerilla tactics and "three-pronged attack on Burma" as the only means of opening China's life-line, for he knows that only thus, by determined armed resistance, can his people save the cultural and humanistic heritage of China from being ravaged by the "East Ocean devils." But the genius of Lin Yutang has so well integrated the old and the new that even while acquiring a fighting spirit the virtues of graciousness and humanity are not lost. The old pacific culture of China has been proved an anachronism in this era of violence and wars and will not survive the present global upheaval. China must become strong to win the respect of the great powers of the world. As Lin Yutang, out of the bitterness of his soul, has recorded in his *Between Tears and Laughter* :—

> She (China) will not be accorded true equality until she is like Japan, twenty years from now, when she can build her own tanks and guns and battleships. When that time comes, then will be no need to argue about equality, such being the standards of the modern age....While acting as a friendly nation, China must learn the important lesson of acting for national self-interest as Western nations have done and are doing. Such a friendly status should not prevent China from seeking her own profits and national strength as the only road to equality with the western powers, nor, if similar circumstances arose, should it prevent her from sending scrap iron and oil to the fighting enemies of her "friends," or closing her "friends'" strategic lines, in order to appease another powerful neutral. I am convinced that this will be the shape of things, and will be the road China must travel before she will be treated as an equal, all talk of culture and friendship notwithstanding.

When I read it and, a few days later while travelling with him from Calcutta to Allahabad, heard Dr. Lin Yutang talking in this strain, I knew the bitter process of disillusionment that had driven the great humanist to this conclusion. And yet it was difficult to believe that here was the same mellow, gentle philosopher of *The Importance of Living*, who once suggested an international conference of humorists

as the only way of saving the world and whose ideal of happiness could be summed up in the poem of Ch'en Chiju :—

Life is complete
With children at your feet ;
Just a handful of hay hides your cot.
... ...
Teach thy sons to read, too, in spare hours,
Not for fame nor for Mandarin collars,
Brew your wine, plant bamboos, water flowers,
Thus a house for generations of scholars.

It was a measure of the moral, no less than material, ruination brought about in the world by the apostles of hate and lust and violence that, for the very necessity of the preservation of moral and ethical values, men like Lin Yutang should be talking of " self-interest " and thinking of building battleships. As the train thundered across the vast Gangetic plain and Lin Yutang explained to me in the precise language of an army general how Burma must be attacked from land, sea and air to open the Burma Road, a mood of melancholy took possession of me. Was Lin Yutang, the gay philosopher, the optimistic humanist, the apostle of a peaceful way of life, lost to the world for ever? If he was, then it was a tragedy more ruinous to the interests of humanity than the sinking of ten battleships.

But when the train stopped at the next station and we came out for a stroll on the platform, Dr. Lin quite unself-conscious in his long Chinese gown and feather-weight slippers, something happened that restored my faith in his fundamental, unbreakable, incorruptible humanity. He saw in another compartment a little Chinese girl, a war orphan who had been adopted by an English missionary couple who had travelled on the same plane with him from China, and his mood of a moment ago was gone. He talked and joked and laughed with the little one with such evident delight, completely oblivious to the crowd he was collecting, and his face shone with such unmixed joy that I knew this man would never really give way to despair or cynical " worldliness, " whatever the measure of his disillusionment. " Suffer the little children to come unto me. " The words of Jesus rang in my ears, as I saw Lin Yutang playing with the child, bringing laughter into her orphaned life, and in my imagination I saw another humanist playing with children at his Ashram in Sevagram. It *was* true, as the sixteenth century Chinese poet had said :

Life is complete
With children at your feet.

I have no doubt that after this war China will be able to integrate the modern scientific outlook with the beauty and grace of her ancient culture, even as Lin Yutang has integrated them in his own personality. Like Nehru of India, he too is a joint product of the East and the West, a citizen of the world, his feet planted firmly in the soil of China, drawing wisdom and spiritual nourishment from the Good Earth, but his eyes fixed on the Western horizon. Like Nehru, again, it is not

the outward glitter of material prosperity that draws him to the West but, rather, that spirit of curiosity and the scientific outlook that are the real contributions of the West to the structure of world thought.

Men are what they are because of what they have experienced and Lin Yutang's life is the key to his character and his attitude to life. He is shy of talking about himself and would rather discuss politics, ethics or literature. But once I had persuaded him, he told me the story of his life with great objectivity. As I listened to him I could imagine, as it were, the various stages in the building of the magnificent structure of his mind and thought. He was born forty-nine years ago in Amoy on the south-east coast of China, the son of a humble Christian pastor. The family was poor but the father was a great scholar both of the Christian scriptures and of the Chinese classics and there was a literary atmosphere in the house where young Yutang grew up. It was this atmosphere, rather than serious study, that was the making of the future writer, for he took school work lightly and was known for his indifference to text-books. But, growing up in a house that was poorly furnished but stacked with books, words acquired a fascination for him. He read everything he could lay his hands upon—except the text-books, of course! Soon he wanted to write himself and when he went to St. John's University in Shanghai for his B. A. degree, his contributions to the college magazine attracted attention for their light and breezy style. After graduation in 1916 he was sent to Harvard where he took his Master's degree in comparative literature. From America he migrated to Germany where he studied philology in the Leipzig University from 1921 to 1923. This was the period of the severest economic crisis in Germany and the sensitive young man from China had his cloistered student life constantly disturbed by the grim spectre of poverty that he saw everywhere.

These influences of his youthful days have left an enduring impress upon his character. Today, having embraced the larger religion of humanity, Lin Yutang has repudiated all Church affiliations but the basic humanism of Christianity is clearly seen in his character as well as his writings.

It is interesting also to observe the peculiarly varied influences of Chinese classicism, care-free American college life and serious German study producing an intellect that is mellow, analytical and vigorous. With all that, when he returned to China and joined the Peking National University, Lin Yutang was only a brilliant young professor of philology and comparative literature. What took him out of the academic groove and set him on the road to journalism—and later authorship?

I asked him this question and he told me it was the National Revolution. The Peking University at that time was a centre of progres-

sive thought and the minds of all educated youths in China were filled with democratic ideas. An obscure Doctor Sun Yat-Sen had fired their imagination—most of all, that of the young Professor Lin. When the Revolution broke out he left the University and joined the "rabble" that was to overthrow the ancient Manchu dynasty. I found him reluctant to dilate upon his own rôle in the Revolution beyond stating that for three years he served the Revolutionary government, but it is obvious that it was contact with the dynamic forces released in China that was the most important turning-point in his life.

In 1927 he quit all jobs and decided to devote his time entirely to writing. With the help of some friends he started a weekly paper *China Critic* which he edited and, under the pseudonym of "The Little Critic," he wrote in it a memorable series of articles some of which can now be read in *With Love and Irony*. These essays were not mere literary effusions but well-informed and, sometimes, sharply pointed criticism of the life of the transitionary phase of the new society in China, as an old monarchy tried to assume the aspect of a modern democracy. These writings attracted considerable attention both in China and abroad and led to the writing of Lin Yutang's first great work, the monumental *My Country and My People*, that appeared in the United States in 1935, and still remains the best introduction to China. Overnight the world had found a great new author and a whole series followed—*Importance of Living* (1937), *Wisdom of Confucius* (1938), *Moment in Peking* (1939), *With Love and Irony* (1940), *A Leaf in the Storm* (1941), *Wisdom of China and India* (1942), *Between Tears and Laughter* (1943).

Of all his books, *Importance of Living* has proved the most popular, being a best-seller both in England and America. But, personally, he is most fond of his novel *Moment in Peking*. "I gave most of myself to it," he told me and added that it took him one whole year of uninterrupted work to write it. The characters in this as well as his other novel, *A Leaf in the Storm*, he admitted, are partly drawn from life.

What have been the major Western literary influences in his life? He said that the humorists, rather than the serious writers, had influenced him most. Among these he mentioned Shaw, Stephen Leacock, Chesterton, E. V. Lucas and Heywood Broun. "But the great influence on my style," he said, "has been *Heinrich Heine, a German Jewish poet and writer, with a wonderful wit and satire.*"

Among Chinese classics that have influenced him he mentioned the novel *Red Chamber Dream* by Ts'ao Hsuehch'in (a seventeenth century writer). He regards it as "one of the world's masterpieces," comparable to Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. It represents "the height of the art

of writing novels in China" and Lin Yutang rates it even higher than *All Men Are Brothers* which Pearl Buck has translated into English. He would like to translate it into English but it would take at least two years of painstaking work. And yet he hesitates. "The language of Ts'ao Hsuehch'in is so perfect," he said in utter modesty, "that I am not sure I would be able to do justice to it."

Finally I asked him a rather peculiar question: If you were marooned on a desert island, which ten books would you like to have with you? He laughed at the question and, after some thought, gave the following list: *Red Chamber Dream,*" The Old Testament, a volume of Chinese history written in the first century B.C. which he regards as the standard of history writing, the *Decameron* by Boccacio (and there was a mischievous twinkle in his eye as he named it), and any good anthology of Chinese poetry.

"But these are only five books," I protested. "You have to take ten."

"Is it compulsory?" he asked with a chuckle. "I would rather take a gramophone and some selected records instead of any other five books in the world."

And, as he laughed, I knew that, in spite of bitterness and disillusionment and the all too recent contact with the tragedy and misery of his people, he still retained his optimistic faith in the true values of living. Not even a war, with its legions of death and hate and violence, would make Lin Yutang, the gay philosopher, turn his back on life.

KWAJA AHMAD ABBAS

DOES MAN MAKE HISTORY?

[**The Rev. Mr. Leslie Belton, B. A., M. Sc.,** long the Editor of the Unitarian organ, *The Inquirer*, is the author of *Creeds in Conflict* and other works. He examines here a problem with intriguing ramifications. "The true history of the world," Max Muller wrote, "must always be the history of the few." Doubtless those whom the world calls great do occupy the foreground of the picture, but the indispensable background will ever be made up of the undistinguished many; in one sense every man makes history. Especially interesting is Mr. Belton's analysis of what constitutes true greatness. His demand for the "noetic quality," for "wise benevolence," seems to suggest that the masses are better judges of greatness than the scholarly. The latter call an Alexander and a Frederick "great"; the common people bow before the Buddha and the Christ.—ED.]

All recorded history is partial and selective. Necessarily so, since historians are fallibly human and rely upon the data they subsume and interpret. As collectors of material they are acting scientifically in so far as they accumulate and sift their material dispassionately, without re-

gard to any theory they wish to justify or prove. Thus far there is a science of history. But no readable history is a mere collection of facts, a catalogue. The facts have to be related and explained within a given context if the history is to be a living reconstruction of a phase of the past. Thus the historian is also an artist, needing imagination as well as industry if his work is to live.

Every historian is necessarily in some degree an interpreter, and his interpretation cannot be purely fortuitous. Some motive guides him even though he scarcely recognises it. He works to a plan, consciously or unconsciously, and the result is a history, not "pure and undefiled" —no history is that—but a record of events and movements made significant by the writer's judgment and art. Not all historians interpret alike even when they cover the same field. Differences arise because of the various methods and theories the historian may use, and because of the purpose he has in view. If the facts are deliberately selected or strained in the interest of some religious or political doctrine, the result may be good propaganda and may be good artistry but it is not history. It fails through lack of objectivity; it is biased history.

It may be that all history is in some sense biased because every historian is swayed by presuppositions and therefore incapable of divesting his mind of every possible prejudice. But all detectable and glaring violations of the truth have a way of revealing themselves and of cancelling one another out in the long run. For the rest, we must accept history as it is given us, as the art of interpretation wrought upon the method of science, interpretation which should aim at truthfulness though it can never be inerrant.

Clues to history are many and it is no part of this study to enumerate or examine them. One "clue," however, is obtrusively present in all human history—Man as a Personality. Astonishingly, some writers have contrived to overlook this clue, attempting to write history as though human personality were but an impotent cipher in the "making and shaking of the world"—as though an abstraction called Society could take his place. An intensive study of man in his social relationships is one of the most important and pressing of modern needs, a need that the nascent science of sociology is striving to meet. We are beginning to think and to plan sociologically; but always, at rock-bottom, it is with men and women that we are dealing, with human personalities without whom Society does not exist. We ignore this truism at our cost, for the logical end of impersonalism is the Moloch State with its denial of personal freedom and responsibility.

Even so, some historians forget, or deny, this truth. They think in terms of processes and trends, rarely of personality. They will not admit, or they tacitly ignore, the dynamic

rôle of personality in every sphere of human activity, in religion, art, science, statecraft, exploration. Against this view we may hold that history is mainly determined not by processes but by men. Ideas do not exist abstractly, in the air; they exist in human minds, needing (in Romain Rolland's phrase) "the mighty condenser of personality." So also the history of ideas, like the history of deeds, is made not *for* men but *by* men. Geography, climate, natural catastrophes, and other factors yet unknown, influence history, but man is still the prime mover. The late Professor Sir G. Elliot Smith said:—

> The great events in human history were provoked by individual human beings exercising their wills to change the direction of human thought and action, or by natural catastrophes forcing men of insight to embark on new enterprises.

It may be that Elliot Smith overemphasizes the *conscious* direction of the human will at the expense of unconscious and undeliberate changes but the rôle of personality is crucial in either case. The process is deliberate only in exceptional minds. This seems the implication in Sir J. G. Frazer's emphatic affirmation of personalism in history. Great religious movements which have stirred humanity and altered beliefs spring ultimately, he says,

> from the conscious and deliberate efforts of extraordinary minds, not from the blind, unconscious co-operation of the multitude.

And he adds:—

> The attempt to explain history without the influence of great men may flatter the vanity of the vulgar, but it will find no favour with the philosophic historian.

One need not subscribe to the dictum of Thomas Carlyle that the history of the world is the biography of great men to see the force of this. Yet Carlyle is probably nearer to the truth than are his extremist detractors who see great men and little men alike as flotsam and jetsam on the stream of history, as the hapless playthings of social processes.

Can one doubt the dominating influence upon human history of conquerors, kings and statesmen like Alexander, Augustus, Asoka, Constantine, Charlemagne, Cromwell, Napoleon, Frederick, and Lenin? One may consider their influence as in some respects baneful, but can one reasonably deny their immense influence upon the course of history? Alexander extended the bounds of Greek civilisation, opening a highway between East and West. Augustus saved the Roman world from disintegration. Asoka unified and pacified India under the Buddhist rule, thereby, preserving a mighty spiritual impulse in the Eastern world. Constantine elevated the Christian Faith above its rivals and thus assured its continuance as the inheritor of Rome. Charlemagne confirmed the Popes in their office and in assuming the imperial title determined the main course of the Middle Ages. In Cromwell, England

found a saviour from kingly pretensions who strengthened the foundations of the democracy that was to be. Napoleon carried the ideas of the French Revolution through Europe and forced into growth the nationalist spirit. Frederick of Prussia set going the course of events which culminated in the first world war. In 1917, Lenin seized a long-worked-for opportunity for revolutionary action which, rocking the world, has repercussions still.

Turning from men of action to men of thought, we may see these also as shapers of history. Great thinkers and great believers like Plato and Aristotle, Paul and Augustine, Anselm and Aquinas, Luther and Calvin, Locke and Voltaire, Kant and Hegel, Marx and Engels, to name only a few outstanding figures of the West, amply demonstrate the power of the Word. Books wield enormous influence; books make history; and behind every book stands a man.

Artists and poets and, most of all, the great religious figures have vivified and changed human history. Dynamic personalities, to name but a few, like Gautama, Sankara, Ram Mohun Roy and Gandhiji in India, Lao-tze, Kung-fu-tze and Chuang-tze in China, Moses, Zoroaster, Mohammad and Paul in the Middle-Eastern world, are determiners of history, each in his own manner and degree. Religion has its social roots and its priestly conservers, but faith is made vivid and real by its prophets, mystics, saints and seers. The significance of the great religious figure is—as Keyserling puts it—that

> he gives an example to mankind. He shows men their profoundest selves in a mirror; he makes their own ideal clear to them. He embodies it visibly, and thus gives to the creative forces which impel every one toward heaven, the longed for aim and example.

They help to make *men* and in making men they make history. Great personalities of the past still exert their sway over human life; as we reflect their ideas or act under their inspiration they are influencing history now in the contemporary world.

But who is the *great* man? Many answers have been given. Francis Galton found the test of greatness in reputation, a test which may have been satisfactory enough for his statistical enquiry but manifestly assesses eminence rather than worth. Another answer suggests power as the criterion of greatness. On this theory the masterful personality—the conqueror, the tyrant or, for that matter, the millionaire industrialist—is great in virtue of his capacity to dominate, to compel obedience from others and privilege for himself. It is possible, furthermore, to correlate greatness with outstanding ability or talent. Thus we may say that Mozart was a great musician and composer, James Watt a great inventor, Napoleon a great strategist, Rembrandt a great portraitist, Darwin a great scientific collator and theorist. Each of these

was a master in his own field. But was any one of these, in virtue of his eminence or his talent, a great personality? Was Leonardo da Vinci, or Johann Wolfgang von Goethe? Both were men of extraordinary ability, exceptional men who have made their mark on history. But were they great men?

Since there is, and can be, no precise measuring rod of greatness, the question allows of no decisive or final answer, arbitrament being as variable as human preference. Even so, there is little reason to doubt that Leonardo and Goethe would be given exalted places in any man-made register of great men, whatever the Celestial Register might record. Their inclusion would be determined not by their artistic achievements alone, considerable as these were, but also by their possession of an indefinable quality (more marked in Goethe than in Leonardo, of whom much less is known) which the word "wisdom" seems alone, if inadequately, to describe, a noetic quality combining with a "youthful" zest for experience, breadth of vision, and a rich conjunction of the exploratory and constructional genius of the scientist with the flashlike if fitful creativeness of the inspired man of art.

Such men, in human assessment, may be accounted great. Yet is there need to realise that real greatness involves also an element of ineffableness, a spiritual quality which is not invariably the accompaniment of exceptional talent. On this view, even genius of a high order is not necessarily to be correlated with greatness in the absolute sense implying worth. A genius may act villainously and exert a malign influence upon the history of his time. Nor, at the opposite extreme, is saintliness an adequate description of this ineffable quality. A specialised meaning, an air of otherworldliness, attaches to the word; rarely is the saint a man of affairs capable, like St. Benedict, of administration and command; in popular judgment, humility, as seen in St. Francis of Assisi, is the saint's most notable characteristic. But who shall determine saintliness? Hardly the Catholic Church, which has canonized some men and women of dubious repute and passed over others whose claims seem to non-Catholics arrestingly strong.

May we not say that the great man has saintliness within him though he be not saintly in the common meaning of that word? He embodies goodness (worth) even though he often contravenes the conventional moral code of his age, earning the maledictions of the "unco guid." His goodness is marked by a wise benevolence, singleness of aim, intensity of will. Inwardly active and free, never a sectarian, the cast of his thought is universal. Not to be judged by outward and visible achievements alone, he is great because of what he *is*.

To give tangible form to that which is inward, to represent it in such a way

that we see it as the outward image of inward things, as a revelation—that is a most rare power,

says Jacob Burckhardt. That is the revealing power of spiritual greatness, rarely met with in its fulness, seldom consistently maintained, yet present in men and women of divers times and places, and outstandingly exemplified in Gautama and in Jesus.

We conclude: though the age stamps the man, the man stamps the age and can impress upon it the mark of his thought and deed. In association and in lone witness, men are shapers of history, be their influence good or evil, as we, who see but outer effects, judge good and evil. Personality is the instrument through which "processes" work, a means that is sometimes their master. The great personality is God's executor.

LESLIE BELTON

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

MAN OR WONDER MACHINE?*

The author gives us a theory of explanation which is in no way novel. He assumes the existence of the external world and considers that explanation consists in giving the causes of things and saying why they happen. He has therefore to justify the principle of causality. It is not clear why he rejects Hume's criticism of that principle. According to Hume, we have no *experience* of a necessary connection between the cause and the effect, and the utmost that we can know is an invariable succession of phenomena. If the principle is a necessity of the mind which we impose upon nature in order to know it, then we must admit it as a subjective principle. For Mr. Craik, it has objective validity. He justifies this by first arbitrarily introducing it into the processes of reasoning itself.

> I see no reason to suppose that the processes of reasoning *are* fundamentally different from the mechanism of physical nature. On our model theory neural or other mechanisms can imitate or parallel the behaviour and interaction of physical objects and so supply us with information on physical processes which are not directly observable to us. Our thought, then, has objective validity because it is not fundamentally different from objective reality but is specially suited for imitating it. (p. 99)

While we do not think that he has properly answered Hume's scepticism, we quite agree with his criticism of quantum physicists who regard indeterminism as a characteristic of real phenomena. Once we admit that there is an external world independent of the mind, the phenomena of that world must either be in conformity with the principle of causality, and each preceding event in a series must determine the next following one,—or there must be no law governing them, and so a chaos. Mr. Craik rightly points out that the Principle of Uncertainty is a

* *The Nature of Explanation*. By K. J. W. CRAIK. (Cambridge University Press. 6*s*.)

limitation upon our observation of microscopic events, and not a limitation upon reality itself. "It is sometimes followed by B and sometimes not" is the expression of an anomaly which prompts further enquiry; and yet it is just at this point that quantum statistics stops. The argument advanced is that, in the case of atomic events, it is not possible to put forth a verifiable hypothesis, owing to the Principle of Uncertainty.

> This lack of verifiability is an unfortunate fact but still does not justify...the confusion between a limit of observation and a limit of existence. (p. 39)

Science is based upon observations; and our methods of observation have certain limitations. Reality is not science, and it cannot be supposed to be subject to those limitations. Mr. Craik also argues that the notion of probability itself, which has taken the place of causal explanation, is unintelligible if it is not based upon the notion of the influence and interdependence of things.

> The conjunctions are probable only if one event definitely restricts the possible events that can happen after it—that is, if it influences subsequent events. (p. 36)

If causality is universal, and all explanation consists in giving the cause, what is the position of the mind that explains? Does it stand outside the physical world? By no means. Mr. Craik is led to a thoroughly materialistic conception of the mind.

> Thought is a term for the conscious working of a highly complex machine. (p. 94)

This explanation itself is but a part of the mechanical process. Consciousness depends on the particular organisation of our own nervous systems and is inseparable from them. There is no soul. Or, if there is one, it is not immortal. In the ethical field, our actions are to be explained not by any spring of action within us, such as hedonism or altruism. What explains them is the larger reality around us,—that part of the external world and of other men's thoughts and wishes which is influential in any particular act.

We do not think that this theory of the nature of explanation explains anything. It merely makes confusion worse confounded. It has a certain simplicity borrowed from scientific explanation. The domain of causality is universal, and it includes within it all human activity. But as a philosophical theory, it is valueless. It does not subject to any criticism the scientific notion of causality on which all scientific explanation is based. Is the effect identical with the cause or different from it? Is there such a thing as a first cause? What is a true cause, and how does it bring about its effect? etc. These truly philosophical questions have not even been tackled. Instead, all our spiritual values are levelled to the dust, and we are consoled with the materialistic idea of a wonder machine.

> To those in sympathy with this attitude, there is something wonderful in the idea that man's brain is the greatest machine of all, imitating within its tiny network events happening in the most distant stars, predicting their appearance with accuracy, and finding in this power of successful prediction and communication the ultimate feature of consciousness. (p. 99)

It hardly needs saying that we do not find ourselves in sympathy with this view.

G. R. MALKANI

I Married a Russian : Letters from Kharkov. Edited by LUCIE SWEET. (Allen and Unwin, London. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

In the torrent of books about Russia, here is one that must not be missed. Superficially, it is not so impressive as many a documented statistical work, but actually, it is ten times as important and infinitely more informative because it relates unprecedented events to human beings instead of relegating them to the realm of abstractions.

In 1930 an Anglo-Russian romance was enacted at Cambridge. "Eddie," a most attractive English girl, "with an un-English gift of music," met "Kira," a young Russian who was studying science in the research department of the late Lord Rutherford. Within three months they were married. On the 18th May 1930, Eddie was *en route* for Kharkov with her husband. This book consists of letters written by her, between May 1930 and November 1942, to her sister in England.

Over one hundred letters, written chiefly from Kharkov, by a young English woman to her sister in England. That's all. But if the implications of these richly human letters are realised, the mystery of Russian achievement in peace—and the miracle of Russian heroism in war—are revealed in realistic perspective. Many of these letters are concerned with the difficulties of day-to-day living during the second Five Year Plan and they compel recognition of the hardships endured by the Russians during the creation of a new social order. Russia waged war for the future. How successfully it was waged, is shown by the transformation effected in the amenities of everyday life by 1934. *This* was the new world which Russia defended against Fascism—a new world which she had created in blood, sweat, agony—and *that* is why her defence had the fanaticism of a crusade. Russians knew why they fought—and loved what they knew.

Consciously or unconsciously, these letters make Kharkov a symbol of the vast Russian drama—two acts of which have been witnessed. The curtain will rise on the third act at the end of the war.

These letters are a record of enthusiastic living—of lives dedicated, gladly and gaily, to an objective clear to all and desired by all. It is this enthusiasm which fashioned a new social order from chaos—and inspired its defence against the Hitlerian hordes. New social orders are not brought into being by waving a wand, or by the fireworks of fine words. They involve privation, nation-wide unity, vision. Only enthusiasm, ardent and long-sustained, turns dreams into actualities.

Eddie's gay courageous personality flickers like spring sunshine over these pages. Her letters make you share intimately all the vicissitudes of her Russian adventure. You enter into the lives of her companions and, above all, you witness how an English girl of the well-to-do middle class becomes wholly identified with the aims of the Russian people. These letters, with their close-ups of domestic, political and scientific life, are a revelation.

Finally, attention is invited to Lucie Sweet's admirable Introduction and to letter 47, written by Kira, Eddie's husband, which reveals a brilliant young Russian scientist's views on Soviet aims and ideals.

Borrow this book. You will not be able to buy it, because it is certain to be out of print.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

Āśvalāyana Gṛhya Sūtra (with the Commentaries of Devasvāmin and Nārāyaṇa). Vol. I, Adhyāya I. Edited by SVAMI RAVI TIRTHA. (Adyar Library Series No. 44, The Adyar Library, Adyar, Madras. Rs. 6/4)

The contents of this volume appeared serially in the *Adyar Library Bulletin* (1937-1941). For those who care to know the ancient Indian civilization in its social, religious and cultural aspects, a study of our ancient *Gṛhya Sūtras* in critical editions is absolutely essential. We are, therefore, glad to congratulate Svami Ravi Tirtha on this critical edition based on the manuscripts available in the Adyar Library and elsewhere. Though the commentary of Nārāyaṇa was published long ago,[1] the commentary of Devasvāmin appears here in print for the first time.

Nothing definite is so far known about this commentator. In Professor Bhagavadatta's *History of Vedic Literature* in Hindi (1931, pp. 69-70) we find some discussion about the several views regarding Devasvāmin and his date. Some schools believe this Devasvāmin identical with Devabodha or Devasvāmin, the earliest commentator on the *Mahābhārata*, who flourished before A. D. 1150. Some others hold the view that our commentator lived before the Vikrama Era. We find it, however, difficult to believe in these views as they are not based on incontrovertible evidence.

As a result of evolution and change in the Indian social order, different *Gṛhya Sūtras* came into existence. According to ancient Indian lawgivers there was no conflict between reform and orthodoxy. In fact, the progressive evolution of the ancient Indian social and religious law was the direct outcome of this dynamic tendency of our Dharmaśāstra literature, as amply vouched by Prof. P. V. Kane's encyclopædic *History of Dharmaśāstra*. The Editor is fully justified in his remark that

> in all the other civilized countries of modern times the Church, the Universities and the various other Academic institutions play a very important rôle in the life of the nation. But unfortunately in India the accomplishments of its past have no place in its present-day national life.

This is a deplorable state of affairs caused by the faulty system of modern Indian education which blindly derives its inspiration from the achievements of foreign countries.

In thanking the authorities of the Adyar Library for this valuable addition to their brilliant and beautiful series, we await with eagerness the English translation of these *Sūtras* as also the remaining portion of the text and the two commentaries promised by Dr. C. K. Raja in his short Foreword.

P. K. GODE

[1] In the *Bib. Ind.* 1869. Haradatta's Commentary was published in *Trivandrum Sanskrit Series* (No. 78), 1923; German Translation by Stenzler (Das Indische Haus. 1864-65). English Translation by Oldenberg (S. B. E., Vol. 29).

ENDS AND SAYINGS

" _____ *ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Our last number, for August, was ready when the Paper Control Order was promulgated in Baroda State where our printing-press is located. By special permission of the Government of Baroda we were able to publish that number in full and hence it came out of the usual size of 48 pages. For our September issue, however, we are compelled to reduce the size to 16 pages; for this we apologise to our readers all over the world. The Paper Control Order of Baroda State is but a copy of that of the Government of India reported to be necessary under existing war conditions. We are now appealing to the proper authorities to exempt THE ARYAN PATH from the rigorous application of the Order, as ours is a purely cultural journal. We hope thus to be helped to serve as heretofore our readers and the general public.

The advice which Mr. B. J. Wadia, Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University, recently gave to Jain students can be fruitfully extended to a wider audience. Right as the Vice-Chancellor was, in pleading with the citizens of tomorrow for freedom from the narrow communal prejudices that hamper progress in every way, his advice to "think in terms of Indians first and Indians last" deserves to be accepted and acted on by all our leaders in public as well as national life. Any education that fosters communal inhibitions to the detriment of healthy national consciousness, or chauvinism at the expense of international goodwill, is not education but unhealthy propaganda. Mr. Wadia urged the development of a sense of citizenship and service of humanity. "You must not only develop national but universal brotherhood."

"We have failed so far because we have failed to co-operate with each other," declared Sir Jogendra Singh in Bombay on the 2nd of August. The occasion was the fourteenth session of the Conference of Registrars of Co-operative Societies, over which he was presiding. He could, he said, think of no activity better calculated to raise India from poverty to power than the spirit of co-operation inspiring all the social and economic activities of the country.

Co-operation has a great opportunity in India which it is far indeed from having realised. It has not, as Sir Jogendra pointed out, touched the fringe even of the rural credit problem, to which the efforts of the co-operative movement in India have been so largely directed. The lines to which co-operation can be applied are many, and the practical need is vast. Co-operation can admittedly improve the economic status of the masses in both country-side and town.

No less important, however, is its potential contribution to mutual trust

and mutual good-will. Co-operation, Sir Jogendra said, could

> draw its inspiration from the recognition, to quote from Sadi, that we are limbs of one another, that if one part of the body is in pain, the other cannot find rest.

The co-operative movement in India is Government-sponsored. Such sponsorship confers certain supervisory advantages but of necessity involves lack of the spontaneity which has been the spring of successful co-operative effort elsewhere. Co-operation will succeed in India to the extent that co-operators can be brought to recognise it as *their* effort for self-help and mutual aid, and that success or failure must depend primarily upon themselves.

In the midst of cruel and devastating conflict, plans for peace and for a better post-war world are being made. The National Peace Council, 144 Southampton Row, London, W. C. 1, to which are affiliated forty-odd national organisations with a like concern for peace, has been sponsoring conferences and publishing pamphlets and leaflets of constuctive worth. Material realities are faced, sound practical policies outlined, but inner attitude receives a new and hopeful emphasis. As Mr. Christopher Dawson in Peace Aims Pamphlet No. 20 secs, the regeneration of civilisation is the only alternative to its destruction.

The necessary scientific knowledge, technical organisation and economic power to change the world and banish the worst evils of poverty, disease and unemployment, are now available, as he points out. Then what is wanting? The " idea of US, " for which Señor de Madariaga pleads in Pamphlet No. 17, as a substitute for the ideology that underlay the Atlantic Charter. Co-operation, he declares, is not enough. What is wanted is refusal to act longer in terms of exclusive national interests, and the determination to advance, however slowly, only on the common lines of world unity.

Prof. Gilbert Murray takes up with enthusiasm his idea of " US, " tracing the failure of the League of Nations precisely to the lack of such a vital sense of unity.

> The machinery was and is good enough, although it could be improved here and there....If we had had the feeling of " US " it could have succeeded....We must see quite clearly that all humanity has equal rights and all nations are part of " US " just as much as the great powers are.

The Basic Principles outlined in the leaflet *The Conditions of a Constructive Peace* include the recognition that

> peace can only be secure if it is rooted in a spiritual valuation of man and of his relationship to his fellows, in the recognition of a common brotherhood for all mankind and in the submission of the corporate life, both national and international, to the governance of eternal standards.

But a sense of living unity does not, alas, come with the recognition of the need. There must be education in mutual appreciation. In this the children are our hope. Meanwhile the innate craving of the human heart for justice must be satisfied. Let there be equal justice for the underprivileged, nations as individuals, and two most fertile sources of inharmony will be destroyed—resentment and the difficulty, proverbially recognised, of forgiving those whom we have injured.

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Edited by Sophia Wadia, " Aryasangha, " Malabar Hill, Bombay 6, India.

THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XV NOVEMBER 1944 No. 11

AN IMMORTAL PAMPHLET

THE CHARTER OF THE FOURTH ESTATE

[Appropriate to this month are these two articles on Milton's *Areopagitica* —a piece of immortal literature which every dreamer of a new order and every builder of a new world should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest. Even a cursory perusal will bring to the lips the lines Wordsworth wrote in 1802:—

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee....—ED.]

I.—By J. MIDDLETON MURRY

In May, 1643, John Milton married a girl of 17,—exactly half his own age. After about a month of uncomfortable life together, his young wife returned to her home and stayed there. But even before she had gone her husband had begun to write a treatise on "The doctrine and discipline of Divorce," in which from a high argument on the nature of marriage as a meeting of souls and minds he came to the conclusion that the husband who was disappointed of spiritual and mental companionship had a perfect right to be divorced from the wife who disappointed him.

In publishing his pamphlet he disregarded the new licensing law—or press censorship, as we should call it—which Parliament had promulgated just at the moment he was writing it. In the storm of criticism aroused by his revolutionary views on divorce it was not unnatural that his opponents should have demanded that he be called to account for disregarding the law. Though the authorities did nothing—for Milton was too eminent—he had come within measurable distance of having his heterodox opinions suppressed. Accordingly, he turned aside from his polemic on divorce to write and publish on November 24th, 1644, what is probably the most famous pamphlet in the English language: "Areopagitica: A Speech for the Liberty of

Unlicensed Printing."

It is famous rather by reason of the extraordinary beauty and splendour of its prose-style, which clothes in fitting language what has come to be regarded as the noblest defence of the chief of all British liberties, than because it achieved any immediate effect. The censorship of Parliament was indeed less severe than had been the episcopal censorship of the Star Chamber; but neither under Parliament, nor the Protectorate, nor the Restoration was the censorship abolished. The freedom of the press was not firmly established as a British liberty until the second half of the eighteenth century.

The essence of Milton's position was that the liberty which all professed to be willing to accord to good books could be effectively secured only if the same liberty were accorded to bad books. Thus he cut away at a single stroke the unending tangle of arguments as to what constitutes a good book and who should decide it. Liberty for the good book necessitates liberty for the bad one. Not only was it impossible in practice to prevent the circulation of bad books, but it was actually harmful to the commonwealth to attempt to do so, because true virtue is not achieved by ignoring evil, but by contending with it. That is the context of one of the most famous, and certainly not the least magnificent of the sentences in *Areopagitica* wherein he says that he could not

praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.

That is the central theme of the *Areopagitica*. There is no virtue save in the free choice of the good. The recognition and vindication of that truth, Milton contended, was the spiritual content of the religious and political revolution to which England was now committed. The Reformation had stopped half-way; but now God was decreeing to begin some new and great period in His Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself.

And the mark of the new period of the Church must be that it allowed freedom for every man to seek the truth, and utter his discovery. Rightly, he appealed not only to the authority of the illumined Reason but to the actual words of St. Paul, on whose authority the old Reformers had based themselves: "Prove all things: hold fast to that which is good." That was not addressed to a bench of Bishops, or to a board of Presbyters, but to every Christian man.

He appeals, too, to that other magnificent dictum of St. Paul: "To the pure, all things are pure."

They are not skilful considerers of human things, who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin.... Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left, ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness.

Suppose we could expel sin by this means: look how much we thus expel

of sin, so much we expel of virtue: for the matter of them both is the same: remove that and ye remove them both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who, though he commands us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us even to a profuseness all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Why should we then affect a rigour contrary to the manner of God and of nature, by abridging or scanting those means, which books freely permitted are, both to the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth?

There is a wonderful buoyancy of movement in the *Areopagitica*. It is excited, yet controlled; light-hearted, yet profoundly serious. Never has the soul of a great revolutionary movement for liberty found more exalted or more intimate expression. In this magnificent, ornate yet flexible prose, all the riches of the English spirit at its noblest and most universal are poured forth in a gay abundance. What Wordsworth said in retrospect of his experience as a young man at the beginning of the French Revolution:—

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive;
But to be young was very heaven—

we feel at first hand in the sinewy, voluptuous and irresistible music of the *Arcopagitica*. To read it is to be taken, with generous open arms, into the very quick of the first great revolutionary movement of the Western world.

The spirit which Milton winged with such immortal words was no academic dream. It was made flesh. It really did animate the russet-coated band of brothers,—"who knew what they fought for and loved what they knew,"—who carried the Parliamentary cause to victory on the battlefield. Cromwell's army was, indeed, as its opponents averred, a hot-bed of "Independence": that is to say, a disciplined confraternity of religious Independents who claimed, and conceded, the right of each to worship God in his own fashion, and to utter the truth as he saw it. What Milton championed, they embodied.

Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we should rather rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men to reassume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligences again to join and unite into one general and brotherly search after truth; could we but forgo this prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men.

Such was, in the main, the spirit of Cromwell's army. It is no wonder that, under the leadership of a general who shared that spirit, it should have routed—often against heavy odds and in desperate situations—not only the Royalist armies

which fought for the authority of the Bishops, but even the Covenanting armies of Scotland, which fought for the authority of the Presbyters.

The Licensing Law against which Milton fought was part of an attempt by the Presbyterian elements in the Long Parliament to enforce a new religious uniformity upon England. Parliament had rebelled against Archbishop Laud's attempt to enforce an Anglican uniformity upon England; it had itself succumbed to the temptation to enforce a Presbyterian uniformity. "New Presbyter is old Priest, writ large." Had that attempt of the Presbyterians not been frustrated, it is certain that the Parliamentary forces would have been beaten. Not merely because, as between an Anglican and a Presbyterian uniformity, England preferred the Anglican; but because there was no possibility of raising an army of English enthusiasts to fight in such a cause. The fighting would have had to be done by the Scots, whose zeal for the Covenant still burned, but not so bright as that of the Englishmen for their "Independence."

There is, therefore, something profoundly and ineradicably English in the *Areopagitica*. It is the voice of a great moment in English history. Its universality is of that rare quality which is attained only when a universal value is incarnate in the striving of a particular nation. Sometimes the inspired patriotism of Milton touches a kind of sublime naïvety:—

> Now once again by all concurrence of signs...God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in His Church....What does he then but to reveal himself to his servants, and as his manner is, first to his Englishmen?

At that, I suppose, all save Englishmen must laugh; and Englishmen themselves cannot forbear to smile. But the Englishman's smile is one of admiring affection, of intimate and loving understanding. And, if he be something of a historian, he will say to himself that Milton was not mistaken when he felt with such certainty that the divine purpose was being revealed to Englishmen and in the works of Englishmen. The spirit which he interpreted in *Areopagitica* has been the great contribution of England to the cause of human freedom. England was the first nation to break, as a body, through the idea and practice of authoritarianism. At one stroke, by the revolutionary movement of which Milton was the prophet in words, it broke the charmed circle of the divine right of kings, to set a simple country squire upon the throne of England, and made freedom of conscience, and freedom of utterance, a reality in the Western world. True, it was to take another two centuries before those freedoms were fully established. But England after that beneficent upheaval could not return to the past, nor "undo the done." That freedom might be a reality was never thereafter lost from the knowledge of the purposes of Englishmen, nor—through them—

of the world.

The liberty with which Milton himself was chiefly concerned was the freedom of religious opinion and religious enquiry. He belonged to an age when Christian Theology was still, in England as in Europe, *scientia scientiarum*: The science of sciences. It was therefore for the purification of theology, metaphysical and moral, that Milton mainly laboured; and in this realm he chiefly feared the repressiveness of a new censorship based on a new ecclesiastical dogmatism. His own theological principle was, at bottom, simple enough: it was an appeal to the supreme virtue manifested and inculcated by the incarnate God; the virtue of charity, as exemplified in the great saying: "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." For Milton, Christianity was, originally and eternally, a religion of freedom, which had been perverted by the interests of power—falsely represented as order—into a vast moral and spiritual tyranny.

To seek the truth with a single-minded devotion and to expound it fearlessly was of the essence of Christianity, as Milton understood it: to prevent or disable the prosecution of such free inquiry a cardinal sin against Christianity. From such a starting-point every position of traditional theology could be turned with ease, wherever it forbade freedom of thought. Christian liberty itself is the liberty of error. Christian orthodoxy, unless it is an orthodoxy that is completely tolerant towards the heretic, is a contradiction in terms.

Much persecution was to be endured, when the Commonwealth was ended, by the Papists on the one side and the Dissenters on the other, before the traditional notion that religious conformity was a necessary condition of full citizenship was finally abolished even in England. Indeed it lingered on until well into the second half of the nineteenth century. It was only in the 1870's that full membership of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge was thrown open to non-members of the Church of England. It took more than 200 years for Milton's prophecy of liberty of opinion to be realised in England; and not even yet is his doctrine of divorce for temperamental disparity established there.

As was to be expected, these liberties have been more fully achieved in the great nation that arose out of the New England, founded by men of Milton's persuasion who crossed the ocean to secure religious liberty. But even in the United States they are continually challenged, and have to be continually reasserted. At the moment that I write an unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, allowing an appeal against the judgment of a lower court revoking the naturalization of a German-born citizen for expressing his sympathies with Nazism, is reported in these terms:

One of the prerogatives of American citizenship is the right to criticise public men and public measures—and

that means not only informed and responsible criticism, but the freedom to speak foolishly and without moderation.

That judgment is in the true Miltonic tradition.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY

II.—By V. M. INAMDAR

Three hundred years ago this month was published in England a remarkable book. It was a "speech by one Mr. Milton for the liberty of unlicensed printing," known as *Areopagitica*. All through the thirty intervening decades, the work has enjoyed a prestige second only to that enjoyed by his more purely literary *magnum opus*, *Paradise Lost*. *Areopagitica* has been rightly hailed as the Magna Carta of the publishing profession; the charter of the Fourth Estate. Like all classics it has a perennial relevance to contemporary affairs. Each age has found in it an expression, exalted and magnificent, of its own protest against suppression, a plea for freedom ready formulated whenever the inherent right of a citizen to freedom of speech has been in jeopardy. The *Areopagitica* has come to seem only incidentally a polemical document of seventeenth-century England. With the enormous expansion of the publishing profession and the need which governments everywhere increasingly plead to restrict expression of opinion, the question which the work discusses continues to be vital. If today *Areopagitica* has significance for us, therefore, it is not simply as the great work of a great writer; it has significance primarily because the problem which it faces has not yet been solved. It is unlikely that it should ever be solved unless a perfect democracy were to be established. *Areopagitica* is a document of democracy; a testament of liberty, of complete and honest self-expression, whether the ruling government like it or not.

In this discourse Milton addressed the "Lords and Commons of England," attacking their recent order that "no book...shall be henceforth printed unless the same be first approved by such...as shall thereto be appointed." Such words or worse are not unfamiliar to us in India and no sooner do we come across Milton's vehement protest against the injustice of such autocracy than we feel he is pleading for us before Parliament and, if Parliament heed not, before the bar of the world.

Referring to immediate historical precedent, he argues that licensing was practised chiefly by those whom the Presbyterian government most detested, *viz.*, the Papacy and the Inquisition. He cites Moses, Daniel, St. Paul and the Church Fathers who had upheld, by precept and example, full freedom in the pursuit of learning. Governments obstructed the steady development of all-

round virtue by restricting the choice of reading. If the licensing order was an attempt to keep out evil doctrine, it was folly, Milton argues. Such an attempt is as ridiculous as "the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate." Licensing can do no good. It is a grave "discouragement and affront" to learning and he cites the case of the imprisoned Galileo. He closes with a majestic exhortation to the Lords and the Commons of England to consider "what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors...." He passionately defends the basic right of every citizen in a democracy when he demands: "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties."

It is this concluding plea that makes *Arcopagitica* a living document today. How many of us have "the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience"? For India the question is poignant and bitter. From the early days of the East India Company when journalism took its birth in this country, right up to this fifth decade of the twentieth century, the conflict between free expression on the one hand and its suppression in the name of political expediency on the other has been so continuous that the story of Indian journalism is a story of a losing fight in an unending tug-o'-war.

The political history of the country—first in the process of British expansion and consolidation, then in the ever-tightening grip on the acquisition—has often seemed to render suppression of free speech necessary to the docility desirable for the "peaceful" administration of a subject country. Moreover Indian journalism, in its younger days devoted primarily to social reform, has today attained full-fledged political stature and is directed primarily to serving the nation's cause. This has brought it more to the forefront of governmental attention so that even under normal circumstances journalism speaks only with the censor's scissors always at its throat. In times of stress like these, free expression is unknown and whatever is to reach the public has first to be "approved by such...as shall thereto be appointed."

The *Arcopagitica* asks the fundamental question: How far is any government justified in stifling the free voice of the people? Milton's answer is a challenge to the political autocracy of any rule that thus alienates the "government" from the people and so destroys the very basis of democracy.

By the measure in which a people is denied the right to say what it thinks and feels, is to be gauged the the measure of its co-operation with or willing acceptance of the ruling government. Democracy as a humane and reasonable political institution can under no circumstances countenance a fundamental disagreement

between a government and the people living under it. Even in countries where so-called democracy prevails, the people enjoy only a limited and comparative freedom so that they can never step outside the ring-fence of official restriction. In a country like India, where vast populations are governed against their will, recognition of such a democratic right as that for which the *Areopagitica* pleads cannot be hoped for. What little freedom is enjoyed by the press is but concession and camouflage.

But despite the recognition that the press—as a forum of public opinion—not only can create and educate public opinion, but can also operate as a political power, the protest is heard today, gaining in intensity from every suppressed nation in the world. Inside a state the press is a political power; outside, it can arraign any government before the bar of world opinion. That is why exploiting governments everywhere first strangle the voice of a people, lest its protest and demand should reach a wider hearing. It is against such and many similar injustices that Milton sounds his warning. If the *Areopagitica* has any specific message and meaning for India to-day it is this, that the noble document demanding a human right with a fiercely magnificent eloquence should inspire each one of us to demand as fearlessly and firmly as Milton did: "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties."

V. M. INAMDAR

EVIL SPEAKING

Sadi, Shakespeare, Addison and Steele and Sheridan all have condemned gossip and criticism in no doubtful terms, but mostly from the stand-point of the harm done to its victims. Maurice Maeterlinck, the aged Belgian playwright, condemns evil-speaking primarily from the point of view of the evil-speaker. Katherine Woods translates his telling essay, "Speak No Evil," in *Tomorrow* for May 1944. Evil-speaking he sees as a public confession of one's own weaknesses.

This evil flame whose reflection we see falling upon others is actually lighted within ourselves. Each one of us ferrets out among his friends and acquaintances the depravity or weakness which to the perspicacious reveals itself as his own.

But more, we draw to ourselves the evil we attribute to the victims of our gossip. Cumulatively, he warns, it will more and more colour our thoughts and dictate our actions. In our own interest, he urges, we ought to form the habit of judging all men as we judge heroes. In the presence of a great deed, of a great sacrifice, the tongue of gossip is still, though in any band of heroes the human vices and weaknesses might doubtless be discovered upon search. M. Maeterlinck reminds us that the nature of our heroes in the mass was in no way different from that of our fellows whom we vilify. He voices a great truth when he deduces that "we are after all beyond doubt better men than we seem to be."

THE ART OF LEADERSHIP

[Leadership as it is generally looked upon today is a distortion of the archetypal pattern found in the divine dynasties of universal ancient tradition. It is apparent from **Prof. Diwan Chand Sharma's** contrast of the concepts of the leader in the East and in the West that the East is nearer to the old ideal. To this day the masses in the East are ready to acclaim as leader him alone who towers morally above the common run of men; for how can he who has not conquered self assume the leadership of other men?

It is a disservice to youth that in the East as in the West our world of topsyturvy values holds up leadership to the ambitious as a prize to be striven for and, once attained, retained. Youth needs to be encouraged not to demand a major rôle but to aspire to play well whatever part falls to his lot upon the stage of life. Leadership is not a privilege to be sought or to be clung to; it is a responsibility to be met when and for as long as the times demand it of the individual. Those upon whom the heavy task of leadership is laid are relatively few. The qualities the leader needs, however, should be held up for all to recognise and emulate. For, as Whitehead has truly said, "Moral education is impossible without the habitual vision of greatness." Thus not only will the future leader be ready for his part but the rest also will be fitted with discrimination to select a leader worthy of the rôle. Then we may hope that loyal and intelligent co-operation will replace blind following, which is as harmful to the leader as to the led.—ED.]

When the last world war was over a famous English educationist said that the aim of education should be to produce leaders. He believed that no democracy could function properly unless it had leaders of the right kind to make decisions, to conduct operations, to initiate policies and to inaugurate programmes. Democracy and leadership are thus vitally bound up together. It remains, however, for us to see how our schools, colleges and universities can become the nurseries of leadership.

Before we do so, we should be clear in our minds about what we mean by a leader. Says André Maurois, "The most important quality in a leader is that of being acknowledged as such." This seems to be pretty vague but none-the-less it contains a profound truth. It only means that a leader has to be a person of outstanding importance, one who stands head and shoulders above others. He is one to whom others look up for counsel and guidance, and under whose banner they rally for a particular end. He is a person to whom people turn in their hour of need, and who is their benefactor in one way or another. There is something god-like about a leader, and

without being divine he possesses some of the attributes of divinity; he assumes many forms and renders different kinds of service, but always and everywhere he is the focus of the hopes of many. People turn to God in the hour of illness, they pray to Him in their distress, they exhort Him to bless their undertakings; in the same way a leader is expected to resolve difficulties, to solve problems and to make life more livable.

It is, however, strange to find that the conception of leadership in the East has been so different from that in the West. The Asiatics have generally associated leardership with prophets, saints and philosophers, thereby showing that in their eyes it is only spiritual or moral leadership that matters. They have reasons for doing so, because Asia has been the home of prophets of world-wide renown, of philosophers of universal sympathies and of saints of a transcendent purity of life. All these have directed their efforts chiefly at moulding the individual life. They have pointed to a way of living which can bring peace and happiness here and hereafter. In a sense, they have cared more for other-worldliness than for material values.

In the West, however, things have been different. There the aim has been not so much the conversion of the individual as the better organisation of society. Moreover, leaders have aimed at improving the conditions of life. A great Victorian said that that man was to be honoured most who could make two blades of grass grow where only one had grown before, showing thereby that the environment in which man lived, his economic life and the political institutions under which he worked must be improved. We have, therefore, in the West political thinkers, social workers, economists, industrialists and scientists who have tried to work for better living conditions. All this they have sought to do in various ways, but chiefly through legislative measures, social amelioration and industrial development.

There is a difference, moreover, not only in the ends aimed at but also in the methods of pursuing them. A philosopher in the East has ever been content to expound his doctrines to a band of select disciples and has depended on them for the propagation of his ideas. He has followed the method of slow and gradual infiltration, but in the West it is different. There a leader cannot afford such casual methods but must resort to more efficient and organised ones. He must have recourse to propaganda; he must build up an organisation for popularising his aims. In other words, a mere idea is not enough; for its dissemination and perpetuation one must create an organization and must try to enlist adherents, supporters and sympathisers. It is no wonder that a great man of today has said that one who wants to be a leader must be not only a theorist but also an organizer and a person capable of winning over others.

All this is leadership on a big

scale, and all these remarks perhaps apply to those persons who are capable of giving a new direction to human affairs. We are not, however, thinking of these great leaders who are perhaps born to leadership. We are trying to find out what qualities go with leadership and how they can be acquired. When we think of leaders, we do not have in mind such great men as Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Stalin and Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, but humbler people who are content to play their parts on a smaller stage. Nor do we equate leadership with statesmanship, generalship or allied abilities. People who shape the destinies of a nation, persons who lead armies to victory, executives who build up mammoth organisations, industrialists who satisfy the needs of mankind, men of thought who disseminate new ideas in the world, all these are beyond our ken. We think of humbler people, who are content to serve rather than to wield the big stick. We have in mind those people who want to be the first in service and not in anything else. This service also they want to do in a very unpretentious manner and as best as they can. They do not devise panaceas for the ills of the world but try to cultivate the small plot that lies before them. In other words, we want those who will humbly serve and not proudly lead.

All leaders, to be sure, are servants in one way or another, but of all types of leadership the best is that which is beneficent. Statesmen and generals are forgotten but the servants of humanity are remembered. A Lincoln or a Confucius or a Shaftesbury or a Ranade is more valuable to mankind than an Alexander or a Napoleon. Such leaders as the latter are adored only as long as their services are needed. The moment their capacity for usefulness is doubted, they are thrown on the scrap-heap.

True leadership, therefore, means dedication to some noble cause and unremitting toil in its service. It means dull drudgery, patient work, unflinching perseverance, unassuming modesty and not spectacular heroism. But this requires training as anything else ; for one born leader there are a million potential leaders who require to be trained. This is a truth that the Nazis have learnt, though their conception of leadership is perverse and destructive. In their schools and universities, their labour camps and other places they have tried to train people for leadership. This does not mean that we should give similar training. It only shows that some kind of training is necessary.

It has been well said that the art of leadership means the art of disciplining oneself so that one can discipline others. The Koran asks, " Do you prescribe what you do not yourself follow ? " A leader cannot expect others to do what he is himself incapable of doing. Yet the word discipline has acquired such an offensive odour that people get

frightened by it. Says a writer :—

If I were to ask you what you mean by a disciplinarian it is just possible that you would conjure up in your mind someone slightly harsh, rather cast-iron; someone prone to reprimand, to find fault, even to snap; someone without much sense of humour, and with little of the gift of kindliness. But the picture thus drawn is of a martinet with a tendency towards being a bully; it bears no relationship to what a disciplinarian should be.

A disciplinarian need not be an odious person, nor discipline irksome. There are instances of leaders who have imposed discipline on men without making themselves offensive. Such a great leader was Abraham Lincoln whose motto was, "With malice towards none, with charity for all." Such a leader was also Nelson, about whom Southey wrote :—

Never was any commander more beloved, he governed men by their reason and their affections; they knew that he was incapable of caprice and tyranny and they obeyed him with alacrity and joy, because he possessed their confidence as well as their love.

It is therefore to be remembered that leadership by persuasion is much better than leadership by force. In the same way it should be realised that the way of disciplining men is not the usual way. A writer has put this idea beautifully :—

This then is the function of the teacher—not to cram, to hear lessons and to direct, but to inspire, to suggest, to utilise, and to bless. A policy of this kind would reconstruct the school, would bring salvation to the so-called dullard or dunce, and would lift every pupil into an atmosphere of higher achievement and ethical culture. Its realization lies directly before the school of today.

So leadership consists in getting the best out of people, not for oneself but for some cause. It also implies the art of directing the energies of people towards an end, but in such a way that they do not feel they are being coerced.

There is a desire for leadership in the hearts of many. But this desire should be turned in a new direction. It should not be a craving for dominating over others but an ardent wish to serve others. It should at the same time be realised that the service of others implies training, method and mastery of the art of handling people. At our educational institutions all these things should be inculcated, at least indirectly. There is a great deal of work to be done in this world, and for that the dynamic energies of youth should be utilised. But before they are turned loose upon the world, they must be trained.

The question to be decided is along what lines this training should proceed. I believe it should be conducted on all the planes on which the human personality functions. This training should be conducive to the development of physical fitness, mental alertness, ethical soundness and social constructiveness. It should make the body sensitive and strong, the mind receptive and elastic. It

should also humanise the student so that he will care more for ethical ends than for selfish and utilitarian objectives. Above all, it should fill him with a desire for social amelioration. It should engender not merely social pity but also a passion for social justice. Initiative and resourcefulness should be encouraged but the attempt should also be made to utilise these qualities for constructive ends.

DIWAN CHAND SHARMA

Sasta Worship in South India. By L. K. BALA RATNAM, with a Foreword by RAO BAHADUR C. S. SRINIVASACHARI. (Travancore University Co-operative Stores, Ltd., Trivandrum. Rs. 3/-)

Sasta worship in South India centres about a deity claiming popular worship and pilgrimage from many devotees. The cult has a long history and opinion is divided whether the god Sasta is an apotheosis of the Buddha introduced into the Hindu pantheon or a pre-Aryan deity of popular worship imported into Kerala from the Tamil country. Shri Bala Ratnam with other eminent scholars leans towards the latter view. In this small monograph he gives an informative account of the principles and the practice of the cult against a briefly sketched historical background. It is interesting to note that devotees on pilgrimage to the Sasta temple in Kerala observe no distinctions of caste, colour or condition.

V. M. I.

Selections from Swami Vivekananda. (Swami Pavitrananda, Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati, Almora. Rs. 6/-)

Swami Vivekananda was a vitalising force that half a century ago swept not only India but also the West. This voluminous selection paints his picture better than a formal biography could do. A biographical note, however, would have been useful. There is grouping into lectures, interviews, letters, poems etc., but it is not clear that these are in chronological order. In relatively few cases are the dates indicated, even by the context.

But the contents, while not completely consistent, are richly rewarding. Let us mention only a golden bead or two of the many that are strung on the thread of clear-sightedness, of warmth and vigour and devotion and impersonality that made up the man. His beautiful devotion to his Guru, coupled with his not unfounded fear of the arising of "one more sect in a world already teeming with sects." His acceptance of human brotherhood. His insistence on belief in oneself; on each man's soul being his only teacher; "We are what our thoughts have made us." His pride in India's past. His recognition that India's theme, her key-note, is religion. His conviction that India's death would mean the extinction of spirituality and his belief in the power of her spirituality to make Devas of her conquerors. And with it all a wealth of practical suggestions for the aspirant to the spiritual life.

E. M. H.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

SYNTHETIC AND DYNAMIC HUMANISM*

In his Introduction to this new volume of papers and lectures by Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature, Mr. Gordon Bottomley finds in them a common concern for all that is contained in the word "Humanism" as well as evidence that "Britain's steady courage through mounting danger was served by her cultural life having been maintained with determination." This is, perhaps, claiming rather much for a collection of cultured but not remarkably original essays. Certainly the light of learning and of culture shines steadfastly through them and so dark is the night of barbarism that almost engulfs us that even a little candle may throw far his beams, like "a good deed in a naughty world."

Only one of the contributors, Dr. Routh, however, explicitly defines the history, meaning and task of humanism. He speaks of it as "the study of man as revealed in men...the adjustment of what is changeful to what is permanent; in other words, culture's comment on civilization." The word "comment" betrays both the virtue and the limitation of humanism, which originated in a break with theology. The study of man developed in separation from the study of God. Medieval theology being what it was and man being what he was, this was inevitable, but it was none-the-less in the long view a tragedy. Eventually humanism itself split into two branches, that which came to be called the study of the Humanities, based on the Greek and Latin Classics, and what we now know as modern science. Dr. Routh recognises that "Science and literature have been rivals since the Renaissance and science is now winning the day." He deplores the fact. He regards science and literature as two long-lost brothers, brought together now by force of circumstances, but as yet only vaguely aware of their kinship. In the humanism of the future he sees them living together and collaborating, though he can produce little evidence as yet to show that they will. What he overlooks is that *they are each the split segments of a greater whole* and that *only in that greater whole can they be reunited and the knowledge towards power, which science seeks, be integrated in the search for enlightenment which is the true goal of literature.* He consoles himself with the thought that humanists need not be creative. But an uncreative culture can no longer justify itself. It must regain the redemptive power of divine wisdom or perish under the wheels of the modern Juggernaut.

I have left myself little space to comment on the other seven papers. Three of them are notable. Mr. Geoffrey Tillotson discriminates suggestively between the pure critic in Matthew Arnold and the interested advocate who set out to humanise the British middle class with something of the

* *Essays by Divers Hands: Being the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom.* New Series. Vol. XX. Edited by GORDON BOTTOMLEY. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London. 8*s*. 6*d*.)

technique and the slogans of an expert salesman. Mr. de la Mare contributes a characteristically charming paper in which he shows how what the man of action considers to be a "quiet life," that of the reader and the writer, may in fact be an exceptionally concentrated order of living. Mr. Rostrevor Hamilton seeks for a criterion by which to distinguish verse from poetry and finds it in the quality of contemplation, bringing the whole soul of man into activity, which poetry possesses and verse lacks. He argues his case persuasively. In addition there are scholarly papers, on "Erasmus and His English Friends" by Mr. Cowell, on "Sacred Legends in Byzantine Art" by Dr. Beza, and a piece of personal reminiscence by Sir John Martin-Harvey on "The Player and His Art." Laurence Binyon's last poem, "Winter Sunrise," recalls at the beginning of the volume one in whom humanism flowered creatively, reaching back beyond the Græco-Roman classics to a more ancient and perennial fountain.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

TOWARDS TOTALITARIANISM *

"This second world war is the climax of an era of frustration," writes Prof. Harold J. Laski, and, like other sociologists and economists, he is fully aware that the forces of frustration, which will oppose the planners of a new society, may be even greater in the future than in the past. The reason for this is not that there is no specific but that there are too many, differing from each other in points of detail, much as religious sects differ about what they regard as essential points of dogma. Yet such remedies as Communism on the Russian model, Nazism and Fascism have one fundamental principle in common, namely, the discipline and regimentation of the whole population.

The realisation that lies at the back of this principle is a secular adaptation of the ethic that informs religion, namely, the need for unity, and since that can only be attained in a nation by a common danger—and even then imperfectly—it must be imposed by its leaders. For, whether in the conduct of a war or the building of a new society, there can be no success unless the people are of one mind. And we do not need the lesson of history, though it can be found there, to know that though our impersonal ambition may be the building of Utopia, we shall never find a whole-hearted response to that ideal in the minds of the people, ruled as they are by a characteristic inertia that resists the idea of any drastic change in their thought habits.

Professor Laski has long since made up his mind which of the three prescriptions for obtaining unity is likely to be the most successful, and in that, at least, we may agree with him. In the Russian model, he has found all the elements that are necessary for the making of an ideal society. He does not hesitate to find a parallel between the development of Leninism and the regenerative impulses of the early Christian communities, and can agree with Mr. T. S. Eliot, a disciple of what is, in effect, the fascism of the Catholic

* *Faith, Reason and Civilisation.* By HAROLD J. LASKI. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 6s.)

Church, that "the habits of the community" must be formulated, corrected and elevated by continuous thought and direction; for if "each man is to elaborate his own,...personality becomes a thing of alarming importance."

And up to a point there can be little doubt that Professor Laski is justified in the wish to establish something of the same order as the Soviet System——presumably, though he does not say so, throughout the whole world——in any case, for a beginning, throughout Europe. The general tendency of modern thought lies in that direction. The peoples of the Democracies have come to see, with a new clarity, the flagrant evils of an individualistic society under the rule of Capitalism. And since that must go, what better pattern need we seek than that of a nation which, after twenty-five years of training in the worship of the State, has so splendidly demonstrated the power that characterizes a united people? "Lenin was surely right," says Professor Laski, "when the end he sought for was to build his heaven upon earth and to write the precepts of its faith into the inner fabric of a universal humanity."

If that were all, yes. We may let our imaginations run forward and picture the perfect society of the future, when that "alarming" tendency to individual thought has been bred and trained out of us——or, when necessary, exterminated by new drastic measures——and when every worker of whatever degree has become the docile cell of an all-inclusive organism. It is the ideal of the hive or the formicary, with the aspirations and passions of every individual subdued to serving the purpose of the community as a whole. And when that static condition is achieved, when man is content to live his little life in service to the State, what next? It is no argument to reply that we cannot look so far ahead as that. If that is our ideal, we must consistently work towards it. If we assume that humanity is no more than a fortuitous by-product of blind evolution, then by all means let us plan to adapt society as perfectly as may be to its environment.

Even as in the old Testament parable the people combined to build up their tower from earth to heaven, so in this modern rendering shall we attempt to build a heaven upon earth. But having built it, we can only assume that mankind will ultimately perish, whether of inanition or at the coming of some superior race. For if the structure be of nothing but clay, it will at last return to dust.

J. D. BERESFORD

The Yoga of the Saints: Analysis of Spiritual Life. By V. H. DATE, with a Foreword by R. D. RANADE. (Popular Book Depot, Bombay 7. Rs. 6/-)

Dr. Date's thesis is that "the spiritual life is an organic growth, which has its roots in the reactions of the sensuous life and its fruit in the realization of God." In the main he bases his conclusions on the experiences and utterances of the great Maharashtra Saints, Ramdas, Tukaram and Jnaneshwar, but there are also apt and inspiring references to other mystics, notably to St. Paul. Dr. Date is an experienced teacher of European and Indian philosophy, but he generally wears his learning lightly and he has

given us a wise and useful handbook rather than a pedantic treatise.

Life is a curious knot; there are intertwining threads of experience that seem to cross and discomfit one another, and yet in the very contradictions and the knot must be found the rhythm and the harmony. Yoga seeks to see through the contradictions, to undo the knot, and to feel and respond to the rhythm, to invoke and experience the ultimate Felicity. The Saints and Mystics—our Ambassadors of the Absolute—have negotiated divers safe passages to the threshold of Reality. Although one person, with one unique set of predilections, may prefer one "path" to any other, he need not object to another's pursuing some other "path" should he find it easier; and all legitimate roads lead truly, sooner or later, to the sanctuary of Fulfilment.

Dr. Date conveys to the reader of his book much interesting and helpful information about the oft-trodden "paths" and he tries also to describe, as far as such phenomena can be described at all, the nature of spiritual experience and the personality of the "Ideal Saint." Above all, Dr. Date writes clearly and with becoming restraint and humility, and I have therefore no doubt that his book will quicken in the responsive reader a desire to explore on his own the infinitudes of the Spirit.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Myths and Ethics: Humanism and the World's Needs. Conway Memorial Lecture. By GILBERT MURRAY. Foreword by Prof. J. A. K. Thomson. (C. A. Watts and Co., London. 1s.)

Professor Murray's theme is that, despite the increasing horrors made commonplace by totalitarian war, man has an essential craving for goodness and truth, that shows in the swing towards idealism after every great conflict.

Religionists "explain" the fact by myths—that become strife-provoking dogmas but which are considered by the more enlightened as allegories. The Humanists attempt no explanation, but reverence this mystery of inherent truth and humanity. The lecture concludes with a plea for a common front between the sincere Humanist and the Religionist whose faith rests on ethics rather than on dogmas, so that the threat of civil war and disintegration may be more strongly opposed.

Reading this, one can understand why Mme. Blavatsky presented Theosophy straightforwardly as a philosophy, at once religious, scientific and practical. In this way it shows the truths from which the mythic religions spring. It points to the science of the inner side of nature and man, without which Humanism is merely "good feeling." It emphasises above all the fundamental brotherhood for which Professor Murray pleads.

The Theosophical Movement of the last century drew many of its best workers from those who called themselves "Free-thinkers," "Agnostics," "Rationalists." It is a hopeful symptom that Professor Murray rejects the first term as too vague, the second as negative, the third as too limited, and prefers to call "Humanists" all who accept as their paramount duty the welfare of Humanity, preferring sincerity of thought—even though it entail sacrifice—to the "psychological flesh-pots of conformity."

W. E. W.

Literature and Authorship in New Zealand. By ALAN MULGAN. (P. E. N. Books, George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 2s.)

Mr. Mulgan has made the best of a bad job. There is little authorship (and less literature) in New Zealand. The colony is only a hundred years old, and it takes more nearly a thousand years to produce a literature. Literature is a civilised activity, built up slowly, laboriously and cumulatively out of a tradition; whereas colonisation is, in this particular instance, a matter of depriving the Maoris of their own land, of "conquering" them and of relegating them to a subordinate rôle. No reasonable man would expect colonials to produce a literature; it would be much more feasible to expect it from the Maoris. An exile from the old European tradition in one of these tin-shack new worlds is in a position exactly opposite to that of exiles like Henry James and T. S. Eliot and the New Zealand-born Katherine Mansfield, all of whom left the tin shacks and the long, long trails a-winding to return to the old civilisation (evil as it might be).

But the sins of the Empire-building forefathers need not be visited on the children indefinitely; in America even a century ago Poe managed to write, against appalling odds, in the idiom of a civilised man, and in more recent years we have watched a literature almost visibly growing in that amorphous and terrifying continent. To the expert in colonies, new worlds and planned paradises, there may be little in common between New Zealand and America; but to the lay mind of one reader of Mr. Mulgan's little book they are much the same, and in the examples of Hemingway, Anderson, Faulkner, etc., Mr. Mulgan should see a hope for the honest New Zealand writer— who, after all, cannot be held responsible for the past.

J. P. HOGAN

Doctrine of Karma: A Study in Its Philosophy and Practice. By SWAMI ABHEDANANDA. Second Edition. (Swami Prajnananda, Ramakrishna Vedanta Math, Calcutta. Rs. 3/-)

Swami Abhedânanda's presentation is cogent, clear, convincing in the main. But there would seem to be a danger in his treatment of "Duty or Motive in Work." Duty as a motive may be inferior to love in the highest sense but most of us are far indeed from pure Divine and selfless love, for which all acts are worship of the Supreme. It is not safe to teach all men to look on duty as "the greatest bondage of their lives." For the average humanity duty persistently followed is still the royal road to bring them towards the goal.

One passage on pp. 40 and 41 seems more than reminiscent of a paragraph in Madame H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* (Vol. II, pp. 303-4) but she, we feel assured, would not stand upon credit in connection with the spread of a teaching so vitally important at any time and especially today. For she regarded Karma as the greatest of all laws and the belief that it is possible for a man to escape the consequences of his acts as the most fertile source of immorality and crime.

E. M. H.

A History of Gingee and Its Rulers. By C. S. SRINIVASACHARI. With a Foreword by Sir C. R. REDDY. (Annamalai University, Annamalainagar.)

Where once chargers pranced in military array, the bullocks drag the ploughshare, goaded by a half-naked farmer, and the spider weaves its web where rulers once sat in state.

Memories and traditions get overwhelmed in the lengthening web of Time, near-suffocated, and the patient historian has to clip the thin dark strands that the story of the past may live again. Gingee in its physical aspect is of little import. In its inward developing, however, it slips into the familiar Indian pattern, standing out, among a hundred others, as a cultural illustration. A chaos of mountains, stark save for thorn shrubs and structured over with immense citadels, battlemented granite walls, the sternest of its kind in India and in good preservation even today. Over this rock-face, a picturesque tip in the north-western corner of South Arcot, passed the feet of invaders, and passed again. And the Nayak civilization that gave Gingee its substance and its strength withstood the waves, its deeper life untouched, unaffected.

The Chola epoch (following indigenous tribal occupation) or perhaps the disruption of the Chola Empire at the advent of the Pandyas and Hoysalas in the thirteenth century, was the prelude. The masses of fortifications, tier upon tier, might have been started then, but were completed later. The true development of Gingee took shape during the rule of the Nayaks that followed, when Gingee was a vassal state in the splendid Empire of Vijayanagar. A point to note is that the Nayaks, orthodox Hindus though they were, shaped their social ideas after the liberal ideas of their imperial masters, and permitted full religious toleration. While they constructed and endowed a great many temples and took pains to promote Hindu culture, they welcomed Jesuit preachers and allowed them to build churches, even making financial grants for this purpose.

The Muslims came. The Empire of Vijayanagar was first torn to pieces, then annihilated. But the Hindus of the South retained the old ideals of life and a great heritage in religion, social life, literature, architecture.

Pathans, Mughals, Mahrattas, Muslims again. Finally the European Powers, clawing each other for colonial loot. Dramatic personalities crossed the scene once in a while: the Raja Dessing, living still in ballad and legend, like the heroes of Rajasthan; the famous French soldier Bussy; Hyder Ali.

The author of this volume is a well-known historian, with valuable work to his credit. He commands a vivid, attractive style. The volume is the second in the Annamalai University Historical Series. A hundred-page Index, even if a little too exhaustive, adds to the worth of the work. The ten photographic reproductions appended at the end, showing the Gingee fortifications as they now stand, are of interest.

The Foreword, contributed by Sir C. R. Reddy, brief and incisive, deserves to be read over and again.

BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

A Man Without a Mask: A Study of William Blake. By J. BRONOWSKI. (Secker & Warburg, London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Blake was so singular and profound a genius that he was considered by his contemporaries not a little mad. This, Mr. Bronowski contends, was a worthier judgment than that of others who have since called him sane. The men who thought him mad were wrong, but they were not silly. "There are states" wrote Blake himself "in which all Visionary Men are accounted Mad Men," and the society in which he lived was such a state. Men of vision or with the potentiality of vision were not only accounted mad. They went mad. And even those that didn't, even the strong-fibred Wordsworth, for example, feared they might and chose rather to sacrifice their genius than risk a loss of sanity. No wonder then, as Mr. Bronowski remarks, that they felt the strain in Blake, the man who was true to his genius from first to last despite all the repressive strain his times imposed upon it. No wonder, too, that in some respects such times contorted the expression of his genius and in the "Prophetic Books" forced on him an obscurity which devoted commentators during the last forty years have done their best to penetrate. Mr. Bronowski does not belittle their labour, nor that of those who have found Blake's mysticism more absorbing than they have found Blake. But he has set himself a different task, that of confronting Blake and his time and showing how powerfully it acted upon him and how consistently and defiantly he reacted towards it. His aim, he insists, is the understanding of Blake alone, but in fact a large portion of his book is a painstaking study of the miseries and iniquities of the Industrial Revolution. As an engraver Blake suffered in his person the poverty and alienation which descended upon every humble craftsman in the period when industry moved to the factory. And this was accentuated by the American war, the French Revolution and its Napoleonic sequel. Other poets of the time succumbed to disillusion and compromise. Blake alone stood out. He remained the inspired dissenter. But even he had to guard himself against the savage repression which met the threat of revolt against an inhuman political and social system. The obscurity of the "Prophetic Books" was caused primarily, Mr. Bronowski argues, by the need of concealment which the monstrous sedition laws forced upon him. Here as elsewhere, perhaps, he attributes too much to the external conditioning cause, too little to the intrinsic nature of Blake's mind. But he is certainly right in insisting that Blake did not merely live through the social events of his time.

> He lived them in his own personal life; and he lived them into his prophetic books.... Until we know these, we shall not understand his thought, because we shall not speak his language.

His study supplies what has hitherto been lacking, at least in such intimate detail, in interpretations of Blake, the material context of his genius. The approach is from the social environment to the personal centre. It is weakest, as might be expected, at the visionary centre. That has been more intensely illuminated by others. But his study of the "Songs of Innocence and of Experience" is full of imaginative insight.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ ___*ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Many have vaguely and uncomfortably felt what William Hard expressed in the September *Reader's Digest*: "Are We on the Wrong Road Toward Peace?" The "Great Power" road, he declared, could never be the road to permanent peace. The world had "followed the 'realistic' Great Powers theory to a 'realism' of ruin." A twentieth-century Quadruple Alliance would go the way of that of the nineteenth, passing gradually from a closed "Peace Alliance" to "Spheres of Influence," to coercion within these areas and thence to the inevitable clash of interests, and war again. "Is there," he cried, "no better way for men on earth to live?"

He saw the way out in a shift of primary emphasis from the power of the great powers to a World Union of all nations. The International Labour Office, he pointed out, like the Western Hemispheric Pan-American Union Conferences, had achieved a friendly intermingling of nations small and great, weak and powerful, democratic and authoritarian, white, brown and black, "with no upper chamber of the few and mighty and no lower chamber of the many and weak."

Mr. Hard put forward as the strongest possible bulwark against war

a World Union of all nations, in session at all times for consideration of all world problems, economic, financial, political, military...organised to take and express world views in world emergencies, and energized by daily duties of world service.

To whomsoever the credit belongs, the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, published 9th October, avoid the worst reef of world policing by the four Great Powers, responsible to no one but themselves. Permanent seats on the proposed Security Council of the United Nations are, to be sure, reserved for them and, later on, France, but these five are to be outnumbered by six other States, elected to the Council for two-year periods. Permanent representation carries undeniable advantages in moulding policy. If, however, an equal vote can be maintained for the elected members, and if there be no break in their succession, the hope is there that in important matters might may bow to right.

It is common knowledge that modern philosophical speculation, like modern science, has not been able to get out of the circle of ancient thought. A claim for ancient Indian antecedents for modern social theory also was put forward in a significant speech in a symposium on the "Cultural Heritage of India" held at the Government Law College, Bombay, in mid-September. Mr. Bhulabhai Desai on that occasion pronounced present-day socialism and communism but expanded versions of the Hindu joint-family system. Under the former in theory, as under the latter in practice, gross disparity of incomes is

avoided. If one brother earned more than another

the joint family system saw to it that the income of the entire family was evenly distributed among all the members of the family. True, this entailed a sacrifice on the part of the member who was earning more than others but then without sacrifice socialism and communism are entirely impracticable ideals.

Mr. Desai traced most of the sufferings of the present day to the supersession of ideals by "the gospel of commercialism." Materialism was being discredited, he said, and he predicted that the day would come when the whole world would want to "drink deep of the inexhaustible wells of India's spiritual culture."

The Hon. Mr. Justice Divatia declared that Indian culture had expanded outwards from the soul. The principles of toleration and forbearance, live and let live, were prominent among its contributions.

Mr. Karl Khandalavala's account of the tangible glories of ancient Indian culture refuted effectively the charge made against our thinkers by Principal Kellock of Wilson College—that they tended to be "engrossed in thought rather than face the challenge of reality."

Principal Asaf Fyzee of the Government Law College concluded his address on an inspiring note :—

The cultural unity of India is the most salient fact in the whole history of India.

The Goa Congress Committee has issued a devastating brief against the "Denationalisation of Goans" which is distributed by Padma Publications, Ltd., Bombay. Irrational pride in the fancied superiority of one's own culture is stultifying but mental self-abasement before an alien culture withers a people's roots. The domination of one people by another is objectionable primarily for its psychological effect upon the dominated. The natural implication of conquest is superiority of might but only in a world of topsyturvy values can greater might be taken as the sign and token of general superiority.

The Portuguese as colonisers have an unenviable record in the New World, no less than in the Old. Few colonisers have so blatantly used political authority as an instrument of conversion, and religion in its turn as an instrument of political exploitation. The methods by which they have imposed their faith, their language and their customs on the Goanese as set forth in this documented brief, do not make pleasant reading.

The language of the Goanese, Konkani, is a fugitive from its own land. There is, it is asserted, not one Konkani school in Goa. Fortunately, the love of the mother-tongue is not quite dead. The old books were burnt by the conquerors four centuries ago but, from beyond the borders of Goa, books and papers are today being published in Konkani.

That is a ray of hope for the revival among the Goanese of the just pride in their own antecedents that self-respect and cultural advance demand. Another is the reported return of the Goanese Catholic women to the saree. But the costume of the Catholic men of Goa, the woolen coat and trousers, the collar and the tie, so hopelessly unsuited to the climate, still symbolises meek submission to European customs and ideas.

For the real grievance against the Portuguese rulers, if this account be true, is that the effort to denationalise the Goanese has so largely succeeded.

They stand charged with having won at last, through cunning manipulation of history and careful adjustment of cultural blinkers, the people's acquiescence in their dependent and inferior status. Not unnaturally, in such a setting, undiscriminating imitation becomes the rule and spontaneity languishes.

Portuguese rule in Goa is the immediate accused but on many counts the colonial system generally stands beside it in the dock.

The controversy that has dragged on, week after week, in *The Malabar Herald* of Cochin has its lesson for the victims of prejudice in one faith who expect equality of status in another. The justifiable insistence of Indian Christians on equal rights in pew distribution in the Santa Cruz Cathedral has brought to light discrimination the more shocking for the vigour with which some have rallied to the defence of privilege. One contributor to the controversy urged in extenuation of the system that available pews had not been denied to Indian Christians who adopted European dress and ways of living! This defence, if based on facts, confirms Gandhiji's charge against Christian missions, that one of their effects is to denationalise converts.

Much could be said against pew rental as a source of ecclesiastical revenue, but if pews are to be rented the least that can be expected of Church authorities is complete impartiality in their distribution. If discrimination between Christian and Christian is not only to be practised but to be condoned by the Church, let it be openly avowed so that prospective *convertis de convenance* may at least make their choice with their eyes open.

India of today is not a Hindu India or Muslim India. It is essentially the whole India of the Hindus and the Muslims (and other minorities, of course). It is the India of Muslim democracy and Hindu philosophy. It is the India of Muslim art and Hindu science. It is the India of Hindu astrology and Muslim algebra. It is the India of Hindu translations of Muslim Koran and Muslim translation of Hindu Ramayana. It is the India of Hindu generals of Muslim rulers. It is the India of Muslim Dewan (minister) of Hindu Maharaja. It is the India of the Hindu blacksmiths and Muslim *solas* (weavers), the Hindu *Beniya* (traders), and Muslim ryots. It is the India of Hindu professors of Muslim students—it is the India of Muslim mechanics of the Hindu workshop. It is the Hindu and Muslim engrafted—one and indivisible.

This is how Mr. Muhammad Ali Azam concludes his article in the June *Asia and the Americas* on Hindu-Muslim relations under the expressive title "My Brother's Face." The above quotation makes comment unnecessary. If, as the author recounts from his personal experience, each Hindu could see in the Muslim a brother's face and *vice versa*, the contribution of each to the history and civilisation of India would be recognised not as mere facts from history but as expressions of a co-operative venture in a life of harmony and mutual understanding. If we hear so much today about communal differences, the explanation has to be sought somewhere outside the thoughts of the common Hindu or Muslim. Petty considerations have sought to exploit the situation through false perversions and to poison unthinking minds with the virus of communal discord. The solution cannot come from without but has to spring from the hearts of men, in mutual recognition of fraternity.

Not without seeing in each other's faces the faces of brothers could the Hindus and the Muslims have lived together for nearly a thousand years. History in this case is no warning but an example.

* *

Mr. Oliver C. Cox differentiates erudditely in *The Journal of Negro Education* (Spring Number 1944) between class, caste, and race and power divisions. Social stratification and differentiation by classes is less rigid than the caste groupings, founded upon occupation and often strictly endogamous. In the caste system, the caste as a unit is the bearer of status; in the class system, the individual or the family may more easily rise independently of other members of the group than the caste members can. In an inter-group power relationship as between British and Indians in this country or between Negroes and whites in South Africa, there is a definite cleavage along lines of race.

Divisions all, when what the whole world needs is to forget our differences and remember Man *qua* Man!

The criteria of social status are many. Mr. Cox names "wealth, education, health, family record, talent, and so on," not specifying individual character, which is the only defensible criterion. Where that is recognised, occupation as a status measure is out of court. As it has elsewhere been well put :—

> It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man.

The large part which co-operatives must play in any planned economy upon sound lines was stressed by Mr. M. R. Masani in his Presidential Address at the Sixth Bombay City Co-operative Conference a few months ago. In this address, recently published by the Industrial Co-operatives Library, Aundh, the former Mayor of Bombay sees in voluntary co-operation the means to avoid the complete dominance of the State, as under both Fascism and Communism. Planning and co-ordination there must be, but such planning, he emphasises, must not be imposed from above but come from the bottom upwards. He sees co-operatives of producers, whether craftsmen or farmers, in a planned society, as the inheritors of the great traditions of both the Indian village organisation for mutual aid and the mediaeval European guild.

A striking point is made by Mr. Masani in his consideration of "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness" as proper goals of National Planning. Planning for "Life," he emphasises, rules out planning for Death, *i. e.*, for war, into planning for which so much of the energy of countries with a planned economy has gone.

The closer the co-operative bonds can be knit, drawing together men of different castes and creeds, races and nations, in recognised mutual dependence, the greater, surely, are the chances of enduring peace.

THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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CAN INDIAN PHILOSOPHY BE MADE PROGRESSIVE?

[**Shri G. R. Malkani,** Head of the Indian Institute of Philosophy at Amalner, discusses here a question of perennial pertinence. There is no gainsaying that the inspiration of the ancient Hindu sages did penetrate the mysteries of *Pragnā Pāramitā* (perfect wisdom). Or that the safest guides to human happiness and enlightenment are still the writings which have descended to us from the remotest antiquity. But different interpretations have been placed upon the fundamental truths that these enshrine. It could even, we are assured, be demonstrated that there is not a proposition of modern Western philosophy but has its ancient Oriental prototype. The quest for Truth may be by many roads, but the nearer the approach to it, the more those roads converge. Whatever leads away from the one Truth cannot be progress.—ED.]

Progress is the watchword of modern times. There is little doubt that, historically speaking, every science is progressive; and European Philosophy, which goes hand in hand with the changing scientific and social outlook naturally partakes of this progressive movement. The charge against Indian Philosophy by outsiders and by some indigenous workers in the field is that it is not progressive. We are simply hugging to our bosom a few ancient truths, precious though they may be, and doing nothing to enlarge our philosophical arena or even to keep pace with the times. We have the six and odd ancient systems, and all our thinking is confined to studying them and interpreting them according to our lights. We are adding nothing. There are no new systems of thought emerging with the passage of time. Our tradition has become a dead weight which has submerged our philosophical thinking. It has not become a point of departure for newer and fresher ideas, as is the case with European thinkers. In other words, Indian Philosophy is not a living thing, and there are no first-rate Indian philosophers to

whom we can point and say, " Here are the torch-bearers of modern India, in whom Indian Philosophy has found a new expression and who can take their place in the front rank of leaders of philosophical thinking the world over." Our best minds merely imitate and interpret. They do not create. They imitate the European method of free-thinking; and they interpret their ancient cultural heritage. In neither case does their work amount to the work of genius or to a new and original contribution to the philosophical thought of the world.

It is a moot point whether all that seems progress to us is really so. Every age considers itself wiser than the last, for the simple reason that it is later in time and that it has superseded the past which is no longer alive. Often this attitude is superficial, being based upon our ignorance of the past and our inability to enter its real living movement which constituted its concrete reality. We have recreated the past in terms of a static ideology; and small wonder it is that we are not pleased with our creation. The mere sense of movement and of life which we can have only in the present invests the latter with a certain amount of reality and of joy, and so with greater value. It is difficult, with the best of intentions, to revisualise the past as the past really was. And yet the past might have been, in its wholeness and in its ideals of life, in no way inferior to a later age which prides itself on its greater enlightenment.

There are other people, conservative-minded, who reverse their evaluation. They find every good in the past, and none in the times in which they live. They see the evil of their age too plainly and nothing to compare with it in the past. They would like, if they could, to reverse the whole movement of history. These pessimists too may be misguided. In any case, history cannot be reversed. If there is any good in the past, we should be able to retranslate it into the context of the present. If we cannot, it is an insult to our intelligence and to our capacity for adaptation, if not also to our sincerity of purpose and our vision of truth.

We do not find ourselves in either of the above camps. We are neither optimists nor pessimists. We should like to gather gems from the past, if they are real gems, and give them life in the living present. There is no set of circumstances which we cannot turn to our advantage, if we keep a sufficiently detached and dispassionate mind. The influx of Western culture and Western philosophy is deplored by some. It is rarely deplored by those who have had intimate contact with it. In any case, we must accept this new influx of ideas from the West for what it is. The question is, should we seek to reconcile ancient Hindoo thought with European thought, or at least find some *modus vivendi* between them, or go our own way as though European thought never

existed? I believe that the latter course is difficult in the circumstances of our age, when the best intellects are naturally drawn towards and trained in Western forms of thought in every department of human activity.

But there is no inherent objection to relying on our own tradition entirely and making it live in our own times. Some of the purest and most instructive thinking in Indian Philosophy is done by those who are untouched by Western Philosophical thinking and even regard it with unrepressed hostility. There is also little doubt that most of the attempts to find a *modus vivendi* between the two traditions, and to assimilate them to each other, have operated to the detriment of the true spirit of Indian thought. This spirit has little in common with the ideals and the methods of European Philosophy.

The ideal behind Indian Philosophy is the knowledge of That knowing which all else is known. It is knowledge that will cut at the root of all evil and all suffering. The Truth which we should seek in Philosophy is timeless and eternal, and our knowledge of it absolutely certain. There is no room for "may be," but only for "is." The certainty of truth is part of its very nature. There can be no higher truth than that. Has Indian Philosophy found this truth and shown a way to it? If it has, all further philosophical progress is barred. There is no scope for it. We may give an exposition of it in any language, adopting the conventions and the spiritual genius of that language,—but that will not be reorientation or re-interpretation. It will simply be speaking to everyone in the language he can understand. After all, this truth cannot be racial or communal. It is for all humanity. We must therefore communicate it in the language in which different sections of humanity can imbibe it and make it their own. In this sense alone can we say that Indian Philosophy can be rewritten. Has it not a message for all mankind and must it not enter the cultural tempo of the lives of all? But this is not philosophical progress. It is progress in the forms of its communication or expression, or, more generally, progress in its presentation, not in its content.

In conformity with the above ideal of Truth, Indian Philosophy has a set method which cannot be varied. If you want timeless Truth, then there is no *pramāṇa* or means of knowledge which will reveal it to you, except *śruti* or the revealed word. Can we set aside this method, with all its intellectual and spiritual aids and accessories, and substitute another for it? He will be a bold man who will even attempt such a substitution. No one has ever seriously challenged the view that there can be no other *pramāṇa* than that of *śruti* or the *upaniṣads*, if what we want to know is the ultimate philosophical truth, which *śruti* declares to be the identity of

jiva and Brahman (*tad tvam asi*). But if that is so, can we imitate the ideas of progress of Western thought, and set up mushroom systems which may be very novel and interesting for a time, but which are soon outmoded, and which have no permanent or lasting value?

European thought is free. But this very freedom has created a chaos. The hold of tradition is weak. In fact, there is no tradition worth the name. The disciple agrees but also disagrees with the master. There is no sacred writing which can command universal assent, and to which all philosophical thought may be hitched on. Everyone is in a way his own master. The reason for this chaos is that the ideal of truth is not that of eternal truth; for this is believed to be unattainable. The ideal of truth is system-building, which is a matter of theory only. We have all kinds of conceptual structures, which are purely subjective or speculative in character. This ideal of truth is in line with the scientific ideal, which is that of hypothesis and verification. The pity is that while a scientific hypothesis can be verified and can at least claim provisional truth, a philosophical hypothesis cannot be verified. The result is that there is no universal agreement about philosophical truth, and the only votaries a given formulation has are a few men temperamentally sympathetic with its chief architect and protagonist. The ideal is put so far away that it becomes unattainable; and the method is speculation, which is another word for imagination. Thus the creations of imagination appear to us as progress of thought, for do they not clothe themselves in the current phraseology of science and the new-fangled ideas of scientist-philosophers, whose chief qualifications are scientific rather than philosophical?

Shall Indian Philosophy imitate European Philosophy? If it does, and progresses with the times, it will lose its old and tried anchorages and moorings, be at the mercy of the winds of imagination and run adrift without ideal and aim. We go after progress, and we merely lose what we had, and gain nothing in exchange except intellectual conceit and a false sense of self-importance.

G. R. MALKANI

"SPIRIT-MEETING" IN JAPANESE MILITARY ARTS

[**Mr. Ernest John Harrison,** himself the holder of the third degree (*sandan*) of the Japanese art of jūjutsu, is the author of several works on Japanese martial arts. The powers claimed for the practitioners of *bujutsu* are none other than the *siddhis* which the Indian *Hatha Yogi* seeks at risk of sanity and health. The methods also seem not very different. The Indian Sages warn against the danger of the lower *siddhis* and the quest for psychic powers. True spiritual powers there are, but they unfold unsought as the natural flowering of purity and knowledge. The powers which Mr. Harrison describes here are not such !—Ed.]

My attention has been called to a belief said to be widely spread among American and Australian soldiers fighting in the Pacific war zone that the Japanese are endowed with abnormal powers almost akin to the occult, which enable them in an uncanny manner to elude observation and to infiltrate through the Allied lines, as also to perform various other feats beyond the comprehension of the average Westerner. Needless to add, our own commentators have hastened to dispel this belief and to reduce all such hostile phenomena to a, so to speak, prosaic least common denominator.

My own purpose in rushing into print at this juncture is not specifically to join issue with these sceptics in their common-sense conclusions which, for that matter, may in this particular instance be quite well founded, but rather to affirm my personal conviction, formed during some twenty years' residence and first-hand inquiry in Japan, that certain classes of Japanese fighting men *do* possess distinctive mental and physical attributes beyond the purview of Occidental experience.

The subject of Japanese esoterics generally is notoriously comprehensive and intrinsically fascinating. In the words of that brilliant Japanologue, the late Basil Hall Chamberlain, its study would shed a flood of light "upon some of the most curious nooks and crannies of the human mind." It is, however, outside the scope of the present article. I intend to confine my remarks to that branch of Japanese esoterics which belongs to what may generically be styled *bujutsu*, literally "military arts," although the Japanese terminology has a far wider range than the English equivalent. And in this context I have every right to claim that I was the first non-Japanese who, several decades ago, discovered and revealed to the Western world the alleged source to which the Japanese martial "adept" traces his ability to cope single-handed with assailants, whether

armed or not, greatly outnumbering him. That source is believed to be situated in the region of the lower abdomen, designated in Japanese the "*tanden.*" More precisely it lies about two inches below the navel. An alternative and more colloquial synonym for this source is "*shitahara*" (lower belly). Native teachers of the several military arts contend that the mysterious powers adumbrated above can be cultivated by consistent and long-sustained deep-breathing exercises carried out in strict conformity with prescribed rules. Concurrently with the development of the *tanden* region the abdomen becomes prominent—not necessarily fat but solid and muscular. The possession of a swelling chest, beloved of Western athletes, is deemed to be of secondary importance.

The part played by the brain in inspiring physical activity is not ignored, but just as concentration of will, according to Sandow's theory, is indispensable to the successful development of the surface muscles, which are thus enabled to discharge increasingly difficult tasks at the command of the brain, so does this same concentration, when intelligently and persistently directed, operate upon the *tan*, the strengthening of which is supposed to increase one's capacity for the performance of deeds of valour. By virtue of the developed *tan*, which has obeyed the impulse conveyed by a strong mind, an opponent inferior in this respect, although physically bigger and stronger, must give way—so the supporters of the theory contend. Thus, during the Russo-Japanese war, a prominent exponent of *bujutsu* once assured the writer that the Russians, notwithstanding their greater weight and equally effective weapons, were invariably compelled to retreat before their smaller and lighter adversaries, and that, moreover, not alone in long-range actions, but in hand-to-hand encounters. In the opinion of this authority, the superior resolution of the Japanese was due to *tan*, which is highly developed among the *samurai* (now known as "*shizoku*") officers. My Japanese acquaintance also insisted that the courage needed for the performance of *harakiri* could be found only among those that had strengthened the *tan* to the necessary degree.

Yet the importance of mental control is never really lost sight of. When, on the other hand, precedence is given only to physical strength, the ultimate result is bound to be highly disadvantageous, inasmuch as the physical strength of an old man must as a rule be inferior to that of a young one who is equally assiduous in the pursuit of *bujutsu*; whereas the veteran *bujin* (military man) skilled, say, in the esotericism of *jūjutsu* or jūdō can always in the end vanquish his more juvenile antagonist, even though in exoteric wrestling he might be thrown again and again.

Whilst there are sundry minor modifications observable in the technique of development of the

shita-hara or *tanden*, as taught by different *ryūgi* or schools of *jūdō* and fencing, yet fundamentally the *bujutsu* formula is impressively uniform. Thus the neophyte is advised before meals, when the stomach is empty, preferably in the morning, to squat facing the rising sun, in a well-ventilated room; stretch out his hands and place them on both sides of the lower abdomen with the thumbs at the back, head and body held erect. He should then draw in the air through the nostrils little by little until his abdomen is full. In so doing he should endeavour to swell the latter, assisting the operation with his hands. "Remain," says the teacher, "in this condition until you can no longer bear it. Then exhale slowly from the nostrils, thus expelling all the air you can. Repeat the process for about five minutes at a time, gradually extending the length of time to twenty minutes, as you get used to it. After a while you will perceive your abdomen swell, followed by a development of the legs and trunk, finally culminating in the invigoration of your whole frame. Two months' exercise will probably convince you."

Closely associated with cultivation of the *tanden* is mastery of the *kiai* (pronounced "kee-eye" and signifying literally "spirit-meeting") a strange kind of shout supposed to emanate from the abdominal region. It is asserted that in olden times the *kiai*, as practised by an expert, exercised a mesmeric influence over the master's inferior adversary and rendered him an easy prey to the master's attack. It may, of course, be assumed that it was not the shout itself, but the force dictating it, that was really responsible for the phenomenon. On the other hand, it is a well-known scientific fact that a tone pitch which sets up certain vibrations in the surrounding atmosphere can accomplish remarkable results. In nearly all the *ryūgi* or schools of *jūdō* in modern Japan the *kiai* forms an integral element of the various systems of *kwappo* or esoteric art of resuscitation whereby a victim of strangulation, drowning or other misadventure can, it is claimed, be restored to consciousness and even to life after his heart has ceased to beat.

In the training of both the *samurai* and the priests of the famous Zen sect of Buddhism, it has from the earliest times been taught that the mouth should be closed and the air inhaled through the nostrils so as to impart strength to the lower abdomen, otherwise the *tanden*. Maintenance of this posture refreshes the mind and imbues the subject with a dignified air, which is also an important factor in the art of *kiai*.

I cannot, of course, personally vouch for the truth of every detail of the claims briefly reviewed above, but I have at all events heard them put forward by Japanese experts of whose veracity and probity I was then and am now perfectly satisfied. Moreover, in other respects I have had ocular demonstration of phenomena which are inexplicable on the

basis of generally accepted physiological; anatomical and psychological laws, and that demonstration undoubtedly predisposes me to lend credence to many surprising stories from the record of the past, even though the *a posteriori* process may not be exhaustive.

We are told, for instance, that in the "brave days of old" in Japan, use of the *kiai* enabled an expert swordsman to render himself invisible to his antogonist whose gaze would be helplessly fascinated by the point of the expert's sword, which in turn might be multiplied to seem like half a dozen points, all equally real to the prospective victim who, quite irrespective of his inferiority in the art of fencing, would not be able to anticipate the direction of attack, since he could not distinguish the true point from the false ones. Or the expert could arrest the movement of his adversary's weapon in the very act of striking, preferably when his would-be assailant had raised his sword above his head with both hands—the native sword (*katana*) being double-handed—with the object of delivering a downward stroke at the expert's head or shoulder. Paralyzed into immobility at such a juncture, the victim would be left with his entire body exposed to the expert's attack, and would thus be placed entirely at the latter's mercy. Most astounding feat of all, perhaps, in the expert's repertoire was the sudden conversion of his enemy's blood-thirsty rage into fatuous good humour, in which gratifying mood he would go on his way rejoicing and perhaps laughing heartily at one of the expert's valedictory jests.

In my day in Japan, one of the foremost "residuary legatees" of these *okugi* or secret principles which enter into nearly all Japanese arts and crafts, was Noboyuki Kunishigè, a splendid veteran well over sixty years of age, an instructor of the Shinden Isshinryu school of *jūjutsu*. In his fifty-mat *dōjō* or exercise-hall, I have often seen him drag with comparative ease at least half a dozen lusty youths round the hall. In a series of experiments staged for my special benefit, Kunishigè proved to me that although in those days no weakling I could make absolutely no impression upon him or disturb his balance or immobility in the slightest degree even when tugging hard at his ears with all my strength.

Still more inexplicable, perhaps, measured by the commonly accepted standards of Western medical science and practice, was his system of administering first aid. It was a matter of common knowledge among the doctors of the district in which Kunishigè lived that he had time and again restored to consciousness men and women given up for dead by the regular practitioners, and that too, to all outward semblance simply by means of the *kiai* shout, but which, as contended by Kunishigè himself, was the vehicle of a still more deeply seated force called *aiki*, supposed to emanate from the *tanden*. In one particularly striking

case he restored a coolie who had fallen from a great height and almost broken his spine. One shout from Kunishigè infused into him some of the life of the operator and enabled him to rise to his feet, after which the doctors had a chance to confirm the cure by recourse to more concrete remedies. Kunishigè could also almost instantaneously stop nose bleeding of the most persistent and violent type by means of the *kiai* and a hypnotic pass. A young student protégé of mine named Miyachi himself a very skilful exponent of *jūdō*, was once cured of this trouble by Kunishigè. Describing his experience Miyachi told me that when Kunishigè concentrated his gaze upon him his expression was simply terrifying, and that when the *kiai* was uttered he felt as if a thin stream of cold water had started to run upwards from the tip of his nose to his forehead, after which the flow of blood disappeared. Faith in the efficacy of Kunishigè's system had nothing to do with the cure, seeing that Miyachi had previously been frankly sceptical of the esoteric claims of these teachers of the old school.

E. J. HARRISON

COMMUNAL CRICKET

It is not at all playing cricket to allow the canker of communalism to enter any sphere of our activity, far less the sphere of sport, and thereby to warp its vitality and value as a cementing influence. For, what is of the essence of the thing is not the colour or creed of the player, but the quality thereof. Therefore, all those who aspire after and work for the unity of India would heartily disapprove of an event like the annual Pentangular Cricket Tournament in Bombay. For, it definitely impedes the efforts that are being made at bringing the different communities into the consciousness and ken of their inherent oneness. As Shri S. K. Patil, General Secretary of the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee says rightly in the course of a press statement, "Communalism is an effective antidote to nationalism without which there can be no freedom" just as, we may add, nationalism is an antidote to Internationalism. It is always good to remember, and re-orientate oneself to, the man behind the mask—whatever the mask may be, of caste or of country.

HAD DICKENS A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE?

[Ephemerality is the usual price of topical appeal. The caricaturist with pen or brush may effect reforms but the survival value of his work as art is generally slight. That Dickens, though a caricaturist of rare power with not a few reforms to his credit, still retains his charm, is due to the essential humanity of his types, however grotesque, as **Mr. B. J. Wadia,** the Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University, brings out so well here in discussing Dickens's philosophy of life.—Ed.]

Dickens had a philosophy of life, but it never crystallized into a definite system. He never departed, however, from his duty, as he conceived it, of teaching a moral lesson. He had a high sense of the importance of his work from this point of view, but it did not preoccupy him, as it did George Eliot, nor did it weigh heavily upon his mind. To understand his philosophy we must consider the times in which he lived. Born in 1812, Dickens was about twenty-five when Queen Victoria came to the throne. In the days of his boyhood he saw rioting workmen who smashed machinery and were answered by the argument of force, so dear to the upholders of "law and order." He saw women crushed in spirit, helpless, and often clad in "unwomanly rags." He saw toiling, suffering children whose lives were spent in the black depths of coal mines or midst the roar of hot, oily machines. This was the England he knew, and as he grew up into manhood he felt none too happy at heart. But God had blessed him with the spirit of boundless mirth. He could make people laugh; and with him, it would not object to crying a little too at times. A man who could make his reader's sides ache, and could also make the flesh creep, had certainly a purpose in what he wrote. Laughter and tears were his only weapons to fight for humanity and justice, in a time which was several degrees harsher and more cruel than our own. Thackeray pictured England on its brighter side, the world of wealth and rank and fashion. Dickens pictured the vast obscurity of the underworld, though the figures he chose were, in spite of his exaggerations, true to type. There were social changes in England during his later life and after his death. But many representatives of the originals still exist, perhaps with new names, perhaps also mixed up with the masses now drilled into a certain uniformity of behaviour and action.

Dickens viewed the problems of the poor in the mirror of his times. He knew that "Socialism" was coming, but he did not know the name. Poetry has found inspiration in the simple annals of the poor, but

it could not appeal to the heart and the conscience of the common folk as the stories taken from life could. In his own family Dickens was not much loved, but outside his circle he was and remained the robust lover of the common man. He found all men interesting, all lovable and all laughable. We could laugh at them and with them. Therefore they are all equal. All being equal, it is absurd for one man or one nation to scorn another. Hatred is like the hot breath from Cain's mouth. There is only one cure, a whiff of laughter, not the "whiff of grapeshot," on which Napoleon sought to build his power, but humour and pathos combined.

The laughter which Dickens could evoke is a gift of his own spirit. It gave him an appreciation of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity that far surpassed their appreciation by the leaders of the Revolution. All being equal, class, still the blight of the English social system, was only a barrier which it was easy to overleap. Here and there he gives us a figure approaching the modern type of an English gentleman. The rest are the ordinary, common men and women of everyday life; we can wander away at times with a little girl and her grandfather, and come presently upon a kindly schoolmaster living in a green secluded village; or, tired of rough winds blowing from the Yarmouth Sea, can take shelter with Bob Cratchit and his family, and share their Christmas dinner.

Dickens has shown no trace of bitterness towards any man; the only bitterness we find in his pages is that which man himself feels against what is often called Fate. He believed in being at home with all men. He painted the fondness for the bottle in low London in indelible colours, but he led no crusade against the mixture of spirits with water. The mixture might occasionally earn red noses, but if it could do the trick of making people feel at home with the world, "another little drink" would do no one any harm.

All men being laughable, all are equal, was the first item in his philosophy. All men being equal, all are lovable, was the second. The buoyant heart makes man an optimist and, to use his own words, "hearts may count in heaven as high as heads." It is not the philosophy of "Live, love and laugh your little day, for tomorrow thou art not." It is philosophy of—Love all, and live and laugh with all, all the days of the year. They may be all common men and women, but God loves them, as Lincoln said, for He made so many of them. Avoid bitterness, and have malice for none. There is nothing in the world better than the faithful service of the heart. One question may still remain. If the heart of the people is full of love, and laughter is the equalising factor, why do things still go wrong? The economist would say, because your distribution is wrong. The politician would say, because you have not thought straight. Dickens hated both economists and politicians. His

answer would be, because you have not loved enough, or been generous enough to one another.

It is a philosophy of life which cannot satisfy completely, nor can it satisfy everybody. It does not solve the riddle of life—which philosophy has? But Nature made Dickens a sort of mouthpiece, so to say, of the human race. By his types and his individuals he urged the supremacy of simple emotion and homely thought. He urged the softening of the rigour of the law, he pleaded for simpler living and more humane methods of education, and he stood up for the old ideals of honour, purity, justice and sympathy.

His moral teaching is simple. A few plain ordinances serve for human guidance. Any infringement of them merits punishment, and the scoundrel must get his deserts; but to follow the just and straight path merits the highest reward in prosperity as well as in buoyancy of heart. With the heart in the right place and a head not overloaded, life is worth living and enjoying. This world is to Dickens still the best of all impossible worlds, and his last word is to ask every one to feel in the largeness of the heart that, taking human nature as it is, "to know all is to forgive all."

B. J. WADIA

ALCOHOL AND THE MACHINE

We live in an age when speed counts far more than anything else. Hence the increasing use of the mechanical modes of transport like the automobile and the aeroplane. Our reliance on the machine has become almost superstitious. And yet the man behind the machine is indispensable. It is, therefore, in the fitness of things that while he is at the wheel he should be in a proper condition, both of body and mind. In other words, as Major Thomas Macleod says in his pamphlet *Speed and the Man*,—which is a strong plea, supported with authoritative evidence, against the use of alcohol by those who drive the machine—he ought to have "unimpaired vision, quick reaction, judgment, concentration, the power of estimating risk, the power of performing skilled movements and application of previous training." All these are affected adversely, says the writer, when the driver or the workman has taken even a small dose of drink, with the regrettable result that chances of accidents on the roads and in the machine-room are considerably increased. For instance, in England "an increased consumption of alcohol amounting to 16½ per cent. was paralleled one year by 17 per cent. increase in road accidents." The Major, therefore, appeals quite rightly to the Government for an absolute elimination of "the alcohol menace in relation to aviation, road transport and mechanised industry,"—at least when these are in action.

RESIGNATION

[**Miss Elizabeth Cross** is a student of psychology with practical educational experience; her approach to any problem is that of common-sense. The injunction in *The Voice of the Silence* to "be of good cheer and rest content with fate" is a sound rule for mental health. There are few surer ways to psychic unbalance than brooding over real or fancied grievances. To have cheerful confidence and hope is quite another thing from giving way to the fool's blind optimism.—Ed.]

Resigned unto the Heavenly Will
His wife keeps on the business still.

This seemingly cynical finish to an otherwise suitable epitaph has much to recommend it as a philosophy of life. At first glance we might presume that the widow had sighed with relief, but, on the other hand, she might merely be full of that peculiarly feminine common-sense that shrugs a shoulder when a happy episode is ended and makes the best and the most of what is left. That is the kind of resignation that is worth cultivating. Not the miserable, snivelling type that has brought disrepute on a really desirable attribute, but a positive, firm attitude towards misfortune.

Since God is truly a trifle out of fashion in the Western world, (however much the Government may insist on days of National Prayer) the more stable virtues have gone out too, and resignation is one of them. Once upon a time we were told, rather sensibly, that it was a waste of good energy to kick against the pricks, and that we might as well suffer the inevitable with a good grace. Mind you, it was only the inevitable that we had to put up with; we had every encouragement to improve ourselves and our lots whenever possible, but to everyone comes something to be endured and then it was that resignation came in.

Now it is worth while to cultivate this particular quality, for it comes in extremely handy in the larger as well as the smaller crises of life. There is no reason to suppose that any are exempt from all the troubles of humanity. Why should they be? We may not have major physical disasters to face, no earthquakes, typhoons or even droughts, but we may remember that others have them, and that, sooner or later, we are bound to have something extremely unpleasant happening to us. This may not seem a cheerful thought but it is a hardening one and it does need to be kept at the back of one's mind. Strangely enough such a thought is sustaining when the unhappy event occurs. You may then note that your time has come, your unhappy week, month or year, and that you had better face it with as much courage and ingenuity as possible. As the old nurse says, to

the perpetual grumbler, "Save your breath to cool your porridge," and save your energy to spend it on finding some way of making the inevitable endurable.

It is in the smaller, but most irritating, rubs of daily life that the quality of calm resignation is most valuable, perhaps. No one, surely, can be so fortunate, or so sheltered, that he does not come in contact with stupid, tiresome and even evilly disposed persons. No one can spend even a week without some minor disappointment, some mischance, some accident, some error of judgment. Are these little rubs taken at their face value or are they magnified into exhausting quarrels or boring tragedies? There is no time to fuss over every drop of spilt milk, even when it's rationed; the wear and tear on the nerves and temper are too expensive. Just be sure that annoying things *will* occur and refuse to be annoyed; practise tranquillity and resignation until you make a habit of it. Force yourself to put the smaller change of life in its proper place, and to see things in proportion. How rare is the woman who can bear to let her sister borrow her clothes (and drop gravy down them) and yet most of the rest would mourn for months if the sister died!

Again there is far too much fume and fret in the atmosphere of the average factory, workshop and office. People are terrified of seeming too meek, too good-natured. They are sure that if they don't stand up for their "rights" they will become downtrodden and overworked. Therefore the moment they are asked to give a little extra help they become suspicious and resentful. Occasionally awkward and tiresome jobs come along; here again is an opportunity for a fuss and a wastage of energy. If, in contrast to the nervous bullying attitude, we could have a little cheerful resignation, a "Well, it can't be helped, let's get it over" attitude everything would work more smoothly. Again, those who have found the secret of resignation are the last people to be exploited, for they are so rare and so valued that their services are always rewarded. It may seem, for a time, that the cheerful giver goes on giving, but sooner or later he is rewarded. In any case they have so much more stored energy, due to their calmer attitude, that if it is necessary to assert themselves constructively, they are best able to do so.

It may be that we should take more trouble in cultivating this quality of resignation (or perhaps it is rather more a mixture of Christianity and Stoicism) in children. Far too many children find that if they make enough fuss about anything they are rewarded with extra attention. This is seen from the very earliest age when they first fall down and cut their knees. Mother is so anxious for them not to cry that she scares them into crying louder than ever. A kind, helpful but disinterested attitude is best, showing the child that you are doing what is necessary to cure him. Say, for instance, "You

have given your knee a bang! I'll show you how we make it better and put a good, comfortable bandage on!" You may also add, "Cry as loudly as you like, I don't mind. Some people find it makes them feel better, but personally I think it's rather tiring." This last statement, or rather the permission to yell, generally astonishes the child so much that he stops after a few moments. After this you may discuss the general merits of crying, screaming, kicking the furniture and so on. Naturally no child is going to learn not to make a fuss about misfortunes if he sees his parents shouting and grumbling in their turn. The adults in the house must cultivate a genuinely calm temper, and if they are annoyed they must admit it and admit too that it is silly of them.

Children must be allowed to experience the results of their own actions. We must try to avoid getting in the way of these natural consequences. (Needless to say this does not mean that we shall allow our children to burn to death when they set the house on fire by playing with matches!) If you make any kind of a promise (or a threat) be sure you stand by the consequences. If the child behaves abominably on an outing and you say you won't take him again until he is older, just don't take him. Again, if he breaks a toy, don't be over-sympathetic; just say, yes, it is sad, but that sort of thing does happen and tell him about something similar that happened to you; then suggest an alternative occupation. The whole idea is for them to experience, gradually and in bearable quantity, the tiresome little aspects of life, and for you to help them face them stoutly.

A good deal of modern literature, cheap and not so cheap, seems to glorify a dismal emotionalism. Lovers gloom about for years, parents are frustrated, sons become suicidal over somewhat trivial disappointments. It is the thing to be over-sensitive, to brood for years over real or imaginary wrongs, to cherish unrequited love, to find the whole of life poisoned by some bereavement. This type of emotionalism is very catching, especially for adolescents, and those who don't catch it from books and magazines are infected by the films they see. Many people behave, when bereaved or disappointed in love, not in the least as they would if they had never read about the similar experiences of heroes and heroines. In fact much of their melancholy is purely "literary grief" and could be blown away by a little ruthless self-examination. If, instead of encouraging this supersensitive attitude we brought children and adolescents up to resign themselves to misfortunes and to expect these misfortunes to pass like the clouds they are, happiness would be greatly increased. Resignation is worth while, but it must be resignation of a positive kind, one that keeps an almost worldly eye out for the consolations that accompany even the worst of misfortunes.

ELIZABETH CROSS

BEAUTY, THE BEAST AND THE PRINCE

[The late John Galsworthy in a memorable essay ascribed all ugliness, all cruelty, all wars to there not being enough lovers of beauty among men. **Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar's** thesis of the regenerating power of beauty in the following chapter from his forthcoming book *On Beauty*, which Messrs. Padma Publications, Ltd., Bombay, are shortly bringing out, would seem to lend support to the great English novelist's verdict.—ED.]

The story of Beauty and the Beast is well known. Beauty is a fair maiden—a charming little princess, if you will—who accidentally encounters the Beast. The latter is an ugly creature. It is not necessary to describe the Beast ; it is immaterial whether the Beast is a bear or a tiger, or but metaphorically a beast. Beauty involuntarily shudders at the sight of the Beast, but she cannot tear away her eyes from the hideous but nevertheless pathetic creature. Beauty and the Beast are drawn towards one another, the Beast adores Beauty, Beauty pities the Beast, and so they are together, and they are very glad to be together. The Beast is emboldened at last, and asks Beauty to marry him. Beauty marry the Beast ? Yes, why not ? Beauty hesitates—her eyes war with her heart, her reason sways her in one way while the pity in her soul disarms her and blinds her,—and anon Beauty makes up her mind. She would marry the Beast—even the Beast !—she would see his visage, as Desdemona saw Othello's, in his mind, in his suffering and tortured soul. The Beast is happy, and Beauty too is happy ; and at the altar, the Beast is of a sudden transformed into a Prince, so radiant, so handsome, so wise ! Beauty has verily—as if by magic, by the grace of her soul's pity—transformed the Beast into the Prince. Ugliness has become beauty, the deformed is transformed ; the Beast has become the Prince—and Beauty has achieved the miracle !

Similar stories are current in India also. For instance, we are told of a princess who accidentally blinds a Rishi, all but buried under an ant-hill. Blood streams out of the ant-hill, the Princess raises an alarm, the King's servants discover the blinded and bleeding Rishi who wails because his *tapasya* has been interrupted ; the Princess's heart wells with remorse, and she readily agrees to marry the decrepit old man to expiate her crime. She is a dutiful wife, tending him with loving care, thinking of him in terms of beauty and goodness. She sights one day the physicians of the Gods, and they wonder that a woman so young and so beautiful should yet be wedded to a man so hoary and so repulsive. But she only asks them to restore her husband to his youth and his beauty. The power of her *tapasya*—her one-pointed career of

remorse—persuades the physicians to grant her wish, and lo ! the sightless is restored his sight and youth and vigour and beauty return to the wasted frame of the wise old Rishi !

Are these stories mere old wives' tales ? Rather, life is rich with examples that go to prove the chastening, transforming and divinizing power of true beauty. A character in one of Dostoevsky's novels—I refer, of course, to Dmitri in *The Brothers Karamazov*—remarks that " beauty " is a battle-ground where God and the Devil fight for mastery ...but God is not mocked, He wins the last round. One of the most lightningly beautiful moments in Shakespearian tragedy is the sudden self-exceeding on the part of Emilia. In Cinthio's original story, she is but common clay ; she retains this character in Shakespeare also. If anything, she is a little more common in Shakespeare's play than in the Italian story. And yet Shakespeare, with true insight, understands the dynamics of beauty and enacts before our very eyes its transforming power. In the last Act of *Othello*, we see Emilia—the same Emilia, the creature of common clay that we had seen in the previous Acts, and yet a very different, a translated and transfigured Emilia—towering above the rest and radiant with transcendent glory. What has happened, then ? Nothing but this : the singular, angelic beauty of Desdemona's character has slowly, nevertheless surely and finally, changed the base metal of Emilia's " of the earth earthly " make, into the pure gold of deathless devotion to her murdered mistress !

Other examples of the transforming power of beauty might be cited from life or literature. Dmitri Karamazov himself once lures the young Katerina Ivanovna to his room—but at the last moment he spares her. The insurrection within his heart is at an end, the Devil is worsted, at least for a time ! In another of Dostoevsky's novels, *Crime and Punishment*, Svidrigailov lures Dounia to his room, with the determination to possess her. Her strength of character and his strength of will are pitted against one another ; the beauty of her stern determination to kill rather than yield is matched by the wild gleam in his eyes, by his determination to be killed rather than weakly abandon his attempt ; at last—after an unendurable series of determined moves and counter-moves—Dounia throws away the revolver and Svidrigailov hands her the key. They are both of them saved, saved by the terrific impact of Beauty on one another. Again, in Shakespeare's *Pericles*, Lysimachus, Governor of Mitylene and sower of wild oats, encounters Marina in a brothel and changes his purpose within five seconds. The beauty of her soul, even more than her ravishing features, gives a strange power to her speech, and the Devil is discomfited, the Prince comes out of his hiding, and the reckless gallant becomes the devoted lover and husband. These

examples cannot be dismissed as mere stories, for life too furnishes many similar examples of the transforming power of beauty.

But if true beauty, beauty undefiled, again and again releases the Prince from his bondage, this daily miracle can happen only if there *is*—as there generally is—a Prince however veiled by the features of the Beast, however chained by the sleep of the Unconscious. Desdemona transforms Emilia, but she has apparently very little influence on Iago. A seeming "reptile" like Dmitri has nevertheless a soul, but Papa Karamazov is just a beast, and charming, "honest" Iago is almost wholly the serpent. On the other hand, it is no less true that false beauty, beauty poisoned at the source, but releases the Beast, and the hero and the prince are lost in the assassin and the rake, the reptile and the beast. True beauty, great beauty, inspires devotion, inspires the devotee to *give* and not to *ask*, to seek with the heart and to cherish in one's soul and not to seek with the eyes and hold in one's clasp. The great giver receives greatly as well; heart responds to heart, and the lover and his beloved produce Beauty's symphony in the theatre of the soul.

It is a terrible thing to say, but it is true, that the Beast and the Prince are ever, as it were, together; fighting, it would seem, an unending battle. The assault of Beauty—in its true and false manifestations—is just a signal for a fresh spasm of struggle, ending in either the triumph or the defeat of the Prince. Like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the Beast and the Prince are also one and the same person; now one asserts himself, now another, now false beauty releases the Beast from its lair, now true beauty redeems the Prince and worsts the Beast. In Coleridge's famous unfinished poem, *Christabel*, Geraldine, the beautiful serpent, bewitches and brings under her control the beautiful maid, Christabel. Here are two beautiful creatures, beautiful in figure and motion, yet how different in their nature! Coleridge employs the very accents of witchery to describe how Geraldine embraces Christabel, how Evil and Good, knowledge and innocence, the serpent and the dove come together in an unholy death-grapple. The cosmic conflict between the Asura and the Divine, between Evil and Good, is thus vivified in *Christabel* in words that seem more than words and are akin rather to intimations—sparks and fumes—from another world. Christabel is human, she is the beautiful and the good in us all; Geraldine too is human, she is the Old Adam and the Old Eve in us all, she is the serpent's victim and the serpent's plenipotentiary; and alas! Christabel and Geraldine are locked in a fatal embrace, meeting, and parting, and meeting once again. But even like Christabel, we cannot give up the hope that one day we shall indeed shake off the snake once and for all, the Beauty shall be free and

the Prince free, and they shall know no discord, but shall achieve rather the marriage of true minds and the union of kindred hearts and souls.

The cultivation of Beauty, then, is a reverential attitude of mind, a life-long *tapasya*. The world is charged with beauty and goodness, though many a beautiful thing wears the mask of ugliness and ferocity. One must learn to exceed one's narrow conceptions of beauty, and cultivate the art of peering through the mask, and touching the genuine within. In the memorable words of St. Paul :—

> All flesh is not the same flesh : but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial : but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, for one star differeth from another star in glory.

But the glory of God is a ceaseless thing, and must reveal itself to us in divers hues in man and bird and beast, in streams and rocks and flowers. Beauty the maiden could somehow see the Prince behind the shaggy proportions of the Beast. Since she saw it, she could release it from its base prison-house. Michael Angelo could see the angel where others had seen only a massive rock of marble; he saw the angel, he set to work in terms of love and devotion, and in due course a life-like angel celebrated its emergence from its cage of marble. If we seek beauty, we shall find beauty ; and if we strive with our whole soul, we shall for ever overthrow the Beast and celebrate the triumphant birth of the Prince.

As we began with stories, we may likewise end with stories. There is the story of an ardent young man who fell in love with a beautiful young lady. But he knew that he was far from handsome—that he was almost a beast !—and he therefore wore a beautiful mask. It was now easy for him to woo his lady and win her. They lived happily, but the young man was all but living on a top of a volcano ; " what would become my fate if my wife should discover how ugly I am ! And yet I cannot stand this deceit much longer. If only I were indeed as handsome as is my mask, as handsome as I imagine myself to be in my dreams "! He thought and prayed, and doubted and prayed, and hoped and prayed again. One day he suddenly decided to end the lie in his life and threw off the mask. He fully expected his wife to recoil from his presence and desert him. But no! he had already become what he had striven to be, what he had fervently prayed to be—he was in very truth as beautiful as his mask had ever been. He had become the image he had worshipped : *yadbhāvam, tadbhavati !*

The late Swami Vivekananda also used to tell a similar story. There were two birds sitting on the branches of a tree. One of them,

busy eating fruits, hardly looked at the other, sitting on the topmost branch and bathed in the sun's golden rays. A seed suddenly stuck in the throat of the former, and in a twitch of pain it looked up and saw and envied the golden bird, its serenity, its joy, its glory. With its whole soul it aspired to be that other golden bird and—as if by magic—the illusion vanished and the bird knew that the beautiful and brilliant bird was none but itself, its own real and actual self. The bird too had found the Kingdom of Happiness and the Kingdom of Beauty *within* itself; and *all* was that kingdom, and ugliness and pain were nought!

Armed with the faith that these wise parables give us, let us seek Beauty within and without us, and we are sure to find it; let us knock, and the gates will be flung open, and we shall encounter the Prince!

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

THE WORLD AND ME

One day the world like a monster black
Threatened to swallow me,
I fled and turned again to look,
It laughed with mockery!
I said 'tis no use running,
What chances have I got,
The world is Oh! so big and strong
And I am just a tiny dot.

But still I thought before I yield
And fall into its snares,
I had better hurry up,
And say my little prayers.

So I shut my eyes so tight
Till I sang His praises sweet
And when I opened them at last
The world lay at my feet!

KAMALA BALSEKAR

PUBLIC MORALITY AND MODERN SCIENCE

[It is a most important question which is raised here by **Shri C. R. K. Murti**, who is himself a research biochemist working at the Indian Institute of Science in Bangalore. Character must catch up with intellect for what is left of Western civilisation to survive. But does it become modern man, who has devised worse horrors than all history or the mute records of pre-history can show, to speak of a *relapse* into barbarism ?—ED.]

Should Science consider the effects of its discoveries on public morals, and especially on international relations ? Should not Science concern itself with the inferences and results which accrue to humanity from the materials which it acquires ? Such questions arise when one begins to think of Modern Science in its relation with public morality.

The triumphs of Science are clear to all men. Its practical applications in engineering, industry and medicine affect more and more the lives of modern nations. Its misuse in machines of destruction threatens the world with a catastrophe. Pure Science is continually extending and improving our model of nature, from the microcosm of the atom to the macrocosm of the Universe. The impact of Science upon common life has become so casual and so normal as to make us forget the possibility of our being unwittingly exposed to its danger zone also. So the need is keenly felt by all to study the history of Science in its relations with philosophy and religion, not only to describe present conditions and to survey the future outlook, but also to understand the deeper meaning of Science itself and its connection with other subjects of human thought and activity.

Science is the system of behaviour by which man acquires mastery of his environment. His evolution from an animal into man was accompanied by a new attitude towards Nature. Possessed by a restless spirit of enquiry, born, no doubt, out of his instinctive needs, man began to study the contents of his environment in order to use them to his best advantage. The consequent invention of tools must be regarded as a significant achievement of our species and an epoch-making landmark in our progress. Science has grown but its application to man has been checked by its apparent conflict with traditional values and by the barriers of prejudice and uneasy fears inherent in man himself. It is essential to keep this view of Science as the background for surveying our contemporary world.

Today the leaping flames of war have enveloped the entire length and breadth of our world, dragging into the arena of battle even the common man, woman and child. On account of our still-defective biological make-up we have temporarily relapsed into the barbarity of

prehistoric times. We are in a trying period of the intense heart-searching to discover the values and standards of life's ulterior motives. It is very unpleasant to agree with Mrs. Neville Rolfe of the British Social Hygiene Council when she concludes that " we are a world of emotional children with adult minds—babies playing balls with bombs. " That, however, seems to be the truth. Never before has the necessity been so keenly felt as at present for devising measures to relate the social sciences to ethical values.

Nearly a hundred years ago, when Modern Science in a real sense was born, it was hailed by all as the dawn of a new civilisation. This hopeful thought was warranted then by the newly realised creative energy of man which was finding expression in the shape of laudable achievements of Science was a sporadic nature and no attempts whatsoever were made to consciously plan its growth. The applications of Science were being welcomed and absorbed by all in their daily lives without anyone's trying to question their absolute worth or value. This attitude was thoroughly characteristic of that period which was essentially one of world-expansion propelled on by the blind forces generated by the Industrial Revolution.

Today we have lost much of the pride in our vaunted achievements and with that pride we are losing our confidence in Science also. The present century marked brilliant achievements in the natural and physical sciences. Radio, television and improved means of transport have enormously reduced the size of our earth. Bacteriology, Immunity and Chemotherapy are combating the diseases that were once thought to be unconquerable. The very mention of wonder-drugs like Salvarsan or the recent Penicellin is sufficient to conjure up in our minds visions of a world rid of all the ills that could afflict humanity. Contrastingly, on the other hand, we have poison-gas, long-range bombers, bacterial warfare, pilotless planes and arrays of other instruments of destruction which the ingenuity of man has perfected with equal dexterity.

No wonder the tendency is gathering strength nowadays to look upon Science and its civilisation as a veritable curse upon humanity. For some, of course, civi'isation with all that it entails has become such an obsessive menace as to drive them to the spiritual security of comforting religious beliefs. Some scientists themselves are a willing prey to this spiritual defeatism. It was an eminent scientist who not very long ago said that we had created a genie and were sadly and helplessly awaiting our turn of annihilation at the hands of our very creation. Men of established religions all over the world are busy at completing this spiritual sabotage.

This may appear as a temporary defeat for Science. Let us only recall to our minds, to dispel the above illusions, the unconquerable

spirit of Science which prompted men to undergo extreme suffering and even to face death—may be in the Panama region, to discover the hidden causes of a dreaded and deadly disease or in the far-off Arctic region, to explore the conditions and the origin of primitive life, all for the benefit of man. The spirit of Science, verily like the spirit of freedom, in the fundamental sense, is virtually indestructible. Hence attempts to arrest its growth are contrary to biological movement.

Till very recently it was the common attitude of scientists to keep aloof from the current of life outside their academic circles. Like the pure artists they too had built their Ivory Tower far isolated from the stirring movements of life which they were unconsciously influencing and shaping to a very great extent. Specialisation in particular branches of a field of study gradually forced them to adopt a narrow and exclusive view of life. The broader world-perspective and the penetrating foresight which characterised early scientists could no longer be met with amongst these specialists. Writes C. G. Crowther in his *Social Relations of Science* :—

The postponement of synthesis has become a habit with the Scientists of our day. Accidents are now needed to make them think.

The present century has been one full of such accidents, beginning with the World War I, closely followed by the Economic Crisis, on the heels of which succeeded the conflict of rival imperialisms for aggressive domination over the weaker nations and the growth into power of such menaces of progress as Fascism, Nazism and Militarism. Security, individual as well as collective, has been menacingly threatened by eruptions of brute force strengthened by the perfected scientific discoveries. The instinctive need for consolation felt by one and all nourishes the growing success of professional astrologers and palmists even in " advanced " countries like the U. S. A. Do we not see frantic attempts of interested persons to invent a Science of Astrology and a Science of Palmistry ? Man's destiny is depicted as guided and controlled by distant stars and invisible cosmic forces. The earthly causes of his suffering, the ills and maladjustment in human society are cleverly camouflaged. Man is forced to the convicition that he is the helpless victim of Nature's invincible forces. He is prevented from discovering the causes of his suffering and striving to set them right.

Scientists have watched with admiration the brilliant achievements of Science in Soviet Russia, where active co-ordination between men of Science and men in power with a consciously held objective in front of them could transform a backward country into a modern industrial State with an ever-rising standard of living. On the other hand, they have watched also the thwarting of the scientific spirit and its prostitution to ignoble and destructive ends

in Fascist countries. We know how in Nazi Germany a distorted interpretation of Eugenics has been used as a political weapon. By systematic psychological conditioning, the emotional drive of youth has been harnessed to the false values of national aggrandizement. During the last economic crisis wheat was destroyed in Canada and cotton in the U. S. A. to tide over the "overproduction." This crime, however, was perpetrated when millions were dying of stravation and millions were naked all over the world. To whomsoever may belong the responsibility of all the suffering that has been the lot of humanity in recent times, men of Science have begun to realise that their discoveries have contributed much to make the suffering all the more poignant and irremediable.

This self-analysis of Science has awakened the Scientists to a sense of their social responsibilities. The world has become so complex as to render impossible the disinterested and detached pursuit of Science—except in very rare instances—just for the pleasure of it. Such pursuit of course has benefited humanity immeasurably, as in the case of Madame Curie's discovery of Radium. In our modern world of commercial competition, however, not every scientist can afford to be altruistic in his motives, for the simple reason that he has to live. Thus he has to sell his discoveries in the name of patents to those interested in using them. Thus also fresh portions of the globe are geologically surveyed and exploited, not for the benefit of humanity as a whole but to increase the riches of a handful. Improvements in technique and fresh labour-saving devices are made, not to help the common worker but to increase the profit dividends of the investors. Patents have helped to widen the gulf between the nations out for aggression and have indirectly stunted the growth of Science itself. One cannot miss the traces of unrest and discontent in the minds of scientists contemplating these social immoralities. This discontent as yet is only brewing and has not taken any effective shape.

Freedom of thought and freedom of communication between scientific workers of all countries are essential to the progress of humanity. Any political system which challenges these principles threatens the very life of Science. Hitherto there has been no organised co-operation or co-ordination between the scientists of the world. The recent occurrences in the political arena have, however, shaken their faith. We should not forget that the greatest living scientist, Einstein, is today an exile from his home country. The path of a scientist in the modern world is not a smooth one. Thus the more progressive scientists are today allying themselves with those who actively strive to end injustice in Society.

In the International Youth Rally for Victory held in London early in October 1941 a stirring call was given to the scientific men of the

world to organize themselves for helping the victory of democracy. Concern, however, was expressed over the complaisant attitude of the older men of Science who monopolise, by virtue of no special qualification other than their experience, the responsible positions in all the major scientific institutions. *Nature* for November 23, 1941, commented upon the insular attitude of the older men in the following words :—

Experience is of course of utmost importance provided that the person who had it has also the imagination and intelligence to profit by it. With long-drawn-out experience too often goes susceptibility to hide-bound tradition, loss of initiative and imagination, self-aggrandizement and antipathy to youth.

Prof. J. B. S. Haldane holds that most of the creative power of the rising youth is destroyed by the older men in office. Here in our country the profession is open only to very few and even they have to fight the mighty opposition and blind obstinacy of their superiors. Guidance of scientific development must be left in the hands of people gifted with more character, enthusiasm, initiative and vision. Hence it is clear that the task of shouldering the social responsibilities of scientists must devolve more upon the younger men of Science.

The social responsibilities of scientists briefly consist in their being with the more progressive side, in times of war to help the destruction of the forces of reaction, and in times of peace to strive actively for the removal of the causes of a recurrence of war, to expose and fight distortions of truth like the race theory which could be used as political weapons, to prevent the misuse of Science by interested persons and to perpetuate the conditions fertile for the growth of Science. The formation of an International Progressive Scientists' Association with the above objects and aims would be most welcome now. Journals like *Nature* or *Science* could act as the mouthpieces of such an organisation and see that Science fulfils its purpose. For scientists so to organize under the present urgency would be to democratize existing knowledge under responsible auspices. Then alone could a concerted endeavour be made to collate, interpret and apply the various discoveries of the various sciences for the benefit of man.

Along with this social and moral responsibility of science, we must realise that victory of arms alone will not remove the causes of War. These lie deeper—in the lack of ability, character and emotional development of man himself. If the forces he has let loose are to be readjusted and harnessed for human service, it is urgent to fit man for the task. To recognize this as a possibility and to endeavour to understand man more fully, *i. e.*, to create the Science of Man for which Dr. Alexis Carrel pleads in his *Man the Unknown*, would give rebirth to hope in the minds of those disillusioned and frustrated by our present failures.

C. R. K. MURTI

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

EDUCATING THE NEW CITIZEN*

["I believe it will be absolutely necessary that you should prevail on our future masters to learn their letters": these suggestive words were uttered by Robert Lowe (Viscount Sherbrooke) in the British House of Commons when the Reform Bill was passed in 1867. They naturally come to mind at present when a new world is arising which, if not properly educated almost immediately, will enhance the prevailing chaos and misery of large masses. Among the people to be so educated are not a few of the present-day leaders. The following reviews of five important publications contain healthy seed-ideas which can be made to germinate and yield a profitable harvest.—Ed.]

I

Dr. C. K. Allen concludes his penetrating book with an assertion and a question. The assertion, which is surely well-founded, restores perspective and proportion to contemporary political thinking which, in the Anglo-Saxon countries anyhow, is at present curiously limited and parochial.

The challenger which confronts democracy to-day is not a New Order: it is an old order coming back to earth. It is absolutism, which men accepted for so many centuries and which has suffered one comparatively short period of eclipse, remounting its throne.

And the question is:—

In this present phase of history, may we not again see thesis and antithesis, and may we not hope for an ultimate synthesis? The acknowledged weaknesses and failures of democracy, its frustration of many of the high hopes which were entertained for it, have produced, by way of reaction, a return to absolutism, though in a new form. Will it come to pass that the antithesis will prevail for a long and bloody chapter in the history of man, or will the synthesis emerge in a chastened and purified democracy? On that issue hangs the fate of humanity, perhaps not only at this moment, but for ages to come.

There, it seems to me, the real issue (so far as it *can* be expressed in political terms) is squarely put. At present it is being largely evaded.

The evasion comes about in two ways. First, because far more ideological significance than really belongs to it is imported into the *de facto* alliance of the Western democracies with Russia, by the belief that Russia, Britain and the U.S.A. have a common ideological enemy: which is Fascism. In fact they have only a common actual enemy: which is Germany. Ever since Germany became a "great power," politically united and industrially developed, and threatened to become preponderant in Europe, Britain and France have sought the support of Russia against her. Under the present system of power-politics, the combination of the Western democracies with Russia against Germany has been the recurrent pattern of twentieth century politics. And always this power-pattern has been moralized by the pretence of ideological community.

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* *Democracy and the Individual.* By C. K. Allen (Oxford University Press, London. 3s. 6d.)

Slaves Need No Leaders. By Walter M. Kotschnig. (Oxford University Press, London. $2.75)

In the war of 1914-1918 an effort was made to present Czarist Russia as the home of true Christian brotherhood. There was (as there always is) *some* substance in the claim. The peasant commune (the *mir*) was in *some* respects superior to the forms of social organization that have superseded it in the West; and the Orthodox Christianity of Russia was in *some* respects more spiritual than Roman Catholicism or Protestantism. Likewise, there is *some* substance in the claim that Soviet Russia is the champion and exemplar of a social advance beyond that achieved by her Western allies, though to call this an advance to "economic democracy" begs all the important questions. But, in the main, the wide-spread belief in ideological community between Russia and the Western democracies is moral camouflage for a temporary convergence of aims of power-policy.

The second means of evading the issue is clinging to a limited historical perspective. Particularly is this so in England. Because the political development of England has been uninterrupted by violent revolution since the Civil War, three hundred years ago, Englishmen fondly believe that England since that time has always been a "democracy" in the modern sense. In fact it has been a modern democracy only for about fifty years. What England got rid of in the Civil War was absolutism, which was replaced by aristocracy, which in turn was very gradually replaced by democracy. In France, absolutism lasted 150 years longer than in England, in Germany 250 years longer. In consequence, the Englishman has forgotten all about absolutism—at home anyhow; and does not realize how near in time, or how natural in habit, it still is. Neither does he realize how recent and how unproven is the experiment of full democracy, even in his own country.

Democracy, said Plato, leads to tyranny. That was the experience of France during the nineteenth century; it has been the experience of modern Germany. If England has avoided it, it is less because she has been a democracy than because of her traditional doctrine of the constitutional liberties of the individual citizen: freedom from arbitrary arrest and freedom of speech and association. In theory, these might be abolished tomorrow by an Act of Parliament; and they have been partially abrogated by Parliament during the present war. But it is probable that they will be restored. On the whole, the instinct of the average Englishman still warns him against tampering with these primary freedoms, though it is only reasonable to add that this instinct has lately showed signs of being corrupted by Russian example. It was ominous that the National Council for the Preservation of Civil Liberties (!) joined in the outcry against letting Sir Oswald Mosley out of prision, in which he had been kept for over three years without trial.

That was on the ground that Sir Oswald was a Fascist. He is to be deprived of his civil liberties as a British citizen because, if his party came to power, it would abolish civil liberties; or so it is said. But the British doctrine of civil liberties is precious precisely because it allows men to advocate what doctrines they please, provided they do not offend against the law of the land: in which

case they can and should be brought to open trial.

The uproar over Mosley's partial liberation is a recent and striking example of the moral confusion created by the moralization of a power-struggle against Germany into a crusade against Fascism. Fascism, runs the popular slogan, is the enemy. But Fascism is no more the ideological enemy of Democracy than Communism is. Fascism and Communism are both modern forms of absolutism. The basic fact is that Germany is the enemy, and Russia the ally, of Britain in a struggle for power. And this is falsely transposed into the self-contradictory doctrine that Fascism is the enemy and Communism the friend of Democracy (British pattern).

When so serious a confusion can become popular, it would be foolish to pretend that the Democracy which is based on civil liberties is not in danger. One may believe that the absurdities produced by the moralization of war are merely a temporary aberration, from which there will be a recovery when the war ends. But probably it is unrealistic to suppose that the war will be followed by a period of stable peace, in which war-time aberrations will be forgotten. And—anyhow—war-time aberrations can hardly fail to have a profound influence on the nature of the peace-settlement. In so far as a war can be moralized at all, it is moralized by the nature of the peace-settlement which follows it.

How can Britain and Russia agree—assuming that Germany will be defeated—on a policy towards Germany? The only policy on which they can agree is one of destroying Germany. The moment positive policy comes into consideration—the decision upon what kind of political system shall be permitted or encouraged in Germany—agreement is impossible, because the fundamental ideas of Britain and America and Russia are in conflict.

Dr. Walter Kotschnig is an American educationist who bravely and conscientiously tries to grapple with the problem of re-educating Germany. He has sympathy and imagination.

The re-education of the German people will demand of us a degree of comprehension, yes, and of compassion, for which there is no precedent in history. And yet it is the only alternative to the permanent enslavement of all mankind by war.

Yet, assuming the unprecedented comprehension and compassion—and it is a large draft on human optimism—the question remains: Into what political doctrine are the Germans to be re-educated? Into that, we should say, of respect and reverence for the individual person, as practically embodied in the system of civil liberties. But precisely this system is repudiated by modern Russia, who will have as great a voice in the treatment of Germany as Britain or the U. S. A.

The cause of the profound dilemma is that there is no common, universally accepted religious and philosophical basis for the good society today. In the recent past, Europe has made do with the practical doctrine of non-interference, leaving every nation to decide its own principles and form of government. But this doctrine (it is felt) can no longer be applied to Germany: to the key-nation of Continental Europe. But, if any other doctrine is to be applied to Germany, it must be one which has universal validity. The only other "solution" is irresponsible, immoral and suicidal:

to treat Germany as a *corpus vile*, a subhuman subject for vivisection.

Where is the doctrine of universal validity to which Britons, Americans, Russians subscribe in practice, and to which, therefore, Germans can also be justly expected to subscribe? It does not exist. Dr. Allen has shown how precarious is our British doctrine of democracy plus civil liberty. His concluding words are:—

> What is certain, I repeat, is that this war will have been fought in vain unless a better democracy is born of it; and a better democracy will depend upon a better individual.

That is true. But why should we believe that a better democracy will be born of a war that is, fundamentally, a struggle of and for power? If it were not so, then the universally valid doctrine would not be far to seek. It would actually be shared by Britons, Americans and Russians. For it would be the possession of such a doctrine by the belligerents on one side that would lift the struggle above the level of an animal struggle for power. And only such a doctrine could so lift it.

I suppose I must not say, positively, that the doctrine does not exist. I will only say that it is not apparent to me, and that I gravely doubt whether such a doctrine could be maintained by the inhuman process of total war, or at any rate survive such methods of championship. I may be wrong. I hope I am. But I cannot help noticing that no such doctrine is now either claimed or proclaimed by the United Nations, and drawing my own conclusion.

It is: that this war—and the sheer all-embracing savagery of its nature—is itself the sign that Europe has exhausted its spiritual capital. It is a moral anarchy, now devoid of a spiritual principle on which to rebuild itself into order. No lasting reconstruction of a peaceful Europe is conceivable without the emergence of a spiritual principle to which all nations give real allegiance. Until that happens the anarchy will grow worse.

Common allegiance to a spiritual principle means—at the very least—that the nation-state will thereby be deposed from its evil position of being a law unto itself. The fallacy of looking to institutions alone to achieve the release from "sacred egotism" is now patent. The institutions do not work without a common morality to inspire them. The morality of mutual aid may be of slow growth and long in coming: but nothing can take its place. Dr. Allen's "better individual" is one who accepts it: Dr. Kotschnig's vision of the right treatment of Germany is based upon it.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY

II *

Denmark's Folk High Schools were founded a century ago by Bishop Grundtvig. The basic purpose was education for citizenship, and in the early years of the movement the task was mainly that of awakening among its rural adult pupils, mainly people engaged in farming, political consciousness.

Compulsory education had been introduced in 1814, and it was followed, in 1849, by the franchise. These were big advances for a peasantry for long heavily burdened and soundly exploited

* *Education in Democracy*. By J. CHRISTIAN MOLLER and KATHERINE WATSON. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 5s)

by hard masters. But another factor was present, namely, the renaissance of Danish nationalism following the return of the Province of Schleswig.

The avowed objects of the first of these schools was to uphold Danish ways and the Danish language among the rural population of Schleswig, which had suffered a certain amount of Teutonization. But perhaps the easiest way to indicate the objectives of Grundtvig's experiment—for it was that and most novel at that period—is to quote from the prospectus of one of the earliest of the schools—Rodding, founded in 1844:—

> We have set out to found an institution where the peasant and the citizen can obtain knowledge and guidance for use and pleasure, not so much in regard to his livelihood, but in regard to his situation as a son of Denmark and a citizen of the State. We have given it the name Folk High School because members of every station of life are admitted, although it is most suited to peasants and it is from their ranks that we expect most pupils.

From that small beginning has grown the movement that today exerts its influence on the Danish national life through sixty High Schools, all, save four, situated in rural Denmark. Every year some seven thousand students take courses in these schools and the subjects range from gymnastics and the management of co-operative enterprises (in which Denmark leads agricultural Europe) to agricuture, economics and citizenship. The sessions are residential and the life lived by the students is simple and communal. Instruction is by lecture mainly, though some now are adopting the tutorial system.

As between themselves the High Schools differ in minor ways, but in the two essentials remain homogeneous, that is, all have a bias which approximates to the spiritual attitude towards life with veneration for the traditions of the national character. Yet, while it is plain that these schools preach nationalism, it is a nationalism shorn of all sinister implications, the term as used in this connexion meaning rather pride in the national genius and aspirations for progress other than mere material improvement. Here the influence of the founder, a Christian priest, remains dynamic and serves to unify the whole movement and provide it with stability.

During the past thirty years over a third of Denmark's agricultural youth attended the High Schools. After a period at the School—it terminates with no diploma or other academic label—the student returns to his village or town to all outward appearances unchanged. But if he or she has been receptive, then the inward change has been remarkable.

What, then, is it that these Schools do for their pupils? They do not make them into scholars overnight. They do not equip them for professions or for vocations. No. What they do is to awaken the social consciousness and to orient the mind of the student towards the Christian concept of life and its expression in the framework of a modern democracy. These young people (and too few are drawn from the cities) are awakened into awareness of their place in their society and of the place of their society in the world.

That these Folk High Schools have done much to consolidate Denmark and to make her strong in the hour of adversity is the just claim that may be made for them. They have made the Danish peasant one of the stur-

diest and most intelligent, as the best educated, in all Europe.

Thus, when the Nazis occupied Denmark, even though every soldier was instructed to treat the people well and to make himself liked, the peasantry presented a solid block to the blandishments of the intruder and the thief, and, as the years passed, it dawned upon the Germans that the velvet glove in Denmark had proved no more successful than the prison and the whip and the firing squad in Norway.

A century ago, the pioneers of these schools saw their problem as education for citizenship; for daily life—*living education*. "Now, a century later," say the authors, "we are facing something of far greater moment than the enfranchisement of sections of the community in a small country. This time, we must find means to educate 'the citizen of the world.'"

Set such an objective against the avowed objects of the Hitler Youth Movement—the most tragic crime against youth in all history—and you have, clearly differentiated; the two opposed youth movements in Europe today.

On the one side, you have the deliberate inculcation of what is base and false by systematic State policy; on the other, the doctrine that if the world is to progress each must serve all, and all must serve God. The one represents Youth turned towards death; the other Youth facing the light.

It is not possible, even though so eminent an authority as Sir Richard Livingstone has paid tribute to them, to measure what precise contribution to the Danish temper today has grown from seed sown in the Folk High Schools. But much of the unity, the steadfastness and the dignity of the Danish response to the grievous wrongs wrought upon its people by the German occupation, may well have roots in these Schools.

The two authors have provided the English-speaking reader with an eminently readable and clear account of the movement.

GEORGE GODWIN

III *

In his Rede Lecture, here published, the newly appointed Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, perhaps the foremost living Hellenist, performs a service not to be measured by the modest price of this little book nor by its modest thirty-six pages. For what Sir Richard Livingstone does is to remind us, as he himself might put it, in language intended neither for the savant nor the illiterate, but for the mass of mankind which stands somewhere between those two cultural levels, of first things.

And this he does at a moment when the modern world, so much richer in knowledge and technical mastery over the phenomenal world than the world of Plato's day, appears to be directing its intellectual apparatus and specialized knowledge and ingenuity to the end of self-destruction.

As have all wise men before him, including his master, Plato, Sir Richard goes back (in common with the modern psychologist, too, let us remember) to the early years and to the first steps in life. And he reminds us that it is not

* *Plato and Modern Education*. By SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE. (Cambridge University Press. 1s.)

"book learning" that matters much, not the acquisition of vast funds of technical data, nor the accumulation of many facts to be spilled out over examination papers, but a proper approach to life and the perpetual preoccupation with *values*, that constitutes proper education. And that, as he sees it, is the one path whereby the world may escape from the present chaos, material and spiritual, into which it has allowed itself to drift.

We are, he teaches us, in effect, not to consider so much knowledge as the use to which knowledge should be put.

The perfectly educated man would have a standard, a perception of values, in every province—physical, æsthetic, intellectual, moral; in his profession or occupation; in personal, national and international life. He would know the first-rate in all of them and run no risk of being deceived by the inferior.

It is probably true to say that the mass of mankind has done a good deal of hard thinking since 1939; that many for whom the world then was a stable organization with an indefinite lease, if not a freehold, now see that a masked but deep-seated disease has declared itself.

Something, one tells oneself, must be wrong somewhere, when, having mastered such vast means of production as to make us masters of this planet, with want but a memory of the past, we can do no other than turn and rend our own kind, despoil each other in epidemic wars, and deface the years between with the perfection of a shallow vulgarity.

This wise counsellor puts forward three suggestions as a preliminary to progress. First, to get right what constitutes a good human being. And this, he suggests, involves recognition of the duality, physical and spiritual, of human nature. (Aristotle: "Education exists for the sake of a good life, and not only for the sake of life.")

Secondly, that without philosophy and religion we cannot hope to arrive at a sound view.

Otherwise some products of our education may be like persons, who only use a set of muscles in their work, and in consequence are powerfully developed in one direction but deformed in others.

Thirdly, that

in all teaching we should pay as much attention to values as to facts. It is not enough to get people into a lecture-room and point to a dead figure labelled religion, philosophy, history, or whatever it may be. They need not to see a corpse, however well-dissected, but a living thing.

Who can deny the wisdom of these three suggestions? Today, the chemist does not need wider chemical knowledge, but an ethic in line with that which produced the Hippocratic Oath. He has to learn that his, too, is a priesthood and that by bending his energies to the powers of death and evil he plays the Judas rôle. And so with all other sciences now turned to the service of evil.

We have too much science. We need more wisdom now.

The Russian physiologist Mecknikoff suggested that man develops without harmony between his parts so that at any given moment in biological time he presents structural and functional anomalies. It may be like that, too, with the growth of the human soul and the growth of the human intellect. No stranger from a distant stellar body would deny to man his ingenuity, his resourcefulness, his amazing power of synthesis. But what would be said of his wisdom, of his VALUES?

Not very much, surely. Yet, unless we make good this spiritual lag,

invoking the spiritual as a constable to keep the mischievous intellect to the straight and narrow path, then we are doomed.

I do not know how many people pass through the doors of our cinemas in a year. But I wish I could believe that one in ten thousand would do as this reviewer has done: read this small, but very important book carefully three times—and do that, preferably, in some quiet garden where thought can flow in peace and the mind prepare itself for much needed instruction.

GEORGE GODWIN

IV *

This new P. E. N. volume is of course short. It is not intended to look at history in more than one particular—namely, in reference to war. Why don't we learn to avoid war? is really the query. It is academic to ask or answer such a question unless WE is defined. If the General Public is meant then the question is unimportant. Very few members of the general public will ever study history closely enough to learn from it. And if here and there a man does study and learn from history, he will not have any influence upon the politicians in power. Speaking in ultimate terms of causation and regarding the matter from the moon, as it were, we may say that nations fight because man still likes fighting; but Major Liddell Hart is rightly concerned with the subject on the more immediate and realistic plane—the plane of treaties, cabinets, diplomatists. It doesn't matter whether the people learn from history—and they won't anyway—but it does matter that the rulers of nations should do so. Listen to the uncomfortable words quoted by the author from General Hoffman:—

> When one gets a close view of influential people—their bad relations with each other, their conflicting ambitions, all the slander and the hatred—one must always bear in mind that it is certainly much worse on the other side, among the French, English, and Russians, or one might well be nervous....The race for power and personal position seems to destroy all men's characters. I believe that the only creature who can keep his honour is a man living on his own estate; he has no need to intrigue and struggle—for it is no good intriguing for fine weather.

Major Liddell Hart gives some gruesome examples by way of corroboration. When considering these matters it does not do to forget that all men are ruffians. If your profession is a private one, say a grocer's, you will have to watch your step pretty carefully; if, while serving yourself, you fail to serve others up to a certain point, you may be ruined or thrown into prison. The reason why we hate politicians so much is that, though we ourselves are not any better, not a decimal point better, they seem worse, because their job is for our good—and they do not think of our good. A private individual who is hungry for lunch won't do anyone much harm. But hosts of armed men and thousands of innocent people are frequently put to death simply because a Cabinet of rulers are hungry for lunch and hurry through a vital decision. The fact that we don't get quiet, sincere, honest, unintriguing, simple and straightforward behaviour amongst the people at the top is the main reason

* *Why Don't We Learn from History* By B. H. LIDDELL HART. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 2s. 6d.)

why the fighting instincts of the nations are still given release. So I suggest that it is futile to mean by WE anything but THEY at the top of the political racket. What the general public could and should do is to insist that all elected persons should be ruthlessly examined in history, made to repeat over and over again its lessons, and the pitfalls that result from their own personal ruffianism. Let them continually swear that they have learnt certain things from history and continually proclaim that they will *not* do likewise. It might have some effect on those who are not completely devoid of a sense of shame.

I hope there is room to quote two excellent remarks made by the author *en passant*. First that, considering the English failure to be whole-heartedly Machiavellian, owing to our moral scruples, "*Britain might find it better to be more consistently moral.*" There is food for thought there. And second:—

Civilisation is built on the practice of keeping promises. It may not sound a high attainment, but if trust in its observance be shaken the whole structure cracks and sinks. Any constructive effort and all human relations, personal, political and commercial, depend upon being able to depend on promises.

Hence the popularity of the Teheran Conference. I was struck at the time by the delight it occasioned. Promises, we have been taught over and over again, are made only to be broken. Yet we make them, and having made them, applaud and give thanks. It is extraordinary and pathetic. We know that in twenty years the important men who signed the promises at that conference will be dead and their successors will be in quite a different state of mind. But we love a promise; we adore the majesty of truth; we seek heaven always—no matter how often we are traitors and liars and makers of hell. It is encouraging.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

The Edge of the Abyss. By ALFRED NOYES, C.B.E., LL.D. (John Murray, London. 5s.)

Mr. Alfred Noyes has written a general denunciation of the trend of Western civilization between the great wars, with a warning of the imminent peril of cultural disintegration, and his book is mainly concerned with the sphere of culture in which his own life has been passed—that of literature. The monstrous evil which he attacks, is, briefly, the lowering of standards in contemporary letters, since the output of printed matter, swollen to a flood by the ever-growing capacity of power-driven printing-presses, has turned everyone into a reader and nearly everyone into a writer. Curiously enough, Mr. Noyes makes no social reflections whatever upon this cause of the phenomenon: he seems not to have noticed that it is the result of, among other things, the universal extension of elementary education. In consequence he shows no sympathy with the ambitions of the half-educated, which have so often led them to adventure into literature as a profession without any adequate reading of the literature of the past or any intimate relation with good men of the present who might have led them by example. He does not realise that, in an age when machinery has deprived people of the means to be craftsmen—artists with their hands—but has provided all with a free field in letters, an excessive number

would try to be literary artists—and would be sure to succeed in their way, though it might not be a good way from the stand-point of culture. It is a pity Mr. Noyes has himself no reading in Indian literature, or he would have seen the inevitability of disaster in a culture which denies any craftsmanship to the *sudra*, but offers him the means of expression of a *brahmin*.

He attacks the problem simply as a moralist, exhorting us to rouse ourselves, to denounce evils, to exercise self-control, to insist that literature should serve some moral ideals. There is a need for sound and well-disciplined moral indignation, and Mr. Noyes' book provides some wholesome as well as eloquent protest: though it is a pity that he relies so much on the example of Kipling as an ideal of what a modern man of letters ought to be. Kipling was a very great literary figure; but as a moralist he was much more vigorous than either exalted or profound. Of course Mr. Noyes is on impregnable ground when he recalls us to the traditions of the great Christian literature as still the indispensable and central source of Western culture, but this does not much help him to understand the predicament of letters in our time, or to see how to cope with it.

For on the æsthetic side Mr. Noyes' own standards are somewhat commonplace and conventional. It would surprise him to know that there is anything at all in the work of James Joyce, which he seeks to bury under abuse. He has no idea that in a page of Joyce there is evidence of more delight in the material of language, more skill and understanding of what can be done with it, and also more insight into the minds of typical living human beings, than he has ever imagined, still less has been able to express. The present reviewer does not like Joyce: but he can at least see why that writer has had, and still has, so much more influence over the minds of young writers than, for example, Mr. Noyes himself. This does not matter at all in itself, but it is a grave limitation for the task Mr. Noyes has set himself, for to deal with the "decadence" of a literary movement you have first to know what it is, and not simply to denounce it as "chaos."

When the artistic impulse is too much confined to the art of words, it is a chaotic civilization, and the artists will reflect chaos—among other things. The problem cannot be isolated; but in so far as it calls for separate attention, the remedy must be sought in the cultivation of an effective faculty and tradition in criticism. On this point we get little guidance from Mr. Noyes; but his brochure should do good by its vigorous exposure of what is indeed one of the main sources of corruption in this phase of Western culture, and is far too little realised.

PHILIP MAIRET

Saubhadra (English Translation of Kirloskar's Marathi Play *Sangit Saubhadra*. By S. B. TALEKAR. (Godbole and Godbole, 621 Budhwar Peth, Poona 2. Rs. 5/- or 7*s*. 6*d*.)

Written threescore and odd years ago by "Anna" Kirloskar, *Saubhadra* is one of the most popular of Marathi plays and it is now appearing in English translation, thanks to Mr. Talekar.

The love story of Arjuna and Subhadra forms the theme. When both

were deeply in love, Balarama, elder brother of Subhadra, decided to give her in marriage, against her wish, to Duryodhana, the rival of Arjuna. Through sheer disappointment Arjuna chose to become an ascetic and Krishna, younger brother of Balarama, in secret sympathy with the lovers, manœuvred to take advantage of the situation. Curiously enough, Balarama took a fancy to the ascetic Arjuna and, not knowing who he really was, invited him to stay with the family. The lovers thus got an opportunity to plan an elopement which was ultimately blessed by everyone, including Balarama. The tender and affectionate relations between Subhadra and Satyabhama, wife of Krishna, are depicted by Kirloskar with a delicate hand.

In the original, *Saubhadra* is therefore a masterpiece of art by that master-hand of Kirloskar. Its popularity is maintained because of its universal appeal. The language used by Kirloskar is homely and chaste, helping the dialogue to run smoothly. No wonder then that, though produced in the '80 's, its grip on Marathi audiences, in spite of the modernity of the stage, is as firm as ever.

Talekar was rightly tempted to secure for such a play a wider audience through the medium of English. There is no doubt that he has taken great pains in his attempt. But obviously, he works under serious limitations. He is not able to dive deep to appreciate the finer sentiments of the original. Much less can he render into English the sense and the spirit of Kirloskar. Contrasted with the polished Marathi, Talekar's English sounds jarring and reads like a hotchpotch. It fails miserably to paint the characters as originally intended. Worse still, in places, the language borders on slang and abuse, which Kirloskar never used. All this seems to be mainly due to one great defect: Talekar is not well versed in the use of English. The work was too great for him. His self-imposition, to render the Marathi idiom by literal English translation, far from making any sense, confuses the reader. In supplying detailed notes at the end of his translation, Talekar does not show a sense of proportion; the notes, but for this defect, would have been more helpful.

S. R. TIKEKAR

Essays and Recollections. By SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN. (The Talbot Press, Dublin. 5s.)

These essays by the poet and Editor of the *Dublin Magazine* fall into two groups, those of literary and of personal reminiscence. Mr. O'Sullivan is a bibliophile and in his browsing along the less frequented paths of literature rediscovers some of the lesser figures who graced it or adds some details to knowledge of the greater. Among the former are two minor poets of the eighteenth century, John Winstanley and Catherine Jemmat, both of Dublin; Fanny Maccartney, who is thought to have contributed largely to Fulke Greville's *Maxims, Characters and Reflections*, and incidentally forestalled by more than a centuary Meredith's description in *The Egoist* of Willoughby's leg; and Henry Francis Lyte, the author of *Abide With Me*. But perhaps the most substantial of this group of essays is that on Cowper and the Rev. John Newton, in which the new identification of one of Newton's letters as having been addressed to Cowper leads on to a consideration of the disastrous influence the Calvinism of that evangelical zealot had upon the delicate nerves of the poet. The "Recollections" are of more particular interest to Irish people, but the papers on George Moore and Arthur Griffith have a somewhat wider appeal. There are, too, some attractive memories of childhood and a captivating sketch of an imaginary character, "Miss Rendall," whose devout soul was enchanted by the *Sidhe*. Whatever his subject, he writes with personal charm.

H. I'A. FAUSSET

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Communalism in India was well described by Dr. Sachchidananda Sinha on 2nd November in the First Convocation Address of the Utkal University at Cuttack. He called it a poison that had been corroding our national life for nearly forty years. While Indians were not free from blame for the growth of communal movements and tendencies, he laid the responsibility primarily upon the official recognition of the communal principle, even in civil and military appointments.

> The principal Indian communities, owing to the introduction of communal arrangements, are no longer induced to secure the good-will of one another; on the contrary, almost all sections are led to think that their salvation lies in their living for themselves, in water-tight compartments

The Government of India Act of 1935 perpetuates the evil. Dr. Sinha quoted, omitting comment as supererogatory, from Lord Durham's Despatch of a century and more ago on the proposed Constitution of Canada. Lord Durham had written :--

> It seems to have been the considered policy of the British Government to govern its colonies by means of division, and to break them down as much as possible into petty isolated communities, incapable of combination, and possessing no sufficient strength for individual resistance to the Empire.

The need for Philosophy in a world increasingly "addicted to Science" was stressed by Sir S. Radhakrishnan in inaugurating the Madras Philosophical Association on October 17th. He challenged the adequacy of biology, economics and politics to interpret man. Man was a being with far horizons. No changes, however fundamental, in the social order, no mere accumulation of external satisfactions could satisfy the hunger of man's spirit. Science is concerned primarily with what and how and where and when, philosophy primarily with why and who. Their fields are complementary. The pattern for man's progress from "a broken disrupted split-personality to an integrated unified divine-centred personality" which philosophy provides is practical. And it is even more important than discoveries about the nature and behaviour of matter—discoveries which are so often harnessed to destructive ends.

Science shows the vast variety not only in Nature but also in human beings. Philosophy teaches unity in diversity, resting on the spark of the Divine which is in all. Varied manifestations are significant, as Sir Sarvepalli brought out, but "variety should not be confused with inequality or any man denied the right to the development of his wisdom and virtue. Philosophy teaches unity in diversity, a spark of the Divine being in all." If that were recognised caste pride and racial arrogance would go.

Science and Culture in its October editorial pleads the "Need for a Central Bureau of Standards," a plea which we wholeheartedly endorse. India has long suffered from lack of uniformity in the grading and packing of agricultural produce, though a beginning, it is reported, has been made by the Marketing Boards of the Agriculture Department with their "Agmark" stamp on standardised products. There is great need for further developments in this direction and the conflicting standards in industrial and commercial practice urgently call for reconciliation.

In any fair transaction the terms involved must mean the same thing to both parties. The potentialities of confusion and mutual suspicion of bad faith which lurk in variations in weights and measures, for example, must be obvious to all. And nowhere declares *Science and Culture*, is there so much confusion in weights and measures as in India. Only less pregnant with misunderstandings and bad feeling is the absence of uniformity in specifications for industrial products. The implications of this lack for India's good name in international trade are grave. Almost all the leading industrial countries have provisions for bureaus or departments of standards. We do not share the frequently expressed enthusiasm for India's industrialisation. But if industrialisation is to come, it must be on right lines and on the solid basis of scientifically worked out specifications and standards rigorously maintained.

Nowhere does the danger of attempting the duty of another come out more plainly than in colonial administration. If conditions in a free country are not what they should be, it is regrettable, but the responsibility rests squarely on the citizenry. The case is different when an outside power upon whatever pretext has assumed control. Responsibility goes with power. If things go wrong—and in what colony do they not?—the blame is the Imperial Power's.

Shortcomings in colonial administration are not confined to the notoriously bad colonisers. Dr. Laura Thompson's objective study of the U. S. Navy Department's administration of Guam in the *Far Eastern Survey* of 9th August deserves a place on the Imperialist's book-shelf. The better record of the U. S. A. in the Philippines does not offset the treatment of the inhabitants of this stratagic island in the Marianas group. No ruthless cruelty is charged; sanitation has been admittedly improved; but the political and cultural domineering over the Chamorros has been anything but democratic.

The deplorable conditions in the larger and more populous Puerto Rico after forty-odd years of American rule were described by Oswald Garrison Villard in *The New Leader* a few months ago. In Puerto Rico, he wrote, three-fourths of the people "do not have enough to eat, enough to wear, or a decent place to live," and "almost a third of the people can neither read nor write." And in India...?

The question of freedom for Puerto Rico is complicated by the dependence of sugar, the island's chief product, on the American market, from which a free Puerto Rico would be tariff-barred. Mr. Garrison advocates freedom for Puerto Rico, with tariff exemption, "divorce with alimony." But there are subject countries that would gladly

waive the alimony if they could but be free!

Co-operation, which, by definition of the late Sir Horace Plunkett, is "self-help made effective by organisation" has been officially encouraged in India for forty years without becoming either "self-help" or effective in the measure hoped for. Over-specialisation in credit long prevented the correct visualisation of the problem as a whole. It is a hopeful sign that attention is being paid increasingly to other avenues of co-operative effort. The formation in recent years of Provincial Co-operative Marketing Societies in Madras and Bombay is a step in the right direction. The latter body held its first Conference in Bombay on the 24th and 25th of October. Several resolutions were passed looking to the strengthening of the links between credit and sales societies to their mutual advantage and to the consolidation of the effort in various directions, with Government help implied at every turn.

It is natural that the resolutions passed by a marketing conference should be preoccupied with ways and means but both Sir Henry Knight, who inaugurated the session and Dewan Bahadur H. L. Kaji, President of the Society and of the Conference, in their addresses looked beyond immediate means to ultimate great benefits for rural India. A Co-operative Conference affords an admirable opportunity for reaffirming the ideals on which co-operation rests. Co-operative effort recognises man as essentially a social being. It substitutes for self-seeking, the good of the group as a whole and such are its elasticity and capacity for expansion that ideally all may ultimately share its benefits. . .

The Centennial Co-operative Conference held in mid-October at Chicago took a step towards international co-operation when it voted the incorporation of two organisations to further world co-operative trade. These are an International Co-operative Business Association and an International Co-operative Credit Institution. Much needs to be done in this country in the building up of co-operative purchases as well as sale before India will be able to share effectively in the responsibilities and benefits of these bodies but her ultimate entry into co-operative international trade is something to work toward. Not the least of the needs of the Indian movement is to develop the independence and resourcefulness which will allow it to dispense with the official patronage which, however helpful in many ways, has kept it for so long in tutelage.

Thomas Jefferson's comfortable assurance that "when the press is free, and every man able to read, all is safe" has yet to prove itself. In India, where neither condition is met, its dubiety may be less apparent. But in countries which have come within measurable distance of both premises doubt has arisen as to their sufficiency as bulwarks of defence of democratic values. Democracy depends in part for its smooth functioning on accurately informed public opinion, which the dressing up of facts precludes.

We hear much of the need of free access to news after the war and equal rights to communication facilities. Both are desirable but there is more to the problem of making the actual, un-

coloured facts available to the public. The press in a democracy must be meticulously honest as well as free. The press has the responsibility of keeping the news channels clear of prejudice and preconception. To the extent that it falls short of this it ranges itself covertly with the advertising profession whose frank concern is with moulding public reactions for private benefit.

Complete objectivity is difficult of achievement but its desirability in reporting news is obvious: "Editorializing the news" is attacked by Arthur Bernon Tourtellot in his article "In Defense of the Press" in the August *Atlantic Monthly*. Editorial comment is not only permissible but very much in order; but it should be confined to editorial opinion columns and kept out of the news. The whole colouring of an incident may be changed for the reader by the slant the headline gives.

A free press obviously cannot, as Mr. Tourtellot brings out, be legislated into publishing unslanted stories. He favours a voluntary compact among newspapers "to print all controversial news without doctoring it by omission or by emphasis." We commend the proposal to the consideration of the All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference.

Prejudice is prejudice, whether on lines of race or of social groups. Indians cannot without hypocrisy condone segregation of Untouchables and condemn segregation of Negroes in the U. S. A. And a victory against segregation anywhere is a victory for human solidarity everywhere. Special interest attaches, therefore, to the demonstration that it is possible for members of such custom-segregated groups as Negroes and whites in the U. S. A. to dwell in peace as neighbours.

The summer issue of *Common Ground* reports the experience in Marin City, a public war-housing project near San Francisco, where racial discrimination is not allowed. There is some chafing at first on the part of Southern whites at having to live next door to Negroes, but no other quarters are available and prejudice accepts the inevitable. Not only that, but Negroes are on the Community Council. Negroes and whites attend the same churches and the same dances in perfect harmony, though they follow racial lines in choice of partners, not by compulsion but by preference. There has been no trouble, though there have been race riots in segregated housing projects. The writer of the article, Milla Z. Logan, pleads for the copying of the Marin City pattern in the post-war, large-scale, slum-clearance projects planned.

The August *Magazine Digest* condensed from *Common Sense* a report of a successful residential community, Parkway Gardens near New York. City, where self-respecting middle-class Negro and white citizens live at peace, though the infiltration of Negroes was at first resisted, without violence. All the houses and gardens are well-kept; seeds, tools and ladders are exchanged and "lifts" to stores or station freely offered and accepted.

These two examples prove that close contacts may as well lead to mutual understanding as to friction.