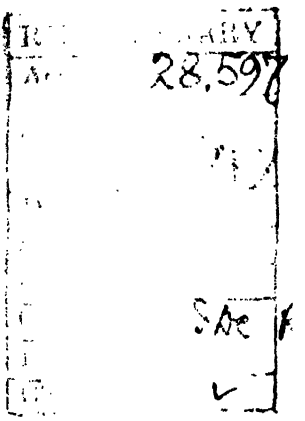
THE ARYAN PATH

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 Arya Path, Path of the Buddhas of perfection.

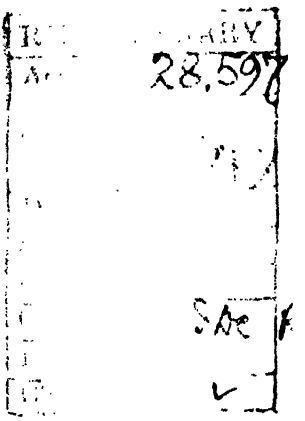
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Point out the "Way"—however dimly,
and lost among the host—as does the evening
star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—*The Voice of the Silence*

THE ARYAN PATH

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THE IMPENDING DOOM AND THE WAY OUT

> Behold on what objects the best energies of knowledge, the strongest human activity and the inventive powers of man are wasted at the present hour: on the creation, amelioration and perfection of war-engines of destruction, on guns and smokeless powders, and weapons for the mutual murder and decimation of men. Great Christian nations seek to outvie each other in the discovery of better means for destroying human life, and for the subjecting by the strongest and the craftiest of the weakest and the simplest, for no better reason than to feed their peacock-vanity and self-adulation; and Christian men eagerly follow the good example.—H. P. BLAVATSKY (in 1891).

While Mars was being propitiated at Munich by two who love war and two others who fear it, most of our contributors to this number were busy preparing their articles. There is not a rational human being who does not favour peace; in their speeches politicians and ministers of every state declare themselves to be the votaries of peace even the dictators are claimants to that rôle though they illogically assert that the way to peace lies through war. But not only are the Dictators illogical: those who are planning to fight, for example Great Britain, and are building up larger armies are also illogical —only in a lesser degree. Many even among those who accept the precept that "hatred ceaseth not by hatred" and agree that "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" is a false doctrine, and not only an immoral one, bow the knee to Moloch,

> .....horrid King, besmear'd with blood
> Of human sacrifice and parents' tears.

Even on the brink of war we continued with our plan of publishing this special Peace number of THE ARYAN PATH, because we have faith in the greater power of peace and order which can transmute the opposing force of carnage and chaos, if only those who speak of "peace in our time" really work for it. The

Dictators want war—why expect them to labour for peace? The Democracies aspire to keep peace but are forging weapons of destruction, while constructive planning is badly neglected. To avoid war is not to establish peace. Peace must be worshipped with a whole-hearted devotion; not in blind hope but with a clear intellectual perception must the Goddess be served. Swords are not offerings acceptable to Her.

There are problems which hold tightly the roots of war, *e.g.*, the racial tension (not the artificial one created by Hitler, for between Germans, whatever their creedal belief, and the Jews of Europe there is *no* difference) between the Coloured and the so-called White races; or the clash of cultures between the British and the Indians; or the economic tensions and trade rivalries born of false methods of industrialization—false because immoral. These root problems are examined by some of our contributors. Other articles indicate the parts which youth and women, writers and preachers and great democracies and republics like the U.S.A. can play. The summation in the last articles clearly reveals the right way to lasting peace—the way which the opening article of so profoundly logical and reasonable an advocate of order as Sir Norman Angell finds not only "extremely attractive" but also "much more practicable than would appear at first sight". It is because Non-Violence and Passive Resistance are practicable that we often reiterate the plan of educating the young and the adult in its principles. No nation can build an army or a navy in a short season; after years of preparation Britain found herself unprepared; her unpreparedness for war contributed substantially to the depressing tragedy of Munich. Nor can a nation educate itself in *Ahimsa* and *Satyagraha* in a year; but a beginning can be made. To-day the world may be said to be watching to see which nation will be first in the race, not of armaments, but of developing its inner psychic and moral force. This appears to be a probability to the most proficient and the most experienced teacher of the practice of Non-Violence; see the article of Gandhiji in *Harijan* for 12th November under the caption "Why Not Great Powers?" in which he writes :—

I had no right to arrogate to myself any belief that India alone and no other nation was fit for non-violent action. I must confess that I have believed and still believe that India was the fittest nation to enforce non-violent action for regaining her freedom. In spite of signs to the contrary, I have the hope that the whole mass of people who are more than the Congress, will respond only to non-violent action. They are the readiest of all the nations of the earth for such action. But when a case for immediate application of the remedy presented itself before me, I could not restrain myself from suggesting it to the Czechs for their acceptance.

It is however open to the great powers to take it up any day and cover themselves with glory and earn the eternal gratitude of posterity. If they or any of them could shed the fear of destruction, if they disarmed themselves, they will automatically help the rest to regain their sanity. But then these great powers have to give up imperialistic ambitions and exploitation of the so-called uncivilised or semi-civilised nations of the earth and revise their mode of life. It means a complete revolution. Great nations can hardly be expected in the

ordinary course to move spontaneously in a direction the reverse of the one they have followed, and according to their notion of value, from victory to victory. But miracles have happened before and may happen even in this very prosaic age. Who can dare limit God's power of undoing wrong? One thing is certain. If the mad race for armaments continues, it is bound to result in a slaughter such as has never occurred in history. If there is a victor left the very victory will be a living death for the nation that emerges victorious. There is no escape from the impending doom save through a bold and unconditional acceptance of the non-violent method with all its glorious implications. Democracy and violence can ill go together. The states that are to-day nominally democratic have either to become frankly totalitarian or, if they are to become truly democratic, they must become courageously non-violent. It is a blasphemy to say that non-violence can only be practised by individuals and never by nations which are composed of individuals.

Ideas rule the world—not politicians in Downing Street or the White House, not even Dictators in Germany and Italy and Russia. It is one of the illusions to which human mind falls prey that legislatures are supreme. Ideas rule politicians and dictators. Ambitious and greedy thoughts obsess people and among them the leaders, who become cross-eyed by their evil feelings and see the world out of focus. Noble and true ideas transform men and women including the politicians.

Educate the people not merely to desire peace but to understand how it can and should be firmly established. This first number of our tenth volume presents ideas which need to be examined and expounded. It is our humble offering on the altar of Universal Brotherhood which makes no distinction between Easterner and Westerner, Jew and Nazi, Heathen and Christian. Humanity is one and the folly of a single member poisons the whole body; contrariwise—the wisdom of a single unit transmutes the whole and elevates it to a higher plane of being.

FENNER BROCKWAY'S PROGRAMME

1. Resistance to rearmament;
2. Resistance to war, whether "democratic", League of Nations, or Collective Security;
3. Resistance to industrial and military conscription and preparatory steps such as the National Register;
4. Support for the colonial workers in their struggle against imperialism;
5. Activity for a new social and international order based on co-operation, justice and freedom.

—*Pacifism and the Left Wing*, (pp. 20-21)

THE FOUNDATIONS OF EUROPEAN PEACE

[Sir Norman Angell, the famous author of a truly epoch-making book, *The Great Illusion*, is a persevering and an indefatigable worker in the cause of Peace. He is an educator of rare parts and has the gift of presenting facts so as to make them self-evident and at most times incontestable. In this article he not only has presented the problem which European civilization has to solve or perish, but also has clearly set forth the principles without which it cannot be solved.—EDS.]

The millions of Europe, the peoples, ardently desire peace. Why then do they get war?

If it be replied that dictators or capitalists or armament makers force them into it against their will, it is clear that we have not examined the meaning of the words we use. A single dictator or a group of twenty, or two hundred, or even two thousand capitalists or armament makers cannot "force" millions. The force is on the side of the millions, not on the side of a dozen or a few score elderly, obese gentlemen. That the obese gentlemen for their own purposes may desire a nation to go to war and tell it so to do, is conceivable. But why does the nation obey, since the power is on the side of the people? The explanation is that *the mind of the people has been captured by certain ideas and values*, by belief in the advantage of conquest; or in glory; or in nationalism, or patriotism; or in the suppression of this or that race or class or party ideas which the few or the one may exploit. But it is, in the last analysis, by manipulating those things of the mind that men are brought to wage war. In so far as force enters to compel them, *the force which coerces the people is supplied by the people themselves as the result of persuasion*; of capturing their will.

But for the existence of a certain set of ideas in people's minds, special interests would be powerless to push whole nations to war. If, for instance, the building industry (even more considerable than the armament industry) could bring about the destruction by fire of some great city like London, or Birmingham, or Bombay, all concerned in that industry—the manufacturers of bricks, cement, steel, glass and the rest—would make perfectly enormous profits and those who own shares in such industries would make great fortunes. But if the capitalists controlling that industry were to ask the citizens of London or Bombay to burn down those cities, would it be done? It would not. The capitalists in that case are quite impotent to impose their wishes, however ardent those wishes might be. But they are quite successful in imposing their will about the blowing of cities to pieces with bombs, or in inducing the public to buy the instruments for the purpose of doing that thing. How do we account for the fact that in the one case it is so easy to bend the will of the people to the desires of a small minority (if that *is* the explanation

of war) and in the other case, where the economic motive is just as great, it is not possible at all?

In both cases success of the minority depends upon reaching the public mind. When Adolph Hitler started his political career his following numbered about ten persons, and it would have remained a party of ten persons unless he had been able to appeal successfully to certain passions of the public—mainly the pugnacities, animosities, hates, desires related to nationalism; passions so strong that those who yield to them become oblivious of where they are being led, what they are sacrificing.

The most deeply rooted of all impulses or instincts is, of course, that of self-preservation since without it living things could not have continued to exist. And if we analyse a little objectively the motives which have induced millions in Europe to follow a path which leads to their own destruction, we shall find, despite the apparent paradox, that the first and dominant motive has its roots in self-preservation, defence.

We know that the impulse of self-preservation, obeyed without regard to change of external circumstance, without intelligent recognition of that change, can operate to our destruction. When the passengers of a ship, in case of collision, make a panic rush for the boats, they are obeying an instinct of self-preservation which might have been preservative when it prompted an animal or a herd to take to flight when danger appeared. But panic, disorderly flight in the case of passengers on a ship, will end by destroying them. So in the case of the nations. *Every nation in the world is adopting a method of defence which, when adopted by all, ends by making the defence of any impossible.* What is the essence of that method? Each great power broadly takes the line: If we are to be secure, we must be stronger than any likely to challenge us. It proceeds to make itself thus stronger than a potential rival as the indispensable condition of defence. What becomes, in that case, of the defence of the weaker? If superiority of power is indispensable to defence, the weaker has no defence.

Clearly that method starts with a violation of right and ethics in that the stronger denies to the weaker that right of defence by superior power which the former claims.

When this very elementary ethical truth is pointed out the retort sometimes is that a householder does not deny right when he barricades his house against the burglar; that Britain therefore denies no right when it makes itself impregnable.

But that reply ignores the whole nature of international relationship. "Defence" is not a matter of keeping out foreigners. Britain has not been faced by the problem of repelling foreigners from its soil since the Norman invasion. But the British army has fought in every country of the world, and the Englishman would do well to ask himself why, if defence really means locking the doors against the intruder, he is so often to be found in other peoples'

houses.

In fact, however, it does not mean that war is necessarily aggressive because it happens to be fought on some one else's soil. For defence means the defence of legitimate interests, rights, arising out of such questions as whether trading ships can pass through a particular sea uninterruptedly, whether food can be brought in security from distant lands, traders live in safety, necessary materials obtained, and much else of the same character.

But if defence means the defence of what we believe to be our rights, the claim for superior power as the instrument of such defence puts us in a moral dilemma even worse than that just sketched. The position might be indicated as one in which a great state says to another: "Although we ask for superior power it will never be used except for defence. That is to say, when we get into a dispute with you as to our respective rights and interests, and the question is whether you are right or we are right, what we mean by defence is that we alone shall be judge of that question, and shall always be in a position to impose our judgment." The denial of right in that case becomes more outrageous than ever. The weaker is denied the right of judgment which the stronger claims.

Now if one examines the outstanding facts of the international situation in Europe this last thirty years (or for that matter this last three hundred), one sees that that dilemma lies at the root of the whole trouble. The nations seek to give expression to the instinct of self-preservation in such a way that the preservation, defence of one is secured by depriving another of it. Obviously that must ultimately lead to conflict.

The first impulse of those who realise at all deeply this dilemma is to say that in order to secure peace men must give up the claims for defence, or at least for armed defence. And *if indeed men could be induced to do that, never to possess arms at all, obviously the problem of war would be solved. It is an extremely attractive doctrine, and much more practicable than would appear at first sight;* and nothing but good can come of making the public more familiar with the arguments by which it may be supported. But three main considerations have to be taken into account.

The first is that the new or revived phenomenon of Fascism presents aspects of the problem which were not urgent a quarter of a century ago. If, to put the case concretely, a party pledged to refrain from the use of arms could be returned to power in, say, Great Britain, the first result of an unarmed government would not be a foreign invasion, but the seizure of the government by an armed party within Great Britain itself, a party approximating in its outlook to the armed parties which in so many countries of Europe have seized the reins of government. If that happened what would a government pledged to pacifism do? Would it resist the armed assault upon the constitution? If so, it

would be in a position of being ready to use arms against its own countrymen, but not against foreigners. If it did *not* resist the assault of the armed rebels, then the government would be taken over by that armed group, perhaps representing a quite small minority, who would thereupon imprison all pacifists, teach the children of the nation to love violence, train them in military-mindedness, and hopes of peace by that road would certainly be for a long time deferred.

In order to prevent that outcome the question arises whether the use of force need involve the moral dilemma which has been sketched above. The essence of that dilemma was that if each nation is its own defender, and a strong one is in conflict with a weak one, the weak has no defence, and the stronger becomes the judge of every dispute between them. Organised society within the nation has, however, managed to escape from that dilemma by neutralising the power of the stronger party so that force, violence, does not become the means of determining the merits of the dispute. If having had a quarrel with my neighbour about some money matter, I enter his house in order to take his property, because I believe that I am entitled so to do, my neighbour sends for the policeman, who however *does not settle the dispute*. He knows nothing of the dispute. He merely prevents me from settling it; prevents the use of my violence. Being thus restrained from making myself the judge, and from using my violence to enforce my judgment, I may be willing to turn to third party judgment, law, custom, tradition, to things other than violence. That in civilized society is the real purpose of armed force—to render impossible the use of violence to determine disputes, or, to put it in different terms, to see that force instead of being the instrument of rival litigants in which the superior strength of one party is the final arbiter, becomes the instrument of the law the law against violence, so that some factor other than violence can be brought into play.

The problem which confronts European civilization is to find the road by which (it may be slowly and bit by bit) force can be transferred from the litigants to the law, the law that there shall be no war.

The theory of the thing is plain enough, simple enough. The difficulty is in its practical application. And yet applied it must be if the present anarchy is not to end in the destruction of all civilization. However difficult the application may be it is certain that it could have been successfully applied on occasions in the past seven or eight years when it has not been applied, *if only public opinion had been more insistent*. It has not been insistent because understanding of the right principle has not been very clear or very profound. Ever since 1931 when Japan began the invasion of China, European opinion has been greatly confused, sometimes rendered impotent, by the failure to distinguish between the problem of restraining violence, of preventing its use to settle a dispute, and the

problem of deciding the merits of a given dispute. Instead of concentrating upon the one supreme purpose of preventing violence, instead of saying, whether it be to Japan or Italy or Germany: "Whatever the rights and wrongs of this dispute our main concern is to see that violence does not settle it, that the more powerful of the two litigants does not become the judge"—instead of saying that in every case the public in Britain and in Europe has been led off to discussion of the merits of that particular dispute which engaged their attention at the time. Thus, in 1931 it was argued that perhaps there was a good deal to be said for the Japanese case, that the Chinese had been provocative, or in the Italian Abyssinian matter that Abyssinians were after all a very savage people; or that in the case of Spain the government had been guilty of ferocities. All this was really irrelevant to the main issue of European civilization. The real point was that the exercise of violence by the stronger party to the dispute should if possible be prevented by the intervention of the Community of Nations protecting the weaker against the stronger. It is impossible of course to separate the European from the Far Eastern issue. Peace is indivisible. If Britain had been disposed to furnish economic aid to China in her resistance to Japan in 1931, the former would have had the help of the United States. We would have had, therefore, the forces distributed in this way: On the one side Japan and on the other Britain, most of the British Empire, the United States, China, Russia. If it had been clear that these had been ready to stand by the law against violence, even only to the extent of economic, political, and diplomatic assistance, it is extremely questionable whether that law would in fact have been challenged. And if the law had triumphed in that case it would not have been challenged in the later cases of Abyssinia and Spain.

But Britain at that time, instead of showing feeling for the law, showed among many sections of its people a strong feeling for the violator of the law, for Japan; a large part of the British Press was pro-Japanese, and the lead so given was followed by large sections of English Society.

It is clear from the behaviour of every nation in the world now engaged in re-armament, that it is not prepared to surrender the use of arms for defence. In that case either defence must come by using such arms as do exist, and as long as they exist, for the defence of the law, the law against violence in the way described, or civilization will perish, and we shall drift once more to a Dark Age. If that happens it will be because the instinct of self-preservation has been expressed *unintelligently*, as certain animals, that have become extinct, gave expression to that instinct; because the animal has overridden the human, because blind instinct has overridden the seeing mind.

NORMAN ANGELL

INDUSTRIALIZATION

VIOLENCE IS ESSENTIAL TO IT

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As I am penning these lines Europe is uncertain of its morrow. How many will see the dawn of day and how many will wake in eternity if there is a shower of bombs! What are these conditions due to? Is it a mere fulfilment of ancient prophecy or is it a resultant of our actions? Nay, it is more than all these. It is the ceremony attendant on laying the foundations of the future of Europe. "What?" I may be asked, "Is European society based on war?" "No, it is not merely European society, but all industrialized societies need violence for their existence. War is to them what water is to fish."

Time was when individuals like Alexander, Nadir Shah and Napoleon took to arms for personal aggrandisement, for plunder, for revenge, or from ambition; but to-day wars are for economic reasons. Therefore, if we desire to understand the fundamental nature of war in economics, we have to analyse work and methods of work and discover in them the factors that cause war. Man's effort to supply his needs takes the form of work which on analysis reveals a minor component that makes for development and a major component—drudgery—which is needed to get the full benefit out of the minor component. Work is something more than that which is done. It does something to the worker. The reaction of work on man is often the more important part. This function of work is almost always ignored. Any musician, to attain proficiency, has to practise for hours together on his instrument before he can perform for a few minutes on the platform. The practice- drudgery—is more important in developing the musician than the pleasure of performing on the stage.

The individual man, however, wishes to shirk that disciplinary part of work which is the mould for creation and progress and strives to have merely the pleasurable part without the pain. This is but natural. Aristippus, the predecessor of Epicurus, preached so and made a philosophy of pleasure-seeking as the supreme goal of life nearly twenty-five centuries ago.

In all walks of life the tendency of the individual is to take the subjective, short-time view of life. Only his own enjoyment matters, be it at whatever cost to society. The corrective should be supplied by society—in the form of the state, religion, or social organisation—which alone can afford to take an objective, long-time view of things, keeping steadfastly before itself the

progress of society. In the West, in developing organisation for economic production, the individual point of view has been allowed to prevail unhampered by any considerations other than that of selfish gain, with the result that there has been a sustained effort to retain the pleasures for oneself and pass on the incidental pains to others. This pursuit of the unrestrained short-time view which results in the separation of the two components of work causes friction between individuals; and, on a national scale, where an attempt is made to control other nations economically and politically, causes wars. Plato preached that slavery was ordained by Nature and thus the Empires of Greece and Rome salved their conscience, and shifted the unpleasant part of work to slaves and kept the pleasure to themselves. This tradition we find is followed to this day. The modern types of machinery are but instruments mainly intended to concentrate the pleasures in a few hands and shift the pains to the factory workers whose labours consist in endless repetition of a subdivided process of manufacture and are nerve-racking, as they have been deprived of the element which makes for the growth and development of the worker and gives him pleasure. Work that contains this element along with drudgery, may cause muscular strain and physical fatigue but these pass off with rest; but work from which this element which makes for growth and pleasure has been taken away causes nervous disorders and is, therefore, inimical to human progress. The drudgery part of work is needed to give the worker that discipline without which no one can utilise pleasures properly. We notice an instance of this when a wealthy man's son turns into a debauchee. The self-made man while making his money, has, in the process, disciplined himself to husband his own resources but his son has had no such opportunity. *If we wish to see how a nation deprived of the disciplinary and character-building faculty of work will find its pleasures, we need only visit Pompeii where Rome of the days of slavery enjoyed itself, revelling in all manner of vice and licence.*

Large-scale production of standardised goods under centralised control with machinery is generally called industrialising. The chief feature of this system is that while the plant that transforms raw materials into consumable articles is located in some one place, the required raw materials are gathered from the places of their origin and brought together to feed the machinery. When the finished articles are produced these have again to find a market somewhere in the world. Therefore, to produce under this system one has to conquer time and space because the whole economic unit, from the production of raw materials to the consumption of the finished article, covers the whole world. Unless the control of all the contributing factors is obtained so as to ensure a steady supply of raw materials at a speed demanded by the technical requirements of the plant and machinery for production at an "economic speed" and to ensure the disposal of goods so pro-

duced on profitable terms within reasonable time, no nation can be industrialized. Such control can only be secured by resorting to violence.

For instance, if Lancashire has to produce cloth, the mill itself is situated in Lancashire, where no cotton is grown. This mill forms the centre round which the whole world is made to rotate and subserve its purpose. The agricultural college in India investigates the kind of soil in which the type of cotton required by the mill can be grown. The researches of the college are directed towards producing, by cross-breeding and the like, the quality of cotton which will give the best results for the mill. The farmers who may be cultivating food crops have to be induced to shift to cotton growing. When the cotton is grown, transport with favourable rates of freight to the ports has to be provided. At the port, facilities for loading in the form of quays and wharves have to be built. The shipping has to be regulated and safeguarded with naval bases at Singapore and fortresses at Aden and Gibraltar. To man these the army, navy and air force have to be maintained. Such centralised method of production cannot be carried on for one day without the backing of the army, navy and air force. This Lancashire mill is an integral part of a world-wide organisation. It is, therefore, imperative to control the agricultural colleges, the farmers, taxation, the railways, shipping routes, etc. This cannot be done without the political domination of India and the routes that lead to it. This is on the production side. The organisation does not end there.

When the goods have been produced we have to sell them. Again the problems of routes, ports, steamships and political control of peoples have to be faced. Exchange, customs and other financial and political barriers have to be regulated, to provide the necessary facilities. All this can be done only at the point of the bayonet.

Where industries are left in private hands in a competitive society it becomes necessary to reduce the cost of production to the furthest limit. The chief item the manufacturer would like to see reduced is the labour cost which does not affect himself. This is usually the source of industrial strife and violence. Besides, it means a restriction of the amount of purchasing power distributed. As the effective demand has a direct relation to the purchasing power of the community any curtailing of the labour cost destroys demand and causes the phenomenon known as overproduction and brings about ultimately a trade depression in the economic cycle. To set economic organisation going again the producer has to sell abroad in a market controlled politically by the superiority in arms of the producing country.

By its very nature this system is intended to concentrate rather than distribute wealth. When wealth is accumulated above a certain limit it loses its value as a medium of exchange for consumption goods, and the amount, not spendable in the country itself, has to be directed into channels of foreign investment. Such investments have to be protec-

ted and interests guaranteed by brute force.

Because of the distances that lie between the various processes of production, distribution and consumption of goods under this system, money assumes a position of importance out of all proportion to the function it was meant to fulfil as a medium of exchange. Large-scale production of readily consumable goods, which depreciate at a greater rate than the medium of exchange, places the producer distinctly at a disadvantage in any bargain with the financier who holds the comparatively indestructible commodity —purchasing power. This inequality in the bargaining power leads again to class hatred and violence.

This is how centralised production calls for violence at every step. Does the producer who gets the benefit of the services of the army, navy and the air force pay for them? No. If he did his costs would go up tremendously. Then how are these met? By the dumb millions. India pays over fifty crores for direct military expenses. The money comes from remote places, from starving farmers in this country, and not from the mill-owners of Britain who get the benefits. This again is a means resorted to by industrialized countries to make their goods salable. They can only get such political control over other nations by virtue of superior might, depriving other people of the inborn right of freedom.

It makes no difference what form the social, political or financial organisation may take. As long as there is such centralised method of production violence is needed to make it go. Do we not see Russia, Germany, Great Britain, Japan and Italy as comrades in arms? Of these countries, many will be surprised to know that *Russia spends the most on armaments and Germany comes a good second followed closely by Great Britain.* Although these countries have very different political and social organisations yet because of the one common factor of the centralised method of production, they are all in the same boat as far as violence is concerned.

> Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
> Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
> Given to redeem the human mind from error,
> There were no need of arsenals or forts.

Our analysis, however, need not mean that the use of machinery always leads to violence. Machines are inanimate things which merely reflect the psychology of the inventor. There are two types of machines. Most machines to-day indicate a mind behind, which thinks in terms of throwing the drudgery part of work on others thus exploiting them. They are drudgery producers. Up to now we have produced very few of the second type of machines which are real tools of men, such as will increase the efficiency of the user and make him more productive. These do not call for centralised control to use them. We shall only begin to invent such machines when our minds are occupied, not with schemes of exploitation, but with plans of supplying human needs in the best possible way. A sewing machine,

while increasing the efficiency of the seamstress and lessening her labour, does not pass on the drudgery to any one else.

Is there no place then for industrialization? Within definite limits centralised methods may be necessary. Where public utilities such as supply of power, water and transport and key industries like steel and iron are concerned, production has to be in a centralised way under social control, organised on the principle of service, and not with a view to profit. If we realize that industrialization is a poison we may use it with great reserve. But if we look upon it as the goal to move towards we shall, as the sage predicts, find that instead of binding the whole world by industrialization we have ultimately bound ourselves to the earth. Instead of progressing towards love and peace we shall be reverting to the jungle law of nature red in tooth and claw. Shall we buy industrialization at such cost and degrade ourselves below brute beasts?

Our considerations show that for industrialization we need violence. (1) We need violence to shift the drudgery part of work on to some one else, reserving to ourselves the fruits of labour; (2) we need violence to get the raw material; (3) we need violence to safeguard its transport to the place of manufacture; (4) we need violence to dispose of the finished goods; (5) we need violence to control the economic cycles produced by various factors consequent on large-scale production; (6) we need violence to safeguard investments of accumulated fortunes; (7) we need violence to lay the burden of the cost of armaments on the shoulders of third parties; and (8) we need violence to coerce people to carry out a central plan. *In India, we often hear people talk glibly of industrialization without realising that the first step in a national programme of industrialization should be the building of ammunition factories.* Do we want to repeat in India the doings of Japan in China, or those of Italy in Abyssinia or those of Germany in Czechoslovakia? Or do we stand for peace, non-violence and truth? This is the first question to be answered by us. Centralised production means control over the lives of others so as to make them fall in line with our plans. It means destruction of other people's freedom, destruction of human lives, depriving other nations of their birthright of employment in converting their own raw materials into consumable goods. It means the production of machines of destruction and the employment of millions of persons in the business of wholesale murder. These are essential for industrialization. Is India prepared to accept such terms for the doubtful advantage of having a multitude of material goods?

J. C. KUMARAPPA

RIGHT ECONOMICS FOR WORLD PEACE

[Richard B. Gregg has practised Law in Boston and has worked in the field of labour relations for several years. He has travelled in China and Japan and has lived for three years in India and seen the practicability and the wisdom of Gandhiji's programme. He wrote *Economics of Khaddar* but is better known as the author of *The Power of Non-Violence.* He is a true realist. The kind of realism expressed in this article is not the non-moral and character-weakening realism of Mr. Neville Chamberlain. Young Indians who are enamoured of Socialism will do well to reflect upon Mr. Gregg's view as to why Socialism would be inoperative and is bound to fail in the course of time.—EDS.]

All through the ages war has been caused by some form of desire for power, greed, pride, intolerance, fear, or anger. In operation these create injustice, resentment, desire for revenge, and violence. These actions and reactions go on endlessly. Economic conditions often are a large factor in all of these processes. Hence, right economic conditions would greatly conduce to world peace.

The present system of mill and factory industry makes children for their first twelve to sixteen years a heavy economic burden on the parents in all ranks of society, and the speed and pressure of work throws most of the workers on the scrap-heap at the age of forty. The crowded living conditions of city slums which accompany factory industry are a hell for mothers and are productive of much disease, crime and moral and social degeneracy of many sorts. The money price control of markets together with over-investment of savings in equipment for production creates alternate periods of glut and economic depression. These factors together with modern automatic machinery cause permanent unemployment among about one-tenth of the population of the industrialized countries and a still larger part of the population to be on government doles in wretchedly low conditions of living and in circumstances degrading to self-respect. Insecurity is everywhere. The drab monotony, unhealthiness, and discontent created by all this make men bitter and eager for the excitement and relatively self-respecting conditions of war. The after-effects of war are further depression and social disruption. An economic system exists presumably for the benefit of the people who live within it, but our present economic system is morally, economically and biologically suicidal.

In order to secure right economics for world peace we need, I believe, to

1. Produce enough food, clothing, housing and other physical, intellectual and emotional satisfactions to give all men, women and children a decent standard of living ;
2. Distribute these goods among all races, nations, classes and communities so as to make this decent standard of living for all a reality ;
3. End unemployment ;

4. Arrange the work of production, distribution and consumption so that it will be socially satisfying to all engaged in it.

The first of these requirements has been convincingly demonstrated to be possible by means of modern technology in agriculture and industry. Though technically this problem has been solved, the solution is not allowed to become effective in the realm of production because of monopolies and financial and political restrictions.

The physical problem of distribution is also equally solvable by means of modern transport and communication. The human factors which prevent just distribution are chiefly greed, desire for power, fear, hate and prejudice, together with defects of organization and defects of our money system. These human factors find their expression in all sorts of tariffs, financial restrictions, monopolies, political and economic barriers.

The methods of progress in these two great problems of production and distribution seem to me to lie along the lines of (a) taxation of the entire ground rent of all land, as proposed by Henry George, so as to abolish land monopoly and holding land idle for purposes of speculation; (b) alteration of our system of money symbols and medium of exchange so that it will not be so inevitable and effective a stimulus to greed and so thorough a destroyer of all values other than pecuniary. This can be done, I believe, by splitting up the five different functions which money now performs, and having a separate kind of money for each function, with provision for transformation of one kind into another. That is, there would be one kind of money acting only as a medium of exchange, another acting only as a measure of value, another only as a storage of value, another only as a symbol of credit, another only as a means of transferring value from place to place.[1] This change would, I believe, vastly reduce financial restrictions on production and distribution. (c) A third remedy is a lowering of those tariffs which create unfair production and distribution among nations, such unfairness to be measured not by money profits but by the comparative welfare of peoples. (d) A fourth remedy is the spread of consumers' co-operatives of all sorts. (e) Finally, to bring about the foregoing reforms, campaigns of disciplined non-violent persuasion and, if need be, non-violent resistance by exploited nations, classes and communities.

Of these five reforms three would have to be made by the government and would require a decade or more of intense agitation to bring about, but the other two can be initiated by individuals and small groups anywhere and can make great progress in four or five years.

Perhaps I should explain that the principal reason why I do not advocate Socialism is because I cannot see how it can operate without raising a very highly centralized, large

[1]See two articles of mine entitled "What Is the Matter with Money" (*The Modern Review*, May and June, 1938.)

and strong bureaucracy, with greater power than that wielded by the present ruling class in any non-totalitarian nation. I agree with Lord Acton that the exercise of power corrupts him who wields it, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. The decay of all bonds other than the political may bring Socialism in some form in most countries, but I do not think complete Socialism will bring freedom of any kind, or permanent justice or security, or a solution of our economic and political problems.

The complete evil of unemployment and its importance to modern society needs no comment. But the fourth problem I mentioned—that of making all work socially satisfying—is not yet widely realized. Within the last decade there has been a very careful five-year study of the effects caused by taking two small groups of certain employees of the Great Western Electric Company, of Chicago, putting each group in a room of its own, then establishing among them certain working conditions, such as improved lighting and ventilation, lunches together, certain wage payment methods, and so forth, maintaining each condition for a period of about ten weeks and observing results on morale and production. It was proved beyond possibility of doubt that improvement of the social aspects of the work counted more than anything else to increase production and create steady happiness and high morale among the workers. Having a permanent group with opportunities for conversation during the work and eating lunches together created a deep, strong and enduring satisfaction. There is clear evidence that a great deal of the discontent, bitterness, and breakdown of social standards and social bonds among the working populations of all industrialized countries is due to the utter disregard by industrial leaders of the necessity for a strong social context to all work. Man is primarily a social being and if for the majority of every working day he is not allowed spontaneously and fairly freely to exercise his social faculties, he as an individual, and society as a whole decay.[1]

I think it probable that the leaders of industry and finance in all countries are so enmeshed in the faulty set of social, industrial and financial concepts and symbols that they are not able to extricate themselves and make adequate reforms. I think the reforms must come by non-violent efforts of those who are either materially or intellectually and spiritually alienated and dispossessed by the existing socio-economic system.

To end unemployment and to build up social satisfaction in work I see no reform so hopeful as the revival of handicraft work of all kinds carried on mainly in small groups among the unemployed and the intellectually or spiritually alienated. This is not as a substitute for machine industry but to supplement it where it has failed, and gradually by example to correct some of its defects. Of special im-

[1] See *Human Problems of an Industrial Civilization* by Elton Mayo, 1933; and *Leadership in a Free Society* by T. N. Whitehead, 1937.

portance are hand-spinning and hand-weaving, because the product is a necessity, the spinning tools can easily be transported and brought to group meetings, the work is easily learned, can be done by all ages and kinds of people at all seasons and at almost any time of the day. This is, of course, Mahatma Gandhi's proposal.

To those who protest that to take to handicrafts means the abandonment of that immensely fruitful industrial principle of division of labour, I would answer that the invention of automatic machinery has already caused the discard of that principle over wide industrial areas, and that discard is steadily and rapidly proceeding. Nor does this proposal mean for society the abandonment of machinery. But to those whom machine industrialism under financial control has robbed of self-respect, work, satisfaction in work, and a happy and stable social life, the exercise of handicrafts in groups will restore that which was taken away, will provide endurable standards of living, will give poise and significance to life. It will build democracy and help to heal the existing dangerous crevasses in society.

International conflicts are a summation and expression of social conflicts within the nations. These domestic social conflicts will largely disappear as soon as right economic conditions are created and maintained.

RICHARD B. GREGG

Never in this world can hatred be stilled by hatred ; it will be stilled only by non-hatred—this is the Law Eternal.

Some quarrellers do not realise that in this world we must all at some time cease to live ; but there are others who do so realise, and they will settle their quarrels.

—Dhammapada

RACE PREJUDICE AND WAR

[Lord Olivier has first-hand knowledge of the problem on which he is writing; he has been in official capacity to British Honduras, Leeward Islands, Jamaica, and has had opportunities to study it in various state secretariats in the capital of the British Commonwealth. He was Secretary of State for India in 1924. He is the author of *White Capital and Coloured Labour, The Anatomy of African Misery, The Empire Builder* and other volumes. His article should be read in conjunction with the two which follow.—EDS.]

Socrates, in his last discourse to his friends, as related by Plato (*Phædo*, Section 30), uttered (almost casually, it might seem, for it was not relevant to his argument), the very pregnant and modernly applicable observation: "For all wars amongst us arise on account of our desire to acquire wealth."

So far as inter-racial hostility or colour prejudice exist in the modern world, that generalisation is eminently true about that form of "war". The original causes are principally economic, arising out of the desire of a conquering or mastering people to enslave or employ on cheap terms a weaker or conquered race, or to possess the latter's women, and guard their own from intercourse with the slave race.

The social institution of slavery itself produces, by reaction, a doctrine of superiority on the part of the dominant race, and of inferiority attributable to the subordinate. Plato's disciple, Aristotle, sanctioned this prejudice in the Greek community by the theory that "the barbarian races" were slavish by nature.

Modern South African racial philosophy goes even further than this, and professes to consider the native African unfitted for civic association with white men. On the basis of this theory, native African races, not only in South Africa, but further north, are being subjected to what is described as a "segregation" policy, meaning that they are to live in special areas, have no civic rights in the states to which they belong, and are only to mix and associate with white men in the relation of labourers under contracts of service. The basis of this policy, as Professor W. A. Macmillan, in his recent volume, *Africa Emergent*, once more uncompromisingly demonstrates, is impossible and self-contradictory, (since the blacks must mix with, and reside among, the whites in order to work for them), and is admitted by South African politicians to be nothing else than fear.

In industrial relations hostility is aroused among the white wage-workers against the black by the fear of their competition at the very low rates of wages at which they can be forced to work, combination among them being forbidden, and all attempts at organising such combination being declared by law seditious and subject to heavy penalties. Not only are these relations essentially of the character of civil war, arising out of "desire

to acquire wealth", but they are actively provocative of inter-racial hatred and prejudice, which are becoming in all such mixed societies rapidly and markedly more acute as education progresses among the subject people, and as the poverty of the unskilled white workers, both in Africa and in the United States, who have to compete with them as wage-workers or share-croppers grows more prevalent. Mr. Macmillan, in the volume I have named, thus describes the results in South Africa (where colour bar legislation expressly excludes coloured people from employment in skilled mechanical industries) :—

In South Africa, the oldest and much the strongest of the settler countries, the state of society has now become intolerable or even dangerous and sets men groping for a more satisfactory solution. While only an astonishing resilience characteristic of Africa saves the spirit of the native Africans, whose tribal organisation, such as it was, is shattered, the less successful Europeans—the poor whites—now find themselves in cut-throat competition for unskilled employment with a growing host of landless blacks still poorer than themselves. These "poor whites", though like any similar community they are suspicious of "capitalism", have in addition come to regard the rise of the Africans to competence as a formidable peril to their own interests or privileges.

So long as the deposits of mineral wealth, which have attracted capitalist investment to Africa, remain unexhausted, or can, under the shield of a colour bar, continue to yield profit only to Europeans, the actual warfare implicit in these conditions may not become violently manifest : but in a society dependent solely on agriculture it is not possible for both an indigenous and an immigrant population to earn a high standard of livelihood ; and where native Africans have been excluded from their accustomed means of subsistence, whilst their numbers increase and their requirements for an advancing standard of civilisation are continually being stimulated by contacts with European society, *it is impossible to expect that there will not, in the course of at most two generations from now, be positive manifestations of revolt against racial repression, and that the now implicit warfare will become explicit,* as it has done everywhere else under similar conditions throughout the course of history.

Mr. Peter Nielsen, lately retired from many years' public service as a magistrate in South Africa, has embodied in his book, recently published, *The Colour Bar,* his personal judgments on the origins of colour prejudice, in which, after discussing various popular theories as to its justification, he makes the following rather remarkable statement :—

The fact remains that the general fear in the Whites is not now of the enmity of the African but of his friendliness, seeing that it is recognised by all that as an open enemy he can be kept in subjugation but that as a close friend and neighbour his claim to full equality with his present masters may soon prove irresistible.

Fear, then, of our black fellow man as a competitor and rival, if not as a potential enemy, we see to be the continuing cause of the whole situation which has come to be recognised as the Native Problem. But fear of our fellow men we have been taught to suspect as a wrong motive for any kind

of collective action against them, a sinful feeling to be cast out and replaced by perfect love.

"In time", observes Shakespeare, "we hate that which we often fear."

It is now hardly disputed by any one who has lived in a mixed society, that there is not any natural antipathy between persons of different races who mix in conditions in which there is no opposition of interests. Religious and educational teachers and young children habitually find them attractively lovable. Even the time-honoured theory that Africans and some other coloured races had an unpleasant bodily smell (which is untrue, whenever they spend, as they love to do, much time and money on washing and soap) can hardly appear a convincing reason for segregation of those races themselves, in view of the profuse advertisement which now fills all our newspapers, of similar liability to offensive effluvia attaching to graceful young English women. Moreover, it has long been notorious that Africans and Indians find the odour of white men quite sickening. When Mr. Bernard Shaw returned recently from a tour round the world, he expressed to me his sense of the extreme attractiveness of the Cingalese people, who, he said, appeared to him to be manifestly the most successful human bodily type (as it is probably one of the earliest) produced by the Life Force in the form of humanity, not only by reason of physical grace and charm, but by natural good humour, courtesy, and quickness of sympathy and intelligence. Nevertheless, these same people have, within memory, been embroiled in bloody conflicts with the representatives of white civilisation, who came to Ceylon for the purpose of making profits out of their labour.

Mr. Nielsen, however, in summing up his conclusions, attributes race prejudice and fear in South Africa far more to the consolidation of a belief in race as the basis of nationalism, than to the influence of economic jealousy. He observes :—

> At the present time the numbers of those who profess belief in the need for perpetual hostility are greater, and the noise of their preachment is louder than ever before. Millions of white people are being exhorted to worship only the folk-soul, the dynamic principle behind all progress ; to cast away the outmoded ideological lumber of the past and to learn to think only with their blood when they think about the purpose of their own collective being.

He quotes the memorable pronouncement of Sir Thomas Watt, one of the members of the Legislature for Natal :—

> The White Man is determined to do all he can to remain and, what is more, to rule. This matter is to us in South Africa such a vital and fundamental matter that no ethical considerations such as the rights of man, will be allowed to stand in the way.

This may be taken as a typical utterance of the feeling of the electorate in the Dominion of South Africa, and in the Rhodesias, from which electorate natives are, or are being, regrettably excluded or reduced, at best, to a negligible minority.

Sir John Harris, Secretary of the

Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society, since his recent return from a visit to most of the mixed communities in South Africa, has frequently expressed himself as appalled at the marked intensification and rapid progress of interracial hostility since the date of his last previous visit, and he very appropriately quotes, in his pamphlet *South Africa from the Cape to the Zambesi,* (published by his Society, price 3*d*.,) a memorable utterance made by General Smuts in 1926:

At that time the Government of South Africa was embarking upon its first definite colour bar legislation debarring British subjects of any colour—and solely because of their colour—from attaining to any form of industrial or civic citizenship. General Smuts then warned South Africa of the danger; he said: "The bill will be taken as an outrage not only by Black Africa but by Yellow Asia".... "We shall gather on our heads the hatred of the whole of Asia."..."We, a handful of whites, are ring-fencing ourselves first with an inner ring of black hatred and beyond that with a ring of hatred of the whole of Asia."..."The natives are seething with discontent all over South Africa."...."In these circumstances the Colour Bar Bill gratuitously produced here is a firebrand flung into a haystack."

Are we of this generation to witness the fulfilment of this prophecy? That is the question which leaped forward in every discussion from the Cape to Buluwayo, from Bechuanaland to Zululand, no matter with whom the discussion took place—Government officials, traders, planters, chiefs, native councils, natives on the highways, on farms, or in the locations and reserves. The answer to the question is "Not just yet", because though the African is an ardent lover he is a slow hater. But what is admitted to be true is that suspicions and discontent have increased disastrously since General Smuts's prophecy and who can be surprised?

OLIVIER

[The above article gives the angle of vision of a sympathetic Englishman on the subject of racial prejudice which is gathering force and which is bound to generate war.

The two which follow are by 'coloured' gentlemen who examine the problem of the relation between the two races on two continents.—EDS.]

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PEACE BETWEEN THE WHITE AND THE BLACK RACES

[In the first article the consideration of the problem of colour conflict is localized. It is pointed out that race prejudice in the Southern States of the U.S.A. inhibits the progress of these States. The *status quo* existing there at present is described as an "ingrowing imperialism based on colour caste". But a note of optimism is struck. It is thought that general tendencies are such that revolution may be averted and a progressive movement eventuate "if the common interests of the common man—black and white—become the pivot of reform effort".

The second one surveys the position of the Dark Races in the international world and declares that the racial problem is rooted in economic soil. But this is only partially true. Race prejudice flourishes equally among black and white people whose income is the same and whose social status is similar. It is in evidence between capitalist and capitalist, as between labourer and labourer—witness the writer's own statement regarding the treatment meted out by many unions of the American Federation of Labour.

But viewing both these articles, one feels that however ameliorating reforms may be, the evil of colour prejudice cannot be wiped out unless men begin to realize their spiritual identity and solidarity. Selfishness and the sin of separateness are the roots of all human misery, and, as H. P. Blavatsky points out, "the only palliative to the evils of life is union and harmony a Brotherhood in ACTU, and *altruism* not simply in name".—EDS.]

I.—THE NEGROES OF THE U.S.A.

[**Alain Locke** is Professor of Philosophy at Howard University, Washington D. C. He studied at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, is a Ph. D. of Harvard, and is the author of several books on the Negro question, *e. g., The Negro in America* and *Frederick Douglass, A Biography of Anti-Slavery.* EDS.]

Certainly the only peace an intelligent and loyal Negro can contemplate in the situation of racial inequality and conflict in the Southern United States is a peace with justice, which in the long or short run must involve a radical revision of the *status quo*. It would seem that also any far-sighted patriot or liberal cosmopolitan would be in complete agreement with this principle, not only from the idealistic point of view of justice and consistency with professed democratic principles, but also from the pragmatic position that in no other way can the increasing demands of the aggrieved minority be settled. In the so-called Black Belt, which includes about sixty per cent of the Southern area, the Negro population is a numerical minority by only a small margin, and in certain specific areas it really forms a majority in numbers though not in economic resources or in political power. The one thing to be agreed upon by all schools of thought on the subject is, therefore, that a solution within the *staus quo* is out of the question. For that *status quo* rests upon political dis-

franchisement, economic exploitation, arbitrarily and legally defined bi-racial life in separate schools, separate public conveyances, separate churches and separate institutional organizations of other types, with a social stigma of "inferiority" to bolster the social policy of "white supremacy". To observers not familiar with the situation in detail it might be graphically described as an internal colonial status, an ingrowing imperialism based on colour caste.

What then can we mean by talking of peace, if we go beyond mere pious aspirations and unrealistic hopes? I think the first realization of any practical importance is the reckoning, unusual in the framework of traditional race prejudice, that the white man and his civilization suffer greatly from the repression of the black minority. If, as is coming to be increasingly recognized, the low standard of living, the economic backwardness of the South and the retardation of general social progress in this region are direct results and general consequences of Southern social, economic and political policies based largely on the racial situation, then the motives and the reasons for social reconstruction become the common interest and involve the common welfare of white and black alike. Against the partisan traditions of generations, this realization is rapidly coming to the fore in the progressive thinking of the South. It is still a minority opinion, but there is no doubt that it holds the one hope for the future that might possibly avert race conflict of serious proportions in the next generation or half-generation. When President Roosevelt characterized the South, as he recently did, as "the Nation's No. 1 economic problem", he was proposing in a statesmanlike way a common denominator for social reconstruction. The earlier so-called "Reconstruction", after the emancipation of the slaves, brought neither real social reform nor social peace. It was pivoted on racial factionalism, national sectionalism with hatreds and prejudices between the North and the South resulting from the alignment of the Civil War, and the reconciliation of these factions since 1900 in the new industrialization of the South was entirely at the expense of the Negro's interests and the political and economic rights of both the Negroes and the poor whites. They eventually found themselves jointly involved in a wage slavery as unskilled mill and factory labour or in an agrarian serfdom as tenant farmers or share-croppers.

The contemporary share-cropper's revolt in the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, the trends toward labour organization of the semi-skilled and unskilled workers, who include many Negroes and the potentialities of political realignment breaking the Democratic Party's old-line closed primary election, which was the chief mechanism of Negro disfranchisement,—these all point to issues of crucial and perhaps revolutionary reform. But as involving a new division between progressives and conservatives rather than one on purely race lines they forecast a lessening of the tension

along racial lines and the possible averting of mass race conflict. Struggle there will be in either case, but if the common interests of the common man, black and white, become the pivot of reform effort, a progressive rather than a revolutionary movement can be anticipated. In many instances, notably in the organization of black and white workers together, especially in the farmer-tenant unions, this solvent of common interest has proved effective to overcome the traditional prejudice of race.

In another country an analysis of this sort would really mean just a forecast of class war taking the place of race war. But in America economic reconstruction is already far enough advanced and has sufficient mass momentum to warrant our thinking of its extension without the necessity of revolution. If the cause of the Negro masses can be hitched to this forward social movement there is hope. The younger Negro leadership, aware of this, is striving to harness the rising race consciousness and the growing solidarity of the Negro group to such an alignment rather than to the normally separatist trends of "self-determination" and a policy of political and economic separatism. The barriers of prejudice cause many eddies of purely racial feeling, but the larger vision of the more intelligent sections of Negro opinion is for common action and progressivism, particularly on the political and economic fronts. Culturally the major trends are still racialist and probably will remain so in this relatively non-controversial field.

The contemporary Western world is to-day one of unpredictable potentialities. Certainly the tendencies of minority causes generally do not favour the prediction of a peaceful solution of the American race problem. But the complete cultural assimilation of the Negro in American life and his lack of political ambitions beyond common citizenship rights in the traditional framework of the American democracy do argue for the possibility at least, with proper social and economic reform, of that peace with justice of which we spoke at the outset. One thing is certain, under the structure of American life no large-scale improvement of the economic lot of the common man is possible without proportional inclusion of the mass Negro. A wide differential of living standards or of wage standards, even as wide as the present discrepancies, will thwart the general progress and jeopardize basic reforms now under way, such as state responsibility for unemployment, social security, child-labour reforms, wide-scale unionization of labour, public supervision of health and the like, to which the public policy in America is already seriously committed. We used to say that Christianity and democracy were both at stake in the equitable solution of the race question. They were ; but they were abstract ideals that did not bleed when injured. Now we think, with more realistic logic perhaps, that economic justice cannot stand on one foot ; and economic reconstruction is the domin-

ant demand in the present-day American scene.

In it lies the hope both for progress and for peace in this generations-old problem of race relations.

ALAIN LOCKE

II.—IN DARK AFRICA

[William Harrison is an Afro-American who would be called a patriot by the Africander and a coloured man by the American. He won scholarships and prizes at Harvard and has already made his mark as a journalist. He is Editor of *International African Opinion*.—EDS.]

At the outbreak of the Italo-Ethiopian war in 1935, General Smuts and Premier Hertzog of the Union of South Africa predicted that a wave of resentment would sweep the continent of Africa if the League of Nations did not aid the last independent nation governed by an African potentate. As these statesmen realised, the Emperor Haile Selassie was a symbol of African hopes and aspirations, a figure in whom the Africans and peoples of African descent took great pride. Indeed, their prediction has come true, and the wave of resentment has not yet subsided, though the prestige of the European has waned considerably. It is no exaggeration to say that confidence has been lost, that the implicit trust which the simple-minded natives were wont to place in the words of Governments has suffered a severe shock; perhaps the damage to European prestige is still not so evident on the surface, largely because the channels of African opinion are far from wide. Except for articulation on the West Coast—Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast and Nigeria—African opinion is mute, prevented from full expression by political and social factors. Some African languages, for example, have not been reduced to writing; the development of interior regions has not reached the stage where rapid communications between distant parts can be taken as a matter of course; the so-called "jungle-telegraph"—the signals which reverberate across wide stretches of territory through the rhythmic beating of drums—is an avenue of African native publicity not accessible to peoples of different culture and location.

When one considers all the difficulties in the way of an approach to any understanding of the real opinions held by masses of Africans and peoples of African descent, one hesitates to declare what their prevalent feeling of black and white relations is. If we consider the least retarded section, the 16,000,000 Negroes of the United States, it is possible to forecast the spiritual climate in some degree. We should remember, even in that instance, that although there have long been organisations such as the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, founded in 1911 as an aftermath of the race riots in Atlanta, Georgia, and the Equal Rights League, headed by the late William Monroe Trotter in its heyday, nevertheless the

political consciousness of the American Negro did not become international, and he did not acquire any feeling of solidarity with his African brethren until the post-War appearance of Marcus Garvey, with his strongly nationalistic "Back-to-Africa" movement. The Garvey movement mobilised the masses of American Negroes to a degree comparable to the mobilisation of India's teeming millions by Mahatma Gandhi, but as Garvey is not a great man like Gandhi, his programme has remained wholly visionary, with few concrete results. Almost the only important result of Garveyism has been the creation of Negro solidarity, but the leader gave it no practical direction. He stood firmly, however, against European imperialism in Africa, but envisaged the solution of the African problem through the lens of a scheme for repatriation, as I have said, for the American Negroes, who were to return *en masse*. How ill-considered his policy was appeared when the Liberian Government refused to allow Garveyite emigrants to land in their country—Garvey had evidently neglected to sound them out in advance. Trotter, who as a Negro leader is not so widely known as Garvey, was chiefly concerned with the struggle against the civil and political disabilities of American Negroes, inveighing against evils like racial segregation: otherwise his programme was not nationalistic in any sense, as he stood for the assimilation and integration of the American Negro into American political and social life. He felt that the assimilative process could be achieved by the enforcement of existing Constitutional guarantees. Like Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois,[1] the militant editor of the organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, he consumed much of his energy in fighting for the eradication of evils like lynching, through legislation enacted by the Federal Government; but he did not attack the fundamental assumptions upon which the American Republic rests. Trotter's only instance of international spirit appeared when in 1919 he endeavoured to place the problems of the American Negroes as an oppressed minority before the Peace Conference at Versailles, but as he was ignored, that gesture may be taken as rather an instinctive realisation that the problems of all Africans and peoples of African descent are inextricably interwoven.

It is safe to say that all the Negro organisations of any scope, including even the Pan-African Congress established by Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, had protest as almost their ultimate aim, and they approached the economic problem as secondary.

As early as 1915, Dr. Du Bois had sensed the growing importance of Labour in world politics, and had declared that the only lasting solution of the American race problem was unity between the white and black workers, but the realities of the trades-union movement in the United States, the exclusion of Negroes from many

[1] See his articles in THE ARYAN PATH for March 1936 on "The Clash of Colour" and for October 1936 on "The Union of Colour".—EDS.

unions of the American Federation of Labour during the regime of Samuel Gompers, led him to emphasise the purely *racial* difficulties of Negroes even in the ranks of organised Labour. His project of the Pan-African Congress, which was chiefly a conference of intellectuals irregularly convened and unsystematic in its methods of organisation, was designed to further spiritual solidarity amongst all Africans and peoples of African descent in the United States, the West Indies, South America and Africa. He felt even a certain kinship with the Indians, Chinese and Japanese. It is significant that the sub-title of *The Crisis*, his magazine, was "A Record of the Darker Races".

Real challenge to the programmes of Negro organisations did not come for some time. Various inter-racial associations have been and are in vogue; the president of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People has always been a white man, and the principal financial support has been rendered by white persons. All the local branches, except in the Southern States of the American Union, contain white officers as well as black, since membership is open to anybody who is desirous of improving the condition of the Negro and thus removing the causes of racial friction. Since the advent of the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, however, the masses of American Negroes have been smitten with a race-consciousness that is deeper than that inculcated by Garveyism. They have been influenced by the wave of resentment which has swept the coloured world. Coming as it did in the midst of the world-depression, when their economic lot has worsened, the Ethiopian affair gripped the imagination of the Negroes. The ground had already been prepared by the Communist Party of the United States, the American section of the Communist International, which began to be active shortly after the War, making it a cardinal point in their policy to stress Negro grievances. Though recruitment into the ranks has been and is comparatively small, the growth has not been so by that statement I mean that the figures published by the Communists themselves tend to show a steady increase from year to year. With their slogan of "Self-determination for the Negro people in the Black Belt" they shook the basic assumptions of previous Negro thought, for they held that the Negroes in the South, where the greater proportion resides anyway, constituted a real nation, an oppressed national minority similar to the Georgians or Poles under the Tsarist regime. Now is not the time and here is not the place to discuss this highly controversial and arguable thesis, but confirmation of a latent nationalist spirit has come with the establishment of the National Negro Congress in 1935. It would be chronologically incorrect to assert that the founding of the Congress was inspired by the events in Ethiopia, as the first sessions met in February 1935 before knowledge of the Italo-Ethiopian conflict was widespread amongst the general public. *What is significant, however, is the phenom-*

enal growth of the Congress after that date, and its long-term tendency to increase. Other organisations, to be sure, sprang up as a direct result of the pro-Ethiopian feeling amongst the Negroes. Many have since declined in influence as well as numbers, but the chief was the American Aid to Ethiopia (now disintegrated), an inter-racial group whose purpose was the purchase of medical supplies for Ethiopia. Another is the United Aid for Peoples of African Descent, whose membership and influence are largely confined within Harlem, the Negro quarter of New York, while the sending of a special emissary to the American people by Haile Selassie, after his exile, resulted in the formation of the Ethiopian World Federation.

I have instanced all the American Negro organisations of explicit or implicit political purpose to indicate the extent of activity amongst the race in America. This activity in turn shows their consciousness of their problems in both the national and international aspects. But this means of gauging their opinion can be supplemented by the perusal of their principal newspapers such as *The Pittsburgh Courier, The Baltimore Afro-American, The Boston Guardian, The New York Amsterdam News, The Chicago Defender,* and *The Norfolk Journal and Guide.* It is possible also, of course, to cite representative Negro writers and men of affairs, like Dr. Du Bois, Langston Hughes, James W. Ford, Claude McKay, George S. Schuyler, Paul Robeson, Kelly Miller,[1] and J. A. Rogers, belonging to both the conservative and radical political camps. In all these newspapers and books, which are the voice of the Negro, to use a hackneyed expression, the will to peace is manifest. Their "inarticulate major premiss" is that at bottom the interests of the whites and the blacks in America are the same, and no lasting peace can be established without social, economic and political equality.

In so far as the International African Service Bureau of London, headed by George Padmore, internationally the most prominent Negro political writer, is representative of native African opinion, it challenges the basic assumptions of world-society, being explicitly anti-imperialist and dedicated, like the Universal Negro Improvement Association of Garvey, to the policy of Africa for the Africans, and its policy has an orientation to the Marxist left, although it is not an affiliate of either the Communist, or the Second, or the Fourth (Trotskyist) International, but endeavours to adapt Marxism to the purposes of Africans, whom it regards as for the most part peasants rather than proletarians. As agriculture is the economic basis of most African communities, whether on the Gold Coast or in Tanganyika, the analysis of Padmore and his colleagues seems realistic. In fact, their economic analysis is correct also for the British West Indies and the Southern States of the American Union. Hence, the land problem,

[1] See his article "Race and Culture" in THE ARYAN PATH for December 1930.—EDS.

wherever Africans and peoples of African descent are, is of capital importance, since the majority of them can be found either directly engaged in agricultural labour or dependent upon the fruits of agriculture for their livelihood. In West Africa, this fact is classically illustrated by the dependence of entire communities upon the success or failure of a single crop, the cocoa crop, and when world prices for cocoa are low, an acute depression sets in; this depression halts the entire economic activity of the territories such as the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, and Nigeria. Likewise, in the West Indies wherever the system of single crops prevails, the loss of markets, because of competition from other countries which raise the same crop, causes economic depression leading to unemployment. Once unemployment becomes widespread, political disturbances occur, as in Jamaica, Trinidad, and British Guiana this year, and political questions affecting the peoples of African descent begin to assume a gravity which previously they did not possess. Owing to the economic status of the whites as exploiters of the resources and labour of the colonies, they soon receive the focus of attention, and the spirit of inter-racial friction arises from its always dormant state to violent activity.

In the face of these problems of race which have their origin not in any malice aforethought, as the lawyers say, on the part of either the white or the black race, but in the economic system under which they both live, it is easy to see that final peace between them can come only by abolition of the system and through the establishment of a new economic order which will change their social relations from that of exploiter *vis-à-vis* exploited, privileged versus underprivileged, master against serf. Fortunately for both of them, despite the upheavals of the present and even a certain amount of social chaos that is manifest in undeclared wars of aggression, the tendency of our age is towards the achievement of that "Parliament of man, the federation of the world", which was envisioned by Tennyson. Time is on the side of peace.

WILLIAM HARRISON

PEACE BETWEEN JEWS AND GENTILES

[Cecil Roth writes to us: "I am a simple historian, who in consequence of the general misunderstanding of what his own people, the Jews, stand for has withdrawn himself to an increasing extent from general and concentrated himself on Jewish research. And I am one of those who feel that, whereas research (which is the pursuit of truth) was once a self-understood academic pastime it has now become—because it is the pursuit of truth—a bulwark of a threatened civilization. I don't know whether it is of interest that I have just resigned my Corresponding Membership of various Italian academies in consequence of Mussolini's latest anti-Semitic legislation, which clearly does more violence to Italy's tradition than to the rights of Italian Jewry."

Mr. Roth contributed a very reasoned article on "The Nazi Delusion" to our issue of October 1934.—EDS.]

It is seldom that I have found such difficulty in writing an article as in the case of the present one, which I have been asked to contribute to THE ARYAN PATH on "Peace between Jews and Gentiles". I have begun time after time, but the result has each time been hopelessly unsatisfactory: I have come back after a day or two, but with no more success than before. The reason did not lie in the atmosphere of turmoil which was omnipresent in those fate-fraught days at the close of September. Never perhaps was the desire for peace so articulate and so omnipresent in the world as it was at that period: though it was a feeling based more on physical than on idealistic considerations, more on fear than on love, more on a prejudice against being killed than on one against killing. The difficulty that I felt was not an external, but rather an internal one. The subject I had been assigned was one that I found hard to expound—not because the ideal is impossible, but because it is self-evident. It is as difficult for me to think of anything but peace between Jew and Gentile as it is for me to think of anything but affection between brother and brother. True—as between brother and brother—there may be occasional misunderstandings and ill-feeling. But it would clearly be improper to regard such interludes as the natural state, and the normal feeling of amity as a comparatively remote ideal. 28.697

In the same manner, the idea of reciprocal enmity between Jew and Gentile is completely alien to the Jew (at least). Hence he is unable to consider its antithesis, interdenominational Peace, as anything but a perfectly natural state, which it is as difficult to theorise about as is our necessity for air to breathe or food to eat. Mankind is, one hopes, approaching the day (though, alas, there is no present indication of the fact) when international peace will be considered no less fundamental and self-evident. Yet there is a difference. For the ideal of International Peace has in the past been known only sporadically. Enmity between Jew and Gentile, on the other hand, has behind it no historic tradition, and Peace between Jew and Gentile is only the perpetuation of the con-

dition which has long existed in the world of ideals.

This may seem a curious statement, in view of the long history of Anti-Semitism and of the present recrudescence of religious persecution in its most hideous form. But enmity presupposes a reciprocal feeling: and however much Jews may have been persecuted in the past, they have reciprocated only with resentment, protest, fear—never with hatred. And there is a good reason for this. For, however it may be rationalised and endowed with a modern scientific terminology, Anti-Semitism is at root, and in origin, based on religious motives. A faith like mediæval Christianity which considered itself to be possessed of the sole secret of righteous living and eternal felicity, must necessarily look forward to convincing those who thought otherwise, either by persuasion or by compulsion. Hence, in the last instance, the mediæval persecutions, the mediæval massacres, the beginnings of Anti-Semitism. Now, it is one of the greatest glories of Judaism that it has never fostered this narrow view. The righteous of all peoples and creeds, according to Rabbinic teaching, are assured of a place in the world to come: while any man who leads a righteous life and believes in the Divine unity may be accounted as a Jew.

To claim that this tolerant ideal was always lived up to is perhaps excessive—circumstances, and the influences of environment, sometimes proved too strong. Nevertheless, whereas among most Western creeds tolerant practice gradually outstripped intolerant theory only in the course of the nineteenth century, the Jew could point to the teachings of his ancient sages as proof of the fact that, in this respect at least, they were far in advance of the general standard of their time. The Jew, therefore, was content to see his neighbour continue his manner of life and belief, and believed that thereby he was fulfilling his duty to God and man. The Gentile on the other hand felt that the Jew's continued persistence in his traditional beliefs was a constant insult to God and man. What resulted was not therefore a reciprocal enmity; it was a unilateral persecution.

True, some of the lower elements among the Jews could not fail to be affected, and to look forward to the time when they would be able to avenge themselves against their eternal persecutors. But this attitude of mind was consistently and nobly combated by the spiritual leaders of Judaism and by the solid good-sense and humanity of the Jewish people. Hence, even at the period when Church and State united to oppress and persecute the Jew, when he was considered a perpetual enemy in law and treated as a perpetual enemy in life, when Christianity in a word had declared war on Judaism and was engaged in a perpetual campaign against it, Judaism never reciprocated by declaring war in its turn. There were (to carry on the metaphor) a few isolated *francs-tireurs*, perhaps even some guerilla bands, who replied to the onslaught in kind. But Judaism, as a religious system, refused to retaliate, and even at the darkest moment repeated its pacific conviction: "The righteous

of all peoples and creeds have a part in the world to come."

Hence, when in the course of the nineteenth century the persecution slackened, peace was re-established automatically. Christianity tacitly sloughed off some of its more intolerant ideas. Judaism did not need to do this, though it was necessary for some Jews to unburden their minds of the resentment which had grown up as the result of the long centuries of suffering Thus, in the countries of toleration in the West, something approaching normal inter-denominational relations was established. Peace between Jew and Christian became a fact ; and Jewry will never forget the generous sympathy which it received from various Christian bodies and various Church leaders in the age of trial which set in during the fourth decade of the twentieth century.

In this, the worst features of the mediæval scene have been imitated and exacerbated. In Central Europe, from the shores of the Baltic almost to the coasts of Africa, a war of extermination is being waged against all persons of Jewish "blood". It is not only, as at the beginning, that they are being excluded from positions of prominence, in which they may do something to collaborate further in the development of European civilisation, but that every channel of livelihood is being blocked, while every way of escape is cut off and (in the words of one Nazi official in Vienna) only "the way to the Danube is still open". Moreover, this example, set by the central European nation which most prides itself on its material culture, is infecting the smaller nations East and South-East, and seems about to overwhelm millions more of unhappy, defenceless human beings, whose sole crime is that of having preserved their identity in a hostile world or (in the case of a minority) of having tried to discard it too rapidly. It seems that the world is on the brink of a disaster unique in history, irretrievably involving millions of souls.

Yet still, there is no reciprocal enmity, no "warfare" between Jew and Gentile, even in these stricken areas. It is true that the Nazi power is waging a campaign of extermination, but the Jews, far from reciprocating, and far from returning hatred with hatred, are not even defending themselves in a concerted spirit. Their resentment, so far as it exists, is directed only against those immediately responsible. They look forward not to revenge, but simply to a change of heart on the part of their oppressors : and their prayer is in the spirit of the Jew Jesus : "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do !"

Yet in its way this recrudescence of barbarism has done more to bring Jew and Gentile together than any other sequence of events in recent history. For, with persecution extended not only against Jews but against all who work for peace, all who think for themselves, all who hold that the soul is more important than the sword and that even the State cannot override conscience, persecuted Jewry has found itself in a company of suffering which a few years ago would have been impossible. The conflict in the world to-day

is not between the different interpretations of the pathway to heaven, but between light and darkness, between God and His enemies, between Christ and Antichrist, as the Middle Ages conceived it. On the one side are ranged those who believe in an ultimate force for good: on the other, those who believe in no good but force. It is no mere accident, thus, that the most influential voice that has been raised against the persecution of those of Jewish descent is that of the Pope, and that members of the English episcopate have shewn themselves to-day more articulate than the statesmen whom one would have expected to be the heirs to the spirit of Gladstone.

There can be no question that, in the long run, the onslaught against Civilization will be repulsed. That consummation may take a long time, indeed. It may not be realised in our day, or for long after. Yet, however long these new Dark Ages may last, however widely they may spread, however deeply they may be implanted, the time must come at last when they will end. It is to be hoped that, when this happens, the new-found solidarity, between all those of whatever denomination who believe that man has a soul and who abhor the power of evil, will not end with it. It is to be hoped that those who have been tested and welded together in the crucible of suffering will continue to realise that, in prosperity as in adversity, there is more to unite than to divide them. They will be able to exemplify in their relations that old ideal—still remote, but as I believe more explicitly recognised in Judaism than in any other religious system of the West—of friendly associates, working for the same object through different channels, and "except in opinion, not disagreeing".

CECIL ROTH

Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us do we not bleed?

—SHAKESPEARE

WORLD PEACE

BRITAIN AND HER BROWN MILLIONS

[D. F. Karaka was the first Indian President of the Oxford Union Society and the author of *The Pulse of Oxford* which was published in the same year, 1933. —EDS.]

It is now some three hundred and fifty years since a small party of enterprising Britons first stepped on the shores of India. With a charter of monopoly from Parliament tucked in their breast-coat pockets they arrived in a little sailing boat that was blown this way. It was an ill wind that blew no one any good.

Time passed and there came into being the East India Company. They were in India essentially for the purposes of trade. They had, we were told, no ulterior motives. Gradually they began to find ways and means of protecting their growing trade, till eventually they got together a little militia of their own, complete with rifle and musket. It was only to protect themselves in an India which was being constantly overrun by hordes of invading troops. Soon they began to protect the Indians from themselves and from this microcosm sprang the greatest Empire since the Romans.

That is the background of the problem of peace between Britain and her brown millions. *No Empire has ever brought peace to its conquered subjects. No Empire can or ever will. The very idea of Empire is repugnant to the idea of peace.* It connotes an inequality of status between those who govern and those who are governed. It leads to the struggle for existence between those who must eventually fight for their independence and those who must oppose it. It necessitates at some time or other that eventual clash of interests between the forces of Imperialism and those who have come within its sway. In such a state there can be no peace.

But what is peace? As I write now in the quiet of the evening and of my home, my world is at peace. I can hear the tinkling of a piano in the next apartment. I do not know what it is, but this music I hear has the discipline of Bach. Discipline, yes! It is a discipline that does not seem to be artificially enforced. It moves gently, re-echoing the peace that prevails. I call it peace. So that peace is a relative term. It varies in meaning according to circumstance. When the Great War was over, this world came mistakenly to the conclusion that the new state of events was Peace. On scraps of paper, with much ceremonial, they wrote it down that there was peace in this world, from the moment of the cessation of war.

It was, as I said, a mistaken idea. The years that followed the grim struggle have shown the anguish, the suffering, the pain that was yet in store for this world. A broken Germany, an uprooted Russia, a dismembered Hapsburg Empire; Allies that were crippled by the victory; Europe in chaos. The bread-lines

presented a pathetic picture of the aftermath. The hungry, the homeless, the unemployed. Was that peace ? Far better, some thought, to have found peace in the cold earth of some Flanders field.

Many years have elapsed since the signing of that ill-fated Treaty of Peace at Versailles. They have been years of alarms and excursions. The word that occurred most frequently in our vocabulary was "Crisis". Economic, monetary, financial crisis ; crisis in Germany—the fall of the mark ; crisis in Czechoslovakia—the rise of the mark ! China, Abyssinia, Mexico, Palestine, India, Spain ! There was a crisis in nearly every part of the world. There was no peace. Whatever the cause, the effect was the same—it was that the people of this world were made perpetually conscious of the absence of that mental calm without which there can be no peace. Yet we have called the years that followed 1918, the years of peace.

It is with that idea of peace that I want to approach the problem of India. It is not enough that during the many years of British rule in India there have not been on Indian soil the wars that have happened in Europe. It is the unrest and the unhappiness that have come over the people of India that have created the greatest barriers against peace in this part of the world which is my country and my home.

Let us review some comparatively recent events. We go back now to the time when a portrait of Queen Victoria hung in nearly every middle-class Indian home. It was the symbol of our subjection to the Empire. The gracious lady had on some occasions talked about the equality of her subjects and the absence of any distinction of caste, creed or colour between those over whom she claimed to have justly ruled. All this was in the best Victorian tradition. Tennyson had echoed these sentiments in his poetry, and Morley's *Compromise* was perhaps representative of the attitude of mind which prevailed in England at that time.

We were content, because we had known nothing different. As in the Roman Empire we had risen from the status of slaves to that of " freedmen ". Freedmen, mark you. Not free men. That was the essential difference. There was with us that background which we could never shake away. We could always get thus far, but no further, unless we were prepared to shake ourselves free from that conception of Empire into which we had been absorbed. As things stood at that time, there was neither the inclination, nor the possibility of doing this and we were, therefore, content to be glorified variations of freedmen, without ever being free. There was a lethargy of mind and body that made any change in the existing order impossible. We began to shape the future course of our lives on the assumption that we were and would always remain a subject nation.

Time marched on. Everywhere in this world the old order had given place to new. Even in England itself the dogmas and shibboleths which were treated as Gospel truth in the days of Queen Victoria, now began to be questioned and doubted. The people of England wanted an answer

to every question. There was no immunity given even to a proverb. The philosophers and thinkers who followed in the wake of the Victorian era gave birth to a new age of thought. The symbol of that age was the eternal question-mark and its motto was crystallized in the one word, " Why ? ".

The Great War in Europe encouraged this new idea. Life was so uncertain that one ceased to live it according to the old standards of morality. One began to be painfully conscious of the fact that dead men were all alike whether they were white or black, Indians or Englishmen, Germans or Jews. There was a levelling process in death—and in so far as the war was the cause of so many deaths, it encouraged this idea of the equality of men.

While such was the English scene, there sprung in the hearts of the Indian people a desire to be equals in the great tribes of mankind. They wanted that no Empire should ever tread them down. They suddenly awoke to a sense of national consciousness. It was due to the rise of Gandhi in the Congress. The authority of the Government began to be questioned and a national movement was launched, which was calculated to overthrow this government carried on in the name of the people of India, but at times detrimental to Indian interests. The so-called peace that this government maintained was by force. All efforts which endangered the stability of the government were crushed in the name of law and order. The ruthless massacre at Amritsar, the crawling order, the various lathi charges, the persecution of the Congress, the suppression of Jathas were all done ostensibly for the sake of the peace of India.

So that when we talk about peace between Britain and her brown millions, we must be clear as to our conception of peace. The fact that commerce and industry were able to carry on, while the flower of Indian manhood was behind bars serving terms of imprisonment for political offences can hardly be said to have inaugurated an era of peace. Peace that is maintained at the point of the sword is only an armed peace. It is peace under protest—only so long as that sanction which enforces it is maintained. Withdraw that sanction, and chaos will inevitably follow. Britain can give India no other kind of peace.

We have different ideas as to the peace we want in our country. We want something of the contentment that is the heritage of man. We want to see our countrymen walk with their heads held high, their bodies strong, not bent and stooped. We want to hear something different from the wailing of those hungry, half-naked millions, whose dark bodies sweat in the heat of a tropical sun for a meagre, grim, bare existence. We want to see established a new order of things, a new economic system, which will not make it possible for a handful of foreign capitalists to exploit the natural and the human resources of our country to glorify an Empire to which we belong not by choice but by reason of conquest. We want to hear the laughing of little children, who are now begging in the streets because begging is all they are

fit for. We want to see a higher standard of education in our country and a more just distribution of revenue. We want to see the social services developed and fed, before giving exorbitant salaries to Generals, and high officers of state. We want, in short, a government that can reasonably claim to be able to work for the people without any let or hindrance from Whitehall or elsewhere.

These are only a few of the conditions precedent to the existence of peace between Britain and India. The history of British rule in India, when told in terms of the slaughter of innocents, the persecution of honest-to-God nationalism, the oppression of the people, is not one which will help the future relationship between these two countries. The past will always stand in the way of peace. The struggle of the Indian people is still too fresh in our minds for us to endorse a Pax Britannica. No two countries could find it more difficult to find a future basis of peace. We can only try.

There is something else that peace implies. It is self-respect. We have seen the demoralization of a people who have been brought up to believe that they must always remain a subject nation. We have watched the humiliation that our brown millions have suffered at the hands of the white oppression. In spite of the most glib utterances of the late Queen Victoria, we have seen a most ungallant distinction of colour maintained in the very country where to be dark is natural. We have seen how our own people have been treated like lepers in the country of their birth as if it were in the natural course of justice. We have seen—and this is worse—our people acquiesce in the treatment they have received. We have lived, I am ashamed to say, for many years without one ounce of self-respect.

That was the India that we have only just left around the corner. But we have not turned sufficiently round. The shadow of the past can still be seen, as sometimes we turn back to see how far we have moved. All this will still hinder our quest for peace. Even so we go on.

Tomorrow—when this strife is over —we may yet find peace.

Tomorrow—perhaps.

D. F. KARAKA

May not brave submission, heroic surrender of armed defence, quiet non-resistance to the evil of Force, be the true way to Peace for which millions long and which would wither in War?

—SIR MICHAEL SADLER

THE WRITER IN RELATION TO WAR AND PEACE

[Hermon Ould was a conscientious objector who suffered during 1914-1918. In the inauguration of the P. E. N. Club, its founder Mrs. Dawson Scott, and its first President John Galsworthy, secured in him an able and devoted lieutenant who has served for years as General Secretary of the P. E. N. We agree with Mr. Ould that "the writer is the most important instrument for conveying ideas" and therefore, from one point of view, the education of the writer himself is the most important item in any programme for the abolition of war and the establishment of lasting peace.

In her magazine, *Lucifer* for November 1889, H. P. Blavatsky writing under the caption "The Tidal Wave" referred to "a new race of authors" and said that it is "those who amidst the present wholesale dominion of the worship of matter, material interests and SELFISHNESS, will have bravely fought for human rights and *man's divine nature*, who will become, if they only win, the teachers of the masses in the coming century, and so their benefactors. But woe to the XXth century if the now reigning school of thought prevails, for Spirit would once more be made captive and silenced till the end of the now coming age." She described the task of that new race of authors : "In order that one should fully comprehend *individual* life with its physiological, psychic and spiritual mysteries, he has to devote himself with all the fervour of unselfish philanthropy and love for his brother men, to studying and knowing *collective* life, or Mankind. Without preconceptions or prejudice, as also without the least fear of possible results in one or another direction, he has to decipher, understand and *remember* the deep and innermost feelings and the aspirations of the poor people's great and suffering heart. To do this he has first 'to attune his soul with that of Humanity', as the old philosophy teaches ; to thoroughly master the correct meaning of every line and word in the rapidly turning pages of the Book of Life of MANKIND and to be thoroughly saturated with the truism that the latter is a whole inseparable from his own SELF."—EDS.]

It is possible that some day the cinema and the radio will usurp the place of the written word : the tendency seems to be that way. The effort of looking at the screen is extremely unexacting : all is made very plain, all subtleties are commonly avoided, and very little comes from the sound-track that does not go without saying. Broadcasters, whose audience is numbered in millions, are also expected to avoid the abstruse and to give utterance to nothing that cannot be grasped at a first hearing.

But for the present, the writer is the most important instrument for conveying ideas, through books, plays, essays, reviews, poems, and newspapers ; it is the writer who is in most cases behind the story of a film, and even a radio talk has to be written before it is read. This being the case, what calling is more heavily charged with responsibility than the calling of authorship ? Is there any other profession with more potentialities for good—or evil ? Politicians may claim that they have greater power, but their claim could hardly be substantiated ; for their influence is by its nature ephemeral, whereas the influence of the writer is enduring

or ephemeral only in proportion to his gift for expressing the truth and expressing it effectively. Writers, it is true, may sometimes be affected by politicians ; politicians can scarcely fail to be affected by writers.

A lengthy thesis might be written on the subject of the part played by authors in the problem of peace and war, and would need to be preceded by a very thorough investigation. In this article I will touch briefly on some of the lines which the investigator would have to follow, and suggest, if I am able, how authors who believe that peace is preferable to war may serve their faith without sacrificing their artistic integrity.

The first stubborn fact which our investigator would have to accept is that authors are human beings, with no fewer prejudices than other human beings ; it cannot be assumed that they are necessarily and always on the side of the angels, nor that they are immune from the passions and fears, the sudden impulses and mob emotions, which sweep other human beings off their feet. This fact need not seriously disturb the pacifist; for after all it will be generally admitted that the love of peace, the desire to maintain it and to keep war at bay, is almost universal ; and it may therefore be taken for granted that if authors are subject to the weaknesses of other mortals, they are also sharers in their strength and in their hopes. The events which recently brought Europe to the verge of war served at least one good purpose in revealing, as never before since 1919, the abhorrence with which war is regarded by the common people of all countries, including their authors ; and we may believe without straining credulity that writers in the countries where literary expression is muzzled are no less pacific, if less frank, than their brethren elsewhere.

The range of belief on the subject of peace and war is very wide, stretching from the uncompromising pacifism of Jesus down to the glorification of war as preached and practised by Mussolini. There are those who, following Tolstoy, would never resist evil, gladly enduring offences committed against them ; there are those who, like Gandhi, would offer non-violent resistance to injustices meted out to them ; there are those who would take up arms in a war which they considered just and would refuse to take up arms in a war which they considered unjust. There are others whose belief in the sanctity of the State is so profound that they would respond unquestioningly to its call, and yet others who believe that to be conscripted for the purpose of indiscriminate slaughter is the ultimate degradation. Some, like the Plymouth Brethren, would allow themselves to be organised by a country engaged in war so long as they were not asked to kill with their own hands ; some would make munitions but would not use them, and there are some who experience a kind of mystical exaltation when engaged in fighting. All these have their representatives among men, and therefore, by hypothesis, among authors, and for this reason we may expect that all these points of view have their exponents among literary men (and women). Leaving aside the work of journalists,

who, generally speaking, are compelled to express the editorial views of their journals and thus cannot be regarded as entirely free agents, we may attempt a rough classification of literary work bearing on our subject.

(a) Works which are directly propagandist.

(b) Works which are indirectly propagandist.

(c) Works which are not directly concerned with war or peace, but nevertheless evoke the thoughts or emotions which nourish war or peace.

(d) Works which are not included in any of the other three categories—and this is a relatively small class, and does not concern us here.

In the first class we should have to include the innumerable books and pamphlets issued by peace societies, as well as such works as *The Power of Non-Violence*, by Richard B. Gregg, *Ends and Means* by Aldous Huxley, Gandhi's *Hind Swaraj*, Middleton Murry's *The Necessity of Pacifism*, several of Tolstoy's works but particularly *The Kingdom of God Is Within You*, A. A. Milne's *Peace With Honour*, Bertrand Russell's *Which Way to Peace?*, Beverly Nichols's *Cry Havoc!* and F. Yeats-Brown's reply to it, *The Dogs of War*. Books advocating pacifism, many of them of great importance, are innumerable. Those advocating war, on the contrary, seem to be very few; they are for the most part books glorifying imperial expansion, in which war is extolled not so much for its own virtues, but as a means to a desirable end. Books on military strategy are, of course, in a class apart and need not be considered here. Poets have often sung the glories of war and the necessity of war, and have found in wartime-comradeship a fruitful theme. But, on the whole, the pacifist may take comfort in the thought that authors are more ready to lend their talents to the service of peace than of war and that while many of the greatest writers, now and in the past, have espoused the cause of peace and have advocated it in literary masterpieces, it would not be easy to point to a masterpiece consecrated to the advocacy of war.

The second class—works which are indirectly propagandist—include all the books in which war plays a more or less prominent part. Histories and biographies in this class are plentiful, but it is probable that works of fiction account for many more. The authors of such works do not, as a rule, express a point of view so definitely that one would be justified in placing them in the first category but, nevertheless, the reader inevitably rises from the perusal of their books with an impression, conscious or unconscious, that the author is in some degree for or against war, and he, the reader, is influenced in proportion to the author's power and to his own susceptibility. It is a numerous class, ranging from such masterpieces as Tolstoy's *War and Peace* to the unimportant effusions of minor novelists. The war of 1914-1918, which was the most cataclysmic event of our century, has been the background and the chief theme of thousands of works whose influence cannot be computed. Who

would venture to gauge the power of such novels as Remarque's *Im Westen Nichts Neues* and Henri Barbusse's *Le Feu* and *Clarté*, or such plays as Sheriff's *Journey's End*, circulated or performed all over the world in dozens of languages? In addition to books expressly dealing with the war—such as Edmund Blunden's *Undertones of War*, H. G. Wells's *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, Richard Aldington's *Death of a Hero*, Irene Rathbone's *We That Were Young*, Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, and the poems of Wilfred Owen, Siegfried Sassoon, and many others—there have been a multitude of books in which the war has played an important if not the leading rôle, and no prominent writer, in England at any rate, was able to ignore it: see, for instance, Galsworthy's later Forsyte series and specifically *Saint's Progress*; Somerset Maugham's *Ashenden* and *For Services Rendered*, Shaw's *Heartbreak House*, and so on.

Here again the pacifist may take heart of grace from the fact that very few of these writers have exploited war in order to glorify it. They have found opportunities to applaud human courage and endurance; they have pictured human beings behaving finely in tragic circumstances; they have discovered humour in odd places; and they have shown that, if war is generally degrading, it is not invariably so but is also capable of awakening latent nobility. But at the back of most of their books is the expressed or unexpressed conviction that even though war may be an evil it is necessary to endure, it is not one of the nobler activities of man.

And then there is the third class, the overwhelming majority of books, which do not touch on war or peace at all, but play their part in shaping the minds of their readers, evoking the thoughts and emotions which nourish war or peace. Here we are treading on dangerous ground. Interference with the freedom of the artist to express anything sanctioned by his conscience is not to be tolerated. But perhaps it is not heretical to hint that even artists sometimes stand in need of enlightenment and education; that humility is not one of the more operative virtues of the artist; that all artists are not all the time alive to their responsibility towards the world, and that, in any case, no writer would be the worse for a re-examination of the nature of his vocation and of his manner of fulfilling it.

The potency of the written word is admitted, and words are the author's tools; the least that can be asked of him is that he should not misuse his tools. Mr. Aldous Huxley has recently entered a plea for exactitude in the use of words and has shown that a pretty metaphor or figure of speech may cover a very ugly fact. When Mr. Asquith in 1914 declared that we would never sheath the sword until the war was won, he employed a romantic figure of speech which concealed the fact that, in order to achieve our ends, "we" were willing to use machine guns, tanks, poison gas, or any other weapon which science, prostituting its gifts,

might invent. If authors were always to make sure that they knew the implications of the word they were using, the cause of truth would be served and much loose thinking would be avoided. There are some words so discredited that it is almost impossible to employ them and be sure of conveying one's meaning. What do we mean by words like nationalism, patriotism, loyalty, honour, peace? Why should it be assumed, for instance, that loyalty is a virtue? Blind loyalty to one's class, to one's country, race, club, profession, family, may be, in given circumstances, an offensive, separative emotion that ought to be suppressed. We have lately heard much of "Peace with Honour" a slogan that may carry comfort to the thoughtless but has little connection with abstract truth or justice. What does "peace" mean? A respite from war which can only be maintained so long as the potential belligerents are willing to groan under the burden of taxation exacted to supply bombing-planes, incendiary and high explosive bombs, poison gas and gas-masks, tanks, machine guns, and all the other instruments of war! What sort of honour is meant? Would the Czechs agree to the British or French definition of the word?

It would be a service to the world and incidentally to literature if some one would compile a new glossary of debatable words. In the meantime, authors should beware lest by employing tarnished words they should give utterance to thoughts not in their minds.

War and peace are born in the hearts of men. Harmony can never be reached in the world until it has been achieved in the hearts of men. Nations are only men writ large. The author who wishes to serve peace can best do so by making truth the touchstone of all his work, by using his gifts to illumine dark places, by refusing to pander to base, separative emotions, by refraining from expressing ideas that would inflame racial, national or personal hatred, and first of all and all the time, by striving to attain peace within himself. All this he may do without sacrificing one iota of his artistic integrity or freedom.

HERMON OULD

YOUTH AND THE BASIS OF PEACE

[**Kwaja Ahmad Abbas** was a delegate from India to the Second World Youth Congress held at New York in August 1938. His review of the work done there is heartening. Will the youth of the world seriously consider the plan put forward in this issue by Dr. C. E. M. Joad?—EDS.]

In a small town called Poughkeepsie, near New York, was recently held a conference which is likely to prove a great factor in the spiritual reorientation of the world's endeavour for peace. Attended by five hundred young people from fifty-four different countries, representing such diverse organisations as the Y.M.C.A. and the Young Communist League, and convened at a time when half the world was under threat of imminent war, and national passions and jealousies were once again being inflamed to white heat, the greatest achievement of the World Youth Congress was that it was held at all. As was only natural, discussions on various political, economic and social questions revealed considerable differences of opinion and outlook, but the one issue on which there was amazing unanimity was the desire for peace and the will to achieve it at all costs. It was not merely an academic interest in pacifism. The delegates included youths from China and Spain who knew of the horrors of war from much too recent personal experience. The Czechs, on the eve of the Zero Hour in the history of their country, were expecting national mobilization any moment. There was an atmosphere of tense anxiety and, consequently, an almost desperate effort to minimize differences and rally round a common programme for peace.

What is of special significance is that *it was agreed on all hands that disarmament proposals or political and economic readjustments, by themselves, are not sufficient to establish peace on solid foundations and that they must be supplemented by agreement on a common ethical and philosophical basis.* One of the four commissions into which the main constructive work of the congress was divided was exclusively devoted to the discussion of this aspect of the problem. "Peace", it was declared, "is not merely the absence of visible war. A state cannot be considered peaceful where social injustice or political irresponsibility exist or *where the dominating motives of individuals are greed and power.*" The problem of establishing world peace was thus recognized as the problem of awakening the dormant social conscience and the proper education of the human mind. In other words, to achieve a state of peace, man must learn to devote himself to the service of the world community in a spirit of selfless endeavour rather than dissipate his energy physical and spiritual—in futile struggle for selfish ends. Agreement on ethical and moral principles must of necessity precede the attainment of justice within nations and between nations. For, such an agreement alone can unite the people of the world in a common

endeavour for peace and justice.

All the delegates were agreed that their goal was the Brotherhood of Man, and they were equally concerned with the development of human personality, freely devoted to the service of the community, as the only stable foundation of a better world, even though they approached it from widely divergent angles. Some regarded this value of personality as something inherent; others based a like evaluation upon the religious approach, saying that man is of worth because he is a creature and an instrument of God; others felt that his highest value emerges and is expressed only *in the community* or in the stream of creative humanity, and is defensible regardless of the religious issue. After much discussion and exchange of views, both those who were motivated by belief in God as the supreme authority or by other religious convictions and those who considered the welfare of mankind to be the ultimate value were able to find common agreement on the basis of fundamental ethical principles. They affirmed :—

(1) Man's loyalty to religious or philosophical truth which comes before allegiance to any institution or individual.

(2) Complete freedom of the individual for self-development and for the right to work; for freedom of speech, association and action.

(3) The truth that personality can only be developed in and through service to the common good.

(4) The principle that ideals must be expressed in action and love in the creation of human solidarity and co-operation.

This was, then, the basis on which further discussions proceeded. Freedom of conscience having been accepted as a fundamental principle, it was conceded that the goal of all the various faiths was the same, *viz.*, the establishment of the Brotherhood of Man and the development of human personality. But almost every one believed that dogma and belief in the outward form of religion were no substitutes for the spiritual regeneration that the world needed. Nor were labels and ritual of much value any longer, as they only helped to emphasize separatist and sectarian tendencies. *The need was felt for the vital content of religion to be divested of all unnecessary formulæ and trappings so that it can be used to unify—rather than divide—humanity in a common purpose.* In this task the World Youth Congress recognized and stressed the special responsibility of the youth members of the religious groups :—

Their understanding of the bases of peace must be shared and must be translated into activities which will lead to the realization of the principles held in common.

The task which youth set for itself is :—

(1) To work against the forces in human nature and society which cause war.

(2) To reaffirm the moral principles upon which a just and durable peace rests.

(3) To develop an international mind in youth, and those new forms of political, social and economic relationships which are essential for the advancement of civilization.

Realizing how easily war-mongers

are able to exploit youth's instinctive desire for adventure and heroic deeds, the Youth Congress stressed the need for a new sense of heroism which will recognize that the arts of peace and the service of mankind as exemplified in the lives of educators, doctors, nurses, explorers, social reformers and those who minister to the victims of injustice, call forth qualities of service and sacrifice which are more compelling than the much vaunted heroism of war.

It will be seen thus that having laid down the ethical and philosophical bases of peace, the Youth Congress hopes to work for peace by the twin methods of *Education* and *Organization.* We have all seen the futile efforts made by statesmen to secure peace by diplomacy and international conferences. At best they have succeeded in slightly restricting the calibre of guns and the tonnage of war ships. But even if complete disarmament be achieved it will not mean the end of war, so long as we do not strive to annihilate the one supreme cause of war—man's greed and selfishness. It is true that wars are started by foolish or insincere politicians but they can surely be prevented by the united will of the people. A truly well-informed and enlightened public opinion is the only guarantee against war. But let not the often futile and sometimes dangerous half-education of most schools and colleges be confused with the education which, by proper emphasis on ethical and philosophical truths, would help to produce truly rational and enlightened human beings. Mass education on these lines needs proper organization, too. The World Youth Congress movement which is representative of over forty million young people of the world through their hundreds of organizations affiliated to it, will no doubt help to spread this new education. It is important, however, that in the day-to-day work of the affiliated organizations, proper emphasis should always be laid on the ethical and philosophical bases of peace. Moreover, steps should be taken to ensure the maximum amount of co-operation between the World Youth Congress movement and the large number of other adult organizations which are also striving for a better and more peaceful world, and which find themselves in practical agreement with the ethical principles adopted by the Congress at Poughkeepsie. Thus alone may we expect to usher in a new era of peace. But youth must not forget that to bring that about is its duty and its privilege.

KWAJA AHMAD ABBAS

WOMEN AND PEACE

"VIOLENCE IS OLD-FASHIONED"

[Stella Gibbons is a satirist whose delightful "Apologia" was published in our pages for April 1937. In this short article, describing herself as one of the millions of "Negative" women, she offers some very practical advice, which if followed by all women, especially by the "Positive", would go a great way towards the ushering in of world-peace. In the West teachers of the young are mostly women and there is a special message for them in this article.—EDS.]

The work which women can do to help Peace is governed, naturally, by the nature of the woman who undertakes such work.

The Positive woman, whose powers need to express themselves in action, can find plenty of work to do for what may be called Peace Defence. She may become an Air Raid Warden, or undertake any of the tasks suggested by the many Public Service organisations. Such work is necessary, and gives relief to fears, and to the desire to help Peace. I do not propose to discuss it in detail here because it is practical work, and this journal is more concerned with spiritual and ethical work.

The Negative Woman's position is more difficult. She cannot find relief in public work (though First Aid and Nursing might satisfy her) because she is not efficient, nor is she interested in public work. *Millions and millions of women, all over the world, are Negative women, whose love and interest are turned in a small circle, the circle which holds their husband, children and home.* I am more interested in these women, because they are *natural* women, and because I am one of them. I cannot speak for those women who drive cars, organise people, and are not afraid. I envy them, but I cannot understand them, for I am terrified of War and cannot drive myself into any state of mind in which I could think that War was right.

What can women like me do?

We can hide our fear. This is so difficult as to be almost impossible, but it must be done. Fear spreads like disease, poisoning and weakening. When some one asks us anxiously: "What do *you* think about things?", we must try to answer calmly and cheerfully.

One of the best answers is: "I don't think anything. How can I? The questions and answers involved are too huge, and how can an ordinary woman, without friends in high places, *know* or *think* anything? I try to get on with my everyday affairs, and to think with love of all the other ordinary people in the world."

Another task that ordinary women can do is to avoid gloating over hideous and horrible sights, on the pictures and in newspapers. Such spectacles as the crash of racing cars, aeroplane wrecks, rioting, bombed cities, infest the mind and shake the nerves, giving the loathsome contemporary "thrill" which is like a strong drug, and which must be repeated

in ever stronger "shots" if it is not to lose its power.

We can also try not to become hardened to the thought of violent death on the roads, in the air, at sea. We can try to picture the human body as the most wonderful machine ever made, and to think of its violent destruction as a tragedy, as if a great work of art were to be smashed.

We can teach our children to be gentle and strong; gentleness and strength are the two most beautiful qualities in the nature of man.

At this point some one who disagreed with me might point out: "But the contemporary world *is* violent. If you want to survive, and your children to survive, they must learn to adapt themselves to the contemporary world. The dinosaurs perished because they could not adapt themselves."

The dinosaurs perished (I should answer) because they were old-fashioned, and *violence is very old-fashioned*, as old as Evil, as old as the world itself. It has long ago gone out of fashion with all the ordinary people in the world. Poor wretches, they cannot help being frightened and fascinated by its displays, like children at a firework show, *but they do not cling to it with hope.*

Women can also pray that Goodness, in its million different forms, may survive. The existence of Goodness is the one fact, certain as sunlight, of which we may be sure, and we can cling to this as Christians to their Cross and draw strength from it. If we pray to Goodness we can help It to survive.

Finally we can remember that the needs of the common people all over the world are the same: food, shelter, love, work, Deity. We can teach our children that.

I think this is all that ordinary women can do to help Peace.

STELLA GIBBONS

The World War took toll of 23 million lives 10 million soldiers and 13 million civilians. In addition, 23 million soldiers were wounded or missing, 9 million children were orphaned, and 10 million persons became refugees. This toll of lives was taken from the ablest and best of the world's population. Among those killed and disabled were many whose ability and genius would have made great contributions to the civilization and progress of mankind.

In money, the World War cost $337,846,000,000 of which 189 billions were spent directly and the remaining cost was in destruction of property and stoppage of industry. Of this amount, the cost to the United States for the war period was 32 billions of dollars. Continuing costs of the World War now total 19 billions of dollars, which, when added to the costs of the war period, make a staggering total of 51 billions of dollars.

Comparing military expenditures of 1913, the year before the World War, with those of the current fiscal year, Great Britain's has gone from $385,000,000 to $870,000,000; France's from $307,000,000 to $653,000,000; Germany's from $281,000,000 to $1,560,000,000; Italy's from $195,000,000 to $291,000,000; and the United States' from $245,000,000 to $962,000,000.

—Carnegie Peace Endowment Pamphlet No. 343

AMERICA AND WORLD PEACE

[James Truslow Adams writes about the contribution his great country has made and is making to the avoidance of wars.—EDS.]

A nation, like an individual, develops a character and an outlook as the years pass, and these form the background of any action taken or likely to be taken. As nations go, the United States is very young, though its innate conservatism and adhesion to tradition are shown in the fact that it has the oldest written constitution of any in the world. Winning its independence in 1783, its present form of government is scarce a century and a half old but the character and outlook we have mentioned have become set, and in nothing more than in the problems of war and peace.

America has always been opposed to militarization in any form. A nation of 130,000,000 people, it has a standing army of only 166,000 or less than one-quarter of the army and trained reserves of little Belgium. We have a navy, but it is possible to live here for years without ever seeing a person in military uniform. Personally I have not seen one since 1919. There can be few, if any, nations of the same size less war-minded. Other than minor wars with the native savages, as population expanded over the 3000 miles of otherwise empty continent, the United States has been engaged in only five wars in a hundred and fifty years, and of these only one, the Mexican War of 1848, can be considered in any way as a war of aggression. That of 1812 was due to outrages suffered for many years in the Titanic Napoleonic struggle in Europe; that of 1860 was a civil war for the overthrow of slavery and the preservation of the Union; that of 1898 with Spain was fundamentally for the freeing of Cuba, which we did not annex but which we set on her independent course; and we stayed out of the World War from 1914 to 1917 until it was no longer possible to maintain neutrality.

For over 120 years our boundary with the British Empire (Canada), of 5000 miles, has not had, on either side, a single vessel, fort or soldier, and the peoples of the two contiguous nations pass back and forth over the dividing line without passports and with scarcely a formality.

We have no military training, as in Europe, and although we submitted to conscription in the World War, our daily lives are concerned solely with the problems of civilian life and peace-time occupations, except in so far as the outer world intrudes its war problems upon us. The 8000 miles or so of oceans which border our shores, and the fact that there is no enemy, which could attack us, in the western hemisphere have helped to build up this pacific attitude toward life.

This, then, is our background, and *in considering what America*

can do for world peace it is well to have in mind what her example has done and is doing. One of the richest and most powerful nations in the world, she has preferred, on the whole, to leave other nations in peace, and to devote her wealth and energy to making a better life for her own citizens. Like Europe, the North American continent contains many races. Of our population of 130,000,000 only 58,000,000 are native, born of native-born parents. We have scores of millions of Germans, Italians, Czechs, Russians, Poles, Jews and all the other races of Europe but we all live in harmony. In my own daily life, I have a German cook, a Scotch maid, a Negro chauffeur, an Italian barber, a Polish woman to clean, etc., etc. We all get along together in friendliness and with none of those deadly antagonisms which threaten the peace of the world elsewhere. In our vast territory and with our great population we constitute not a *League* of Nations but a *union* of nations living as one family, helpful and kindly. This mere example, on so large a scale, constitutes, to my mind, a great contribution to world peace. If the diverse races elsewhere could learn to live together and cooperate as they do when they settle in the United States the problem of war would be solved. I know all too well the difficulties in the way of that when races are segregated in territorial compartments and with nationalism rampant. Nevertheless, the example is there, and while German and Czech hostility in Europe is threatening a new World War, my German cook here can chat pleasantly with the Czechs in this village where we all live together.

In spite of what many consider the crass materialism of America—and the reality of it also—America has always been a land of idealism. The "American Dream", as I have so often called it, has called to our land the tens of millions of immigrants from all others. They have come here to be free, to escape from the wars, oppressions and trammels of various sorts in older countries. From the beginning this dream of a better and peaceful world in which each man and woman could make the most of life, materially and spiritually, has persisted. Among the innumerable movements for the amelioration of suffering, that for world peace has always been prominent.

It started in an organized form soon after our first war as an independent nation in 1812-14, but we may here note only one extraordinary man, William Ladd. He was a sane idealist, and once remarked to an enthusiastic fanatic: "There is such a thing as going beyond the millennium. I am content to stop there." In 1840 he published his *Essay on the Congress of Nations*, and his scheme for an international court, as therein outlined, was presented at the Peace Conferences in Europe of 1848, 1849, 1850 and 1851, his plan being finally adopted as the basis of the Hague Court erected nearly eighty years after he began his preaching.

To-day there must be at least sixty peace societies of one sort and another carrying on their education and propaganda in this country.

At the National Peace Conference held this year (1938) forty-two took active part directly in the work of the Conference. The most richly endowed of these, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, was given $ 10,000,000 by the late Andrew Carnegie in 1910, and has continued its work steadily since. There are, however, as I have said, scores of others, each working on its own lines and with its own particular ideas, such as the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War, various church organizations, the Association of University Women, the American Youth Congress, and others too numerous to list. It is natural that every shade of opinion, from Communism and complete Pacifism, should find its own organization, but the National Peace Conferences are designed to unite them in a workable programme as far as possible.

Aside from these differences of opinion, there has also been a general change of trend since the World War. Twenty years or so ago the drift of thought was toward bringing about universal peace. The years of disillusion which have followed have tended to concentrating effort on how to keep America out of the next war, which it is believed will occur, as the world will not have peace. This somewhat narrower but perhaps more practical aim at present, lies back not only of the programmes of many peace societies but of the legislation, wise or not, on the subject of neutrality, and of such Resolutions as the Ludlow, which narrowly escaped passage by Congress, and which would require a plebiscite of the entire people before any war could be started unless America were actually invaded. The difficulty of all such legislation is to envisage all the possible complexities of an international situation before it arises, but the keen interest shown indicates the intense desire of the people never again to be drawn into war if they can help it.

Aside from recollections of the last war, in which America suffered less than any other of the greater participants, the campaigns carried on by the many peace societies have had a profound effect on public opinion. The amount spent annually may be not more than $ 2,000,000, but this does not measure the amount of propaganda, or education, as you will. Advertising and the radio are widely used, and three societies alone send out each year some 2,500,000 pieces of literature adapted to all kinds of minds. It is stated that the advertising of World Peaceways will run this year (1938) to a circulation of 25,000,000. The effect of all this activity on public opinion has been rapidly cumulative. One of the characteristics of American political life, for better or worse, is the intense pressure brought on members of Congress by what are called "pressure groups", whether war veterans, farmers, Prohibitionists and many others. Among these groups those devoted to peace have recently become one of the most powerful, and there is some anxiety lest they should become so greatly so as possibly to tie the hands of government in the case of a "just"

war. It is probable, however, as yet, that national feeling would make itself felt, for *America although intensely pacific is not, as a whole, pacifist. It wants by every means to avoid war but does not believe in non-resistance under all circumstances.*

The government, like the people, has in general backed every plan to avoid war. It was by means of the American President that the Russian-Japanese War was brought to an end; and although it was not successful, the League of Nations was written into the Treaty of 1919 by another President. Especially in the field of arbitration as a means of avoiding war has American influence been felt. Innumerable boundary and other questions with the British Empire, as well as the celebrated "Alabama Claims", have been peacefully adjusted, and under Wilson America made treaties with thirty other nations providing for peaceful settlement of disputes by arbitration. In recent years America, in the Kellogg Pact and other treaties, has done all possible to outlaw war as a method of solving disputes. The present Secretary of State, Mr. Hull, last year stressed as the main points in our national policy, "peace, above all and foremost, through national and international self-restraint" and other means, including faithful observance of treaties, the revitalizing of international law, rehabilitation of world trade, the lowering of trade barriers, and the reduction of armaments.

In a world now armed to the teeth, mad with the idea of nationalism and national self-sufficiency, and with dictators whipping their peoples up to a frenzy of military pride and the glorification of war as a means of national aggrandizement, it is difficult to say what further contribution to peace can be made by America. Enough, however, has been said in this short article to show what the attitude and strivings of both the Americans and their government are. Both will be found in the future doing everything possible in practical ways or in the sphere of mind and ideals, to diminish the dangers to world peace in general and to keep America out of war in particular. The world is so closely bound together that it might likely be impossible for America not to be dragged into a new World War should one come, but the weight of public opinion has become so strongly against it that the decision would be a difficult and certainly not a hasty one. In other words, there is in the world a solid block of 130,000,000 people determined and working to avoid all wars as far as possible, and to keep out of any themselves. In a world whirling on the winds of military ambition and passion, that in itself is no slight contribution to peace.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

CRUELTY AND WORLD PEACE

[Hamilton Fyfe served as a War Correspondent with the French, Russian, Roumanian, Italian and British armies during the Carnage of 1914-18. He acted as Hon. Attaché with the British War Missions to the U. S. A. in 1917. He was in charge of British propaganda in Germany and among the German armies in 1918. Thus he has had varied experience of war conditions.

Cruelty manifests in times of peace in various ways and unmistakably contributes its quota as a preparation for war, and it is well to keep in mind in reading the indictment of the churches in the following article the remark of Mr. Fyfe : "Organized religion and cruelty have gone hand in hand."—EDS.]

What is cruelty? Many would answer "inflicting pain". That is incomplete. Cruelty is "inflicting pain with enjoyment".

In all states of human existence a good deal of pain has to be inflicted one way and another. Surgeons must operate sometimes without an anæsthetic. Even when the pain of the cutting is dulled, wounds cause pain later. Doctors are obliged to hurt many whom they examine.

Employers refusing higher wages or shorter hours may sharply pain their employees, and may themselves be injured by strikes. Children suffer momentary pain when they are not allowed to overeat or are sent to bed because it is bedtime, although they are not sleepy. No cruelty is associated with any of these acts. No enjoyment is drawn from them.

To hit out in sudden irritation at a child or a dog may be an inexcusable loss of temper, but is not cruel : we take no pleasure in the blow - indeed, we are sorry for it at once. The ground for opposing flogging and caning is that punishment inflicted in cold blood is usually cruel. Those who inflict may talk about its hurting them "as much as it hurts you", but nearly always they get pleasure out of it.

Not only is causing pain unavoidable in all stages of human existence : it is necessary also to kill. We must kill creatures that are dangerous to life or health--flies that poison food, rats which carry disease, man-eating tigers, bears in the mountains, deadly snakes in the plain.

How any one can reconcile this with belief in a merciful God and Father of all creation I have never been able to understand, but there it is. And most people consider it necessary to kill for food also. (Necessary, I mean, for some one else to kill sheep so that they may eat mutton, and oxen so that they may have beef, and pigs so that the "appetising" smell of breakfast bacon may not fail them !)

But those who slaughter animals for food seldom take any pleasure in the act, unless it be the pleasure of doing the job as swiftly and painlessly as may be. They are not cruel, nor need there be any cruelty in killing dangerous insects or animals.[1]

Animals themselves kill for food. Almost every species eats some other species. They kill also for safety.

[1] Is this really true? And what about the coarsening of the nature of those engaged in slaughtering?—EDS.

But there is no cruelty in their killing. Animals cannot be cruel. *Cruelty is a mental state possible only to the self-conscious.* It is not instinctive ; it is an aberration of the reasoning faculty.

Those who attempt to excuse the cruelty of men by saying that animals are cruel must be either ignorant or dishonest. A dog appears to enjoy fighting, but the appearance deceives. He believes that other dogs are his enemies and that he must defend himself against them. Cats may seem to delight in playing with mice, but they are merely exercising their quickness of sight and spring. They do it as readily with a reel of cotton or ball of paper.

Even if there were cruelty in nature, that would not justify cruelty in man, for man boasts of being superior to animals. But *cruelty is not found in animals, it is peculiar to man. Not born in man, so far as I can judge, but introduced by wrong teaching, evil tradition, despicable custom too readily followed.*

Teaching is wrong which represents animals as being of a different "creation" from man. Tradition is evil which regards cruelty as part of the human character, natural even in children. Custom is despicable when it sanctions the pursuit and killing of animals for amusement.

To these causes is due the lurking in almost every human heart of a liability to become cruel under stress of alarm or of grievances, real or imaginary. Yet another cause is the persistence of religious ideas dating far back. Organised religion and cruelty have gone hand in hand.

This tendency to be cruel can be easily aroused. By selfishness, by fear, by envy, by thwarted desire ; most easily of all by the incitement of agitators. I have seen in Russia peasants and Jews live peaceably together until the peasants, stirred up against the Jews by Tsarist police, killed them and burned their houses in a pogrom. In Germany Nazi agitation has made millions cruel to Jews, whom before they treated as fellow citizens. I have heard in America gentle, delicate women cry in frenzy for Negroes to be burned on mere suspicion of crime.

Agitators in favour of war have in many countries a simple task and in all countries, when war is going on, a still simpler. *Cruelty that has not shown itself before, nor even been suspected, is suddenly drawn forth, is even proclaimed a duty.*

When as war correspondent I sent a despatch to the London *Daily Mail* about a kindly action by a German soldier, I was told by the editor in a cable : "Nothing wanted about good, kind Germans. There are no good Germans but dead Germans." That was one reason why after the War so long as I remained with the paper I would do nothing but review books, though I was offered by Northcliffe any position I might choose.

Is it possible for men to kill each other in war without cruelty ? No, we could not kill in war unless we enjoyed it. This is not theory, but the fruit of experience. Those who managed the military side of the 1914-18 madness knew it to be true. They had soldiers taught to bayonet with relish, to be proud of skill

in picking off enemies with the rifle, to bomb with exultation, to gloat over the carnage they hoped to cause by the high explosive shells they sent over. Even by the staffs which directed operations from far behind the lines reports of heavy enemy casualties were enjoyed heartily. Cruelty is inseparable from war.

Not among fighting men only; among those also who stay at home. By them brutalities, which horrify when they are imputed to the enemy, are excused and rejoiced over when "our side" commits them. In them the lust for violence and death spreads from the enemy to any on "our side" who do not share it. The demand "Put 'em against a wall" is heard often. Killing becomes a mania.

That the respect for human life on which we pride ourselves during peace can be so quickly dropped proves it to have shallow roots. This shallowness must be attributed in part at any rate to the lack of respect for animal life shown generally among human beings.

Leaving aside the daily slaughter of countless animals for the needs of those who believe meat to be necessary as food, killing is made familiar and provided with a halo of fashion by Sport. Worrying stags, foxes, hares, otters; bringing down hecatombs of birds with the gun; torturing fish with hooks in their gills for the pleasure of "playing" them—these pastimes must dispose to cruelty of other kinds. Until we get rid of the idea that it is manly—and gentlemanly—to kill for fun, World Peace is likely to remain a far-distant ideal.

None can be excused now for supposing men and animals to be of different substance or believing that "God gave us animals to do as we like with", although this is still taught by the Churches, implicitly, if not directly.

That we are all members of one family, descended from fragments of transparent jelly floating in sea-water, ought now to be understood by everybody, and upon that follows the responsibility of kinship with everything that hath life. Killing, when necessary, must be merciful, painless, regretted, never enjoyed.

When we teach this to all children; when we reach a state of economic security for all in which no one will be compelled to deprive others of a living so that he may live himself; when exploitation, a form of cruelty, is treated as crime; and when the infliction of pain for pleasure, whether on each other or on animals, is branded as mean and cowardly, then there will be hope that wars may cease. But not till then.

HAMILTON FYFE

THE CHURCHES AND WORLD PEACE

THE BETRAYAL OF CHRIST

[Gerald Bullett writes about the failure of organized Christianity to live up to its profession of following the lead of the Prince of Peace.—EDS.]

We cry out for peace and we drift daily towards war. We live, all of us, in the shadow of a hideous menace; and it may be that even before these words reach print the Western world will have been overtaken by a catastrophe far exceeding in the scale of its destructiveness anything that mankind has suffered in the past. It has become a common place of contemporary comment that our moral intelligence has lamentably failed to keep pace with our command of physical power. We are like irresponsible children to whom some absent-minded uncle has given a brace of loaded pistols to play with: only a miracle can prevent our destroying ourselves. If the so-called Great Powers of the Western world become again involved in war, that will clearly be the end of Christian civilization.

But in what sense can Christian civilization be said to have ever begun? There, precisely, is the rub. Christianity has not failed, because, as has been said so often, Christianity has never been tried, except by a few rare individuals—if by Christianity we mean the way of Christ which is the way of love. Christianity has not failed: it is the Churches that have failed. And they have more than failed. They have, quite simply, betrayed Christ. They have plastered the person of Jesus with unctuous sentimentalities, and buried the wisdom of Jesus under a mountain of theology, threatening with the pains of hell all who neglected to applaud these activities. They have been careful to keep their "religion" for Sundays, and on other days of the week have acquiesced in all the manifest injustices as between man and man that are inherent in our fundamentally irreligious (because acquisitive) society. One does not contend that the Church, in England or elsewhere, should have identified herself with any one political party; but surely it is not too much to ask, of the professed followers of Christ, that they should pay something more than lip-service to the principles of universal brotherhood and co-operation. "The medieval Church", writes Dr. Coulton (the greatest living authority on the subject), "often succeeded admirably in patriarchal government; but.... she justified servitude, both in theory and practice", a servitude scarcely distinguishable to the lay mind from slavery itself. Children born to serfs were automatically condemned to servitude; and "the only great Schoolman, so far as I know, who disapproved on principle of hereditary bondage is John Wyclif" (*vide* Coulton's *Social Life in Britain*). And the main endeavours of the Churches in later ages and in our own times, have been directed towards keeping the poor in a state

of pious submission to their masters. They have, from time to time, exhorted the rich to be kind to the poor, out of their superfluity; but they have been wilfully blind to the plain truth of the matter, which is that poverty in the midst of plenty is a thing no genuinely Christian society would tolerate for five minutes.

William Godwin, in 1793, declared the unequal distribution of property to be the source of all war. But this is only half the story. War, after all, is only aggressive egoism operating collectively, and the unjust distribution of the products of labour is an effect of egoism, not its cause, though an effect which may be (and is) the cause of other effects in its turn. By preaching a gospel of unremitting industry to the poor, and flattering the rich into believing themselves generous whenever they give away a fraction of what they don't need, the Churches in general (there are numerous individual exceptions) have helped to perpetuate a state of affairs which makes war ultimately inevitable. For in a society which encourages individual acquisitiveness, and rewards it with special honours, competition comes to be regarded as the natural thing; and *war is competition carried to its logical conclusion.* There is nowadays a widespread sentiment against war, but the competitive spirit is still encouraged and applauded as a prime social virtue. The civilization that we have laboured to build is a civilization of worldlings; and the "otherworldliness" of the Churches has contributed to that result because it was made a pretext for neglecting the study and reform of human relationships. We hear nowadays much praise of realism and much disparagement of ideals. But there is a cant of realism as well as a cant of idealism. The ideal and the real are not enemies, and no civilization is worthy of the name that does not attempt the perpetual translation of the one into the other. "Where there is no vision, the people perish." In the beginning is the idea, the aspiration. And the idea becomes fact. This is creative living, and anything short of it is spiritual death.

Jesus spoke "as one having authority", an authority not coercive, from without, but one that commanded allegiance by an appeal to something within us which all men have in common. If the Christian Church ever possessed such spiritual authority, she has long since forfeited it by allying herself with Mr. Mammon and Mrs. Grundy and becoming the meek handmaiden of the secular government. The attitude of English ecclesiastics to war during the Great Carnage of 1914-1918 is faithfully described in Storm Jameson's *No Time Like the Present*: it provides some sorry reading. Miss Jameson, who describes herself as a "bigoted Protestant", declares that her "only comfort, religious in source, during the War, was the magnificent encyclicals of the then Pope". She can derive, I fancy, no such comfort from the attitude of the present Pope to the Spanish Civil War. Temporal power or spiritual power—you cannot have it both ways. As a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge (the Rev. F. A. Simpson) said in 1914: "The bank-

ruptcy of Christendom is not the bankruptcy of Christ, nor its madness His."

I do not, for my part, subscribe to the doctrine of absolute pacifism, that in no circumstances may violence be violently resisted. If it is ever legitimate to prevent by force the torture of a child (and there can be no two opinions about that), it is legitimate, as a last resort, when every conceivable effort at pacification has failed, to fight if not for oneself, at least for the protection of others. War is not imposed on man from without, by forces beyond his control: it is simply the hideous by-product of his own undisciplined egoism, or self-will, as the anonymous author of the *Theologica Germanica* calls it.

If there were no self-will, there would be no proprietorship. There is no proprietorship in heaven; and that is why contentment, peace, and blessedness are there... He who has anything of his own, or desires to have anything, is a slave; and he who has nothing of his own, nor desires to have anything, is free and at liberty and is in bondage to no man.

If there were no self-will, there would be no proprietorship; and if there were no proprietorship--that is to say, no exclusive, monopolistic possession of the means of life--there would be, there could be, no war. The Churches' failure to see and to declare this truth, in and out of season, gives the measure of their impotence. They have preferred to occupy themselves with technicalities and trivialities. Sleek and bland, and chattering together about the wickedness of reasonable divorce, they meekly follow their masters to the verge of destruction.

GERALD BULLETT

When he was come into Jerusalem, the whole city was moved, saying: Who is this?

And the people said: This is Jesus the Prophet, from Nazareth of Galilee

And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves:

And he said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.

—*Matthew*, XXI, 10-13.

THE WAR-MACHINE

[Dr. L. P. Jacks is an ardent champion of the cause of Peace and in this article puts his finger on the sorest spot of the problem. We recommend our readers to peruse his *Co-operation or Coercion?*—Eds.]

Thanks to the folly of centuries and the madness of recent times there has come into existence an all-devouring monster which consumes the substance of mankind, holds human life at its mercy, absorbs the energies of civilization, demoralizes the character of nations, poisons their minds and corrupts their politics. The name of this monster is the War-Machine. To this monster, this War-Machine, all so-called civilized nations are in a state of slavery, more or less complete, and it is the most abominable form of slavery which has ever existed in the world. The slavery of the Negroes in America or elsewhere was a trifling evil compared to it.

To understand the nature of the War-Machine and of the slavery it imposes on the nations we must think of it as a *single whole* and not as a collection of independent armaments, independently controlled, one in England, another in Germany, another in Japan and so on. These separate armaments are only the parts of it, like the wheels of a clock which function in relation one to another. Their independent action is illusory. If one speeds up, say the German, it speeds up the others. If one makes war others must make war with it, whether they want to or not; they will have to defend themselves, as we say; in other words, they answer war with war and, *as things now are, cannot do otherwise.* The War-Machine, considered in its true nature as a unitary whole, is not controlled by anybody. It goes forward under its own momentum which is prodigious and always increasing.

The League of Nations tried to control it but failed. Those who are supposed to control it, and are called "war-lords" are really the most abject of its slaves, though they are pathetically ignorant of the fact. The monster carries them on its back and will ultimately throw them off and trample them along with the rest of us, unless, in the meantime, a way can be found to break its power, which is greater than that of any human government. It is the real ruler of mankind. It holds at its mercy the lives of hundreds of millions of men, women and children. At the present moment it is eating up the capital of the nations at the rate of 3000 million pounds per annum. Crushing taxation, conscription of wealth, mobilization of industry, national service, national register, A.R.P., etc., etc., in this country as in many others, are the different modes in which the slavery of mankind to the War-Machine makes itself manifest. One might define it, with a slight change of metaphor, as a device created by civilization for the express purpose of committing suicide, of blowing out its own brains. It has poisoned the brains of civilization already, poisoned them into madness, and will end—unless we can

master it—by blowing them out.

It has often been said that the modern world is ruled by machines. Yes, and *the machine which rules all the other machines is the War-Machine.* Here is one example. Not far from where I live there is a vast industrial organization whose original business was to produce a useful article which has nothing to do with war. At the present moment the machinery in that great factory and the men who work it have become a part of the national War-Machine and take their orders from a source which, when disguises are stripped off, is none other than military head-quarters. Broaden that out and you have a picture of what industrial civilization the world over is coming to, and has largely come to already, under the rule of the War-Machine. Yes, we are ruled by machinery, and that is the kind of machinery we are ruled by. Has there ever been a tyranny more appalling, a phenomenon more sinister? *What price freedom now,* in democratic countries or in any other?

More than fifty years have now elapsed since Herbert Spencer, in "Man *versus* the State", predicted what he called "the Coming Slavery". "The Coming Slavery" has now come, but it has taken a form far more debasing to humanity and extended itself far more widely in the world at large than was anticipated by Spencer. Spencer's prediction was a revised version of two others which had been uttered nearly twenty years earlier, the first by Matthew Arnold in "Culture and Anarchy" and the second by Carlyle in "Shooting Niagara". (What a pity that so few people read these things nowadays, or even remember them!) Spencer predicted that the road we were travelling in 1884 would presently lead to the creation of a vast socialistic machine under which the competent and industrious minority would become mere beasts of burden, or slaves, crushed under the weight of the incompetent and idle majority whom they would be compelled to carry on their backs. Democracy would become "a system for the organized plunder of the minority"—as Dr. Inge has somewhere defined it. On those lines, if persisted in, industrial civilization, thought Spencer, would unquestionably come to grief.

Well, what has actually happened is something different and far worse: *the organized plunder of the whole community for the sustenance of the War-Machine.* Nor is it confined to this country alone; by no means! The phenomenon is European and indeed world-wide. Humanity has never found itself in a situation so dangerous. The suicide of civilization is in prospect.

A plain alternative confronts us. The War-Machine which now dominates civilization and marshals it (like Macbeth's dagger) on the way it is going will either be used for making war, almost certainly world-war, or it will remain unused. In either case the prospect is sufficiently disconcerting, and hardly less so in the second case than in the first. If the War-Machine fulfils its purpose in actual war-making we all know what will happen. But if the establishment of world peace (by one means or another) renders it useless, what then?

Consider our own country. Having organized the whole nation for war-making or fighting efficiency (camouflaged under the word "defence"), armed to the teeth for that purpose, trained hundreds of thousands of men (millions in other countries) for fighting by air, sea and land, "mobilized industry" as a feeder of the War-Machine and assigned to every man and woman a function in supporting it ("national service") -- what is to become of all that if it should turn out that there is no war-making for the machine to do? It is inconceivable that a nation organized in this way for the business of war-making could be organized at a moment's notice for something else. The problem of converting swords into ploughshares is simple enough, but the problem of converting a great state that has organized itself for war -- as all the great states are now doing or have done -- into a state which has abjured war as an instrument of national policy and organized itself for peace, is another proposition altogether.

We are often told—so often, indeed, that one gets a little tired of hearing it—that Great Britain must rearm in order that she may be in a position to maintain the peace of the world. Does this mean that we are creating this vast armament, and bleeding ourselves white in the process, *in order to prevent its being used,* and that we are training men to fight by air, sea and land *in order that they may have no fighting to do*? It would seem so. But what could be more absurd? As well might we claim to promote teetotalism by distilling whisky and compelling everybody to drink it.

To get into the armament race has been easy. To get out of it is going to prove extremely difficult. Those who think of it as a mere affair of turning swords into ploughshares have not come even remotely in sight of what is involved in converting the war-machine into a peace-machine. For that, and nothing less than that, is the problem which now confronts the peacemaker. Even "putting a stop to war" is an inadequate measure of his task. His real problem is to break the power of the War-Machine which now holds the civilized world in bondage and "marshals" civilization the way it is going, destroying the vital resources of society, absorbing its best energies and demoralizing the remainder. Whether it eventuates in war or not, the certain end of it is human catastrophe.

Grounds of hope are to be found in the fact that all the world over the mutterings of a coming revolt against this intolerable tyranny may now be heard. Could means be found, and perhaps they will be, for bringing together *the peoples, as distinct from their governments,* there would arise in every nation a tempest of human wrath in which the power of the monster, now the greatest power on earth, would be effectually broken. To the individual citizen, pursuing his peaceful vocation, war has always been an abomination and a curse. But never before has it come so near to him and made itself felt so intensely as an evil in his own life. Never before has he found himself reduced so completely to a cog on the war-making machine. Never before has he fully realized his servitude and

been galled by it so intolerably. The hatred of war, once a sporadic phenomenon, is becoming a universal phenomenon and acquiring a firm grip on the mentality of the peoples. Even the war-lords, who rule the roost in the militarist countries, live in terror of the monster they have created. None knows better than they that, if "the army" were to turn against them for a single day, they would be done for one of them had a near shave not long ago.

As a mere outbreak of wrath, as a violent uprising of slaves against the slave driver, the coming revolt against the War-Machine has no chance of succeeding. It will succeed only if and so far as it is constructively planned from the outset. Calling for moral rearmament or for "a change of heart" will by itself avail nothing. These things are not to be had by calling for them. Men do not change their hearts, or rearm morally, merely because wise men have proved the necessity of doing so. The wise men must go further and set the moral rearmament in motion by embarking on a positive line of action. Men change their hearts by changing their *habits* and not otherwise. The wise men must show them *how*. They must link their ideals to businesslike methods of achieving them. Useless to plead for co-operation in place of strife, unless we can show precisely *how* and *in what* international co-operation can be immediately set on foot. Useless to denounce the tyranny of the War-Machine unless we are prepared with a positive scheme for diverting the forces that now feed that monster into feeding something else.

I suggest the armament race as indicating the most promising point at which the peacemaker can begin his attack. Venturesome as it may seem, I predict that the tyranny of the War-Machine, which makes peace impossible would *begin* to break up at once were means found to divert some portion of the present colossal expenditure on armaments to the formation of an international fund for promoting and financing international co-operation on definite lines.

That idea, which is only one of a large family of ideas pointing in the same direction, I have worked out elsewhere. What is needed is the inventive faculty (which business men can supply as well as anybody else) for creating situations which provide an opportunity for international co-operation on definite lines and reducing them at once from vague aspirations, of which we have more than enough, to businesslike form. In this way a counter-force to that of the War-Machine would come into being, and, growing gradually, perhaps rapidly, would acquire sufficient power to drain off the energies of the war-making interests, take the wind out of their sails and leave them stranded high and dry. Let the idealists go into partnership with the business men.

L. P. JACKS

EDUCATING AND ORGANIZING FOR PEACE

I.—COMMUNITY OF BLOOD OR OF THOUGHT

[**H. N. Brailsford** stresses educating for peace and advises that it be done right in the High Schools. This entails for the teachers a new style of thinking, one that will analyse existing ideas and assumptions and stress a cultural basis for nationality. But Mr. Brailsford's programme lacks vigour; why not teach the teachers what the following article advocates?—EDS.]

The request of the Editors of THE ARYAN PATH that I should write something on the theme of "Educating for Peace" reached me at a moment of humiliation and defeat. The news is before us, in all its naked ugliness, of the abandonment of Czechoslovakia by the Powers which should have supported her. Peace, in a sense, is preserved. We have escaped the war we dreaded, but we have won this relief by yielding to Hitler's ostentatious parade of military force. We feel, as we bow our heads in shame, that this despot, at the head of a drilled nation that must obey him without debate, is henceforth the master of Europe. Where, then, have we erred, and how shall we educate ourselves for a peace that is the very negation of this achievement—a peace of co-operation and mutual respect?

One may give, first of all, a general answer. All life is education—for strife or for peace. If in our schools we foster in our children's minds the aim of personal success and emulation, and neglect to train them in teamwork for a common social end, we shall educate them for war. Again, if our social structure is based on exploitation and competition, we shall rise with difficulty to any higher ideal in our international life. The landowner or the industrial employer who treats his peasants or his mill-hands as means to the end of his own profit is unlikely to bring anything better than a note of national egoism when, as one unit among many, he makes his contribution to the formation of public opinion. *The world of states is a macrocosm that reflects the character of its component members.* If within them there is a class struggle or the strife of religions or castes, they will repeat the habitual motives of their daily life when they come to deal with one another as nations. Every advance towards the co-operative organization of the life of the village or nation will also pave the way towards international peace.

But the reader will rightly ask me for something more specific and definite. Where in this affair of Czechoslovakia have we all erred? The whole dispute turned round two ideas nationality and power. We need not enter into the details. Suffice it to say that to-day, under Nazi leadership, the Germans interpret nationality in terms of physical race. All of the same race are blood-brothers who must unite. The only possible union is conceived as the State, and in its turn the state means power. It acts, that is to say, abroad with its army, fleet and air

force behind it. Starting with these ideas, it was inevitable that the Germans should one day claim as their own the Sudetenland with its German population. It was equally inevitable that the Czechs should oppose their claim. Why? These Sudeten Germans are not their kinsmen, but they conceive of this territory, historic Bohemia, as their estate and with its ancient boundaries it is their property. Again, to lose its mountains would weaken their military power. Equally if they are rendered defenceless, the military power of the German state for action eastwards will be greatly enhanced.

This hasty analysis has revealed for us three ideas round which this dispute has circled nationality, property, power. Given their current interpretations wars will rage to the end of the chapter, if indeed, mankind can survive their devastations. But, is nationality necessarily associated with the idea of power and the state? One may give it a purely cultural interpretation. Speaking a common language, Germans, or for that matter Bengalis, have a common vehicle of thought. That demands the free exercise of certain kinds of association and co-operative effort schools, universities and the like. But because two groups of men speak the same tongue and read the same poets, does it follow that they must live within the same tariff fence or march in step in the same regiment? So a choice emerges. If we decide that the sentiment of nationality rests primarily on a common cultural tradition, it can be divorced from the idea of power and its incarnation the State. If that can be done, we eliminate the innumerable wars that have been fought and may yet be fought to draw the map of Europe on correct ethnographical principles.

I might continue the analysis indefinitely. Few of us need to be reminded of the significance of territory conceived as property in the history of imperialism, of all the sources of war the most prolific. Again if one asks why the State is necessarily associated with the idea of power, the answer may be that in varying degrees every state and every society rests on inequality of one kind or another. It is, therefore, an apparatus of coercion : it must accumulate force.

These illustrations may suffice to justify the belief that the first step in education for peace may well be the ruthless and sceptical analysis of all the ideas and assumptions on which we commonly act in our international life. Few of us know what they mean. Rarely in schools and not always in universities are they examined. In their vagueness they gather round themselves some of the most potent emotions of which men are capable. Rightly interpreted, these emotions will serve as the motive power for creative service : wrongly interpreted, they may drive us to destroy one another with a fanaticism that poses as virtue. The few critical intellects who have tried to examine these ideas with a sceptical detachment rank among the heroes of civilization. I am disposed, then, to begin my practical suggestions towards educating us for peace

by suggesting that in every higher school and university the study of sociology should include the frankest examination of such ideas as these.

It is, happily, beginning to be realised that one of the keys to peace lies in the hands of the teachers who instruct us in history. Very few of the text-books of history commonly used in European schools make for peace. Some of them are gross incitements to warlike passion. Some applaud conquests as the proudest achievements of a nation, and ignore its progress in the arts of peace. Most of the books that secure official approval suppress or minimise every accusation that an impartial mind would bring against the past conduct of the statesmen of their own country in dealing with other states. There is the same favouritism in recounting even the pacific achievements of one's own people, and ignoring or minimising those of others. There is no sound rule in these matters save scientific objectivity, but if one errs, let it be on the side of charity towards other nations.

The League of Nations has attempted to bring its influence to bear on the choice of school books, not wholly without effect. But perhaps the happiest model we might follow comes from Scandinavia. The two neighbours, Norway and Sweden, have had their quarrels in the past. Recently they undertook a revision of their school history books in the interest of neighbourly relations. The Norwegians submitted their books for criticism to a committee of Swedish historians, and the Swedes acted likewise. But one might go a good deal further than this in bringing the beneficent influence of history to bear upon international relations. It would be an immense gain if all of us had in our heads some general picture of universal history. With that as our background, the quarrels that fill our daily newspapers would shrink into their due perspective, and we should gain a more scientific habit of mind. Emerson tells us that once as he was heated after a political controversy, he looked up at the stars and heard them say, "Why so hot, my little fellow?" The politician who tried to see his own actions and his nation's interests within the framework of the history of civilization would hear from its Muse the same tranquillising words. The League of Nations might perform a great service if it were to subsidise the writing of such a history for general use. But it would have to deal adequately with the East as well as the West, and with America no less than Europe.

Next to the sound teaching of history for the promotion of peace, we may rank the penetration of our educational systems by the habitual practice of international co-operation. Several schools exist in Europe, notably one in Geneva, that draw their pupils and their staffs from all over the Continent. The children learn each other's habits of thought as well as each other's languages. If as children we play and work together, we shall find no difficulty in collaborating in after-life. The League ought, long ago, to have created an international university, perhaps at Geneva. Rabindranath

Tagore's college at Santiniketan is a distinguished model that might well be followed elsewhere. Several summer schools that meet for a few weeks in the holiday season at sundry centres in Europe serve to promote systematic discussion of international problems among men and women of many nations. But all this as yet is on a pitifully small scale. One day we shall organise as the basis of education for peace the regular interchange of pupils and teachers between neighbouring peoples.

So long as community of blood is the only cement that holds us together, we shall live in strife. It is on community of thought and culture that we must endeavour to build peace.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

II.—FREE TRADE AND DISARMAMENT

[We requested C. E. M. Joad to write on this subject because he is not only a pacifist but also a capable organizer as *Manifesto, The Book of the Federation of Progressive Societies and Individuals*, edited by him shows. As he himself points out, we did not expect him to evolve a programme effecting a *spiritual* revolution. We were looking forward to a mundane remedy born of his fertile analytic mind. The result is somewhat unexpected. Our friend recommends an almost Gandhian programme disarmament "until England was as defenceless and I should hope, as safe as Denmark, whether other nations followed the example or not".—EDS.]

I am a pacifist. Therefore I believe (a) that war is morally wrong; (b) that it does not achieve the ends for the sake of which it is waged; (c) that under modern conditions it is an evil greater than any which may result from a refusal to fight in a war; and (d) that it will finally cease only when human beings refuse to participate in it. It follows that I believe that the best way to organize for peace is to convince a sufficiently large number of persons that in no circumstances would they be justified in taking part in a war. Now this conviction cannot be engendered by politics. You cannot, in other words, make people into non-resisters by Act of Parliament, or produce the requisite changes in the individual's mind (or spirit) by any form of collective action. It may, therefore, very well be the case that only through a spiritual change which profoundly affects the standards, values and ways of life of the majority of members of Western civilization, can the influences which make for war be overcome. I believe, indeed, that this is so.

When, however, the editors asked me to contribute an article on "Organizing for Peace", it was not, I conceive, on the prospects of insuring peace by producing a revolution in the spirit and outlook of human beings that they wished me to write. I conceive that this was not their intention for two reasons. The first is that I have not the faintest idea—and I think that they know that I have not—how such a revolution is to be brought about. (None of us in the West do know. This incidentally is our tragedy, that

needing a religion to strengthen our spirits and to change our hearts, we are unable either to make a religion for ourselves or to accept any of those that are offered to us.)

The second reason is that, by no stretch of possibility, can such a revolution be effected in time to rescue the West from the war by the nightmare fear of which men's minds are to-day oppressed. You cannot admittedly by collective action bring peace to men's *hearts* ; yet as things are, it is only by collective action that men can be stopped here and now from making war.

What should that action be? What steps, in other words, would I take in the present emergency to preserve peace?

There are, I conceive, three main causes for our present predicament : economic maladjustment, nationalism and fear. The first two go together. The undeveloped territories of the world are controlled by a comparatively small number of nations. These undeveloped territories are rich in raw materials, in metals and rubber and oil. Thus a few nations command a disproportionate number of the world's sources of wealth. The chief among these few is the British Empire. Restless and resentful at this inequitable distribution of the world's territories and raw materials, certain nations on the continent of Europe whose share in them is small or non-existent have developed a clamant nationalism. This nationalism keeps the world in a state of agitation by its continually expanding claims, the object of which is to redraw the map of the world in favour of the "have not-nations". These claims are resisted by the "have-nations" who, by means of the Versailles Treaty, imposed upon the vanquished at the conclusion of the 1914-18 war terms in which no nation, which according to Western standards, retained any vestige of self-respect, could be expected indefinitely to acquiesce.

These terms were sanctified by the Covenant of the League of Nations which, drawn up with the intention of investing the Versailles settlement with the semblance of international justice, sought, under the pretence of punishing the aggressor and upholding international law, to mobilize the armed forces of the world against any attempt to mitigate the injustices which were perpetrated in 1919. Thus the League has come to be regarded by the hungry nations as an association of ex-burglars grown respectable on the proceeds of their loot, whose purpose is to discourage new entrants to their late profession. Here, then, are the root causes of that exacerbated nationalism which derives its power from the wrongs from which the hungry nations believe themselves to be suffering.

In the economic sphere this nationalism results in a policy of national self-sufficiency. By customs duties, by tariff barriers, by currency restrictions, by quotas and favoured nation clauses, each nation seeks to isolate itself from the rest of the world and to stand upon its own feet. Thus a world which modern transport has made economically a single unit is cut across by a thousand and one artificial barriers which are deliberately erected to impede the flow

of international trade by self-sufficient nationalist States, obsolete political entities, with whose jealousy and rivalries modern Europe is cursed. These artificial barriers by putting a spanner into the wheels of international trade intensify the economic difficulties which they are designed to remedy. Thus arises a vicious circle in which more intense economic distress begets more intense nationalism, and more intense nationalism increases economic distress. It also begets fear, for inevitably it leads to an armament race, by which nations armed on an unprecedented scale endeavour to pursue their ambitions under the cloak of protecting themselves from their neighbours. Each nation wants, in fact, to be in a position to blackmail its neighbour by the threat of force, into submitting to the imposition of its own will. It also wants to feel secure in the face of similar threats. Consequently it seeks to be stronger than any combination of forces that is likely to be brought against it. Its growing strength begets fear in those who feel that they are likely to become its victims, and leads them in their turn to increase their strength to a point beyond that of their threatening neighbour. This ever-growing strength the neighbour takes to be a threat to himself. As an aunt of mine recently said to me in comment upon the rival sea powers of continental nations: "We have got to build our fleet up to what they said they'd build theirs up to, if we built ours up."

This, then, is the situation with which any proposals to organize for peace must deal. Such proposals must effect an economic readjustment; they must break the vicious circle of armaments and they must dispel the psychology of fear. I would suggest:

(1) The immediate calling by Great Britain of an international conference to deal with economic grievances.

(2) At this conference I would announce my intention of readjusting the present inequitable distribution of territories and raw materials, and would suggest that these should be administered in the interests of all by an international commission upon which all the major manufacturing nations should be represented.

(3) Pending the establishment of such a commission, I should announce (a) that the British Empire would be thrown open to all the world as a *free* trading area, and that quotas, favoured nation clauses and tariffs would be abolished within that area; (b) that if the Empire were to be attacked, Great Britain would not be prepared to defend it by force, and that as an earnest of this pledge the country would begin to disarm here and now. I should hope that the example of disarmament once set, others would follow, but I should make it clear that I should continue my disarmament programme until England was as defenceless and, I should hope, as safe as Denmark, whether other nations followed my example or not.

(4) I should spend the money accruing from the cessation of rearmament upon measures of non-menacing defence; that is to say, upon the provision of food stores and underground shelters for the whole

population. The cost of providing underground tunnels complete with ventilation, sanitation, and so forth, for the population of Great Britain works out at about £11 per head—£484 millions. We are already spending £350 millions *a year* in preparations for war; whereas I am proposing £484 millions *in all* in measures of non-menacing defence. This policy satisfies the requirements laid down. It effects economic readjustment; it breaks the vicious circle of armaments; and it would dispel fear.

C. E. M. JOAD

The other night
I longed to take flight,
Leave this temple of common clay
And lave myself in the Milky Way,
Mingle my being in its glowing fire
In an ecstasy of desire.

Am I a moth, that I long for a star?
Nay, the moth prefers the candle light;
The lesser flame shines more nearly bright,
But I ache for the greater radiance afar.

I tangle myself in the heavenly zone
That circles itself 'neath the Mother's breasts
With their nourishment of the milk of light,
And drink the immortal draught - alone
With the Fatherhood that the space suggests
Revealed to the mystic sight.

Again I come down to my shuttered clay,
Again I look forth on Earth's darkened day;
Too great the glory of my desire.
Too pure the radiance of Heaven's fire.
The Master Hand gently placed my soul back,
But with infinite mercy left a crack -
Just a little chink through which part of me
May catch a glimpse of the mystery.
It will widen, perhaps, as the years go by
So that once again I may dare to fly
Back to the heart of the Milky Way,
A little longer this time to stay.

Such is the thought that came to me,
And who shall say that it cannot be?

T. L. CROMBIE

THE WAY OF SATYAGRAHA

[Professor P. Mahadevan's article has a message for the East and the West alike.—EDS.]

Some eight years ago, C. F. Andrews prepared for Western readers an exposition of the ideas of Mahatma Gandhi. As it was a sort of curtain-raiser to the actual drama of non-co-operation, which was soon after enacted on the stage of Indian politics, it received considerable notice in the British press. It was the first organised and reasoned statement of those germinal ideas which have since transformed the outlook of many earnest seekers after Truth both in India and in other parts of the world. But then, as now, the unconverted are in the majority; and they are inclined to the view that the practical triumphs of the Gandhian philosophy have been due more to accident than to *necessity*; and that the new doctrine has still to overcome many inherent inconsistencies before it can command general acceptance. It is contended that Hinduism has never enthroned non-violence as the highest or the most efficacious rule of conduct, notwithstanding that Ahimsa is enjoined as a duty; and that Gandhiji has himself weakened his case by conceding that those who *would* bear arms, may do so in the defence of their country. In either case, it is said that the cult of Satyagraha is reduced to the level of many other alternatives which have been tried by mankind with varying success. Thus, in the final analysis, it would seem that we, Indians, are guilty of a patriotic bias in claiming for the Gandhian Way a potency superior to that of all other ethical systems with or without a transcendental point of reference.

If we take the *Bhagvad-Gita* as containing the most inspired exposition of the principles of Hinduism, it will not be difficult to prove that it lends no support to the cult of non-violence; indeed, it contains a seemingly unanswerable refutation of it. The enlightened and pious Hindu of to-day seems to be impaled on the horns of a dilemma. He has either to forswear the Gandhian way or to doubt the plenary inspiration of the *Gita*, or if he has not the courage for it, to take refuge in allegoric interpretations of it. Before the country paid any heed to the voice of Gandhiji, the revolutionary movement (particularly in Bengal) found apologists who condoned violence with a certain spiritual exaltation which derived its sustenance from the divine certitudes uttered in the *Gita*. Even without reference to Gandhiji's ideas, how could such an attitude be squared up with the doctrine of Ahimsa?

For answer, we must go back to a distant past, and trace from thence the evolution of certain specifically Hindu ideas. The first and most commonly understood of them was Ahimsa. It has always involved a two-fold concept, namely, non-injury to life, because of the unity of life. Its primary function was to promote universal reverence for Life,

because of the unseen unity underlying all its myriad manifestations. When it was translated into conduct, it became a categorical imperative; and served to quicken human consciousness into a sense of its ultimate integrity. But in the very nature of the case, such a realization could never be widespread. Hence the practice of the doctrine, in its uncompromising form, was restricted to small communities. Even in their case, it ultimately degenerated into a mechanical assemblage of taboos. As for the majority of the Hindus, it acted as no more than a sub-conscious inhibition that reduced the instinctive violence of individual behaviour to a minimum.

But side by side with Ahimsa was another great idea which Hinduism has elaborated with poetic splendour and philosophic subtlety. It is, that Life originates from Sacrifice, is sustained through Sacrifice and fulfils itself in Sacrifice. Creation itself depends upon the perpetual sacrifice of the *Purusha,* giving us the *Prakriti.* What is even more important, this sacrifice is *vicarious.* Instead of each one of us destroying others that we may live, *we* have been taught to sacrifice ourselves that *others* may live! Here then we have a sea-change coming over violence, and the emergence out of it of something "rich and strange".

The third concept of Dharma, also based on the eternal verities, had a more definitely sociological application. It takes into account differences in aptitudes of human beings, and provides for their working together, not in conflict but in co-operation. It was Sister Nivedita who gave a convincing and beautiful interpretation of the *Varnas* as crystallizing the ideal of chivalry. The discredit into which the Caste system has fallen, fortunately leaves the principle underlying it unaffected; and there is an unmistakable, albeit as yet tentative, drift towards it even in the "advanced" countries of the West.

We thus have three separate strands of the Hindu faith in the concepts of Ahimsa, Harmlessness; Yagna, Sacrifice and Dharma, Law and Order. They have been emphasised sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs, *but never all together.* Asoka's spectacular gesture renouncing war was the manifestation of Ahimsa in politics; the Avatars have taught us by divine example the necessity for vicarious sacrifice; while the Pandavas upheld Dharma on the field of battle, where they were taught to fight with "charity towards all and malice towards none". But before Hinduism could resolve the contradictions, if any, between these concepts, it fell into an eclipse of a thousand years. It has been reserved for us in these days to witness an attempt at a synthesis of them which has galvanized Hinduism into a new and vigorous life. In short, we owe to Gandhiji the fusion of Ahimsa, Yagna and Dharma in one concept, *viz.,* *Satyagraha.* If he has not done this he has done nothing at all!

The next point for consideration is the alleged inconsistency of Gandhiji in permitting those who *would* bear arms to maintain the freedom of their country with the sword. In the first place, there is no

inconsistency at all in telling a man who does not believe in non-violence *not* to fight; for the only result of such advice would be to make him infirm of purpose, and help his enemies to destroy him. But there would be real and fatal inconsistency if Gandhiji had said that the Satyagrahi might oscillate between violence and non-violence. Not only are there many mansions in our Father's House but there are many ways of reaching them. Gandhiji certainly claims that Satyagraha is the most excellent way; but he cannot *compel* any man to choose *his* way, as it were, at second-hand.

Further, we must take into account the peculiar conditions under which he evolved his cultus. The problem as he originally saw it was political, and in a strictly temporal sense, urgent. The emasculation of a people, not so much physically as morally and spiritually had gone to such alarming lengths as to have promoted a pusillanimous acceptance of evil as a national habit. Non-co-operation had a limited objective; it wrested courage from despair, and gave the country a sense of pride in itself which had been unknown for a millennium. We know as a matter of fact that an important section of opinion followed him, attracted by his technique, but indifferent, if not hostile to his basic assumptions. Such people were bound to increase rather than diminish in numbers with the achievement of political independence. Gandhiji's concession is to them, more or less, as the proverbial sop to Cerberus. If the country could achieve its freedom through non-violence, it must be equally possible to preserve it through the same means. For another thing, so long as India is precluded, happily as we may think, from indulging in predatory activities abroad, a national army can never develop the virus of militarism to the extent of creating that vicious circle in which Europe finds itself to-day.

But actually, Gandhiji has advanced very far from the position which he seems to have occupied some years ago. During the last few months, he has made many striking pronouncements on this crucial question which have at least served to clear him from the charge of inconsistency. He has been the most unsparing critic of Congress in office; he has confounded the faithful by his statement that the use of 'repression' in any form for any reason is proof of the failure of Congress to act in the spirit of Satyagraha. He has propounded a scheme for a peace-army or peace-brigade to act as a shock-absorber of mob-violence, so that the community may enjoy immunity from the effects of it. On the analogy of 'Death-squadrons', he wants ordinary citizens to offer themselves to mob-fury, so that out of their immolation, the passions of the mob may first be checked and ultimately refined. He is about to return from a tour of the Frontier where he has spoken to the hardiest and most pugnacious race of men in praise of the non-violent way.

He has thus rounded off his doctrine; but it still remains to

be seen whether it is possible for any government to function without the punitive aids euphemistically epitomised under Law and Order. *The Satyagrahi in opposition is one thing; but in the seats of the mighty he is a different and apparently inferior entity.* In the former case, he can be sublimely indifferent to opposition or numbers; in the latter, he has to reckon with them so long as society is the resultant of a multiplicity of unequal forces. The logical consummation of Gandhiji's doctrine would be a state in which culture had reached such perfection as to render government unnecessary. But such a state of enlightened Anarchy is nothing more than an Utopian dream.

At the present moment, however, the danger to Satyagraha issues neither from its inconsistency nor from its impracticability, but from its abuse by individuals and groups who travesty it in ludicrous or wicked ways. It is in less danger of being discredited by its enemies than by its pretended adherents. Gandhiji himself is well aware of the illegitimate use of his weapon by others; but his warnings and appeals seem still to be unheeded.

P. MAHADEVAN

T. L. CROMBIE

THE ARYAN PATH has lost one of its most devoted servants through the passing of Theodore Leslie Crombie, B.A. (Oxon.), Bar-at-Law. With enthusiasm he shared in the conception of the magazine, with encouraging suggestions he coloured parts of the dim silhouette of its programme and policy and for nine years he spent his energy in labouring with love month after month to make its contents attractive and useful. More, now and again he helped financially to keep the magazine alive. Even his many intimate friends who knew of his connection with the magazine did not realize how unstintedly he spent himself in time, money and work in its behalf. The spring of this devotion was in his conviction of the truths of Theosophy which he earnestly tried to practise, and also to promulgate as a loyal and faithful student-associate of the United Lodge of Theosophists.

He was a lover of India and though born in Aberdeen, Scotland, had made this country his home for over a quarter of a century. More than twenty years ago he wrote :

> India does not want to extend her territory; she does not demand colossal wealth beyond her needs; she wants to realise on her soil ideals that by silent precept may influence the rest of the world. Not hers the hand to rule Empires, but hers the strength and spirituality to inspire and guide Emperors. But in order to accomplish this she must at least have the management of her own affairs...No disabilities must be placed on Indians as such, and the possessions of the Motherland must not be exploited as a source of wealth to other parts of the Empire. Probably at first with Home Rule, she may make mistakes, but she must learn by these mistakes to realise herself. As she realises herself, more and more will her true spirituality envelop the world bringing a blessing to all nations and all lands.

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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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APPRECIATING THE BEAUTIFUL

The extent and the nature of the influence of literature and the arts in engendering or enhancing the sense of appreciation of the beautiful has been discussed for long and debated at length. And generally the conclusion arrived at is that man's environment coloured by beauty does tend to mellow his nature and to impart a touch of graciousness to his manner. A man's ability to appreciate the beauty all around him is, like all of his other faculties, capable of being cultivated. One of the main ways of unfolding that capacity is the deliberate culturing of his own consciousness, surrounded by a million aspects and a million objects of beauty. Educationists and social reformers recognize the value of awakening and strengthening in the pupil as in the slum-dweller, the ability to absorb and to appreciate Beauty. True evolution teaches us that by altering the surroundings of the organism we can alter and improve the organism. Therefore is the poet, the playwright, the singer, the sculptor and every other artist an educationist of a very especial kind, whose value to his own country and to humanity at large is most difficult to appraise. In the debt which the layman owes to the creator of beauty is the incalculable extent of the latter's influence in arousing the creative faculty itself in the layman.

Evolution does not proceed from without within; otherwise with all the beauty which is spread abroad by nature and by man there would be a noble race of heroes existing to-day instead of a race of pigmies which meanly and conceitedly indulges in hatred and in cruelty and in marring that beauty itself. From within without is the course of evolution: unless a man acts from within he cannot become a creator. The knowledge of choosing paints and brushes and of copying on fresh canvas the masterpiece of some genius has its value. Such knowledge is helpful; it makes an educated man, but not a creator.

None can educate humanity by outer impacts only so that it shall be in entire harmony with surrounding Nature—a cosmos of the true, the good and the beautiful. That art by which a man is so awakened that he perceives the intrinsic worth of self-culture, and taking himself in hand educates himself as a creator of truth, virtue and beauty, is real. An expectant mother surrounded by objects of beauty will derive the psychological assistance which they give and their influence absorbed by her will contribute its quota of beauty to the process of fœtus-building ; but the moods of the mother have a far more powerful effect on the growing embryo. A hundred shapes of exquisite beauty remain useless to an expectant mother whose consciousness is tarnished by gloom or despair. So also, unless men and women look to their own consciousness, however much they may educate themselves they will not go very far on the Path of Beauty to which our esteemed friend Mr. Clifford Bax refers in his article which follows.

There is the factor of symbolism used by the creators of great works. The nature of great art is symbolic and often the symbols are not self-consciously and deliberately used ; sometimes the symbolism is as true as it is profound because it is not made by the mind of the artist but descends from spheres beyond that of conscious thinking. The deciphering and the assimilation of symbolism is one task of the treader of the Path of Beauty.

There is the great force which truth imparts to words in the remarks of Henry David Thoreau in *Walden* :—

"It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful ; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do. To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts."

This is very much in line with ancient Hindu thought which requires art to take note "not merely of form but also of what lies behind". Gandhiji once said : "There is an art that kills and an art that gives life. All true art must help the soul to realize its Inner Self."

THE USE OF BEAUTY

A hippopotamus, I have heard, on being asked to name the most beautiful object in the world, replied, "A female hippopotamus". The story may not be true (I confess to a doubt) but it does at least show how careful we must be when we talk of beauty. Many volumes, many long-winded volumes, have been written with the purpose of defining that word. Nobody, however, has told us what beauty is.

And when we are using a language so vague as English we need to be particularly watchful. There are more meanings in the word "love" than there are colours in the rainbow. So is it also with the word

"beauty". A surgeon will talk of "a beautiful operation", although the right word would be "skilful". A mathematician will say that he has found "a beautiful solution", when he means that his solution is exact. Even a chess player may call our attention to "a beautiful checkmate", —that is to say, a checkmate which is surprising and economical. Beauty, all the same, is no less real to us than are truth and justice. It is quite as real a thing in the world as iron or stone. It is, in fact, so real that we regard a tribe which has no sense of it as being backward and uncivilised. Now, there are stock-brokers, judges and ascetics to whom all the beauty in the world means nothing. If a man has no sense of truth, we call him a rogue ; if he has no sense of justice, we call him a scoundrel ; but if he has no feeling for beauty, do we at once tell him that he is an aboriginal ? We do not, but Shakespeare did : for, according to him, "the man who hath no music in his soul is fit for treason, strategems and spoils". We may not be able to say what beauty is, and yet we recognise that all great civilisations have been much concerned with it.

If we begin at the beginning we must agree that a delight in beauty is confined, in this world, to men and women. We cannot believe that a cow, ruminating in a meadow, rejoices in the colours and forms of a magnificent sunset, or that a beetle admires the blade of grass up which it is crawling. To the cow, the beetle and the unenlightened stock-broker, this world is a food-supply, and that is all. The man, therefore, who goes through his life without heeding the beautiful is really sub-human and ought not to call himself a man. He is just as defective as the man who has developed no sense of justice.

This is the more strange because men and women are not unanimously agreed concerning what is beautiful. A Siamese and an Australian might easily come to loggerheads about the beauty-queen of Worra-Worra. We know that each race prefers its own type, and that is why people assure us that beauty, like morality, is an outcome of geography and climate. Here we see once more, as when we were thinking about the hippopotamus, that beauty has nothing whatsoever to do with sexual desirability: an axiom which all art-students very quickly appreciate. The Siamese might regard the beauty-queen as a Plain Jane ; but he and the Australian would agree that there is beauty in a cornfield, in a golden coin minted by an ancient Greek, in a lake among mountains, in the movements of a cat, in a shapely drinking-glass or, shall we say, in moonlight trembling upon a summer sea.

All full-grown men and women, then, will respond in some degree to anything in Nature which is beautiful in colour, form, sound or movement. Our difficulties begin when we come to art, to the beauty made by ourselves. Here at once we disagree like mad. We do so because the pure æsthete does not exist. There has never been a perfect percipient of "significant form", to whom a picture should be equally attractive whether it stands right-side-up or upside-down. Since we have eyes, not lenses, we look at a picture with a

thousand associations which we have collected during our lives ; and for this reason a Victorian architect, trained to think of " Gothic " as the loveliest of all styles, would probably have found little to please him in a Chinese pagoda or in some of the intricately carven temples of India. We know, too, that until Whistler and Rossetti began to collect " blue china" and to praise old Japanese prints, very few persons in Great Britain would have discovered any beauty in the one or the other. It is at this point that we shall find a certain " use " in beauty which perhaps we were not expecting. You may recognise your true artist by the catholicity of his delight. Who has ever known a good artist to be narrowly nationalistic ? On the contrary, he will acclaim fine work in Europe, Asia, Africa, everywhere. Chinese music may indeed be difficult for a Western musician to enjoy, but he will certainly try to understand what was in the Chinese musician's mind. It is because art is international that politicians must always have difficulty in persuading a painter, a poet or any other artist to blow one of his brothers-in-art to smithereens. When, for instance, I read of the Sino-Japanese war I do not think so much about the various Generals as about Hiroshige and Laotsze. It is saddening indeed that two nations which have produced such artists and such philosophers should not have cared more for beauty and less for power or commerce. If their destinies had been in the hands of their artists, they would never have quarrelled.

This, however, is not the use of beauty which I have chiefly in mind. Now, there are people who cannot see that beauty has any use, and there are people who would like to suppress it. Mr. Justice Eve pilloried himself for all time (as we say) when he observed " What is the use of music ? " He meant, presumably, that music can make no difference to the material life of any one. He might as well have asked " What is the use of religion or of blue sky ? " And as for those who would have us turn away from beauty, they are usually people who associate pleasure with guilt. Most religions have been afraid of art. The Christian ascetics who fled into the Thebaid looked upon any lovely thing as a snare which might drag them back to " the world " ; and of what value is a flower, a symphony or a sunset to the fakir on his bed of spikes ? Such men, resenting the old force which insists upon making their hearts beat, and fancying that they will be happier elsewhere, although if we cannot be happy on earth we are likely to carry our disability into heaven, shun beauty because it might reconcile them to their lives. The greatest friend whom I ever had was a Buddhist monk, an Englishman who had lived most of his years in Burma. His mind was predominantly scientific. One day I introduced him to a painter, a Royal Academician, and I still remember how the painter subsequently said to me " No wonder he finds life so sad : he seems to be beauty-blind."

When Oscar Wilde upset the Victorians by stating that " all art is useless ", he was correcting the Victorian belief that all art must have a moral effect. He was saying in

shorthand that beauty is its own justification. We do not expect a flower to make us nobler members of Society : we expect it to delight us, and by so doing to make life sweeter. There are people, I know, who do not find that life is sad, but I will admit to believing that most of them (not the few genuine mystics) are simple souls who seldom reflect. We know the old saying—"Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." I would rather say that life may be pleasant enough, on balance, to the man who neither thinks nor feels beyond himself. It is when a man's imagination begins to grow wings, so that he roams the world and learns something about the malevolence and the suffering of humanity, and something about the grim aspect of "Nature"—it is then that he must find solace either in humour or in beauty or possibly in both. An English officer, fighting in France in 1916, sent me a letter in which, ignoring what Leonardo da Vinci called the "bestiality" of war, he praised the effect of moonlight falling upon the barbed wire ahead of him.

Perhaps, though, there is an even deeper use in our belief that certain things are beautiful. Hindu philosophy tells us of several "Paths" by which we may come to the ultimate experience but I can recall no philosopher who maintains that one of these paths is the path of beauty. Let us think the question out. I do not know how an agnostic accounts for time, space and the universe. In order to account for them, I, at least, have to suppose that Someone pulled the trigger ; nor, assuredly, does it matter at all whether we name that Someone "God" or "Brahma" or "Allah". The point is that the Great Someone is unquestionably, as Sir James Jeans would maintain, a marvellous Mathematician, for otherwise the universe would not be controlled so delicately by the Law of Gravity. Modern people, however,—engrossed in machinery—are forgetting that this Someone is obviously as much interested in beauty as in mathematics. That Someone, in fact, is a deviser of inexhaustible beauty, and the "use" of appreciating beauty may very well be that unless we do so we shall have missed one aspect, and a notable aspect, of the Power which invented the universe. It is for this reason that I suggest the possibility that the path of beauty may be one of the ways which we must travel if we are destined to understand the Someone behind all things.

CLIFFORD BAX

SOCIETY AND LITERATURE

[In the second number of the first volume of THE ARYAN PATH was published an article from the pen of the late Mr. A. N. Monkhouse on the important subject of the influence of literature on the thoughts and the morals of the people.

Then the late Mr. Gerald Gould, whose wide experience with the English novel entitled his views to serious consideration, wrote in our issue of June 1934 on "The Novel: Its Influence in Propaganda" to which a Note was appended which contained the ideas of so versatile a mind as that of H. P. Blavatsky, herself the creator of *Nightmare Tales* through which she tried to popularize her serious teachings on occultism.

In the following volume for 1935 appeared "Society and Literature" by the German sociologist Ernst Kohn-Bramstedt, which drew from Mr. A. N. Monkhouse a thought-provoking contribution on "Society and Fiction". In the same volume an American novelist Maurice Samuel wrote under the caption "A Torch of Darkness" and dealt with a problem of peculiar significance to the creator of stories but not unimportant in its bearing on the subject of the articles we print below.

In the January 1936 ARYAN PATH will be found two contributions on "Literature as a Moral Force": "The Hero in Fiction" and "The Return to Decency" which also the student interested in this subject should refer to.

The following quotation from Mr. A. N. Monkhouse's article on "The Hero in Fiction" is pertinent:

"We are affected, and in youth often deeply affected, by characters in fiction. It would appear that responsibility is thrown upon the novelists; this is a world in which it is impossible to escape from responsibility. The artist cannot stop continually to ask himself whether he is doing his best for the human race; he must make strange and precarious excursions; but he is not a good citizen of the world if he does not think of his comrades in it. Our fiction is influential; too much of it is irresponsible; the revolt against limitations may have helpful elements but even sanity is a limitation."

We give this bibliography here to help the reader to appreciate fully the two articles which follow.—EDS.]

I.—THE HARD-HEARTED MODERNS

[Humbert Wolfe combines in himself the genius of poetry and the efficiency of a business man. He is the Principal Assistant Secretary to the Ministry of Labour and to the discharge of his duties brings the power of the inspiration of literature. In the following article he writes about the understandable but useless and degrading indulgence in sex-lunacy of our times. There is lack of social responsibility with which the next article deals.—EDS.]

There have been two predominant and painful elements in post-war literature which may be taken to correspond to the life which we have lived

since the Thames, changing from liquid history, became liquid hysteria. The first is the almost religious attention paid to all matters affecting sex, and the second is the appearance and persistence of an inner core of resolute and indifferent cruelty.

Both of these outbreaks are easier of explanation than of exorcism. The preoccupation with sex is in large part the revolt against the restrictions in this regard placed on English writers during the century of sexual silence. It has been justly observed that until George Moore mentioned the facts of birth, so far as the Victorians and the immediately post-Victorians were concerned, children might well have come into the world in the absence of both of their parents on a holiday abroad. To reticence on this aspect there was added a stifling hypocrisy in the matter of chastity and the observance of the Seventh Commandment.

Memoirs, biographies and autobiographies indicate, as was to be expected, that our grandfathers and grandmothers were flesh and blood like ourselves, and, being such, were liable to the physical excitements of their condition. But if the novelists were to be believed, all young men were virgins till marriage, and an erring wife was not only a pariah but, like Mrs. Dombey, threw the first stone at herself. (Naturally the hearty good-fellowship of the Victorian male found in the trespasses of his own sex only a subject for bawdy self-satisfaction.)

A revolt was inevitable. It began with the Fleshly School of Swinburne, denounced first with courageous anonymity in *The Saturday Review* by the heroic pen of honest John Morley, and later by a certain Buchanan, whose only claim to remembrance is the infamy which he acquired by his treachery. It was followed by the Yellow-book Nineties and George Moore's passionate interest in the matter expressed in superb prose. But it only came to genuine fruition when the tough genius of D. H. Lawrence took the offensive and made the subject so universal that it became almost a reproach in post-war fiction for a couple to live in open matrimony.

For a period continuous discussion and description of all varieties of sex-relationship were the key-note of half the novels published. No doubt the wild social conditions that followed the war intensified the natural reaction against Victorian sloppiness. But even so, after about ten years of it the thing became a bore. The world sighed for one marriage, even if it were only a little one, and one instance of love-making, which did not require police intervention. The titanic success of Mr. Priestley's *Good Companions* set the seal on this desire for comparative quiet in the library. It appeared, as later instances from the U. S. A. indicated, that, thanks to Mr. Priestley, this dull insistence on the right to be dirty had "Gone with the Wind".

But, if the world had grown tired of sex-preoccupation, it could not escape from a certain hardness, approximating to brutality, in the gifted young, which was one of the legacies of the war. "You old men and women", said they, addressing those in the middle thirties and early forties, "destroyed the amenities of

the world for us. Well ! you're going to hear from us about it." And we have.

In the first place, there began a savage demolition of accepted standards and reputations. Books were not burned in the cheerful Nazi fashion, but they were burned out of shape with vitriol often projected from behind. The young men would have nothing to do with Galsworthy in prose, and could find in Masefield only a subject for raucous mirth. They honoured nothing, and they respected nothing. Prose-writing (except in France, in respect of which their critical sense deserted them) began with Lawrence and verse with T. S. Eliot. Before them was the Deluge.

In *Star-Begotten*, Mr. H. G. Wells, adding one more brilliant lightning-stroke of imagination to his luminous armoury, invented a ray projected from Mars by which old and half-disembodied creatures of super-human sagacity directed certain chosen Tellurians. Those so affected were different not in degree but in kind from their simpler and gentler fellow-humans. Like so many of Mr. Wells's fairy-tales, this exposed a truth in terms of fertile metaphor. It might almost seem that writers like Mr. David Garnett, Mr. Richard Hughes, Mr. Ernest Hemingway, Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Graham Greene, Miss Elizabeth Bowen, Mr. W. H. Auden and, in less degree, Mr. Evelyn Waugh were directed to their savage indifference to the normal aspirations of men and women by some super-terrestrial affinity.

There would hardly be space here to examine in detail the origin of this tendency to hardness, its spread and finally its consecration almost as a creed. Something, of course, it owes to a world where concrete force, as plain as a dragon in Andrew Lang, is breathing fire out of its nostrils from one end of Europe to the other. Deeds, not words, or to express it in a bitter pun, Might and not Left are the pass-words. Those who, as being Communists, believe themselves, however mistakenly, to be the last custodians of freedom, were bound to imitate in their writings the political methods of the Dictators. But this note of cruelty, endemic in French literature, preceded some of the more violent manifestations of Realpolitik.

Few, for example, detected in the delicate sentences of *Lady into Fox*, an almost shockingly violent rejection of the decency of human relationship. The episode of the vixen with her cubs will for the more thoughtful remain a permanent scar on the mind. Not less horrible in its beautiful indifference to all natural emotion is the treatment of the elder girl-child in *High Wind in Jamaica*. It is questionable whether anywhere in English literature is there so spectacular an indifference as in that much-admired book to the massacre of a child's soul.

Messrs. Hemingway and Faulkner need no bush. They have specialized in crazy violence : the storm-cone is always hoisted in their books. Indeed, Mr. Faulkner has almost reverted to the later Elizabethans with the introduction in each of his books of a chorus of mad men, chaunting bloodily. Their influence has, it is not denied, been very considerable in

this country. Nobody paid any serious attention, except the general public, to *The Bridge of San Luis Rey, Babbitt, Gone with the Wind.* These were broad, human and, therefore, derivative. But monosyllabic gangsters throttling one another in speakeasies—there was literature ready-made—and their influence was most marked where it had the greatest effect. It was the talented young who responded to the appeal to dive into the mud for pennies.

Two of the most remarkable books of the last six months are salient examples of the ossification of the writer's heart. The first, which was widely recognized as an important work, was Mr. Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock*; the second is the recently-published *The Death of the Heart*, by Miss Elizabeth Bowen. Mr. Graham Greene was in a sense pure Hemingway, but disturbed the monotonous current with little spurts of beauty that only intensified the frightening effect of the whole. It was (and is—for it has a long life before it) the tale of a young gangster in Brighton, head of a small race-gang. In the course of the story he commits two murders, casually described, with his own hands, and is only prevented from throwing vitriol in the face of his young wife by being anticipated by the police-officer. He has the soul, the appearance and indeed the language of a wolf. He seeks for prey, he is lean and loathsome and he barks in a strangled voice.

But what matters far more is that at the back of this persistent squalor is a real study of two lost souls on another plane. It is almost as though Mr. Graham Greene had taken that poison which doubles the vision. To such occasional heights does the story climb that, it seems, only one guided from Mars could willingly frequent its other and cruel depths. Nor is what must be put to Miss Elizabeth Bowen's account far different. Her beautifully-composed pages describe with complete absence of emotion the progressive violation of the soul of a normal, charming and innocent child. It has the remorseless quality of a Greek play, but it has not the Greek excuse of legendary tradition. It is in its quiet way as horrid as the destruction of Cordelia by the force of her abominable sisters, but it has no trace of Shakespearian sympathy for suffering in it. And it is in its way one of the best efforts of the younger generation. *Quo usque tandem?*

HUMBERT WOLFE

II.—SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY OF THE WRITER

[Estelle H. Ries is the author of *Mother Wit—Highlights of Ingenuity* and the Associate Editor of *The American Architect.*—EDS.]

Of all the subjects with which writers are concerned, perhaps the most important seems strangely neglected. I refer to the responsibility of the writer as an educator and a social force. The most influential educational media are newspapers and magazines, the radio, movies,

advertisements, the drama and books —all products of the writer's brain. The teachers and professors in our schools and colleges, even the wise spiritual leaders of the world, are greatly hampered by the fact that their work is diminished by indifferent or contrary-minded writers whose influence reaches larger audiences. At bottom it is a nation's writers who are most responsible for public opinion, and I say this, dictatorships notwithstanding.

The world to-day, we all know, is in a serious condition. Half-knowledge, indifference as to right or wrong, apathy to injustice, collapse of ethical sensitivity have marked recent history. Nations, rich and poor alike, have been assailed by the diseases of moral and spiritual bankruptcy. Why ? Because writers have not fortified the ethical and social sides of life to withstand them. One cannot resist citing Goldsmith's prophetic lines :—

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Almost the world over, public opinion has been allowed to overemphasize the material things of life and has neglected cultivation of the fundamentals of character. Integrity has been badly undermined. Conscience has been in a coma. People and nations with grim cheerfulness have been out "to get theirs" no matter how. We see little of the stuff of a Galileo or a John Bunyan or a Gandhi - men who have preferred torture rather than compromise with honour.

In these critical times the way people are thinking and feeling is especially important. Is it upon real facts or fancied ones ? Upon sound, wholesome emotions or distorted and destructive ones ? To-day we find our various nations trying to regulate external affairs—physical effects—while the attitudes of mind which caused these are left to chance. With such a policy, mental confusion and practical disorder are inevitable. Thought power undirected, unsoundly based, is dangerous. Only when it is enlightened, founded on facts, on truth, and activated by sound, wholesome emotions, is it safe to build upon. Hence the immense social responsibility of the writer.

Instead of seeing in this a tremendous opportunity for progressive, useful service, we find writers vying with one another to invent the crookedest criminal, the most ingenious perversion. Many magazines accept only stories about these sensational gangster thrillers. Certainly the large proportion of popular novels, love magazines and detective stories with their undisguised appeal to sex interest and highly keyed excitement cannot be characterized as a stabilizing or an inspiring influence. Vice and obscenity debase the public mind as much in fictional as in real life, and unhealthy mental food reflects itself in poorer body and spirit. People in general must have a very inadequate conception of the power of thought or the use of leisure, to devote so much of both to these unmeaning, trifling, stupid and disruptive outpourings.

It is hard to estimate how much such writing reflects the times and how much it causes to-day's decadent conditions in art and life. Literature

used to be an art. To-day it is an industry. People depend upon it for a living. That means they are swayed by the profit motive. They must write what will sell. Since those who can buy their wares are those with financial power, these latter are the ones who determine the writer's subject and policy.

While writers' courses give comprehensive technical information on how to write, the question of what to write is left to chance or editors' requirements. Thus, on the order of the promoter, the writer, subtly playing upon human nature by publicity, advertising, fiction and other forms of writing, moulds public taste and opinion to any end, whether desirable or not. That it be soundly premised, honest, wholesome, true, is no pre-requisite. Writing is used as effectively to praise something inferior as something good. Appeals are made to every human frailty fear, ambition, financial aggrandizement, vanity, sex instinct, imitativeness, envy and special techniques evolved for each.

But writing cannot continue as merely a business. It must become truly a profession with the implication of service which this carries. It is more than an art because of its great social significance. Whatever the personal motive for writing, whether for gain, or self-expression, or anything else, writers who have access to hosts of people must always recognize an accompanying obligation not to give them perverted values, false interpretations and inflamed passions. By the mere fact of publication, writers become educators or mis-educators. Cold education of the mind without care for an ideal and indifference to a moral viewpoint develop problems for penology. People must have instilled in them deep convictions about the right things. Perhaps that is propagandizing, but since this weapon is being used for the wrong things there is need for the right-minded to counterbalance its effects with proper mental diet.

What people read is largely mind-food. Yet while there are pure food and drug acts for the physical man we seem to think that even the mildest censorship of our mind-food is a terrible infringement upon our human rights and liberties. Is the meat-packer permitted to pursue his human rights and liberties to their full extreme by neglecting all sanitary precautions in the packing-house? Physical poisoning carries its own penalties of pain for the consumer, but mental indigestion has no immediately obvious effect upon the "sufferer". It would be interesting to have a library shelf equivalent to the medicine chest providing mental bicarbonate of soda or other first aid under parallel conditions. Labels on the book jackets might give the percentage of appeal ingredients- physical, mental, emotional stating whether the contents "will not harm the heart" or are "not artificially coloured". Other books might carry a line of the proper antidote for their particular kind of poison, and publishers might thereby find sales increased. Thus at the end of a salacious novel they might say, "Compare Rabelais- from your bookseller". Or, "Take a pageful of Emerson after each chapter".

When we consider the potent influence of the writer it almost seems that he should be licensed before he is permitted to poison the minds of trusting readers. Other professional practitioners have to be registered or licensed, with credit rather than disparagement to their standing. Qualifications for professional writers' licenses should include an ethical and constructive attitude toward human relations, an educational awareness and a social conscience, with, of course, knowledge of the business of writing from its technical form or literary skill standpoints. Even a Hippocratic oath could justify itself.

This world is of course a realistic one. I am not pleading necessarily for less realism but for more idealism. Oriental observers like Gandhi and Tagore warn us that Western civilization is drifting toward the tragedy of pigmy purposes wielding the power of giants. Our present life has as prominent qualities congestion, confusion, lack of privacy, physical luxury masking mental poverty, over-stimulation of nerves and spiritual immaturity.

> Two principles in human nature reign:
> Self-love, to urge ; and reason, to restrain.

Thus Pope in the eighteenth century. To-day in the twentieth only the first of these seems active. We do not live like beings endowed with minds capable of real thinking. Thought-provoking magazines have the smallest subscription lists. The best books have minority readership, the best plays the shortest runs. Books must be best sellers, not best literature. Art is good if it costs much and is exclusive. We are overawed by size and quantity. Business is big, not necessarily socially minded. Religion is counted by statistics, not by deeds. Our lazy minds do not trouble to go to the bottom of anything. Most of us prefer a great deal of ignorance to a small degree of effort.

The issue of self-expression seems to conflict somewhat with the social responsibility of the writer. Art *versus* moral influence makes a troublesome discord. How far shall the writer freely express himself? Each individual is made up of many factors, good and bad. Our personality and our character traits are both negative and positive. For the most part we do not consider which self we want to be—which self we want to express. Neither society nor the individual gains by self-expression of negative or selfish traits. Yet nothing is more priceless, both to society and the individual, than self-expression when it involves those inner qualities of high-mindedness and large-heartedness that all of us possess in varying degree. Style and self-expression in writing are not dependent upon falsely sensational and destructive content. They can be just as ably employed in more purposeful material. From the standpoint of its influence, form is not so important as content. Rather a poor poem with a good thought than a masterpiece of evil message. The problem, I believe, is neither readers' demand nor writers' self-expression. Writers are confronted with changing people in a changing world. They, more than any other group, can aid them in making the necessary adjustments and a safe transition.

The only way a nation can feed

itself on poisoned mind-food is if writers produce it. The distributors who publish it are not nearly so much to blame. If consumer-readers are unable to advance their own tastes, must the writer cater to their stupidity and add fuel oil to the fire? Can he be only the slave of an editor who in his turn is a slave of a misguided consumer-master? Is he still the ancient scribe who merely held the pen while the customer dictated? Can he not rather assume an attitude of protest and give readers what they should have, or at least refrain from giving them what they should not have? Where is the old prestige that formerly earned the reverential attitude once held toward authors? Writers have the ability to be their own propagandists and to build up their own significance as a group which justifies its existence in service to society. All effective censorship begins with the self. It should be just as easy, with resolution, to make editors and public "decency conscious" or more capable of participating in economic, social and spiritual progress, as it is to fill them with fear, hate, envy and other destructive ideas.

If reputable writers refused to write for the wrong papers, the wrong causes, the false publicity, the unsoundly premised policies, these would be largely starved at the source. If we were to call a figurative Writers' Strike against salacious magazines and exaggerated sensationalism, I am inclined to think it would do more good than any misguided Nazi purge, for it would attack the evil thing and not human victims. This would kill a bad habit to some degree but the cure would not be complete until a good habit was cultivated in its place. There has never been a time when there has been such an array of great social questions. Let every writer do his part to put honesty and clear thinking a few steps ahead and leave his readers richer in knowledge, understanding, emotional stability and ethical awareness.

Writers are at the head and crux of national mental and emotional health. Why be mindful only of money when so much more is at stake? Can we not, readers and writers alike, enter into a voluntary self-censorship on this mind-food business? We should be proud to produce and support good literary material that does not offend good taste and that builds lives of peace and use. The sequence in achievement is always ideas, thought, action. What people will do in the next short time depends upon how they are thinking now, and that in turn is largely due to writers, their source of information and inspiration. Good writing need not content itself merely with reflecting the times. Authors can take a place of leadership in carrying us forward into a promised land that makes a little more sense than 1938 on the Planet Earth.

ESTELLE H. RIES

THE PROBLEM OF DEATH

[Below we publish two studies of a subject of universal interest.—EDS.]

I.—IN GERMAN LITERATURE

[**Ernst Kohn-Bramstedt** is the author of *Aristocracy and the Middle Classes in Germany* and other volumes and has in preparation *A Study in Satirist Society.* —EDS.]

Death is an eternal problem for human beings, but in literature it is not a permanent problem. Death is all-powerful, but in the course of history it is not always a popular subject for poetry and art. German literature in the middle ages is full of the warning *memento mori*, an imperative of Christian doctrine as well as an expression of fear caused by the danger of epidemics and war. In the classic German literature of about 1800, on the other hand, death plays as slight a rôle as a problem as it does in the philosophy of enlightenment. Moreover death, with Goethe as well as with other representatives of German idealism, lost much of its terror. The idea of death, once symbolized as a cruel reaper with a scythe, who suddenly cuts life short, is now replaced by that of a torch-bearer, whose torch gradually flickers away. The bitter and senseless abruptness of death becomes a gradual and harmonious disappearance. Goethe, a strong believer in nature's rhythm of growth and decay, saw in death only a trick of nature to produce more life, for it was his deep conviction that nothing in the economy of the Universe is ever lost, and that our minds are indestructible, eternally enduring. He compared them with the sun which, appearing to set before our eyes, actually never sets but spreads its light incessantly.

Nineteenth-century literature, based on the idea of progress, shared this view with some modifications. But the twentieth century before, and still more after, the experience of war no longer took the slogan of progress for granted. The more rationalized European life became, the more the great irrational factor in life regained its puzzling power. The taboos of Victorian convention were attacked and destroyed, and the naked truth of the facts of life and death once more raised its melancholy and cynical head.

Death as a reality in the structure of our society and a problem for the more profound mind, has now been re-introduced into European literature. In France Marcel Proust has described decay and agony with a new technique centred on the enigma of Time ; in England Aldous Huxley ponders over the metaphysical aspects of a problem which seems to ridicule our attempts to grasp it ; German contemporary literature above all shows the new approach to an eternal question in an original way. Some Europeans may call this preoccupation morbid, but those who wish to feel the pulse of our age cannot afford to dismiss lightly the de-

scription of death in the novels of Thomas Mann and Werfel, or the interpretation of it by a distinguished writer such as Hofmannsthal and by the poet-mystic Rilke.

In the limited space of this article only a short glance can be taken at the artistic and philosophic bearing of this new approach. When the young Thomas Mann at the beginning of this century wrote his naturalistic report of the decay of the Buddenbrook family, he included some indirect as well as direct scenes of death and agony. The sudden death of Consul Buddenbrook, for instance, is seen by us through the experience of his family, who in the house watch a thunderstorm without any idea that meanwhile the husband and father is upstairs, the victim of a fatal lightning stroke. It is the atmosphere of a dramatic event in surrounding nature which is so strikingly and symbolically portrayed.

In a different, but no less masterly manner the death of his wife is described with clear psychological insight into the process of dissolution. The Frau Konsul, a woman of the world with a strong will, a great love of life and of good living, hates her illness, but watches its progress with intense interest. The stages of advancing pneumonia, her obstinate clinging to consciousness, her replies in her delirium to the fancied voices of her late husband and of her dead friends are reported in detail. Can a picture of the last phase of an agony be more realistic, more dramatic and at the same time more dignified than the following?

> At half-past five there was a moment of quiet. And then over her aged and distorted features there passed a look of ineffable joy, a profound and quivering tenderness; immediately she stretched out her arms and cried out, with suddenness swift as a blow, so that one felt there was not a second's space between what she heard and what she answered with an expression of absolute submission and boundless and fervid devotion —"Here I am"—and parted.

Death is the great leveller, perhaps the only truly democratic force in this world, but the psychology of dying, so far as there is any, varies as regards the inner attitudes of people in different social surroundings and conditions. Franz Werfel in his brilliant short story *Der Tod des Kleinburgers* (the title of the English translation very inadequately being *The Death of a Poor Man*) holds that the death of a proletarian is very different from that of a petit-bourgeois. The genuine proletarian allows the doctors to argue, makes no demands, surrenders quietly, and without resentment to the unavoidable fate. But the petit-bourgeois refuses to die without resistance, being afraid to lose something besides his life—"a bank-account, a filthy bank-book, a respected name, an old tumble-down sofa".

This theme is illustrated by the story, written in a somewhat psychoanalytical manner, of a Viennese small commissioner struggling hard to delay by a few days his death from pneumonia in order to complete his sixty-fifth year and so secure for his family the advantages of an insurance policy due on this date. His dream phantasies reveal the clash in the subconscious between the process of natural dissolution and the instinct for the maintenance of his family.

The outstanding events of his life pass before his inner eye, distorted, but with a symbolic meaning. His former superiors, the colonel of his regiment, the priest of his church, the head official in his office, successively demand his submission to their will, the giving up of his resistance to the voice of the super-ego. But he bravely holds his own, overcoming all temptations, until the harbour of middle-class security, guaranteed by the policy, is reached.

We turn from the death of the patrician and of the humble citizen to that of a celebrated writer and intellectual. The patrician retains his dignity, the petit-bourgeois strives for security up to the last, but for the artist it is above all beauty and death, which form a characteristic correlation. Thomas Mann's novel, *Death in Venice,* shows the sudden zest for life of a celebrated writer who, after many years of strict work and self-discipline, surrenders to the fascination of southern life and the contemplation of the beauty of a Polish youth. It is not the importance of the plot, but the atmosphere of the ultimate revival of life, and of relaxation through the experience of human beauty, of threatening chaos and sudden death, which primarily claim our attention.

Beauty and death here overcome something which Thomas Mann does not depreciate—self-control, duty, and devotion to work. The irrational factor at last matches the rational one. There is in this story a romantic element expressed in language of great subtlety. The psychologist of death already shakes hands with the metaphysician, for Thomas Mann always had a tendency in both directions. In *The Magic Mountain* the former prevails, in *Buddenbrooks* the latter. Shortly before his death Senator Buddenbrook reads Schopenhauer's great work *The World as Will and Idea,* and finds consolation in the conception of the transmigration of souls ; for he hopes to be re-incarnated as a boy, more lively, more forceful, and more primitive than his own over-refined and morbid son. But in *The Magic Mountain* the psychoanalyst has replaced the metaphysician. In the Davos sanatorium illness is perhaps more relevant than death, in this strange little cosmos of eccentric adventurers of mind and of love, of gossipers, doctors and spiritualists, decay is a common feature, death often a commonplace. Hofrat Behrens, the efficient but rather cynical head of the Institute calls himself an " old retainer of Death " and thinks that people usually overrate it. The process of dying may sometimes be grim, but death itself—according to him—does not count very much.

> Out of the Darkness we come, and we return to it ; in between lie the experiences of our lives. But the beginning, and the end, birth and death, we do not experience. They have no subjective character, they are entirely in the category of objective events.

Hans Castorp, who represents the poet and metaphysician in Mann, accepts death far less easily than the doctor. Life—he thinks—is so short and problematic that men should always wear mourning, and their intercourse should be earnest and mellow. Castorp suggests even the creation of a new special formality of

death, a style suitable for human beings, the only ones on earth who are aware that they have to die. For Hofrat death is a triviality, for Castorp a riddle.

Thomas Mann deals with both aspects, but neo-romanticism best represented by H. v. Hofmannsthal (1874-1929) and R. M. Rilke (1875-1926) is occupied only with the second one. Their poetry shows that the thought of death can make for a deeper experience of life, if one understands its mysterious spell. Hofmannsthal, the refined and sensitive exponent of bygone Austrian culture, combined a deep sense of beauty with a painful knowledge of the instability of human life. He well understood the melancholy of the "Panta rei" of the Greek sage: —

How can it be that days that seem so near
Are gone, for ever gone and lost in death?
This is a thing that none may rightly grasp,
A thing too dreadful for the trivial fear:
That all things glide away from our clasp;
And that this I, unchecked by years has come
Across into me from a little child,
Like an uncanny creature strangely dumb
That existed centuries past somewhere,
That ancestors, on whom the earth is piled,
Are yet as close to me as my very hair,
As much of me as my very hair.[1]

Cruel as death is, however, it is not meaningless, it delivers a message to man to give up worldliness and selfishness in time and is an incentive to become better and more mature.

In the short lyric play *Death and the Fool*, the blasé æsthete Claudio is shown by death (who appears as a figure in most of Hofmannsthal's plays) that he has misspent his life in egoistic isolation. Therefore Death from the realm of shades calls upon the three main figures of his life, to whose kindness and devotion he responded with indifference and conceit: his mother, the girl he pretended to love but deserted at last, and the friend whom he betrayed. Too late the fool realizes that he meant nothing to anybody, and nobody meant anything to him. Yet he recognizes with gratitude the purifying power of death. Hitherto he knew neither life nor death. But death now brings more intensity to his last hour than life ever granted him. Death here calls himself the son of Dionysos and a kinsman of Venus: —

Arise! discard inherited fear,
No figure of dread am I
The great God of the Soul
To Venus akin, Dionysos' son is near.

Death matures all that it touches. The same idea, together with the second one of the social function of death, is to be found in the poet's later plays. Death is praised as the democratic leveller. In the *Great World Theatre of Salzburg*, constructed on Calderon's model, four social types—king, rich man, peasant, and beggar face death. The beggar rebels against the unjust social order of a world, where power and wealth mean everything and where beauty is also their retainer. Yet in the end he learns that it is not the rôle we play in this world that matters, but the final attitude of the player leaving the stage. Inner values are of more importance than exterior ones; theology counts for more than sociology. There is compensation for

[1] *The Lyrical Poems* of *H.* v. Hofmannsthal, translated by C. W. STORK, p. 34, (Yale University Press, New Haven 1918).

the social sufferings of the beggar in the greater dignity and maturity obtained by the sufferer. The beggar, socially the lowest figure, becomes metaphysically the leader. He dies reconciled to his lot, ready even to help his former oppressors, raised to maturity. A solution which is anti-revolutionary and based on the tradition of Catholicism.

Of Rilke one of his intimate friends could say: "He was a poet of death." Exactly; but it was in a way as original and profound as it is difficult to understand with the normal categories of rationality. Rilke's was not so much a rational as an intuitive mind, he was a kinsman of Meister Eckhart and Hölderlin and his imagination was of a peculiar kind, existing "in visions of embodied abstractions". His precision and painstaking devotion reached their climax in his last works *Sonnets to Orpheus* and *Elegies from the Castle of Duino*.[1]

For him life and death are one, two different aspects of the one reality we can never fully grasp. We are players on the stage of life, but occasionally we obtain a glimpse of the other realm which is greater and more important.

Of parts we play, the world as yet is full,
The while, concerned, to please we all essay,
Death also plays—although he pleases not.

But on thy departure came reality, to the crevice
On this stage, through which thou gently passed;
The truest green, the brightest sun, forest wide
And vast.

Still on we play, declaiming what with trouble
We here did learn,
To Silence too perchance we turn;
Yet now and then, the knowledge of thy distant being,
Convincingly descends;
Arrested then, awhile we stand,
And play the part of Life—oblivious of applause.

For Rilke death is intrinsic in life, originating with life itself not representing only its end; it is neither a catastrophe nor a gentle expiration, but a fruit, the seeds of which are sown at the birth of every individual, and it grows with the growth of each one.

In a requiem devoted to the death of a young girl the poet expresses this idea:—

Your Death was already old when your life began,
Therefore he attacked it so that it could not survive him.

Death is universal, but should be individual. Everybody should experience a death corresponding to his own nature and inner structure. Rilke postulates individualism of death as a remedy in a mechanised and over-collectivized age:

Lord! vouchsafe to each a Death his own
Proceeding from a Life in which
Was Love, and Thought, and Need.

But husks are we, the leaves of which,
In all contained, are Death, the Fruit,
The Aim and End.

Rilke distinguishes thus between the "great death" truly adequate to the individual, full of mystery and sense, and the "small death", stereotyped and deprived of any inner experience. In the big cities of Berlin and Paris the migratory poet realized not only dreary sickness and poverty on a large scale, but in the hospitals also a mass-production of death

[1] There is an English translation of the *Sonnets* by J. B. Leisham (London 1936) and of one of the *Elegies* by V. Sackville-West and E. Sackville-West (London 1936).

cases which appeared undignified and depressing to him. This is shown by a glance at *The Notebook of Malte Laurids Brigge*,[1] written in soft and mellow language. For the poor Danish aristocrat, Brigge, the barriers between life and death, reality and imagination, are lifted in a strange manner sometimes reminiscent of the delicate romanticist Novalis. In these memoirs we hear from deceased relatives of the narrator, who walk through the rooms of the castle in which the family is sitting in fear and uneasiness. The reappearance of the dead is here taken for granted, and not treated with a friendly irony as in the description of the spiritualist meetings in *The Magic Mountain*.

In his later years Rilke stressed the need to "keep life open to death", and from this new conception of existence which comprised life as well as death he tried to find an interpretation of love which cannot be discussed here. At the same time his language became more and more difficult and even mysterious for the ordinary reader. Seldom in our age has the deep wonder and mystery of our uncertain fate been expressed in a more striking manner than in the following lines from the poem *Death*:

> What strange Beings then are These, that with
> Poison one must chase?
> Would otherwise they, fascinated, stay,
> Partaking still of our hindered Meal?
> Robbed by a relentless Present,
> Deprived thus of their teeth,
> They lisp, and mouth, and whine . . .
> . . . . . .
> O! Shower of Stars,
> From a Bridge once seen,
> Forget thee not. Stand!

To keep life open to death does not mean an escape from life. Rilke once stated that he who truly understands and celebrates Death makes Life also great. Undoubtedly life would be shallow without the problem of death, and many great things are done with a view to, or in spite of, death; on the other hand it would be intolerable to human nature to gaze unremittingly at death. We have on the one hand the optimistic rational view of man which prevailed during the period of enlightenment and of the French Revolution and which is in full swing in Russia to-day. According to this idea the progress of civilization, or that of a class, means everything; only a "good life" is aimed at, and the death of an individual is of minor importance and no real problem. On the other hand there is the pessimistic idea of man, which, following the orthodox Christian tradition, stresses sin, decay, death and judgment. According to this view death is a sword permanently hanging over man as a warning and an appeal. Thomas Mann impartially represented and embodied these two opposite attitudes to life and death in two remarkable types in *The Magic Mountain*, the eloquent Italian freethinker Settembrini and the fanatic Catholic priest Naphta. Hans Castorp, probably the mouthpiece of the author's views, ponders long over the different outlooks on life and death. Both try to win him over, but neither of them succeeds. Finally he takes up a position of his own. He thinks it equally wrong to avert one's eyes from death or to dwell on it and thus become its slave. Death

[1] English translation by J. Linton (London 1930).

is powerful, but love and goodness are still greater. These reflections embody the most valuable aspect of the problem of death which modern German literature has to offer.

Death—so Hans Castorp says to himself—is a great power. I will keep faith with death in my heart, yet will remember that faith with death and the dead is evil, and hostile to humanity, as soon as we give it dominion over thought and action. For the sake of goodness and love, man shall allow death no sovereignty over his thoughts.

ERNST KOHN-BRAMSTEDT

II.—IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

[**Philip Henderson** is the author of *The Novel of To-day* and other volumes. - EDS.]

It is a paradox that when we are faced with death we begin to think seriously about the value and meaning of life. Nothing makes us so acutely aware of ourselves and our position in the universe as the prospect of dying. Thus it is hardly surprising to find that in literature the problem of death is closely linked up with the problem of self-knowledge and personal integrity.

For the purposes of social life we may make certain generalizations about experience, but in death we are alone; and alone, face to face with ourselves and our own isolation, these generalizations appear painfully superficial and inadequate. Death is a great winnower of values, and on how we face its challenge will depend the value that we give to our lives. It is in fact only when faced with death that we see ourselves divested of all disguises and as we really are. For then action ceases and we are left with our own interior world.

This conflict between the world of action and the interior world of spiritual values is seen nowhere so clearly in modern English literature as in the novels of E. M. Forster. In *Howards End*, Mrs. Wilcox, the wife of the ruthlessly utilitarian business man, cannot reconcile these two worlds; their eternal conflict and contradiction is too much for her, so she dies. But the country house, Howards End, which seems to embody all her secret inner life, remains, pervaded by her presence, as a symbol of those values of gentleness, understanding and personal integrity which her husband and son have sacrificed in their lifelong pursuit of "success". The Wilcoxes are successful men, they "get things done", they make a good deal of money, but their lives are intrinsically meaningless and based on fear because they refuse to face themselves or reckon with any thought or emotion which would widen and deepen their vision of life beyond the pursuit of immediate end. Their lives are shown as one long flight from themselves through a succession of busy activities which keep them safely on the hard utilitarian surface of life. But the death of Mrs. Wilcox opens her husband's eyes to what life might mean. He marries a young woman, Miss Schlegel, who stands for everything that, as a practical business man, he has all his life refused to

recognise—and the opposites are at last united under the influence of Howards End. But Forster is careful to imply that the salvation of Mr. Wilcox could not have been brought about except through the intervention of death, which opened to him a fuller and richer life than any he had experienced before.

The novels of Virginia Woolf are full of a sense of time, change and decay. Her peculiarly delicate and intuitive apprehension of the world of phenomena arises from a feeling of the impermanence and instability of human life and the evanescence of all things. This is felt most strongly, perhaps, in *To the Lighthouse* and *The Years*, where the characters seem to move in a dream-world of super-reality and the objects of the exterior world appear strangely distinct and yet remote as though perceived from a point of vision removed from the uses of everyday life. Here again, as in *Howards End*, the death of Mrs. Ramsay effects a strange metamorphosis in the lives of the other characters who, while still living, yet seem to have become a part of her death, so that in the latter part of the book the outer world becomes still more transient, evanescent and dream-like. At the conclusion of *Mrs. Dalloway* the polite social world of the party in Westminster, for which everything else in the book has been a gradual preparation, is once more revealed in all its superficiality by the sudden and unexpected presence of death. The death of an insignificant and mentally deranged young man suddenly brings home to Clarissa Dalloway, as she stands at the top of the staircase receiving her distinguished guests, all the hollowness of the social ambitions upon which her life is built; the news awakens her to a sense of the reality of her position and her lost integrity.

> A thing there was that mattered; a thing, wreathed about with chatter, defaced, obscured in her own life, let drop every day in corruption, lies, chatter. This he had preserved ... Death was an attempt to communicate, people feeling the impossibility of reaching the centre which, mystically, evaded them ..... Somehow it was her disaster—her disgrace. It was her punishment to see sink and disappear here a man, there a woman, in this profound darkness, and she forced to stand there in her evening dress.

The same sense of the transience and instability of human life may be found in the poetry of T. S. Eliot, though his work moves consistently at a deeper level of consciousness than the novels of Virginia Woolf, for all that her novels are in reality extended poems. Eliot's poetry is haunted with images of death. It might almost be said that he writes habitually as one at the point of death. In *The Waste Land* he meditates on the moments of significance in his own life, finds it bitter and arid and thirsts for the waters of spiritual rebirth. His heart torn between the claims of sensual and supersensual love, he seeks a wisdom that will resolve this contradiction and allay the conflagration of his senses, meditating on the teaching of the Buddha and the life of Saint Augustine. The poem ends with the dissolution of all civilization and the spirit wandering in the wilderness in search of God and "the Peace that passeth understanding". In *The Hollow Men*, a mysterious and

beautiful poem that followed *The Waste Land*, Eliot attempts to cross in imagination to "death's other kingdom". But there he can only discern in the twilight fading fragments of his earthly experience and the promise of that final meeting with himself from which he shrinks.

Eyes I dare not meet in dreams
In death's dream kingdom
These do not appear
There, the eyes are
Sunlight on a broken column
There, is a tree swinging
And voices are
More distant and more solemn
Than a fading star.

Let me be no nearer
In death's dream kingdom.
Let me also wear
Such deliberate disguises
Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves
In a field
Behaving as the wind behaves
No nearer —

Not that final meeting
In the twilight kingdom

He realises, however, that he will be

Sightless, unless
The eyes reappear
As the perpetual star
Multifoliate rose
Of death's twilight kingdom.

At that final meeting there can be no disguises. He must face himself as he is or remain blind, and the vision of that judgment must become the guiding star of his soul in its passage through death. In *A Song for Simeon* he tells us that :—

My life is light, waiting for the death wind
Like a feather on the back of my hand.

This continual consciousness of the nearness of death in Eliot's poetry has the effect of deepening his perception of reality. By realising the transience of all experience, he feels all the more keenly its moments of greatest value. His awareness of death makes him all the more determined to discover the true meaning of life.

There has always been an intermittent metaphysical strain in the novels of Aldous Huxley, but it is only in his last religio-philosophic work ***Ends and Means*** that it has at last come into such prominence. At the conclusion of that often profound and witty novel *Those Barren Leaves*, one of the characters, Calamy, leaves the house-party in the Italian palace, where everything under the sun is perpetually and inconclusively discussed, and retires to the mountains alone, in search of inner tranquillity. In his solitude he is visited by the cynical philosopher Mr. Cardan and the bitter sceptic Francis Chelifer and the three friends engage in a Platonic discussion that centres round the eternal problem of the purpose and meaning of life. Mr. Cardan asserts that the soul is at the mercy of the body and dies with it, but Calamy is determined, through disciplined meditation, to arrive at a reality beyond the limitations of ordinary existence.

Even if it is impossible to get at reality, he concedes, the fact that reality exists and is manifestly very different from what we ordinarily suppose it to be, surely throws some light on this horrible death business. Certainly, as things seem to happen, it's as if the body did get hold of the soul and kill it. But the real facts of the case may be entirely different... What is the reality on which the abstracting, symbolizing mind does its work of abstraction and symbolism? It is possible that, at death, we may find out. And in any case, what is death, ***really***?

The question, like most of the more profound questions in Huxley's novels, remains unanswered. Chelifer, however, denies any reality apart

from the external world and the limitations of ordinary existence, and condemns those who claim to have any knowledge of it as "sentimental imbeciles". But Calamy points out that, far from being imbeciles, such people have generally been men of the highest intelligence, and he instances Buddha, Jesus, Lao-tsze, Boehme and others, remarking that their approach to reality was, in all essentials, conspicuously similar.

No, he tells them, it is not fools who turn mystics. It takes a certain amount of intelligence and imagination to realise the extraordinary queerness and mysteriousness of the world in which we live The fools, the innumerable fools, take it all for granted, skate cheerfully on the surface and never think of inquiring what's underneath.

Many of D. H. Lawrence's *Last Poems* are devoted to meditations upon his approaching death, which he regarded as the extinction of his old self so that his new self might be born. "The Ship of Death" begins :

Now it is autumn and the falling fruit
and the long journey towards oblivion..
And it is time to go, to bid farewell
to one's own self, and find an exit
from the fallen self.

And he came to welcome the thought of death for its promise of a long sleep and a healing "from all this ache of being", from which he believed that he would awake renewed, like the man in his fable *The Man Who Died.* Like a seed he saw himself germinating in the winter darkness of the earth, and in "Shadows", one of his last and most beautiful poems, he gave expression to this faith. Lawrence had often said that we must have faith in life ; now he discovered that it was just as important to have faith in death.

And if, as autumn deepens and darkens
I feel the pain of falling leaves, and stems
that break in storms
and trouble and dissolution and distress
and the softness of deep shadows folding, folding
around my soul and spirit, around my lips
so sweet, like a swoon, or more like the drowse of a low, sad song
singing darker than the nightingale, on, on to the solstice
and in the silence of short days, the silence of the year, the shadow,
then I shall know that my life is moving still
with the dark earth, and drenched
with the deep oblivion of earth's lapse and renewal.

PHILIP HENDERSON

WORDSWORTH

HIS "PRELUDE" AND THE UPANISHADS

[**Manjeri S. Isvaran** has published three small volumes two of which are poems, *Saffron and Gold* and *Altar of Flowers*.—EDS.]

The Prelude shows, by its sub-title, "The Growth of a Poet's Mind". It is an authentic record of Wordsworth's life from childhood to early middle age, told with such apparent sincerity that in spite of its occasional dullness, its egoism and didacticism, it remains a reservoir of pure poetic energy demonstrating Wordsworth's thesis of life, always poetical, but never clearly philosophical although it touches philosophy at points. A theory of life invites an ideal, which flourishes like a flower amid nettles and an ideal in life imports a mission. Wordsworth claimed for himself a mission to interpret Nature, felt that a

> ....bond unknown to me
> Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
> A dedicated Spirit,

to rouse in man perception leading to discipline—"teaching seriously and sweetly through the affections, melting the heart, and through that instinct of tenderness, developing the understanding".

How far did Wordsworth himself realize this ideal of the dedicated spirit? What exactly did he mean by Nature? The Universe implying the Highest Truth: the mind of Man and the mind of God as being identical? If so did he attain the vision and comprehension of it? To these questions raised by his autobiographical poem, *The Prelude*, a Hindu approach in the light of the Upanishadic lore is attempted here.

The Prelude describes Wordsworth's childhood and boyhood as happy, in the sense that it provided an excellent preparation for his poetic maturity. Nature for him was fraught with danger and desire:—

> Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
> Fostered alike by beauty and by fear.

He becomes vaguely aware of a life about him, of a higher power than fancy, but airy phantasies oppress his mind and though welcome light dawns from the East, it dawns only to disappear,

> And mock me with a sky that ripens not
> Into a steady morning.

But in the crisis of adventure it is not the sense of physical fear that overpowers him; it is imaginative terror before a power as yet uncomprehended:

> When I have hung
> Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass
> And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock
> But ill-sustained, and almost (so it seemed)
> Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
> Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time
> While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
> With what strong utterance did the loud dry wind
> Blow through my ear! the sky seemed not a sky
> Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!

The mind of man is like a moon in which thoughts like shadows chase one another, and as these thoughts are sometimes harmonious but often hostile, there does not seem to be an

integral and abiding power in or about it. The movement of the mind is usually towards the world, not towards the Self, the Primary Me ; and even when it is so, it is concerned with the objectivity of the world. Anaxagoras found in mind the primal element ; Kant came with his famous dictum : The World arises in consciousness. Using the same knowledge, and by a process of contemplation brightened by memory and strengthened by the Imaginative Will, Wordsworth sees the smallest fragment in the world as wakeful and alert and tingling with life, with the life of the whole.

> him who looks
> In steadiness, who hath among least things
> An undersense of greatest : sees the parts
> As parts, but with a feeling of the whole.

This is at best only a mystical experience, and even when he speaks of :

> Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
> Like harmony in music, there is a dark
> Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
> Discordant elements, makes them cling
> together,
> In one society.

or,

> Wisdom and spirit of the Universe !
> Thou Soul that art the Eternity of
> Thought,
> That givest to forms and images a breath
> And everlasting motion, not in vain
> By day or starlight thus from my first
> dawn
> Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
> The passions that build up our human
> soul ;
> Not with the mean and vulgar works of
> man,
> But with high objects, with enduring
> things—
> With life and nature- purifying thus
> The elements of feeling and of thought,
> And sanctifying by such discipline,
> Both pain and fear, until we recognise
> A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Contemplation which he has wrought out of a " wise passiveness " into a theory of knowledge only succeeds in reinforcing the imaginative Will and fails to realize a Truth higher than Nature. He worships " Presences of Nature in the Sky and on the Earth " " Visions of the Hills ", and " Souls of Lonely Places " ; such a worship, while bestowing on him the sense of the eternal in life, does not give him even fleeting glimpses of his own Soul, of which the Universe is the symbol and the reflection. His poetic insight, which is as intense in motive as his poetic vision, leads him to the very frontier of a discovery of the secret of the Universe, as in the following passages :

> But that the soul
> Remembering how she felt, but what she
> felt
> Remembering not, retains an obscure
> sense
> Of possible sublimity, whereto
> With growing faculties she doth aspire,
> With faculties still growing, feeling still
> That whatsoever point they gain, they yet
> Have something to pursue.

And when the eye is single in utter solitude : -

> Oft in those moments such a holy calm
> Would overspread my soul, that bodily
> eyes
> Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw
> Appeared like something in myself, a
> dream,
> A prospect in the mind.

Or when a mood of his own warred with the general tendency of external things, but for the most part subdued and subservient :—

> An auxiliar light
> Came from my mind, which on the setting
> sun
> Bestowed new splendour ; the melodious
> birds,
> The fluttering breezes, fountains that run
> on
> Murmuring so sweetly in themselves,
> obeyed
> A like dominion, and the midnight storm
> Grew darker in the presence of my eye !

Hence my obeisance, my devotion hence.
And hence my transport.

"Possible Sublimity", "A Prospect in the Mind", "An Auxiliar Light", are phrases timid of the Supreme Reality, the One Truth underlying the apparent three : the World, the Soul and God ; they fail to convey the Upanishadic ideal of *atmasaksatkara* or self-realization, the realization that the Universe is but the expression of One Universal Self, *Brahman.*

As Professor Raleigh well observes:

He was haunted by a sense that truth was there, directly before him, filling the whole compass of the Universe—the greatest and most obvious and clearest of all things, if only the eye could learn to see it. But the tricky and ill-trained sense of man moves vacantly over its surface and finds nothing to arrest attention ; sees nothing indeed, until it is caught by the antics of some of its old accomplices ... For himself, he sought admittance to the mystery by two principal means. It is something to rid the mind of petty cares and to be still and attentive, but it is not enough. There are guides to the heights of contemplation ; and there are fortunate moments of excitement that roll away the clouds against which the traveller has long been straining his baffled eyesight.

Wordsworth did not surrender his self in the process of contemplation —which surrender is the supreme Yoga ; by a series of accumulated impressions he touched his own past, and wrapped his experiences in the glowing amber of memory. And because there was no surrender of the individual self he mistook the illumination of his own highly wrought emotions as the divine illumination. His ultimate conception of Nature was her identity with life.

Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity
Of first and last and midst and without end.

All he beheld "respired with inward meaning".

It was no madness, for the bodily eye
Amid my strongest workings evermore
Was searching out the lines of difference
As they lie hid in all external forms,
Near or remote, minute or vast ; an eye
Which from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,
To the broad ocean and the azure heavens
Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,
Could find no surface where its power might sleep ;
Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,
And by an unrelenting agency
Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

However, by this identity with life it should not be meant that any theory of pantheism is attributed to Wordsworth. He is a pantheist in so far as he is a pagan naturalist by his minute and intimate descriptions of the phenomena of Nature:

... the earth
And common face of Nature spake to me
Remarkable things.

When the meaning of the phenomena was there before his eyes, he tried to discover it and was caught in the mazes of a mystical philosophy.

With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance pleased
With its own struggles, did I meditate
On the relation those abstractions bear
To Nature's laws, and by what process led
Those immaterial agents bowed their heads
Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man ;
From star to star, from kindred sphere to sphere,
From system to system without end.

Again and again he creates these moods of suspension by reason of his analysis, and there is no getting away from the ego-centre, to which his ex-

periences have narrowed him down. But Nature to him is always *Natura Benigna,* as Watts-Dunton puts it, and he finds his poise in Nature :

For what we are and what we may become
Than Nature's self, which is the breath
of God,
His Pure Word by miracle revealed.

Or

The power which all
Acknowledge when thus moved, which
Nature thus
To bodily sense exhibits, is the express
Resemblance of that glorious faculty
That higher minds bear with them as
their own
This is the very spirit in which they deal
With the whole compass of the Universe !
They from their native selves can send
abroad
Kindred mutations ; for themselves create
A like existence ; and whene'er it dawns
Created for them, catch it, or are caught
By its inevitable mastery
Like angels stopped on the wing by sound
Of Harmony from Heaven's remotest
spheres !
* * * * * *
Such minds are truly from the Deity.

These passages reveal a touch of the Infinite, but Nature is hardly the Upanishadic *Brahman.* By reason, blest by faith, Wordsworth exalts spiritual beauty :—

In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine,

which exaltation he uses to evoke the harmony within him.

The Upanishads do not recognize the reality of the separative soul ; the Reality is only the state of utter egolessness, freedom of the self from the bondage of the body and the realization that Man Himself is the Supreme, timeless and spaceless. Such a realization experiences the mysteries of which Wordsworth wrote but never fully experienced.

Those mysteries of being which have made
And shall continue evermore to make
Of the whole human race one brotherhood.

Wordsworth had the poetic vision preëminently, but he lacked the spiritual vision which is the basis of all Yoga ; and he built on Nature, now with introspection, now with analytical reasoning, an opulent mansion, pale beyond porch and portal of the One Reality, for his Self to inhabit. And he lived here in holy communion with Nature, in the bliss of solitude, strengthened by the memory of a youth that was immortal. And today he remains a great nature-mystic instead of the *atma-gnani* he might have been had he escaped his ego. But when life becomes to one an oppressive night, his faith will shine like a neon gleam to light one in one's darkness ; his honesty strengthen, his primordial tenderness, like wholesome herbs, heal and console.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

PROPRIETARY THOUGHTS

[Eleanor M. Hough, Ph.D., is the author of *The Co-operative Movement in India*.– EDS.]

> Hawkesworth said of Johnson, "You have a memory that would convict any author of plagiarism in any court of literature in the world".

Literary piracy, which has now become the eighth deadly sin, has only lately been considered wrong at all. The concept of property rights in works of the mind dates back no farther than the printing-press. The Roman law provided quaintly, as Blackstone points out, that anything written on another's paper or parchment was the property of the owner of the blank materials! It seems absurd to us to-day, but is it any more so than some of the views current on the subject of plagiarism?

What constitutes plagiarism? According to Webster, a plagiarist is "one who plagiarizes, or purloins the words, writings or ideas of another, and passes them off as his own; a literary thief". Obviously an unauthorized edition of a living author's book, an unacknowledged reprint of his article or poem, constitutes literary piracy. Even a particularly felicitous and characteristic combination of words, which in its brief completeness constituted a motto or a maxim, would be, no doubt, claimable as the brain property of the author, and the giving out of it by another as his own would properly be stigmatized as plagiarism. But we have a quarrel with Webster's sweeping definition on two counts: first, the fantastic implication that can be read into it that certain words *qua* words can belong to one man who may forbid their use by others, and secondly, the no less debatable assumption that a man's thoughts are exclusively his individual production and his own private property.

The former could be stretched to bring under Webster's condemnation every man who puts his pen to paper. For who does not depend on others' words for his own self-expression? If one essayed inventing all his words as he went along, not only would he fail to convey his thought, but also he might soon find himself an involuntary guest in one of the retreats maintained at state expense for the most original of our thinkers. What a world it would be if men could fence off words as they have fenced off land, and forbid the rest of us to trespass on their property! Obviously, Webster's definition must not be stretched too far in that direction.

But what about ideas? Does the lapidary who cuts and polishes the precious stone steal credit from the man who brought it from the mine? And the goldsmith who in turn sets the jewel, does he rob the lapidary of his due? Or, to borrow a simile from skiing, does it constitute a theft to use another's thought as the ramp from which to soar off into space?

The changes have been rung so many times upon a charge of plagiarism that one who hurls the epithet of "plagiarist" to-day almost inevi-

tably lays himself open to a *tu quoque* retort. The accused, moreover, finds himself in most distinguished company. Has it not been proved that even Shakespeare's plays did not all spring, Minerva-like, full-panoplied from the brain of the Jupiter of English letters? Some are of humbler ancestry, tracing their plots, their incidents and their characters to the fancies of probably deservedly obscure Italian writers. Their dross was turned by Shakespeare's genius into gold. Was any man the poorer for that unacknowledged borrowing?

Longfellow likewise drew without acknowledgment upon the German translation, then but little known, of the Finnish saga, the *Kalevala*, for *Hiawatha*, his inspiring epic of the legendary hero of the North American Indians. Was the *Kalevala* or were its bards the poorer for the opening of its treasures to the English-speaking world without the label of their country of origin? For *Hiawatha* was not a translation in the strict sense; it was an adaptation of the *Kalevala* to an alien land and an alien people, and the greatness of a national epic is never more vividly evident than when such a successful adaptation proves the universality of its appeal.

The Hindi *Ramayana* of Tulsidas, to take an example from Indian literature, is no mere translation but deservedly ranks as a great original composition, though owing its main inspiration to the genius of Valmiki who gave the world the Sanskrit *Ramayana* in its present form. The gold has been melted and poured into a fresh mould; a new stamp has been put upon the coin; that is all. Men do not ask from what mine gold has come before they will accept it and add it to their wealth.

Cases could be multiplied of gifted authors being taxed with using as their raw materials thoughts partly processed by their predecessors. The most recent charge against an author for failure to acknowledge the source of his inspiration is that brought by Miss Esther Shephard in a contemptuous biography the title of which reveals its animus—*Walt Whitman's Pose*. Miss Shephard would have it that George Sand's little known novel, *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt*, a quotation from which was found among Whitman's papers after his death, was the major influence in his career and furnished the impetus for his literary as well as personal "pose" as the free and natural poet of humanity, the champion of democracy and the spokesman of a new world.

Granting the resemblance between Madame Dudevant's hero—with his exalted views of man, of life, of human brotherhood—and the American poet, does it prove anything except the fundamental sympathy of outlook between the two great writers? Was Whitman really "artful and egotistic", as Miss Shephard claims? Did he deliberately and fraudulently hide the fact that he had read George Sand's novel, in fulfilment of his avowed effort to stand alone, independent of literary props? We need not bring the obvious refutation that, if Whitman all his life had so sedulously kept hidden this "secret", one of such magnitude, according to Miss Shephard's exaggerated fancy, that the deception corrupted his life, he would hardly have left a tell-tale quo-

tation from the book among his papers as evidence against him !

Leaves of Grass was hailed by Emerson as " the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed ", and it enjoyed a wide circulation. It appeared in 1855 and several editions had come out before 1876, when George Sand died. If she herself had felt that she had been defrauded of her due of credit, she would have had ample time to state her claims as Whitman's *inspiratrice*. Naturally those who share Miss Shephard's pigmy prejudice against a man cast in a larger mould than most of us are quick with their applause of her findings. We have seen one review in which the writer shakes his head piously over this alleged concealment as "a serious indication of the man ". It would be funny were it not so sad.

After all, what obligation lies upon an author to proclaim each book that he has ever read, to docket, as it were, the source of every thought ? We are reminded of a reflection of sage Epictetus which seems apposite :—

> As sheep do not bring their food to the shepherds to show how much they have eaten, but digesting inwardly their provender, bear outwardly wool and milk, even so do not thou, for the most part, display the maxims before the vulgar, but rather the works which follow from them when they are digested.

Is not the fact as Dr. Cromwell stated it at least half a century ago, that " true talent will become original in the very act of engaging itself with the ideas of others " ? Or, as Milton wrote : " Such kind of borrowing as this, *if it be not bettered* by the borrower is accounted plagiary." Judicial interpretation of the English copyright law, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* tells us, has set up as the criterion of originality in a literary production " whether the author or compiler has really put his own brain-work into it ". Could any one deny to *Leaves of Grass* the mint-mark not of Whitman's brain alone but of his very soul ?

What is an *original* idea, and are any thoughts in very truth our own ? The whole conception of thought piracy, it seems to me, springs from a shop-keeping mentality and from ignorance of the laws that govern thought. " My " and " mine " and their equivalents in every tongue are ugly words at best, but they are never more repellent nay, more false- than on the lips of artist or of thinker. Either, by his greater sensitiveness than most men possess, is enabled to catch a clearer reflection from the world of ideas than is vouchsafed to the average man. The West has had no conception of that world except from such vague hints as it has gleaned from Plato's Archetypes and from the Astral Light of the Western Kabalists, of which Eliphas Lévi particularly wrote so mysteriously.

The hypothesis of such a supersensuous medium, where all men's thoughts are stored to be reflected thence into receptive minds, seems to offer a valuable clue for research into thought transference, which has of late been engaging the attention of sober scientists. It would explain, for instance, as apparently nothing else can, why " literary doubles " are so common a phenomenon, why so often two or more independent authors start almost simultaneously to write biographies of the same in-

dividual, sometimes of one little in the public eye. Especially it gives a hint worth following up for many cases of apparent pilfering of others' thoughts, in which the " plagiarist " stoutly denies that he has ever seen the work he is accused of copying.

From a slightly different point of view, the frequency of plagiarism innocent of fraudulent intention affords a striking proof of the fact of human solidarity. Our minds are " bibulous of the sea of thought " in which we move and which is so much our native element that we are no more aware of it than fish may be supposed to realize that they are in the sea. A thought is no man's individual production but each man, like a worker in the assembling-plant of a great factory, may add what he can to a thought as it passes him. Carlyle has seen it in a flash of intuition thus :

> Beautiful it is to understand and know that a Thought did never yet die ; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future.

ELEANOR M. HOUGH

Now, since the metaphysics of Occult physiology and psychology postulate within mortal man an immortal entity, " divine Mind ", or *Nous*, whose pale and too often distorted reflection is that, which we call " Mind " and intellect in men -- virtually an entity apart from the former during the period of every incarnation --we say that the *two* sources of " memory " are in these two " principles ". These two we distinguish as the Higher *Manas* (Mind or Ego), and the *Kama-Manas*, *i.e.*, the rational, but earthly or physical intellect of man, incased in, and bound by, matter, therefore subject to the influence of the latter : the all-conscious SELF, that which reincarnates periodically -verily the WORD made flesh !—and which is always the same, while its reflected " Double ", changing with every new incarnation and personality, is, therefore, conscious but for a life-period. The latter "principle " is the *Lower* Self, or that, which manifesting through our *organic* system, acting on this plane of illusion, imagines itself the *Ego Sum*, and thus falls into what Buddhist philosophy brands as the " heresy of separateness ". The former, we term INDIVIDUALITY, the latter *Personality*. From the first proceeds all the *noëtic* element, from the second, the *psychic, i.e.*, " terrestrial wisdom " at best, as it is influenced by all the chaotic stimuli of the human or rather *animal passions* of the living body.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY in *Raja-Yoga or Occultism* (p. 66)

THE WORLD OF FOLK-SONG

[**Professor Roy Mitchell** is a member of the faculty of the School of Education of New York University and specializes in the æsthetics of the theatre, the history of art as related to the theatre and in phases of speech and song. During the past eight years he has been engaged in research into native song and instrumentation and with a group of his colleagues called "The Consort" has offered the fruit of their inquiries in concerts, recitals and lectures in New York and the Eastern States. The present article is part of a book now in preparation.—EDS.]

Somebody has said of the Irish that they have had two kinds of poets—the high, obscure poets whom the people revered, and the simple, forthright poets, whom the people loved. High obscure poetry may be born of communion with the gods, and these poets like to think it is, but something that closely resembles it may be born of nothing more than a desire to be obscure, and this is far oftener the truth. The simple poet has no such refuge in the clouds. He cannot live by reputation. His poetry must delight or perish.

There are always two kinds of music in the world. There is the music of skill—skill of contrivance and skill of discernment—which for both maker and listener is an exercise of the motions of the mind, and there is a music of the motions of the soul. Each must give its own kind of delight, but the mark of the music which is so much of the mind is that it must always flatter the mind. It must always be self-conscious. It must be clever; it must allow for the inventions that give prestige to the practitioner; it must easily tire, must change. So it runs in grooves, obeys fashions, has revolutions, reforms, significant figures, movements, schools. It celebrates its greatness, it says, "How much better we are than we were". It confuses novelty with originality. It worships the new and half pities the old.

It is the music that is reputed to evolve, to mount and mount to a splendid now, and this saves the wear and tear of critical judgment, because to know which of two things is better you have merely to look at the date. It is the music of people who, having only one life to live, like to think they are living it at a peak of human achievement. It is court music, wealthy patron's music, pedagogue's music, virtuoso's music, too often instrument-maker's music. It may be great and moving, it may be ponderous and studied and dull, but it must always be different. It is the ever-changing.

The mark of that other music is that it is not self-conscious, has no theories of itself, writes no definitions, engenders no learned debates. It has homely means for its processes and its makers invent or sing or play it for the intrinsic delight of it. It may be expert and intricate but it is rarely professional, and therefore it has no paid promoters and few contenders for its importance in a cultural diagogy. It is spontaneous, born of the annals of a people, fits close to their daily lives, their work, their merrymaking and their tragedies. It

is preserved in many memories, as the old oral scriptures are preserved, with an accuracy that by a strange paradox we have lost in our era of the historic sense, of editors and print and copyright and pretending to be exact. None the less it is fluid in performance. On a framework of melody which is ageless, the singer or player may make his own style, his own mood, his own time, his own divisions and flowers. When he has ended, the melody slips back into its ageless form again. Nobody can say how old its themes and its sequences really are, by whom they were made or when. It has no historic names and needs none.

It is the music of those who cleave to the essential majesty of the human soul in whatever surroundings, who believe with Plato that the soul brings with it innate powers far transcending those it ordinarily manifests on earth. It is the music of men and women who by imagination or reasoned belief can think of themselves as citizens of the ages, and, with no fierce preference for the modern, can think of any culture and any music as their own. It is the stream from which every age has drawn the life for its formal music. It is the everliving.

Our academic music of Western Europe is only one of many structures erected on the native form. Ancient Greece had one—perhaps several—of such forms. Egypt had hers and Babylonia and Persia theirs. India's concern with *raga* and *ragini* and the appropriate mode for the hour of the day are a temporary preoccupation with a phase of a far wider music. The kind of song most people identify with China is not the native outpouring of the Chinese race but the overlaid and elaborated art-song of actors and courtesans.

We may safely assume that for every civilization there has been a studied music of which scarcely a trace may remain, and I think we may assume also that in a few thousand years our own cloud-capped towers of harmonic tissue will have vanished into thin air, leaving on earth nothing but a few melodies and a lingering preference for our familiar cadences.

Of course it can be argued that the native music of the world is the crude ore which must be refined and minted into the musical currency of a great civilization. Unfortunately this has scarcely ever been argued. If it had we would possess a much richer knowledge of the relation of the two. Nearly always the crude simplicity of native music has been assumed and the writer, without sufficient knowledge, has proceeded on the theory that native music is the childish groping and cultivated music the maturer vision. Until a few years ago there were good reasons for believing this to be the fact. All we knew of native music was contained in printed collections of folk-song, in which none too responsible editors made over their material to embody their own ideas, or more honest but baffled editors found that they must twist delicate nuances to fit them into our debauched piano scale, or must clip intricate rhythms to accommodate them to our infantile squared notation. Out of this stultification, made necessary by our own insensitivities, arose the common idea that native music must

be naïve, could have no subtleties--that it was primitive.

With the rise during the last three decades of phonographic recording we have had a new revelation. The native music of the world is not a poorer, cheaper, easier music. It is a different music. It can be so subtle and so fluent as to defy all our symbols. It is a complete column from the little two-note melodies that are hardly more than drum rhythms, to the most exquisite use of the archetypal modes. It demonstrates that musical genius is where you find it, that musical capacity does not go hand-in-hand with civilization at all. Indeed it is greatest when for isolation or poverty or oppression other spiritual outlets are denied. It conforms to that law which intensifies the touch or the hearing of the blind, and the most foolish assumption we make about musical genius is that it can only arise within easy reach of a philharmonic society or a conservatory. The new enlargement we now possess into the music of the races has had its chastening effect upon us. We are realizing that in our eagerness for facility of modulation, for great processions of chord changes, and, often, for nothing more than to make the world better for virtuosi, we have thrown away the true and instinctive scale made up of consonances, and have accepted a counterfeit piano scale of equal divisions in disregard of something essential to the mind of man. We are realizing also that when we gave up all the ancient modes except one and part of another we got a simplification of our massive scores but we paid too much for it in beauty and variety, and if our formal music to-day faces bankruptcy, as so many of its own exponents say it does, it is because we have denied too many of the richnesses of the human soul. We are realizing most of all that we paid too much for our modern loudness. Not only have we discarded sensitive instruments of widely varying colour--viola d'amour, tromba marina, lute, harpsichord, bound clavichord, recorders,—but we have trained the voices of women to the same instrumental shrillnesses and the voices of men to the same blare, and have forgotten that song might be gentle and heartfelt, wistful and exquisitely shaded, and that never must song move too far from speech.

The phonograph discs, which make it possible now for the lover of essential music to hear what a generation ago was only available to the traveller, have their richest treasure for us when they come from the backwaters of the world—those areas least penetrated by our modern sophistications. Latin America, Russia, French Canada and Louisiana, Greece, Serbia, Finland, Iceland, Roumania, the Appalachians, the Hebrides, the West of Ireland, the South of Spain, all North Africa, all the Levant, all India and all China.

In the West we have narrowed down our songs to a few themes revolving endlessly upon young love and mating. Native song encompasses the whole life of peoples. Here are the songs of the toilers—of fishermen and rowers, of carpenters, blacksmiths, tailors, weavers and cobblers, of vine dressers, ploughmen, sowers and gleaners, of sword-makers, of mule-drivers, carriers, road-builders.

Here are songs of blind men, of beggars and lepers, of paid wailers for the dead, of blessers of wine at funeral banquets, of marriage-brokers ; insult songs, dispute songs, riddle songs. Here are songs of convicts, of men condemned to die, songs of widows and laments for the dead, songs for the waking of the soul at death, whole liturgies of spells and magic, vampire songs, songs of cleansing and protection against the evil eye, songs of fairies, of little animals, birds and trees and flowers. Here are songs of sorrow for children who died young—the come-sees endless lullabies, plough whistles, lilts, mouth music.

Here also are great heroic songs like the Greek one of the self-immolation of the hundred Suliote women, of the massacre in Santa Sophia, or the Serbian cycle of the unhappy field of Kossovo, or the Cossack songs of that invisible army of the dead that goes always under the green grass wherever the living armies of the Cossacks go.

This music is not the report of an era. It is seed for meditation upon the immortal soul of mankind at its most moved and most moving. It is rich when it is merely listened to, but richest when it is sung, when we accept its insistent invitation to participate—an invitation our own music so rarely extends to us. It is a talisman for wide sympathies, for a rich life and, if we can take the testimony of the old people of the races that sing, it is a charm against loneliness.

ROY MITCHELL

A CORRECTION

At the end of the last paragraph but one of my article under the title "Alice Leighton Cleather : A Friend of Oriental Culture" in your November number (p. 542, col. 2) the last sentence is unfinished. It should read as follows : "It seemed to many that the last great war was a fulfilment of this prediction, but it was not a complete *dćbâcle*, and the awful aerial warfare (a rebirth of the old Atlantean *Viwâm* mentioned in the *Ashtar Vidya* and other works) had yet to develop into the wholesale murder of innocent non-combatants." As puzzled readers are writing to me for an explanation I shall be much obliged if you will kindly publish this letter to rectify the error.

Calcutta. BASIL CRUMP

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

APPROACHING THEOSOPHY*

"Philosophy", writes Professor Whitehead, "is akin to poetry, and both of them seek to express that ultimate good sense which we term civilisation". In this sentence we have the essence of his aim and practice as a philosopher. He is as much aware of the danger as of the necessity of abstraction. An abstraction, he writes elsewhere, "is nothing else than the omission of part of the truth. The abstraction is well-founded when the conclusions drawn from it are not vitiated by the omitted truth." This omitted truth is the concrete actuality from which every abstraction is derived. The fact unilluminated by the concept is unreal. But so is the concept divorced from the fact. Professor Whitehead is, therefore, a vigorous critic of every philosophy or science which breaks up the totality of experience and constructs a system either on the basis of "mere fact" or "mere concept" of matter or of mind. There can be no reality in which these two aspects of experience are not reconciled. The poet reconciles them in an act of imagination; the philosopher must include them in the synthesis of his thought. And to do this he must never allow his mind in its pursuit of logical completeness to close the door against life's infinite potentiality. "We must be systematic; but we should keep our systems open. In other words, we should be sensitive to their limitations. There is always a vague 'beyond', waiting for penetration in respect to its detail."

The lectures contained in this book exemplify and expound such an attitude. In all of them Professor Whitehead strives to bring the "beyond" into a mental focus and in doing so to maintain the vital relation between the infinite and the finite. In the first three lectures, for example, he studies the working of creative impulse as combining what he calls "matter-of-fact" and "Importance". By the former he means merely things in movement, by the latter the conception of things as related to the unity of the universe and an intensity of individual feeling about them. From this individual feeling spring art, religion and morality, all of which represent the control of the life process to intensify experience. Language grew out of the same need, "the mentality of mankind and the language of mankind creating each other". But with the growth of knowledge mentality came more and more to circumscribe the free growth of understanding. Men specialised in fragments of intelligence which did not "stand together as one large self-evident coördination". Dogmatism which is "the anti-Christ of learning" applied its deadening closure to the "vibrant disclosure" of creative experience. Men had ceased to trust themselves to the vital process out of which alone new forms could take shape. They had lost the secret exemplified in the greatest art, in which "the whole displays its component parts, each with its own value enhanced; and the parts lead up to a whole, which is beyond themselves, and yet not destructive of themselves".

In the second section of his book, under the general title of "Activity" Professor Whitehead considers the nature of the interplay or interfusion of the Absolute and the Relative, of Perfection and Change. He makes the point that Plato's changeless world of forms is a contradiction in terms, since the condition of form is change and the

*_Modes of Thought_. By ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.)

changeless can only be conceived as formless. He considers that in the discussion of our deeper experiences, religious and mystic, an unbalanced emphasis has been placed upon the mere sense of infinitude. The full solemnity of the world, he insists, arises from the sense of the infinite realised within the finite. However we may conceive Absolute being, created existence is meaningless, divorced from change. He admits that the essence of the Universe is more than process and that belief in an Absolute expresses a fundamental aspect of our experience. But he holds that to divorce a static Absolute from the process of creation is to vitiate our whole conception of knowledge, exalting knowledge in abstraction from action and reducing the world of action to a world of shadows. This part of his book will be of particular interest to students of Eastern thought for its relevance to the doctrine of *Maya* so often misinterpreted as draining all reality out of the material world. For Professor Whitehead "Nature is full-blooded. Real facts are happening." We are actualities within a world of actualities. And if the merely finite is trivial, the merely infinite is a void. But in the sense of Deity meaning is restored to both. In the Many we experience the transcendent One and value issues from the perceived interplay of fact and form.

In the section that follows, entitled "Nature and Life" he attributes the blindness of Physical Science to a similar separation of body and mind fixed on European thought by Descartes. After discrediting the notion of Nature as a self-sufficient, meaningless complex of facts with which science started its career and which it has never really thrown off, and showing how entirely different is the new view of Nature as "a theatre for the inter-relations of activities", he concludes that science "conceived as resting on mere sense-perception, with no other source of observation, is bankrupt, so far as concerns its claim to self-sufficiency". Science, he adds, "can find no individual enjoyment in nature: Science can find no aim in nature; Science can find no creativity in nature; it finds mere rules of succession. These negations are true of Natural Science. They are inherent in its methodology."

It is good to find an eminent philosopher confirming so emphatically what Madame Blavatsky demonstrated sixty years ago.

This brief summary of Professor Whitehead's argument can give little idea of its depth and subtlety. He is an inspiring, if at times, difficult, philosopher because his thought is rooted in the creative imagination by which alone nature can be understood and valued and of which the sense-perception upon which physical science has relied or the rationality of mere logicians are only single factors. For him "Philosophy begins in wonder. And at the end, when philosophic thought has done its best, the wonder remains." Substitute theosophy for philosophy in that sentence and the truth is the same.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

Earth Memories. By LLEWELYN POWYS. (W. W. Norton & Co., New York. $2.75)

Mr. Powys will be familiar to readers of THE ARYAN PATH from his article on "The Animal Wisdom of India", published in its columns some time ago. Anyone who feels oppressed by the dull drabness of life should certainly read this book in order to have his eyes opened to the beauty and wonder that are to be found all around us. "It is the stupidity of our minds", as the author well says, "that prevents us from seeing existence as a mystery wilder than the dream of Devil or God".

It is true, of course, that Mr. Powys has adopted a pessimistic philosophy to serve as a background to these sensitive sketches, mainly of the Dorset countryside. He affects to be quite certain that "the truth resides in matter's proud processions as they are revealed to our uncertain senses", that dead men "have no longer any form of existence, have been utterly annihilated" and that "God is the unspiritual shiver of matter that is and was and will be forever". Incidentally, when one remembers how a similar 'philosophy' underlay Hardy's *Wessex Novels*, one begins to wonder whether there is not something in the psychic atmosphere of Dorset which is conducive to such a view, something which fancy, at least, can trace back to the despair of King Lear as he wandered, "the saddest of all kings", crownless and forsaken amidst the warring elements of Egdon Heath.

However that may be, one cannot but be thankful for the beauty which the author reveals to us, a beauty which is all the more poignant because seen against an almost Buddhistic background of eternal transiency.

There is no rock of ages. Where for summers grass grew, there is now wheat, and where the sheep were folded, docks. Between our cradle and our grave time is no longer than a sheep boy's whistle, and yet long enough to recognise this process of passing, passing, passing.

Buddhist, too, is his dislike of the cruelty, stupidity and greed that mar the beauty of the life that might so easily be ours. In all vital matters he is on the right side (by no means to be confused with the side of church-going religion!); his so-called "rich life of the senses" is shot through and through with the creative life of the spirit and even the dark materialistic curtains that he hangs up as his backcloth only serve to throw into higher relief the vivid foreground loveliness.

"I am a child of Earth and Starry Heaven", said the Orphic initiate, "but my race is of Heaven alone". Even so, it takes two parents to make a man and no one who dips into these *Earth Memories* can fail to gain new insight into the beauty of life and to come away refreshed in spirit from his contact with the age-old life of the Earth Mother. He will also have had the privilege of coming into contact with a rich and generous spirit, one whose use of the English language is as sensitive as his feeling for nature, one who, above all, is forever on the side of those who "will not have the poor oppressed in body or in soul".

SRI KRISHNA PREM

Milestones in Gujarati Literature. By KRISHNALAL MOHANLAL JHAVERI. (N. M. Tripathi, & Co., Bombay. Rs. 2/8)

The impact of the East upon the West has occasionally its surprising side. To hear in a dim country church, sparsely occupied by a congregation suffering from "the distortions of ingrown virginity", the passionate sensuality of an Oriental love-poem, is to experience something of it.

How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! The joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman. Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor. Thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies. Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins...How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love for delights.

This, officially, is said to represent Christ's love for the Church—a neat enough resolution of the dilemma facing those who included as a book of the Bible "The Song of Songs" because it was Solomon's, only to discover that it hardly represented that aspect of the son of David which they wished to stress. To rationalists and others, the situation is not without humour.

But in this matter, as so often, the situation is not as simple as rationalists (most unreasonable of beings) like to pretend; and the old commentator may, after all, be nearer the truth than

the modern critic. The Eastern idiom, certainly, is not an altogether appropriate expression of Western devotion; but it is excellent as a clue to Eastern devotion. The West, with the exception of a few great mystics, has never been happy about the relationship of the erotic with the religious, because the real genius of the West is ascetic and puritan. The Manichees triumphed in spite of their defeat, and to-day the modern rationalist, their spiritual heir, reinforced by the psychoanalyst, continues the attack and turns the connection with eroticism to the discredit of 'religion'.

It is good, therefore, to find Dewan Bahadur Jhaveri insisting - as indeed he could hardly help doing that "poetry and religion are inseparable in India" and that this is particularly true of early Gujarati poetry. Miran Bai, the premier poetess of Gujarat, in her devotion to Lord Krishna wrote songs which, on the surface, seem mere erotic verse.

> But this interpretation is never put upon them in Gujarat. . .Mothers and daughters sing them together in the Garbas, which men and women gather together to witness, and no one thinks there is anything improper or harmful in listening to the sweet garbis of Miran Bai being sung.

The East is too wise to make the facile mistake of the West.

So from the great, and even less restrained, songs of Narsinh, her contemporary and the first great name in Gujarati poetry, to the controversial compositions of Dayaram (who died in 1852), this interpretation of the spiritual by means of the physical persists. But one is conscious that, even here, the influence of the modern Manichee is at work. The sensuality of Narsinh, of the fifteenth century, is permitted. But what of Dayaram, who is only a lifetime away?

Certainly it is difficult to see anything but the obvious interpretation in this, for instance:

> Come to my house, O prince, to enjoy yourself; come to my house. Come there to drink and to make me drink the cup of love and to ride the steed of youth. Come at nightfall and no one will notice.

On the other hand, there is this, which Krishna addresses to a Gopi:

> I am yours, I am yours, my beloved. You may give me any names you like. I have not erred, but still I say I have erred: punish me as you like. Consider me to be an offender, and bind me with the rope of your two hands. If you want to punish me still more, aim the two arrows of your eyes at me. If you are afraid of my fleeing away, hoist me up on the castle of your bosom.

Since critics are still divided as to the interpretation of the Sringar of Dayaram—Mr. Jhaveri points out that "the subject is highly technical and therefore controversial and requires deep and important study"- he must be allowed his eminence on account of his art alone, the language which at least is chaste and classical. But, if there is any doubt, he may surely be allowed the benefit of it, on the grounds that as his poetry is in the classic tradition so also may be the interpretation of it.

The author writes fully of Dayaram, the last of the great poets, as of Premanand, who in the seventeenth century did so much to raise Gujarati from the low estate into which at his time it had fallen and most of whose poetry shows a reaction against the dominating religious element. These are the three giants.

> Just as the van was gloriously led by Narsinh, the centre by Premanand, so the rear is brought up by Dayaram. In reaching its full stature, in being able to touch the stars, Gujarati literature is equally indebted to all three.

In issuing a second edition of this book, which gives to the Western scholar so readable and interesting an account of that literature, the publishers have done a service to the better understanding between East and West; and the author by using in many cases comparisons with European poetry shows himself not only a critic and a chronicler, but a teacher.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

Prefaces : Lectures on Art Subjects. By SHAHID SUHRAWARDY. (University Press, Calcutta. 5*s.* 6*d.* or Rs. 3.)

There can surely be few men living who possess a wider or richer culture than the author of these lectures. An Indian, who has spent many years in Europe, chiefly on the Continent, he is detached from national prejudices ; and with a keen awareness of all the modern movements in literature, the arts, and the theatre, he brings to bear on each of his themes a luminous intelligence and independent judgment. The last two of these papers are on the Modern European Stage and on Some Continental Writers. The former of these includes a very interesting account, from inside, of the methods of the Moscow Art Theatre, with which Mr. Suhrawardy was closely connected during his residence in Russia ; the second displays his intimate acquaintance with contemporary European literature ; but both these papers date from 1932, and how much, especially in Germany, has happened since then ! The bulk of the volume is concerned with art in India, Mr. Suhrawardy being now Professor of the Fine Arts at Calcutta University ; and it is the lectures on the study of Indian Art, Art and Education, and kindred subjects, which make this a remarkable book.

Indian art, before the present century, received only scanty and sporadic recognition from European critics, who still judged every non-European art by academic canons derived from Greece and the Renaissance. Indians' interest in their own art was also dormant. The late E. B. Havell, vehemently opposing the current fashion of depreciation, vindicated the claims of Indian art with challenging eloquence ; and though the claims were extravagant and he was often wrong-headed, his vehemence compelled attention to India's neglected achievements. The break-up of tradition in Europe made appreciation of it easier. Other writers took up the study, and a revival of native traditions in art was begun. But, unfortunately, the awakening of India to the importance of her artistic heritage was exploited by nationalist feeling. Works of art were lauded because they were Indian rather than because they were good in themselves. It is time that Indian art should be approached with an unprejudiced eye and a sane judgment. These are just the qualities that Mr. Suhrawardy brings to bear on his subject ; moreover, he knows the art of the world, not only the art of India and Asia. So we find him frankly telling his Indian audiences that it is an absurd position to maintain that everything created in India is beyond criticism, or that India enjoys a special kind of spiritual outlook which is her sole monopoly ; and in contrast with those who scent disparagement in any admission that Indian art owes a debt to the art of other countries, he sensibly observes that to acknowledge foreign influences does not take away from its prestige. In a lecture on Mughal painting he says that,

> To maintain the utter independence of Hindu art from the Persian is a striking instance of how cultural history is sometimes confused by narrowness and sentimentality,

and indeed he revives the term Indo-Persian which has been generally disused as stressing the debt to Persia overmuch. But his position is as far from that of European detractors as from that of Indian idolisers. He wishes Indian art to be prized for essential qualities, and not for irrelevant reasons.

> It is not religious subjects, nor the wealth of our artistic imaginativeness, which distinguishes our art from that of others but its unequalled virtuosity in technique.

This, and other passages invite discussion ; but even those who differ from Mr. Suhrawardy must respect his judgment. This is a book which in every page exhibits a wide knowledge, a large outlook, and true liberality of mind.

LAURENCE BINYON

The Holy Sonnets of John Donne. With an introduction by Hugh I'A. Fausset and Engravings by Eric Gill. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This limited edition of *The Holy Sonnets*, penned by John Donne, that tortured victim of early seventeenth-century theology, is fittingly garbed in black with lettering and design in gold —less gold would have made the binding more symbolically apt. The four remarkable engravings by Eric Gill heighten the poems' general disquieting effect.

Mr. Fausset in his introduction enters sympathetically into the poet's psychic battle, recognizing in the sonnets a compelling reality, "whether in lines of noble resonance or in the broken music of a naked thinking heart". But there is no reality in the false conceits that torture poor Donne, save the factitious life conferred on them by centuries of ecclesiastical thinking. Here is medieval theology in all its gruesomeness—self-condemnation, perturbation about the fate of the soul, an uneasy half-reliance on the blood-sacrifice of Jesus, and fear of God *in excelsis*. One cannot blame the morbid egocentricity which these perverted views and emotions inspire.

There are charming touches :—

> I am a little world made cunningly
> Of Elements, and an Angelike spright.

But the flashes of wit for which Donne's *Satires* are famous are here oases in the desert. The nineteenth and last sonnet is perhaps the most appealing in its revelation of a humanly lovable nature and of the devastating effect of pernicious doctrines. The reader whom the self-flagellation of the earlier sonnets has dismayed, breathes a sigh of relief that Donne can still laugh at himself, however ruefully :—

> As humorous is my contritione
> As my prophane Love, and as soone forgott....
> So my devout fitts come and go away
> Like a fantastique Ague : save that here
> Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare.

PH. D.

Asleep In The Afternoon. By E. C. LARGE. (Jonathan Cape, London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

There is a somnolent tenor about the story which is in keeping with the title, but for all that one cannot miss the satire. Big Business, the Mass Mind, the elementary psychology necessary to exploit the Mass Mind, the Mumbo Jumbo of cults which have sprung up to exploit the Mass Mind, or rather the vacuum in it—these are the foibles and follies which Mr. Large so entertainingly and ably exposes, and with the delicacy of touch with which an occultist might lift your eyelid. Mr. Large's idea of inventing the novelist Pry to tell the story of Agatha Boom and Boom Sleep, is one that would tempt would-be imitators but for the fact that it would be a palpable repetition.

Here again it is psychology at work—this new idea of taking the public into your confidence and giving it the illusion of self-importance. Taking advantage of this new fashion our surrealists readily expose the processes—physiological and mental—and get away without delivering the finished product. It is as if the carpenter were to tell you "Here are the shavings of the wood from which you wanted me to make a table. You see I have worked at it. In fact I worked at it so much that the wood is now all shavings. So you must be satisfied with the intention in the shavings for the table." That is Surrealism.

In showing us the mechanics of his puppet, Pry, and the workshop, Mr. Large indulges in a bit of surrealism. But he leaves enough flesh on the skeleton ; and *Asleep in the Afternoon* is in every sense as satisfactory as a novel and as worthy a satire as *Brave New World* was. If Mr. Large does

not make a reputation with this novel as great as Mr. Huxley did with that it will simply be because he gives a nothing-is-sacred impression. Actually this seeming detachment is his achievement.

J. VIJAYA-TUNGA

Winged Pharaoh. By JOAN GRANT. (Harper and Bros., New York. $2.50.)

The history of the thirty-one dynasties of Pharaohs who ruled over ancient Egypt covers practically more than half the entire historic period. And yet, notwithstanding the labours of several generations of scholars, how little is our knowledge of those three thousand years! It is a fruitful field for true inquirers, diligent researchers, and imaginative novelists.

Miss Joan Grant belongs to the last category, and in *Winged Pharaoh* she paints an unforgettable picture of the cradle of Egyptian civilization. Her method is like that of Mr. Robert Graves in *I. Claudius*, in which the Roman Emperor is made to tell his own story. Sekeeta, tells her own story, naïvely, casually, but convincingly. Sekeeta, a priestess of the temple is ceremonially married to Neyah, her own brother and co-ruler of Egypt; Sekeeta and Neyah (Za Atet and Zat Atet) together are Pharaoh. As a priestess of the temple, Sekeeta is trained to be able to tell her subjects when they approach her with their difficulties: "I, of my own knowledge, tell thee that this is Truth." As Pharaoh she administers justice, holding the scales even; her judgments are not so much dialectical demonstrations as corroborations of her priestly intuition. With the symbolic Crook she shepherds her people, with the Flail drives back the invaders of her country, and by the power of the Golden Cobra she masters the grim forces of evil. But there is also another Sekeeta, the all too human girl dreaming of the joy of love in the company of Dio, the architect, who would rebuild the world in the image of heaven.

The tale of Sekeeta's brief sojourn in this world has the seeming artlessness of the most austere art. As girl playing with lion cubs, as priestess, as judge and warrior, as woman and mother, Sekeeta is completely realized in the novel. Other characters there are, no doubt, but Sekeeta *is* the novel. Her childish fears and perplexities, her growing objective cravings and gradual subjective realizations, her four-day ordeal before she joins the choir of the Winged Ones, her record with the Crook and the Flail, her liberation at long last from "this shadow-land of tears and pain"—these constitute the subject-matter of this moving and satisfying story.

When Sakeeta and Ney-sey-ra (the wise Guru) talk, they drop pearls of rare wisdom. Their images and intuitions come to us with the sudden illumination of truth. They seem to have the freshness and directness of the true seer's vision. Wisdom allied to large charity, justice tempered by mercy, kingly power softened by a sense of responsibility—these are the attributes of Pharaoh. And what is the criterion of good action?

> Every action of which we can say in true sincerity, "That I did, not for myself, but because I loved another better", must be a step along the true path.

Winged Pharaoh is a work of art, a brilliant historical reconstruction, clear as crystal and its value is immense for us at a time when the military dictatorships of the day are denying the human soul its proper place under the sun.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

The Tales of Algernon Blackwood. (Martin Secker, London. 8s. 6d.)

At the time these stories were written, that is between 1906 and 1910, Mr. Blackwood, if he was already a student of occultism, showed comparatively little of its influence in his writing. In his introduction, he tells us that re-reading these stories for the first time after a lapse of so many years he realises that "physically, mentally, spiritually" he must have changed more times than he cares to remember. Certainly he has changed very considerably as a writer, evidence no doubt, of mental and spiritual development, also. In the opening stories—they are in chronological order—we can plainly see him feeling his way towards a technique for the conveyance of themes, described on the cover as "supernatural and uncanny". The idea was true and something more, the imaginative realisation of it. "To write a ghost-story", he says, "I must feel ghostly, a condition not to be artificially induced". But to pass on that sense of awe or horror to a reader by the medium of the written word is a peculiar gift.

For the conviction of fear, like the conviction of sin, cannot be induced unless the potentiality for it already exists in the reader; and although fear is the common heritage of the flesh, it is a spiritual rather than a physical tremor which Mr. Blackwood is trying to arouse. And that comes only through a personal recognition of underlying truth. To awaken that sense of "something far more deeply interfused", is the achievement of great poetry accomplished not by any labouring of description, but by a phrase, almost meaningless, it may be, to the rational mind, that suddenly opens the magic casements of the imagination. And the methods of prose though more elaborate and diffuse are ultimately the same. The horror that is realistically described in starkly appropriate words, induces disgust rather than fear. The opening story in this collection, for instance, of two oversubstantial ghosts may be read with interest but without that creeping of the flesh attributed to the two percipients. Here, as in the items immediately following, we find Mr. Blackwood far too objective, addressing the senses rather than the imagination of his readers, making pictures, elaborating details that provoke only the kind of reaction we might have on seeing a gross physical deformity.

In the later stories, however, he is steadily feeling his way towards a more effective technique. In "The Nemesis of Fire", "The Camp of the Dog" (written on a werewolf theme), and "The Wendigo" he is coming to an appreciation of the fact that it is the mystery half-hid, suggested and not pictured, which raises the hair and sends a shiver of apprehension down the spine. For, ultimately, the response of the spirit can be awakened only by the call of the spirit, and since we have no words, nor even ideas, with which to describe the unseen, our only means of intercommunication on this plane is by the stimulation of that inner recognition of truth referred to above. How far Mr. Blackwood has succeeded in doing this is a question that each reader must answer individually. Those who regard all the unseen powers as inimical, a cause for fear, who are rapt with terror at the sight of a "ghost", will say that they have found here all sufficient cause for alarm and horror. The complete sceptic will smile an acknowledgment of Mr. Blackwood's skill in words. But those who have known something of the secrets of the other world will read these stories with an untroubled mind, finding in them no cause for spiritual disturbance, because there is in them so small a recognition of occult truths.

J. D. BERESFORD

The End of Fear. By DENIS SAURAT. (Faber & Faber, London. 6s.)

Doctor Saurat's ancestors were Pyrenean peasants who migrated to the Belgian frontier some time before the Great War. The recent death of his father caused Doctor Saurat to return home for the purpose of consoling his mother and settling family affairs. This book is a record of that occasion. It is made up of little snippets of dialogue, reminiscence and meditation in the course of which Doctor Saurat attempts to prove that his own metaphysical ideas were derived from the spontaneous, living act of his parents and that both, along with dreams, had a common source in the life-experience of the race as a whole. All these things display a single pattern, which is also that of birth, of copulation and of death, and this common pattern of all meaningful experience assigns pain its due place in life and removes from those who are conscious of it all fear of death, which is no more than a resumption into the mind of God of the totality of a man's experience.

The matter in fact is not at all new (it is the continual burden of contemplative humanity). The method of presentation is new in a quite extraordinary degree.

It combines the methods of poetry and of philosophy in a new way, using as it were the raw materials of poetry as theme for an essay in metaphysical analysis and exhibiting the two within an autobiographical framework. The result is beautiful and convincing. Images and symbols are given an importance which has been but rarely suspected in European philosophy. And racial continuity is seen to have a significance which makes the racialism of Nazi Germany look exceedingly shallow, though it should be noted that Nazi Germany also has placed its emphasis on the removal of fear—in this case by the cultivation of a Valhalla psychology of heroism in war. It would be interesting to know what political direction Doctor Saurat finds that his racial pattern suggests to him.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

Creeds In Conflict. By LESLIE BELTON. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 6s.)

Edmund Holmes wrote that "Creeds are for those whose faith is insecure" and though we feel no need of their support, yet to study comparative religions we must examine some of the hundreds now rampant in the world. Here is collected a résumé of many of the chief competitors in the Battle of Creeds. The time when toleration passed for brotherhood is over. Toleration is a negative virtue and as a foundation for religious brotherhood will never do. Knowledge is necessary.

Mr. Belton writes both critically and humorously of creeds in conflict not only with each other but still more with common sense. He lets each speak for itself. Sometimes we are amused; sometimes shocked at their stupidity; occasionally we find them reflections of intelligent thought. Thus each becoming its own judge, bears the responsibility for the verdict.

His conception of Theosophy is a mixture of the teachings of Madame Blavatsky and pseudo-theosophy with no line drawn to indicate where *Theosophy* ceases and the distortions of false "prophets" begin. He recognizes there is such a line of demarcation but does not draw it clearly and ends by siding with the sympathetic observer who, "bewildered by the claims and counter claims of contending groups...., leaves Theosophy severely alone".

Mr. Belton to the contrary notwithstanding, "there was, during the youth of mankind.... one universal religion, when there were no churches, no creeds or sects, but when every man was a priest unto himself." (*The Secret Doctrine* I, p. 341) It is often impossible to recognize this wordless Wisdom-Source. Churches, groups and séance rooms with their mummery and necromancy have

wandered far afield; but because man pollutes the sacred waters of the Ganges shall we deny the purity of its source?

For Mr. Belton, the final Truth is in the Mystic's vision, in that

> true mysticism (as distinct from the mushy emotionalism which goes by this name) [which] is no flight from reality... [but] the means by which the unitary self, lifted above the isolation of its separativeness, becomes thereby empowered the more faithfully and the more completely to serve the world.

This Mysticism is without a name. Before its certain vision creeds melt away like snow before a roaring furnace. Yet following in the footsteps of illustrious predecessors it has been called Theo-Sophia. To gain this Wisdom we must live the life. It is to be found in one book only—a book whose blazing tablets are securely locked in every human heart where each must read for himself as the vision of his Soul grows keen, that Timeless, Wordless Message of which all creeds are but disfiguring masks.

D. C. T.

Mania. By LAWRENCE M. JAYSON. (Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York. $2.)

This book professes to be the story of a mind which found itself. In simple yet vivid narrative the author describes his experiences in a mental hospital where he was taken on being rescued from attempted suicide after a financial crisis. The story of his gradual recovery makes fascinating reading and should be of interest not only to psychiatrists but also to those laymen who have friends or relatives suffering from similar nervous and mental ills. Indeed, it has been written with the express object of conveying a message of hope to those similarly afflicted. The book is far from being morbid, as one would expect, and its graphic descriptions of hospital life, of the various types of patients, and of the means employed by doctors to bring about a return to normal habits of mind in those suffering from delusions and hallucinations are not without humour. Incidentally it throws light on the management of modern mental hospitals and serves to show how very efficiently these institutions are conducted. The book is well worth reading.

KEITH PERCY

The Dark Room. By R. K. NARAYAN. (Macmillan, London. 6s.)

Mr. Narayan's first novel, *Swami and His Friends*, was gay and slight; its successor, *Bachelor of Arts*, a more mature work, evoked characters that live and incidents that cannot be quickly forgotten. His latest work, *The Dark Room*, delicately executes a vivid and sympathetic portrait of a middle-class South Indian home. The touches are few, but they are carefully chosen and apt; and the picture itself is a little triumph as a life-likeness and also as a work of art.

The domineering husband; Savitri, the devoted wife; their children, two girls and a boy; the domestic servants: these are familiar enough. Shanta Bai, an "ex-wife" turned insurance canvasser, is a piece of foreign matter projected into Savitri's familiar universe. The husband is bewitched by Shanta Bai's dolorous glamour and neglects Savitri. Inevitably there is an explosion at home. Finding her husband impenitent, Savitri leaves her home at night—like Nora in Ibsen's play. However, unlike Nora (but, then, Ibsen hasn't told us what happens to Nora afterwards), Savitri returns home, having pathetically tried in vain to stand on her own feet. She accepts the new situation with resignation, and her life pursues its even course with scarce a tremor.

Savitri in the rôle of an Indian Nora is rather unconvincing. But the portraiture of her "Doll's House" is excellent. The descriptions of *Navaratri* and the film *Kuchela* are enjoyable. The Western impact and the Indian reaction to it are ever so insinuatingly suggested; and it is this background that gives the story its peculiar flavour.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR.

Shakespeare Criticism: An Essay in Synthesis. By Dr. C. NARAYANA MENON. (Milford, London. 5s.)

"Scholars", says Mr. Menon, "try to see through things; that is why they are so superficial". The aphorism, which is reminiscent of one of Samuel Butler's, is profound in itself, and might serve as a guiding-star to critics of Shakespeare, in studying whom it is necessary again and again to return to the unsophisticated impression of what Goethe called the "pure phenomenon". This necessity is the essential theme of Mr. Menon's original, compact and stimulating book. The relation between ourselves and the work of Shakespeare is truly vital, at once beneath and beyond the province of the calculating mind; and in this relation the dominant process is one of "imaginative identification" with the Shakespearean hero. This process has its roots in the primitive social being: as the crowd triumphs with one that it sees triumph, so, like Miranda, we learn to "suffer with those that we see suffer". And the spiritual purpose, the final cause, of the Shakespearean drama is gradually to elicit from our primitive psychological substance an infinite capacity for overcoming the limitations of the self, as the possibilities of our imaginative identification become more subtle and profound. By degrees we come to discover the richness of the universal humanity which was in Shakespeare, and expressed in his works, in ourselves also: we are "transformed and united".

This process, of entering into possession of our unknown and universal selves by the instrumentality of our response to Shakespeare's characters, is necessarily gradual; and at each stage of the process, which varies from man to man, there is a partial insight and an incomplete perspective into the universality of his creation. These partial insights it is the temptation of Shakespeare criticism, professional or amateur, to regard as absolute. Each perspective is valid, so long as it does not claim to be exclusive of others. "The psychological, the historical, the analytical schools of criticism ought to know that each is invulnerable to the weapons of the rest." Mr. Menon, who has this truth continually present to his thought, may therefore justly claim that his is a genuine essay in synthesis. The one-way mind will probably find his attitude elusive, his conclusions unsubstantial. But this is only a negative recognition of his virtue which is to be constantly solvent of partial formulations, and disruptive of the artificial barriers erected between one response and another.

I should like, if I had space, to pick out a number of penetrating sentences from Mr. Menon's book to show his quality as a critic. For instance, "Shakespearean symbolism is unsophisticated.....it is the automatic organization of events and images through stress of emotion". Or, again, "Tragic intensity being one-sided, the hero lives in a world which progressively loses points of contact with the world of others". It is only too likely that in these days when so much English literary criticism is deluded by the false idea of a "scientific" precision, that Mr. Menon's effort will not meet with the recognition it deserves; but I can imagine no student of Shakespeare who would not be imaginatively enriched to some degree if he could bring himself to listen without prepossession to what Mr. Menon has to say, in the spirit of his own excellent little parable.

During a sensational trial, a lawyer was asked to give his opinion, and he replied, "As a lawyer I would defend the accused, as a citizen I would send him to the gallows, but as a Christian I would forgive him." "What would you do as a man?" asked a voice. There was no answer. Many a modern scholar sails in the same boat. He has lost the integral and dynamic response to act.

Mr. Menon returns again and again to what he somewhere calls "the human potential" as at once the source and goal of Shakespeare's creation; and his little book, distilled from wide-ranging study of other critics no less than from his own progressive response to Shakespeare, is likely to remain valuable.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

Separate Star. By FRANCIS FOSTER. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

This is an interesting autobiographical work of an Englishman of middle life. It may be classified as a "human document": it is well-written, with sincerity and clarity, having humour, beauty and spiritual realization.

The account begins with early school days and continues through the experiences of newspaper reporting and life in an Anglican Theological Seminary. With the coming of the war Francis Foster enlists in the Artists Rifles. A greater part of the book deals with his life as a soldier; his days in the trenches are vividly pictured, participating in the hell of war but watching the ordered march of the stars. After being wounded he applies for a permanent commission in the Indian Army and is drafted to the Burma Rifles.

He meets an Indian mystic who profoundly influences him. After a brief stay in India he is sent to Egypt and Palestine, where his life is described with much charm. Delightfully we are told how one day he rides across the desert to the desolate and supposedly uninhabited Mokattam Hills, where he is amazed to find meditating beside a solitary Mohammedan tomb, a blue-eyed Coptic monk of his own race. Their brief conversation is significant.

Upon the reorganization of the Indian Army he is made adjutant of 91st Punjabis and returns to India for the third time.

Returning to England on leave, after the Waziristan Campaign of 1921-22, he meets a Capuchin friar through whose influence he subsequently, after resigning his commission, becomes a member of the Roman Catholic Church even entering the Third Franciscan Order. But finally considering his relations to the Roman Church, by the inspiring thought of the Indian Mystic, he decides to base his life on what seems to him to be a greater progress in sincerity and truth; then he leaves the Roman Church. Later he marries and becomes a priest and bishop of the Nestorian Church, refusing to accept money for religious offices, supporting himself as a writer.

The last few chapters of the book contain a valuable contribution in his conception of the life and mission of Jesus, who he declares was a priest of an ancient order: and valuable is Foster's exposition of the present sociological significance of the Sermon on the Mount.

Francis Foster is a spiritual pilgrim whose progress will be watched with keen interest and sympathy.

E. H. BREWSTER

Phrases and Idioms from Shakespeare. By BRAMESHWAR BHATTACHARYA. (The Book Company Ltd., Calcutta. Rs. 2.)

English will, probably before long, cease to be the medium of instruction in higher education in the Indian Universities. But Shakespeare will continue to be studied. Professor Bhattacharya has collected in this book phrases and idioms from sixteen Shakespearean plays, with the object of making the "students of our schools and colleges familiar with the language of the greatest English dramatist,—the language which they may make use of in every-day conversation, at home, in table-talk and at public speeches which they may be called upon to deliver". The collection is meant for general readers no less than for students. The principle of selection is mainly, but not exclusively, literary excellence. Each phrase, idiom or choice expression is explained in English and also in Bengali. The value of the book would have been enhanced, had the passages been referred to acts and scenes in each play. The book will certainly prove to be a useful companion to all those who are earnest about their stylistic excellence.

D. G. LONDHE

The Scapegoat Dances. By MARK BENNEY. (Peter Davies, London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The author of this book, now about twenty-eight years old, is an ex-burglar. His career of "crime" began when he was six, and ended in 1936, when he left prison after serving a long term. Since then he has become an accomplished writer. His first book, *Low Company,* a subjective analysis of "crime and punishment", has been considered a work of remarkable power and supreme veracity. His new book, *The Scapegoat Dances,* is cast in the form of a novel—an objective study of the London underworld. Its central figure, Solman, is an ex-convict, reminding one of Herr Kufalt in Mr. Fallada's *Who Once Eats out of the Tin Bowl.* Solman is shown in the novel trying to adjust himself amidst the baffling dichotomies of Soho. He comes into contact with thieves and prostitutes, abortionists and gamblers, "bullies" and "fences". But underneath all the froth of the prevalent "sinfulness", and softening the crudity of the "scapegoat dances", is a core of essential humanity that makes these Solmans and Tinks, these Doc Abrams and Quintos kin to the whole world. Christ died for them all; and, when they burst through the shell of their rough-hewn Karma, they too may be able to infer, here and now, their being atom emanations of the Infinite. Moonshine, the poet of unfulfilled renown, has caught a glimpse of the unity behind the irritating diversity around him. His vision is no doubt the author's own vision in Chelmsford prison:—

> I experienced for one primordial, immediate moment, life itself, life undifferentiated. I was the single rose striving to be the garden, I was the singer striving to be the song, I was the seer striving to be the seen. (THE ARYAN PATH, VIII, p. 112)

But even this ecstatic vision does not save Moonshine; civilization crushes him, he knuckles under.

The author's implicit indictment of the prison system obtaining to-day is unanswerable. Crime is ordinarily a projection of the criminal's welling desire to establish social communion. Moonshine steals cameras because he would rescue Wenna from her sordid surroundings and plant her in rural Cornwall. Before his release from prison Solman yearns "for all the involved human relationships.... to range, intensely and indiscriminately, the entire gamut of emotional experience". An ex-convict may even like to "go straight". But the odds are against him; the unescapable "repetition-compulsion" holds him in perpetual thrall. A long term in a prison throws the mechanism of life out of gear; and the stigma of being an ex-convict makes normal life almost impossible. Should Solman go away with Tink to the country and begin a "new" life? He hesitates for a few minutes. The prospect of serenity and respectability is alluring; but he knows that he has been incapacitated for happiness beyond repair. As Oscar Wilde moaned:—

> Something was dead in each of us,
> And what was dead was Hope.

Solman was already "down among the dead men". Stone walls may enclose him no more; but he can never surmount the mental barriers of his own forging. This is what the prison has done to him; it has twisted out of shape his very personality.

It is a terrible indictment. The author has made his characters live vividly and challengingly before us. They are outcasts and scapegoats, no doubt; but they are also terribly human. If Soho and its inhabitants are what they are, the responsibility for the ugly fact lies elsewhere. Society has not evolved an adequate *hygiène préventive*; and punishment still continues to be a manifestation of brute force, rather than a process of psychological reform. Unable to remedy, unwilling to show active sympathy, what right has society, with curled lip, to condemn these outcasts and brand them mere sinners?

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

CORRESPONDENCE

INTUITION AND KNOWLEDGE

May I thank you for the August number of THE ARYAN PATH with its review of my book, *Intuition*?

I am particularly gratified that an Eastern philosopher has been able to take an interest in the work as I am conscious that I have not drunk deeply of the fountain of thought which Hindu philosophy is said to offer. I considered that without an adequate grasp of that philosophy I should not take it into consideration, and, even after reading Sri Krishna Prem's article, I am not clear as to how far such knowledge is open to one who, however deep her respect for Eastern wisdom, has no skill in the Eastern tongues.

May I make a few comments?

First: I note that the author regrets (or is satiric over) my conclusion that intuition cannot be cultivated: he is sure that it can, and he quotes the practice of the yogis.

I have already confessed my lack of special knowledge but my information, as far as it goes, has left me under the impression that the yogis' method of cultivating intuition is largely physical.

Records of the lives of Western mystics, especially of the Christian saints, have put my mind into a suspicious attitude towards all ideas, and especially towards unalterable convictions, which arise as a consequence of an unnatural treatment of the body. If the traditional division of the person into body, soul and spirit be assumed for the moment to have validity, I place spirit above soul and soul above body. The greater should rule the less, not be subject to it, and so the idea of the exercise of the spirit being at the mercy or will of the body and soul is abhorrent to my reason, to my emotions and, I could almost say, to my intuition.

If these mechanical physical contrivances be considered to free rather than to dictate to the spirit, then I should like to be quite sure whether the attainment of the yogi at its highest is anything more than a personal and individual satisfaction; and, if not, on what grounds it can be considered with any certainty to be different from the self-hypnotism so much dreaded by the spiritually minded and so suspect to the man of science. I may, perhaps, have taken it too much for granted that the methods of the mystic and the yogi are similar.

Secondly: Sri Krishna Prem reproaches me with the suggestion that I write on intuition and yet have had, probably, no first-hand experience of it. That may very well be true. I, myself, should very much like to know. If I had been convinced of such experience I should hardly have made so close enquiry. As a rule the man who is certain of revelation or inspiration does not try to persuade the world of the reality of the experience, though he may be certain of the truth of the matter revealed. Mere iteration of such experience has been lacking never, explanation or proof always. The book was conceived by a typical Western mind for typical Western minds. I think that Sri Krishna Prem will see that a repetition of the doctrines of the yogis is not called for, while he acknowledges that a scientific investigation of intuition has its use.

Thirdly: He writes, "Spinoza's intuitional 'third knowledge' is very impressive but does not seem to have given the world 'any idea which he could not have arrived at by the ordinary reasoning processes'", and adds:

> This criticism, it may be remarked, is not very relevant since.... it does not in the least follow that, because an idea could have been arrived at by reasoning, it therefore was arrived at in that manner.

But the point in the making was that,

if Spinoza had achieved truth which could not have been achieved by the reasoning process, here were proof indeed of the reality of intuition; but, alas, Spinoza presents us with no such truth.

Fourthly: When the reviewer ends his article by saying: "I suppose that most Western thinkers will consider the unitary consciousness of the *buddhi* to be a fantastic oriental speculation", he does less than justice to the Western thinker, even on the evidence presented in my book. I mention some great thinkers who hold this doctrine, or one closely allied——Freud, Jung, Levy-Bruhl, Wordsworth; and others who are not far from it—Spinoza, Bergson. And are not the ideas of most mystics focused round the aspiration to unity with an absolute, and the philosophy of some of our greatest thinkers based on the conception of an absolute?

Though East is East and West is West, the twain may yet meet in the search for intuition.

K. W. WILD

REJOINDER TO THE ABOVE

In her friendly letter about my review of her book, *Intuition*, Miss Wild raises a few points of interest. Before coming to them, however, may I say that my statement as to lack of knowledge of Indian thought was in no way intended as a reproach but merely as a statement of fact that was likely to be relevant to readers of THE ARYAN PATH. I agree with her that without a knowledge of Sanskrit it is very hard to approach it safely along scholarly lines; and an intuitive approach, such as that of A. E., would perhaps hardly have served her purpose. Still more important than a knowledge of the language is an even harder condition. The best Indian philosophy was never meant to be studied academically. At its best (for there is much in India as elsewhere that is mere words) it is the expression in intellectual terms of the data of inner experience and it demands from him who would truly understand the expression that he should undergo the training and discipline which will give him the experiential data. The philosophical terms, well or ill-chosen, are only the means whereby that experience is integrated into a whole. To one who has the experience they offer a useful frame of reference; to one who hasn't it they remain mere speculative constructions like analogous concepts in some Western idealist systems.

Miss Wild is under a serious misapprehension of my use of the word yoga, a misapprehension which many of the books which have appeared in the West do much to encourage. She objects to the idea that a mere physiological technique should be able to influence or even to free the spirit. I entirely agree; but the yoga she has apparently heard about, the yoga of elaborate physical postures, fantastic breathings, etc., the well-known *hatha* yoga in fact, was not in the least what was meant. I referred to the yoga which means union with the true Self or Spirit, the *inner* yoga which Patanjali defined as the tranquillisation of the mental processes, and the *Gita* as perfect inner equanimity (*samatva*) and non-attachment. At the risk of being considered dogmatic by some schools, I would say that the *hatha* yoga does not lead along the spiritual path but only to supernormal bodily control and, in some cases, to psychic powers of a trivial nature. It is eschewed as dangerous and undesirable by most followers of the inner path.

There is obviously no space to attempt a description of the methods of yoga but I would briefly say that, in one aspect at least, it is a discipline of the mind (and only incidentally of the body) which aims at preventing those psychic distortions of our apprehension that interfere with our direct perception of truth. No one who is familiar with the work done by the analytic schools of psychology will deny that our reasonings, and even our perceptions, are conditioned only too fatally by what the psychologists term unconscious desires but which have been known to India for

at least two and a half millennia.[a] Yoga annuls those distorting forces and gives the vision of things *as they are, yathā-bhūtam,* as the Buddhists were fond of saying.

To ask whether such vision is anything more than a "personal satisfaction" is to ask whether the man who climbs to the mountain top and sees the sun shining above the mist has had anything more than a personal vision. He has seen what is there to be seen by all who care to make the climb.

Certainly it is true that some Christian mystics and would-be yogis in India have at least partially deceived themselves with self-suggested visions, but the true yoga has nothing to do with the suggestions arising from doctrines accepted on faith, persons worshipped as divine, truths revealed once and for all. Not visions but vision is what the yogi seeks, the clear sight of things as they really are.

Is this still a purely individual vision, however true as such? In a sense, yes: it is the vision of reality from the point of view of a yogi as opposed to that of an ordinary man. Is there then any reason to consider it a more important point of view? In my opinion there is, for it is the point of view of one who, through his training, has become entirely free from the hatred, the greed and the stupidity of egoism. Surely it is clear that such a view-point will give a truer vision of reality, ineffable though the latter may be in its full impersonality.

As to whether Miss Wild has ever had intuitive experience, I am afraid I must leave that to her. In one sense, at least, all men have it but the great majority are unable to separate the intuitive awareness from the mental expression with which they proceed to incorporate it in their general scheme of reference. Consequently, from the point of view of theory, it is almost the same as if they had none. The mental expression must not be confused with the intuitive apprehension. This point I tried to make in my review but a misprint rather spoiled it. P. 407, col. 2, line 2 should have read :—

> For example, the intuition usually described as being that of the unity of all life is, however inadequate and consequently liable to metaphysical criticism the *verbal description* may be, as clear, as certainly true and as unescapable as the perception of the greenness of the pattern of sense-data in front of me (a tree).

With regard to Spinoza the point I wished to make was that, *in being expressed,* any intuitive apprehension has to be brought into relation with the previously held intellectual frame of reference and so, *post hoc,* it will always appear possible that it was arrived at through that frame.

As for the Western thinkers who are said to concern themselves with concepts analogous to that of the *buddhi,* one can only welcome them. But Freud's submental unconscious composed of repressed desires etc., will not do, and even Jung's much more hopeful collective unconscious is still far too much connected with "inherited brain structures" and, even so, has brought him the reproach of "mysticism". I was really thinking, however, of the thought that emanates from the great universities of which even the Western Jung has said that they have ceased to act as disseminators of light. I was not referring to poets such as Wordsworth, mystics such as A. E., or intuitive and unorthodox metaphysicians such as E. D. Fawcett. By the way, the unitary consciousness of which I spoke is not "the absolute".

In conclusion, I would only say that I thought I had made it clear that I considered the book one which would be definitely valuable to certain classes of people: I fear that the Editors and not I will have to take responsibility for the phrase "Western Verbiage" that occurs in the heading of the review.

SRI KRISHNA PREM

ENDS AND SAYINGS

Sir S. Radhakrishnan is an ambassador of pure Indian culture to the Western world. To his credit stand numerous achievements and one more has to be entered now; he is the first Asiatic to be invited to deliver the 1938 annual Master Mind Lecture of the Henriette Hertz Trust of the British Academy. Sir S. Radhakrishnan most appropriately selected Gautama the Buddha for consideration. The address, which forms part of the *Proceedings* of the British Academy, is published by Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, as a separate brochure, *Gautama the Buddha*, which is priced at 3*s*.

Sir S. Radhakrishnan's lecture constitutes a comprehensive study of Gautama, whose teachings are so catholic and whose sympathies so universal that most appropriately He may be named, the Light of the World.

The student will find this lecture with its copious annotations a useful one. With the thoroughness of the scholar and the insight of the philosopher Sir S. Radhakrishnan presents the teachings of the Buddha against the background of his life story and that of the India of his day. But great as is its scholarly merit, greater still is the appeal of this address to all sincere searchers for a Spiritual Way of Life ; for the real value of the lecture lies in its revelation that the men and women of to-day are very much like those of 2500 years ago ; the problems which puzzle our humanity seem different from those which puzzled people in that era, but in reality they are not different. Logical analysis and philosophical reflection show that the root causes of the vaster social upheaval which is upon us are the same as those which the Buddha laid bare to the gaze of his audiences. The same superstitious psychism, the same disputatious intellectualism and the same persistent curiosity send people in quest of Knowledge which would resolve mental confusion and give the heart a reassuring rhythm of peace and well-being. All desire to be shown a way out of the jungle of this civilization. Sir S. Radhakrishnan's address is bound to awaken in the mind of many a practical Occidental a question—can these teachings of the Buddha be practised to-day ? The able handling of the subject gives the address an atmosphere which is vital—it inspires confidence in the feasibility of walking the Way shown by the Buddha. Through this contribution the Western mind will have one more avenue to the correct understanding of the Buddha who is, to quote Sir S. Radhakrishnan's own words,

> one of those rare spirits who bring to men a realization of their own divinity. His true greatness stands out clearer and brighter as the ages pass, and even the sceptical minded are turning to him with a more real appreciation, a deeper reverence and a truer worship. He is one of those few heroes of humanity who have made epochs in the history of our race, with a message for other times as well as their own.

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THE ARYAN PATH

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PHILOSOPHY FOR TO-MORROW

"In the heart of to-day is the word of to-morrow."

To a detached onlooker the Continent of Europe presents the picture of a will-less person, who yet is stubborn; he is incapable of reasoning; he has no time to enquire, in the midst of impulsive talk and deeds, if there are perchance people who have thought and have found a remedy for the ills of the world. Whatever cerebration takes place is ensouled by feelings- by anger, by the spirit of retaliation, by distrust and above all by ghastly fear. In the midst of the uproar and the din, how many perceive that the politician has failed and is no more in a position to avert the doom which his own action has been precipitating? Germany is doomed; Hitler cannot save it and so neither can Italy be saved by Mussolini or Russia by Stalin. The British politician, be he conservative or be he radical, is as helpless as his French confrère. The storm is fast approaching, it will break very soon, and no political party can avert it. It looks too late to hope that the storm enveloping Europe will pass away without injuring her even unto death. The pressing problem now, as several clear-minded thinkers have pointed out, is not how to avert the catastrophe and to repair the damage already done, but what plans to evolve against the time when the storm will be over and the wreck will be left behind. Present-day philosophies by which states are governed have to be abandoned—government by parties in countries which are called democratic or by cliques of dictators which enslave whole nations under the name of Socialism. The foreign policies of all countries, sustained by secret diplomatic negotiations, are founded upon a false principle--the safeguarding and the enhancing of narrow nationalism. The hands of not

a single Occidental nation are clean, and no one can help seeing the truth underlying the audacity of Hitler who has recently, on more than one occasion, pointed to the past misdemeanours of Britain, the U.S.A. and other countries. Japan, copying the Occidental methods, has already soiled her hands with blood and has forfeited her right to participate in the task of amelioration which the rest of Asia can undertake, utilizing the ancient philosophies of Buddha and Shankara, of Lao-tzu and Confucius and of other giant minds of the past. One phase of that work of amelioration has already begun- the altruistic labours of India's present-day great leader M. K. Gandhiji.

After the storm –what ?

Not politicians but philosophers should undertake the task of deciding ; politicians have proved impractical and have failed and there is a dearth of practical philosophers in the West. There the function of philosophy has been compartmentalized ; its task mainly has been to speculate. Even when it has attempted to apply its principles to practical affairs it has gone about it in an incorrect way, falling prey to the besetting sin of modern civilization—the division of life into sacred and secular. Life one and indivisible has been divided--religion for Sundays and business for the rest of the week. Political principles of conduct accepted as correct, if made applicable to personal conduct would deprive a man of every vestige of self-respect, *e.g.*, a man truthful and punctilious about his word at his own club thinks nothing of telling a lie and calling it diplomacy when he is in a foreign office. Society morals also depict the same feature—church-going people indulge in secret immoralities of thought, semi-secret immoralities in words and open immoralities in deeds. We could multiply examples.

Religion, philosophy and science compartmentalized have divided corporate life, and the individual finds himself psychologically in a disintegrated condition. The fundamental principle of the great plan of construction after the storm is over will be to produce integrated men making up an integrated society. The practical mystics and the philosophers, whose minds are agonized by the suffering on every side but whose hearts are seeking the means of redemption, will be the "builders of joy", but they will have to abandon old modes of thought and to accept a new philosophy of life. In the article which follows, Professor Malkani points out the error of Western philosophers :

> It is a wrong way to proceed to solve the problems of reason from within reason. They can only be solved when reason is confronted with a new perception of reality.

This new perception is not really new—it was the perception of Plato and of his master Pythagoras, who belonged to the same great era in which Lao-tzu and Confucius, Zarathustra and Vardhamana all were catching and reflecting the Light of Divine Wisdom ; its most powerful current streamed forth from the ideation and preachment of the great Buddha. The West

needs the teachings of that old Wisdom-Religion ; not a few individuals have already been influenced by its doctrines, but what is needed to-day is their application in society and state, to the lives of masses of men.

In this issue we revert to the political philosophy of Gandhiji's *Hind Swaraj* to which our issue of last September was devoted. In that issue we gave mainly British views ; herein are three contributions from the U.S.A. which without meaning to do so bring out the point we have made above that life has become compartmentalized in the Occident. The order of sequence adopted in this issue has a purpose. In India also that habit of separating the secular from the sacred has come to prevail, as some of our Indian contributions reveal. Every writer, Occidental or Oriental, however, admits the nobility and the truth of Gandhiji's philosophy for the individual, its efficacy for the redemption of the Soul, but many, and among them numerous Indians, hesitate to accept its implications to the full in the fashioning of our national future. The last article from the pen of Mr. Manu Subedar makes a valuable contribution ; he has thought through the problem and accepts the validity of the religion of Satyagraha very fully.

We revert to this subject because it is of prime and pressing importance to the world at large. It is through a careful study and an impartial examination of the doctrines of *Hind Swaraj* that true philosophical principles will be perceived and ways and means will be found to reconstruct a shattered world wherein peace and good will can prevail.

PHILOSOPHY AND LIFE

[Professor G. R. Malkani is the Head of the Indian Institute of Philosophy at Amalner and is the Managing Editor of *The Philosophical Quarterly*, the official organ of the Indian Philosophical Congress.—EDS.]

Philosophy may be defined as the self-conscious attempt to solve certain ultimate questions relating to the nature of reality and our place in it. Is there any vital relation between life and philosophy understood in this sense ?

Western thinkers generally do not stress the connection between life and philosophy. There is no conception of a philosophical life. The philosopher is supposed to be an ordinary man devoted to the solution of certain special problems. There is nothing special about the kind of life he leads. Philosophy merely happens to be his particular occupation. There are certain problems which he tries to solve as there are certain other problems which the scientist or any student of human affairs tries to solve. Philosophy does not mean to him a certain type of life.

This view will not find general acceptance in India. The traditional

Indian view is that he is not a philosopher who merely seeks to solve intellectually certain ultimate problems or who can discourse learnedly upon them. Philosophy is not for intellectual adornment. It is essentially a way of life. Philosophy is not one thing and life another. Philosophy is life itself and, as a matter of fact, the highest kind of life.

This difference of opinion as to the relation of philosophy to life is to be traced to the conception of philosophy itself. Philosophy in the West follows the lead of the sciences. It is purely an intellectual affair. What the philosopher desires is a certain intellectual scheme into which all the facts of experience may be fitted and through which they may be explained. It must accordingly be a very comprehensive scheme. The facts of experience are infinitely complex; the intellectual scheme which will explain them must be correspondingly complicated. The only means at our disposal to get at any such scheme, according to Western philosophy, is imaginative construction. This is just how the scientist goes to work. There is no difference at all in method, but only in the scope of the subject. It is admitted that we can never arrive at a complete scheme. That is an ideal only. Philosophy is bound by its very nature to be infinitely progressive.

It follows from this view that no philosophical problem can ever be finally solved. Philosophical problems hang together. We may attack them singly, but they cannot be solved singly. If we solve one, we must solve all the rest. There is an organic relation between them. One problem arises from another and hangs by it. If then we cannot solve all the problems of philosophy, we cannot solve a single one of them. It is different in science. There, the facts automatically fall in certain well-defined groups. Each group can now be isolated and tackled by itself. Indeed, there is no hard and fast line between the different groups of facts which constitute the different departments of science. But the question of their further connection can be postponed. In philosophy, this piecemeal treatment of problems is not possible. There is no demarcation between its facts, for all the facts of experience taken together have to be synthesised in a comprehensive view.

But if no solutions are achieved, what is achieved? It is contended in the West that the value of philosophy does not consist in the conclusions arrived at, but in the spirit of dispassionate reasoning in which they are reached. It is not *a philosophy* that we want so much as the *spirit* of one or what may be called *philosophising*. This alone has value. We must seek to reason and to get a reasoned view of things. In this way, we shall acquire a certain caution and balance in life, a certain acuteness of conception and a certain ability to take a synthetic or a whole view of things. The value of philosophy is negative. It does not necessarily give us *the truth*. But it frees us from dogmatism and from short and ill-considered views. It is a necessary part of a truly liberal education. The philosopher does not definitely solve any particular problem and he does not see reality differently from others. He sees just

the same reality. Only he has questions and doubts and is conscious of being ignorant where the ordinary man is not.

Philosophy thus understood can hardly be expected to give a new direction to life or to bring about a change in the ideals of life. In India, philosophy is not so understood. It is not understood to be an intellectual or an imaginative affair. The philosopher does not seek an imaginative scheme of concepts. That can have no truth-value. He seeks a new perception of reality or a direct knowledge of the underlying unity of all things. Philosophy is called *tattvagyān* or knowledge of the essential substance. We cannot indeed dispense with reasoning. But we must reason in order to *see better*. Reason is an instrument only. It is a means to an end. This end is the Absolute Truth. It is beyond reason, but reason can point the way to it. *It is a wrong way to proceed to solve the problems of reason from within reason. They can only be solved when reason is confronted with a new perception of reality.* Mere subtlety of thought is no mark of truth. Systems wide apart can be equally subtle. But then webs of fancy can be subtle too. What really matters in philosophy is the subtlety of perception or a finer sense of truth and of value.

The underlying unity of all things is not conceived in an abstract way. It is not some essence or substance far away from us and external to us. It is our very self. The philosophical undertaking thus becomes an undertaking to know the self ; it becomes what is called *adhyātmic vidya*. The self can certainly be known. It is not some mysterious stuff hidden away from us. It is of all realities the most immediate and the nearest to us. It illumines the whole world for us. Can it itself remain in darkness ? It is the light that lighteth everything. For it is *the principle* of intelligence. To know this self in its full significance, to recognise it as the basis of the world, is to solve the metaphysical riddle. A true philosopher is one who has realized in himself the solution of the riddle. He is not one who is groping in the dark, not knowing his way.

Philosophy understood in this way cannot but have a vital relation to life. It is its own justification. There is nothing higher than perception of the ultimate truth. This perception is life itself and the highest kind of life. We must not judge it by external standards merely. These are at best secondary. The real test is inner. If a man has doubts still lurking in him, he has not perceived the truth. The only sure sign of this perception is that all doubts and all questions have been dissolved and the inner life has become free. There is a sense of unbounded freedom and of joy. No one can deceive himself. Perception of the truth cannot but lead to inner satisfaction and inner peace. The *burden* of existence has disappeared. We are on a permanent holiday. Such is the result of the realisation of philosophic truth. True philosophy in India is not separated from life. It is the very best of life and the best of religion.

G. R. MALKANI

A TRIAD FROM THE UNITED STATES

[Below we print three articles on Gandhiji's book *Hind Swaraj* which examine the value and the applicability of its doctrines to the present-day conditions in the United States of America. All of them accept the religious message of the book while presenting the difficulties of their application to socio-economic problems.—EDS.]

THE UNIVERSAL AND THE PARTICULAR

[**James Truslow Adams** examines the major problems of our civilization by the principal Western method which separates religion from politics and economics. Life is one and indivisible and a man's religion affects his political behaviour and his conduct as employer or employee, as investor and earner. Recognizing that since the Great War the West has "suffered from an almost complete breakdown in morality", he acknowledges the worth of Gandhiji's religious teaching with its power to bring a spiritual regeneration and he would like his countrymen to take those religious ideas to heart and to use them. If that is done and if a spiritual regeneration takes place there will naturally follow a complete change in the sphere of economics and politics.—EDS.]

I have read both Gandhi's book and the articles commenting on it in the September issue of THE ARYAN PATH with intense interest, and, I think, with a certain philosophic detachment. I am not a citizen of the British Empire, and I believe that the author is not playing a "deep game" but is wholly sincere. So the ground is cleared for an unprejudiced judgment save for one point which may offer insuperable difficulty. I belong to the Western world; Gandhi to the Eastern; and the book has made me realize the complete difference as I never did before. Yet it is not utterly complete.

With my approach to Gandhi's teachings, free or limited as noted above, they seem to divide themselves into two distinct segments of varying importance, or at least of varying possibility of acceptance by a Westerner. There is the religious teacher, and the politico-economic reformer. With the first I am in almost complete accord, but the second is somewhat incomprehensible to one struggling with the problems and mistakes of Occidental civilization. Perhaps it may be better to discuss these in reverse order, for I think that the first is of universal application whereas the second is of limited, if any.

I say, if any, because I have never been in the Orient and do not know India at first hand. Whether large parts of India are still at an economic-social stage which would fit Gandhi's philosophy or could return to such a stage I do not know. It is a common illusion of the race to think of a golden age in the past. Perhaps India, in the rural sections, is in it or close to it, but the question which at once strikes a Westerner is: How far back would you go, and *can* you go? There are certain schools of thinkers in the West who, seeing the ills and maladjustments of our present stage, would have us try to

go back to some earlier one, such as the guild organization of the Middle Ages. But the two questions I have asked remain : how far back to go and can we go ? Gandhi would evidently have us go very far indeed but not all the way. He rightly says that he should not be judged by extracts, and that he is not at present bent on destroying all machinery and hospitals and doctors, but all of this part of his teaching is evidently an integral part of his philosophy as a reformer, and he seems to think that Swaraj cannot be attained for all until we have retreated to a pre-machine age.

Machines and the machine age grow ever more complex but what, after all, is the significance of machinery and applied science ? Is it not merely the human mind exerting control over the forces of nature ? Looked at thus, the simplest stone axe, the discovery of fire, the lever and the wheel were perhaps greater advances toward a machine age than the most complex steamship, railway system or newspaper plant of to-day. Gandhiji's own spinning-wheel is a machine. It simplifies and reduces human labour and makes a new product possible. Where, then, would he have us go back to ? He seems to have in mind the economy of an Indian village at a certain stage, but that cannot be universal, even if possible yet in India. It could not be done in the West without such a vast sacrifice of population as would make any flood or famine of the past seem like the peaceful death of an individual.

There is a limit to the number of people who can support themselves by agriculture on a given area. That was the fundamental thesis of Malthus, which was only disproved by the increase who could live by the machine and by improved methods of agriculture given by science and machines. For example, in the United States we had a population a century ago of about 13,000,000. We now have 130,000,000. In 1838 about 90% of the people lived on the land as farmers. Now only about 25%. The increase of some 87,000,000 not living on the land, are able to make a living because of the machine and the complex of services which it has created. What would become of them if we went back to the simple economy of the farm of a century ago ? They would not only be wiped out with intense suffering but there would be wild social revolution. Whatever might happen in India, we in the West have advanced too far to retreat.

Nor do the people themselves want to retreat. Gandhi speaks of men formerly working in the open air and only as much as they liked. He is thinking of a tropical climate, and I do not think it true, in America, at least, that workers in factories are worse off than beasts. If you visit an up-to-date factory you will find it built largely of glass, flooded with sunshine, air-conditioned, and with work hours limited by law or agreement. Outside will be the workmen's motor cars waiting to take them home and then their families for a drive. In their homes you will find electric light, a radio, perhaps an oil burner furnace, and other comforts which a king could not have had two centuries ago. This is not to be found

everywhere, and having solved the problem of producing plenty we still have to find the answer to how to distribute the social product more equitably, but the worker is himself aware of the new rôle of the Machine. A century ago the worker was destroying the machines which he believed were ruining his life. A few years ago, the American Federation of Labour passed the following Resolution :

"Whereas, the increased productivity of industry resulting from scientific research is a most potent factor in the ever-increasing struggle of the workers to raise their standard of living, and the importance of this factor must steadily increase since there is a limit beyond which the average standard cannot progress by the usual methods of readjustment, which limit can only be raised by research and the utilisation of research in industry", they asked the government to aid in a broad programme of research.

It is true that the machine has done much harm but it has also done much good. The Westerner views it much as Gandhi does education, as "merely an instrument and an instrument may be well used or abused". Radio, for example, may spread hatred between nations or carry vulgarity on the ether, but it may also bring understanding, the best of music and other cultural influences into the poorest homes, and serve humanity in a score of ways, as in shipwrecks at sea.

Again, perhaps Gandhi overemphasizes the influence of the press. When one of the greatest newspaper owners in America, with a chain of papers from coast to coast, ran for Congress he was heavily defeated in spite of his newspaper chorus. In 1936 most of the press of America was against Roosevelt for President and he won by an unprecedented majority. Once more, Gandhi's opposition to doctors and hospitals strikes the Westerner as inconceivable, and makes the gulf seem wide indeed between East and West. How can a doctor tell his patients "the cause of their diseases" without scientific knowledge, and, if he can, what good can he do if he cannot help to cure? Some years ago I got a blister on my foot which broke, and the deadly streptococci germs entered my system. For five weeks my life hung in the balance. The surgeons, because of their scientific knowledge and with instruments made by machines, injected other germs which ate up the streptococci. My body was a battle-field, but the victory was won. Again, my face was badly burned and my eyesight saved only by a new scientific invention. Gandhi's statement that if the patient is not saved the doctor may have been merciful to him, and the world will not come to grief, again expresses the difference between the passivity and fatalism of the East and the energy, egoistic if you will, of the West. We want all the medical knowledge we can get to enable us to lead healthy, happy and useful lives.

The streptococci example leads us to the question of non-resistance. Gandhi seems to be willing to use some controls over nature, such as fire and the simpler machines. Should I have used control to resist the streptococci or not? It raises once more the question of what point we are to stop at. It would take us too far in this brief article to discuss the

fundamental organization of the universe, but there seem to be two powers at work, one making for good and the other for evil. Many religions have dramatized these contending forces, if they are such. The Westerner admits the presence of an evil tendency but is inclined to believe that in doing the best he can to lift the world to a higher plane, to leave it, in however slight degree, better than he found it, he is aligning himself with whatever power for good, call it God, there is; and that he is not merely passive but using all his strength for that end. Gandhi, in his religious teaching, of which I shall speak in a moment, allies himself with the greatest teachers of all ages and lands. Yet Christ, the "Prince of Peace" and the founder of most Western religion, who was largely a pacifist and non-resistant, said "I come to bring not peace but a sword", and when good words would not drive the money-changers from the Temple, he scourged them out. The West inherits that combined doctrine.

It is not in its nature to be wholly non-resistant. Gandhi says that such ephemeral civilizations as ours have often come and gone. Ours may go, but it is different from all earlier ones, for better or worse, and there is an irresistible urge in us to make it better. In many ways it has become so in the last century, though not in others. Perhaps what we have done would not appeal to the East but we have not been oblivious to our faults and have tried to reform them. That story would make an article in itself. The point is that we feel the urge to change and improvement. At present we, in the democratic countries, feel toward the dictators,—so called, but who are really types of the earliest forms of government, despots, and not due to the machine age,—much as my surgeon did toward the streptococci germs who were threatening my life. We feel that they represent not a development of our civilization but a reintroduction into it of barbarism and an earlier type of life.

I have, perhaps, taken too much space for disagreements with Gandhi and have not enough left to express my admiration and complete accord with his more universal teaching, of which the world was never more in need than at present. His doctrines of self-control, of love, and of "soul force" need to be woven into the warp and woof of Western no less than Eastern life. I have humbly preached the same doctrines, and believe that no civilization, Western or other, can be saved without a fundamental change in orientation such as that of Gandhi. Especially since the Great War we have suffered from an almost complete breakdown in morality. Private contracts, international treaties, the words of great statesmen, can no longer be counted upon. Civilization of any sort cannot live on lies and broken promises.

The last war was the greatest ever known. The machinery of the world was also the most delicate. The resultant catastrophe has been colossal. This does not mean, to those of us who are still hopeful of salvaging the best in the new civilization and slowly correcting its evils, that we cannot pick up and start again. But I do not think we can unless there is a

regeneration of the spirit. In the practical politics of the moment, the points to which I object in Gandhi's philosophy may be the more important to India, but for us in the West it is his spiritual, and not his economic-social teachings, which are of prime and great import. Aloof as we are here in America from the British Empire and the "problem of India", these teachings can be taken to heart, and help us to that spiritual regeneration which I believe essential to the maintenance and advancement of Western civilization.

A social or economic development cannot, in my opinion, be held at a given point chosen by one individual, but the verities of religion and of ethics are eternal. For that reason, however, they are not linked to or dependent on any particular stage of economic development. In the recent disaster which overwhelmed the section of America in which I live —the hurricane in New England— men and women performed heroic feats to help their fellows, and that they used in doing so all the means which the machine and science provide instead of merely their hands and feet made no difference. These were merely material. The urge and the spirit of willing sacrifice were spiritual. What we Westerners envisage is a better use of our increasing power over the forces of nature so as to secure the material benefits for an ever enlarging circle of people without losing the spiritual advance which has been made. It may be a mad dream but it is one for which we are still willing to risk all. We in America are deeply conscious of the faults of the present but we prefer to try to correct them and go forward rather than backward to some earlier stage of development. In fact we *could* not if we *would*. The change and loss of life would be too appalling. Here and there an individual might accept Gandhiji's return to his particular ideal of economic and scientific development, but the nation of 130,000,000 would not do so. Even if only non-resistance were employed, and if it were successful, it would nevertheless be the greatest mass murder of population in history. On the other hand, if we cannot turn again to the religious teachings of the great leaders including Gandhi, our material advance will avail us nought and may prove only the instrument of self-destruction.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

NON-VIOLENCE NOT FOR THE WEST

[Estelle H. Ries raises the difficulty of the impracticability of non-violence in a world in which four-fifths of humanity is given over to violence.—EDS.]

Should the principles of truth and non-violence as set forth by Gandhi be accepted or rejected in America? I am far from certain that they should be accepted even in India. From only a superficial survey of developments in India since British occupation, it would seem that non-violence is the very seat of India's original, continued and increasing

troubles. While India is turning the other cheek, England calmly dismembers the entire body. Unless miracles still happen, the time factor will have served to annihilate this great ancient land. It has been said that Gandhi has both persuaded conservatives that change must come, and has persuaded radicals that change must be gradual to be permanent. Yet to the distant Westerner, it seems that Western means of speed and strength are needed to cope with the speed and strength of India's Western antagonist. In any duel the combatants are equally equipped. A battle of wits or of morale cannot be successful against actual physical violence which destroys the body that is the channel for spiritual expression.

As we look out upon the world to-day, it can be questioned whether this is a moral universe and whether those individuals triumph who base their cause upon morality. Much as we would like to believe this, all the evidence negates it. It may be true "in the long run" speaking in time measured geologically or astronomically, or in terms of future incarnations, but where will frail man be then, be he ever so moral? The typical Hindu differs widely from the typical white man for the former thinks in terms of spiritual values while the latter thinks in terms of earthly profit and loss.

Gandhi would like to see India like Samuel Butler's Erewhon where all machines were illegal. The Occidental world has developed an industrial civilization during a century of stupendous technological advancement. The scientifically-minded West finds Gandhiji's opposition to this too inconceivable to refute, for science has the advantage of being able to prove its progress while things of the intangible spirit lack this ability. To America it is as much a religion to solve earth's mysteries on the physical and chemical sides, as it is to India to promote knowledge of the unexplained laws of metaphysical realms. In the consideration of technology the trouble is not with the efficiency of the physical sciences but with the deplorable inefficiency and backwardness of the social sciences. India neglects the one, the Occident neglects the other. Each is unbalanced on one side of its development, whereas both could make for full human welfare by strengthening the missing factors.

In Gandhi's chapter on civilization, he treats its faults and follies, but says nothing of the advantages which have so attracted four-fifths of the world. These faults and follies are subject to removal as individuals and groups acquire wisdom and learn to motivate their lives in all spheres – physical, emotional, mental, economic, social and spiritual. It is entirely possible to acquire wisdom by means of increased health via more scientific nourishment and doctors; broader education via travel and railroads, and all those activities through which individuals learn and advance themselves. There is no reason why such a civilization should not be conducted along moral lines. Regrettably, in many, many ways, that is the last consideration. Here is where people of Gandhi's tremendous power and influence might help

to bestir the sleeping ethics of the tragic four-fifths. Both types of civilization have much to offer each other; both now are lopsided for lack of what the other could give it.

Gandhi's kind of civilization may be in many ways better than the Western type, but with four-fifths of the world practising a different kind, how can a basis of contact and understanding be established? I would rather start with the kind now everywhere in progress, and try to build from there—build up the humanities in a machine age, learn to use the machines unselfishly for the interest of the greatest numbers. In this connection the article, "Revolution by Electricity" in *Scribner's Magazine* for October, 1934, concerning itself with social effects of the Tennessee valley project, holds a solution of interest and use to India, as does also "Chemistry Wrecks the Farm" in *Harper's* for August 1935, discussing the marvellous potentialities in synthetic chemistry. These are ways to strengthen the physical India on which economic self-sufficiency- life itself—must eventually depend. There is no conflict between a high moral life and high standards of health and physical well-being. When people are taught the values in a more ethical and intellectual life, they will use their machines to spare one another and help human beings to live with greater spiritual understanding. I do not mean that India should embrace the vices of Occidental civilization. I think a noble experiment would be to embrace the good of civilization as the West knows it, and with India's background of honesty and virtue, set up such a civilization without the corruption that now afflicts the rest of the world. Non-violence could well be a part of such a civilization; indeed *without a practical form of non-violence, civilization of any kind —Western or Eastern—cannot survive.* In other words, I do not take exception to the non-violence part of Gandhi's programme but to his antipathy to what we understand by scientific progress.

Until India can show self-reliance and once more sustain its people and the beautiful old civilization it once enjoyed, its programme of non-violence seems nebulous and lacks power, particularly because it handicaps itself by repudiating so many aspects of the type of civilization that the West understands and is seeking to promote. The practical trouble with non-violence is that it is a language the other camp does not understand. Perhaps it is that moral substitute for war for which William James was searching. It is especially interesting as giving scope to the Indian women who under it have done so much so ably.

It is intensely interesting to the American who is at present torn by such political conflicts as now exist between democracy and fascism, democracy and communism, and the various other types of capitalism, individualism, regimentation and equally current social and economic systems, that none of them have anything to say about such tenets held by Gandhi as observing perfect chastity, adopting poverty, following truth and cultivating fearlessness. Far from adopting poverty, our hope is somehow to share the wealth, to

have an era of abundance for all. Cultivating fearlessness may be said to be a characteristic of the communist doctrine. Following truth and observing chastity are still individual virtues, while non-violence is motivated by law and order, or by cowardice, not, as in India, by true love and self-abnegation. In Western countries these Christian attitudes are merely historically interesting and theoretical. They have never yet been practised on a large scale and are still individual ideals that mellow the church-goer for an hour on Sundays. They have no real part whatever in community, national or international relations.

Economic rivalries in Asia and Europe are testing communism and fascism as against the individualistic method of America and other democracies. They have thrown their hopes in violent methods of social revolution as against India's peaceful method of social evolution which represents the most widespread attempt ever made to test the basic tenets of Christianity as a practical guide to living. Should India succeed, a renewed interest in and hope for higher ethical living would occur, the effects of which can hardly be measured or even anticipated. Truly Gandhi is like a warm, steady, comforting Gulf Stream in a cold and troubled sea of thought.

ESTELLE H. RIES

MECHANICS OF LIVING AND THE WAY OF LIFE

[John A. Osoinach writes with insight; he sees the possibility of his countrymen making appropriate use of Gandhiji's teachings and establishing real Swaraj in the West.—EDS.]

The essence of home rule, as propounded by Gandhi, is self-rule. Implicit in his teaching is the thought that one's real home is in one's own consciousness. With God established there, integrity and harmony will prevail within the soul and these qualities must inevitably mould external conditions to their pattern through patience, perseverance and love. That seems the necessary interpretation of what the great Indian leader calls soul force. It is the antithesis of the modern behaviouristic theory that the soul is fashioned by the impact of material conditions. Gandhi believes that the opposite is true—that the soul, if its force is properly exercised and directed, controls external conditions.

Soul force is apt to seem like an abstraction until one has experienced for himself its power in dissipating and destroying evil, and then he becomes more humble and more prepared to admit its existence and availability.

This doctrine teaches the practical application of the great proverb, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." It requires faith, courage and patience under tribulation to put this principle to the test; but a few individual men have exemplified it by

their lives, and this is sufficient to prove that men collectively can do likewise if they will but trust it with their whole hearts.

To what extent, if at all, is the teaching of *Hind Swaraj* applicable to the United States of America? In condemning modern civilization, Gandhi's idea seems to be that if we become too much absorbed in the mechanics of living we are apt to miss the way of life. The mechanics of living, in the United States as in all Western countries, have become all important. Giving up the means of gratifying our sense desires, our need for continuous objective occupation or entertainment, appears as a supreme act of sacrifice. Nevertheless, self-rule calls for self-sacrifice —the sacrifice or giving up of what is petty and unworthy in oneself, although never of one's true individuality.

The United States has not the same problems as India, but it has many problems. The trend toward an even intenser form of materialism is probably the greatest of them. One need only contemplate the bitter antagonism between its differing schools of political thought, the strife between capital and labour, the increasing class consciousness of its people, and the decay of self-reliance even in material measures to realize the truth of this stricture. Some form of resistance to them is assuredly indicated as an urgent necessity. But passive resistance? It seems a contradiction in terms. *Soul force, whether applied to external conditions or to temptations within oneself, can never be passive. It is a militant force, even though inspired by love and motivated by desire for the good of all.* Non-co-operation would be a better term, carrying with it a refusal to have any participation in evil, even though suffering be the result of refusal, and a careful reading of *Hind Swaraj* will convince any one that this is the sense in which Gandhi uses the term. By passive resistance, he means only abstinence from violence, but not an adulteration of the militancy of soul force.

One of the great truths set down in this little book that needs to be more taken to heart is that an evil means can never lead to a good end. The modern world—like the ancient and medieval worlds—has never sufficiently realized that good cannot spring from evil. It is utterly contrary to spiritual law that a result can be so foreign to its cause. The history of time is full of examples of men and nations that failed because they thought to justify evil deeds by this hoary fallacy, and yet it is still considered a sound doctrine by many that a good end not only justifies but almost sanctifies any means of attainment. Gandhi has done the world true service in felling this argument at one stroke.

But when we come to consider what is inherently good we are apt to meet confusion. It is difficult for one schooled in Western thought to admit or believe that many of the adjuncts and trappings of our life are evil *per se* or can produce evil results if our motives in adapting and using them are good.

For example, it is difficult to understand how the complex life of our country could exist without

railways, particularly in view of the large number of urban communities that are completely dependent upon this form of transportation for sustenance. It is equally difficult to see how the processes of so intricate a business structure as we have evolved could continue to function without lawyers. The vast majority of our people cannot be taught enough of hygiene to get along without some form of medical attention, at least for many years to come. The trouble is that Gandhi's doctrine calls for a way of life in which simplicity is the corner-stone, and Americans are not simple people. Like most of the other peoples of the world, they have been trained to a pitiful complexity of life from which there seems no escape except through a change of base from the material to the spiritual and years of painful practice.

One cannot help but feel that the people of the United States have this in common with any people who might attempt to invoke the principle of home rule or self-rule : the real enemy to be overcome is within themselves. Passive resistance must be translated into self-conquest. Thus, the United States of America does have much to gain from a study and application of the teaching of *Hind Swaraj*. A code of simplicity and self-rule would undoubtedly result in the gradual abandonment of materialism and the re-dedication of our nation to ever higher ideals, and would furnish at least one agency for healing that sense of futility that is corroding the joy and nullifying the spiritual values of many men and women to-day.

JOHN A. OSOINACH

THE BREATH OF LIFE

The divine springs of life,
Are not more rare than this,
Which is the Infinite
Within the Finite,
And the way through which we win
Unto the ends of Life,
Even as the air we breathe,
Is all in all,
So is this Breath of Life unto the Soul.

—BARNETT R. COULAN

INDIAN OPINIONS

[As a result of enquiry among Indian friends we received a very large number of letters commenting upon the contents of our Special *Hind Swaraj* Number published last September. Below we print a very few selected criticisms : among the opinions received an overwhelming majority were in favour of full acceptance of Gandhiji's Non-Violence ideology ; a very few were totally averse to bringing religious methods into political struggles. Neither of these extreme views is represented here ; the exponents of the former gave exceedingly lengthy dissertations but indicated no new line of thought ; the latter did not offer in support of their thesis any substantial reasons worth publishing.

We have selected typical letters, each of which advances some cogent line of thought for consideration by our readers ; there are several which repeat arguments advanced in some of the letters excluded for the reasons indicated.

The first article, that of Professor A. R. Wadia, best expresses the view of a very large number. The others are also typical of the views of different groups of Indians.— EDS.]

I.—WHAT WILL ALWAYS LIVE

[A. R. Wadia is Professor of Philosophy in the Mysore University and succeeds Sir S. Radhakrishnan as the President of the Executive Committee of the Indian Philosophical Congress.—EDS.]

In 1908, in the comparatively obscure pages of the *Indian Opinion* in South Africa there appeared a series of articles. In the intervening years the writer has become a world figure and the articles, published as *Hind Swaraj,* a world classic. The Bombay Government in those days proscribed it. To-day nine eminent English authors have come forward in the pages of THE ARYAN PATH to bear witness to its great and enduring qualities. Mr. G. D. H. Cole finds it "a disturbing book" and Mr. John Middleton Murry hails it as "a spiritual classic". Mr. Gerald Heard is in raptures over the "vision Non-Violence opens up", and yet in the very next sentence he says : "We may never attain that level in this world", suggesting what the other writers have stated more openly. Gandhiji might well echo the words of Christ, "Oh, ye of little faith !"

For Indians the task of formulating their reactions to Gandhiji's great book is much more difficult, for no Indian can forget Gandhiji's services to Indian self-respect and political advancement, and he may not find it easy to dissociate the local from the universal in so complex a personality as Gandhiji's. Yet by an effort even an Indian may ask himself whether all that Gandhiji says and writes should necessarily be accepted at its face value. Such an effort will inevitably lead to a distinction between what is polemical and what perennial in *Hind Swaraj,* a distinction more easily perceived by one who, not in the thick of political fights, can survey the field as a spectator.

An eminent English judge is said

to have advised a junior colleague to avoid as far as possible giving reasons for his conclusions, for the conclusions are usually right, while the reasons are often wrong. This expresses my personal reaction to Gandhiji's teaching. I admire his passionate emphasis on soul-force, his Christ-like love for humanity, the weakest and the most oppressed and those who suffer most. But the chapters that lead up to this culmination have always left me cold. It may be good patriotism to say that Hindus and Muslims have become opposing factions only since the British conquest of India; it would be truer history to say that the British won because of this opposition. It is equally doubtful whether the most fanatical follower of Gandhiji would welcome the reign of Bhils and Pindaris of the pre-British days, as Gandhiji would, in preference to British rule.

And then the violent polemic against lawyers and doctors! After all, not all diseases can be glibly put down as due to a person's own negligence. Never has the unity of humanity been more rigorously proved than in the realm of physical health, where an epidemic takes toll of all alike, and a father's venereal disease affects his children. The doctor's noble mission is to assuage human suffering. And surely the lawyers cannot be wholly a bad lot, if within their ranks we can find an Abraham Lincoln and a Gandhi! Gandhiji would make a subtle distinction here between the lawyer and the man, but this cuts at the very root of his polemic, for it means that the real problem for humanity is a moral one. If a man is good, the knowledge and the practice of his profession will not make him bad.

The same reasoning will apply to his anti-industrialism. "Machinery is the chief symbol of modern civilisation; it represents a great sin", says the sage of India. "I cannot recall a single good point in connection with machinery." If these statements are taken literally, we have to put back the hand of time and begin with Rousseau's "noble savage", who existed only in his imagination. Man has attained a higher morality only because he is more civilised, and civilisation means an all-round development of man, including his intelligence and his creative faculties. Industrialism has succeeded in many ways. If it has failed, it is because of the failure of man's moral power to control the forces of industrialism. That industrialism is not bad in itself has been proved by industrialists like Henry Ford and the Leverhulme family. How the genius of India, predominantly religious, can spiritualise even machinery has been beautifully illustrated by the noble experiment at Dayalbagh under the religious inspiration of one of the greatest sons of modern India; His Holiness the late Sahabji Maharaj. Man need not run away from industrialism like a coward. If he is truly moral, he can moralise its forces.

All this aspect of Gandhiji's teaching I take to be negative and polemical. If it has come to have any importance, it is only because he has tagged it on to his really constructive and immortal teaching, wherein he

has preached with the fire of the prophets the inherent good in man and the good that can manifest itself only through soul-force. Gandhiji thus summarises the gist of *Hind Swaraj*: "It teaches the gospel of love in the place of that of hate. It replaces violence with self-sacrifice. It pits soul-force against brute-force." Herein lies the immortality of *Hind Swaraj*. The doctrine is not new. It was preached by Buddha and spread all over Asia by Asoka. It was preached by Christ. Gandhiji's originality lies in his use of soul-force in the political sphere. He may not have succeeded in the sense in which he wished to succeed with the ruin of all our mills and the British ceasing to have anything to do with India. But he has succeeded in the sense that India has once again found her soul and has learned at his sacred feet the lesson of self-respect, of the unbending strength of humility and love. He has done for India what no other man has done in her long history. Putting India on the political map of the world is a task the herculean nature of which can be appreciated only by those who have understood the centrifugal tendency that runs right across the pages of Indian history. But great as this task has been, almost unachievable by any other Indian, it pales into insignificance before the great end that Gandhiji has set before himself: the task of the moral regeneration of the world. *Real Swaraj is self-rule or self-control.* This is not a political dictum, but fundamentally a moral dictum to be applied in all spheres of human activity, including politics. It is only a logical development of this fundamental principle to say that "If man will only realise that it is unmanly to obey laws that are unjust, no man's tyranny will enslave him." Was this not what Lovelace meant when he wrote :—

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage"?

Gandhiji is great as a teacher, but he is much greater as a man. For even when his teaching cuts right across the whole trend of civilisation to-day, his humanity towers to glorious heights, and his indomitable spirit converts cowards into heroes.

Soul-force is the central core of his teaching. He has used it himself with conspicuous success both in South Africa and in India. Oppressed unarmed peoples in other parts of the world may well look with longing eyes to him for inspiration. But can soul force always succeed? Gandhiji has no doubt about it. His English admirers, however, seem conscious of its limitations, and I find it a searching question to answer as confidently as he himself does. And why? Because man has it in him to become divine, but he is in fact also a brute. The great prophet of Ahimsa succeeded in South Africa and in India because he had to deal with two high-souled men, General Smuts and Lord Irwin, who could react sympathetically to the struggles of resolute though unarmed men and women. But can China afford to lie low before the ruthless Japanese or the Abyssinians before the Italians? If Hind Swaraj comes into being to-morrow, shall we be able to do away with the police and the army and the air force? The

answer can be affirmative only on one condition, *viz.*, that all men have been so softened and so civilised that they can appreciate the significance of soul force. In all other cases it may prove an unequal struggle doomed to failure. So we come back to *the* problem of humanity : the moralisation of man, the problem to which the prophets and the martyrs have dedicated their lives, with success just looming on the horizon. To their ranks belongs Gandhiji. It is given to man to do his best for the betterment of his fellows ; the rest is in the lap of God. If in the midst of so much evil, so much injustice, so much cruelty, life is still worth living, it is because we have men like Gandhiji to show us the way to subdue the beast in us.

A. R. WADIA

II.—INCONSISTENCY REAL AND APPARENT

[Dr. C. Narayana Menon of the Benares Hindu University is the author of *Shakespeare Criticism : An Essay in Synthesis.* —EDS.]

The penetrative insight shown by the contributors to the *Hind Swaraj* number of THE ARYAN PATH contrasts with the shallow flippancy which in the foreign press passes muster as opinion on Gandhiji's philosophy. When touching on Gandhiji's inconsistencies, however, some do not make allowance for one feature of his book. It is Gandhiji's obstinate consistency that sometimes betrays him into inconsistency.

Hind Swaraj contains a philosophy which looks very much like a programme since it was born not of intellectual detachment but of the sensitiveness of a noble heart. The contradictions of civilisation rouse passionate protest, making Gandhiji assert, for example, that doctors make disease. To use a familiar terminology of to-day, the thesis provokes him to stress the antithesis, and thus to contribute to the evolution of a future synthesis the nature of which he himself cannot determine beforehand. Hence Gandhiji's inconsistencies are more apparent than real.

When he condemned the Parliamentary system he was right: every election is an appeal to greed, pride and fear. He who rouses and plays upon the baser passions of the electorate himself becomes debased in the process. The net result is that both voters and candidates give a hostage, as it were, to the devil within themselves. Henceforth the higher human instincts are effectively curbed. International Fellowships and Leagues of Nations are rendered nugatory in times of need, for the lower nature which came to power by raising frenzies and panics will retain power through the same tactics. Thus Parliament becomes an embodiment of man's lower nature and prevents human growth. But Gandhiji's consent to try Parliamentary Swaraj in India was also right. Those who had risked life and all for truth could be expected to appeal to the nobler instincts ; and the atmosphere thus created might, in turn, strengthen the leaders to face the fiery ordeal of truth—the wielding of political

power. If legislative bodies all over the world embody the noblest aspirations of voters, civilisation is no disease.

Industrial machinery, like political, crushes us only because it expresses the lower nature. The shareholders of a company may be generous, but the company embodies only their gain-seeking aspect. *What stifles humanity to-day is the projection of the absurd myth that man is an economic animal who seeks gain and avoids pain.* The very fact that millions have scorned money and courted pain, and have made and purchased khaddar on uneconomic terms testifies to the power of the higher nature. Machinery can be made to express that. Mankind must dominate machinery or die.

That we can renounce machinery is a delusion born of fear, and fear solves no problems. After all, what is it that we dread--the intelligence with which man has been perfecting tools ever since his appearance on earth? If the sewing-machine is allowed, why should the spinning-machine be taboo? Our duty is not to bury the one talent but to trade with it and make it two. Intelligence and Soul are not incompatibles: if the Spirit shirks Intelligence and takes refuge in the isolation of the machineless, self-sufficient village, men will stagnate and deceive themselves. The mind uses memories of an idyllic, perhaps unreal, past to visualise the ideals which build the future; but the future is never a return to the past; it is always a synthesis of the forces warring in the present.

The ancients and even More's Utopians employed slaves, because, to develop the higher creative activities called art and culture, men need relief from drudgery. We have that relief. It has been estimated that, if the tools evolved by the intellect are intelligently used, each person need work only half an hour a week. But *men persist in drudgery, thereby causing unemployment,* a scramble for markets and war; or they dissipate spiritual energy in search of excitement and distraction, thereby causing wrong employment and all the degradation it implies. Both errors are traceable to the lack of liberal interests. If the taste for higher kinds of pleasure does not grow, a return to primitive methods of production is the only way to ensure the just distribution of wealth; but I believe that universal cultural education will free men from the tyranny of the lower cravings by imparting the ability to use time for self-improvement.

The central fact is that man cannot grow to his full stature in isolation. But in the absence of self-knowledge human organisations are apt to mis-express the Spirit. Where two or three are gathered together in His name Christ is present, but if the faith is not genuine Satan steps in instead. Men should realise that the truest of all impulses, that from which others like hate and envy are aberrations, is Compassion. Swaraj or the Kingdom of Heaven is this realisation; and Gandhiji's contribution is the necessary technique. The West needs it no less than the East.

C. NARAYANA MENON

III.—REASON AND INTUITION

[Dr. P. T. Raju, Sastri, of the Andhra University is the author of *Thought and Reality*.—EDS.]

Gandhiji's teachings have deeper implications than the reviewers found it possible to touch upon; nor is it possible to expound them in a really convincing manner in this letter. Sir S. Radhakrishnan once had the idea of writing a book on Gandhiji's philosophy;[1] I do not know whether he has it still. I have a similar idea; I have so far been unable to take up the work seriously, but I hope to after some time.

I am not one of those who think that the religious aspect of Gandhiji's teaching is a political ruse or that it can be understood adequately from the side of politics. It has a deeper spiritual meaning, and I agree with the editors of THE ARYAN PATH that Professor Soddy has "missed the soul of the subject". He seems to be concerned rather with the externals of Gandhiji's teaching. There is no reason for wonder in identifying civilisation with good conduct. Many Western writers differentiate between civilisation and culture, culture being something spiritual. Culture and civilisation are the internal and the external aspects of the same thing. A civilisation, to be high and true, must be based upon true culture of the Spirit, and be its expression. Then it can be good conduct also. There are civilisations and civilisations; how are we to assign them their respective values? Are we to judge the greatness of a civilisation by the number of fashions the beaux and the belles change in every week, by the kinds of destructive weapons invented, etc., or by the moral cleanliness of the people's customs, and the sincerity and the kindliness of their hearts?

Gandhiji's central idea seems to be that if every individual realises the worth of spiritual freedom and acts accordingly, the liberty of the nation is assured. This sounds individualistic; and it has certainly an ascetic tinge. But the excesses of asceticism are not essential to the doctrine. If one admits that the individuality reaches beyond social and political life, one must accept Gandhiji's teaching. I think that Mr. Cole's difficulty lies here. When the individual has acquired *Swaraj* in the personal sense, his individuality will not make unnecessary subversive incursions into the social life, and at the same time will not be a mere instrument of society. Of course in mere abstract individuality we cannot "discover terms on which we work with others

[1] Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan speaking last December in India is reported thus: "Humanity could be saved only by applying religion in our education, politics and economics. Mahatma Gandhi was trying to achieve this in his new Wardha Scheme of Education, Harijan Uplift and the gospel of the Charka and cottage industries. World seers and saints had ever been trying to bridge the gulf between the brutal and the beautiful, by means of true religion.

"A new spirit of renaissance was awake in India and Gandhiji was its soul or life. Contemplation and meditation, combined with practical efficiency, leads us to prosperity. That is the *Bhagavad Gita's* teaching in the last chapter, which we find in Mahatmaji, who is the soul of all institutions in Wardha."

towards the realisation of our ideals", nor can we find in mere social life all the means for the realisation of our ideal of ourselves. Yet the life of the individual transcends the social. This is especially the Eastern outlook. So long as one is in society, one has to work with others ; and only when one is master of oneself can one have the desire and the courage to translate social or personal ideals into action. If we ignore the religious background of Gandhiji's teaching, this point cannot be appreciated.

That Western civilisation is mechanical is not the whole truth about it. This contention of Delisle Burns should be accepted. There is, however, a question of degree and emphasis. The mechanical nature of Western civilisation is the result of something deeper. Its outlook is that of mere reason. This should not be understood as implying that the Indian outlook is irrational and superstitious. This is a mistake which Mr. M. N. Roy committed in an address at Waltair, and which others may commit. *Western civilisation, we may say, is the civilisation of quantity, having its roots in Greek thought, with its ideal of mathematical reasoning, which is quantitative, abstract, discursive and analytical. The Indian outlook is intuitive, synthetic and concrete.* Each has its own advantages and disadvantages. And the real problem before the world is, how to bring about a harmonious blend of the two. Gandhiji's utterances sometimes seem one-sided.

To completely dispense with the machine seems beyond the powers of humanity as we now find it. In the words of Bergson, man is predominantly a machine-making and machine-using animal. Bergson tells us that intellect as distinguished from instinct is the inventor and the user of tools. Man possessing intellect naturally makes and uses tools. Even the most primitive plough, the angling-rod and the spinning-wheel are machines. If man were to dispense with all these and use only his hands and feet, it would be a problem whether the earth could support as many as it does now. There seems, however, to be a limit beyond which the invention and use of the machine seems detrimental to the spiritual growth of the individual and of society, when, instead of man being able to control the machine, the machine controls him. Here the real problem seems to be how we are to fix the limit and make our decision on this point effective. If it were possible to use the machine without material and spiritual self-devastation, then our mentality and our outlook should completely change ; each human being should be master of himself.

From this point we can fully appreciate the view that it is not the non-violence of the meek and the imbecile, but of the strong and the powerful that can be effective in overcoming the user of violence. But even then it is doubtful whether the latter will not take advantage of the fact that the former, even though powerful, will not meet violence with violence. The practice of this principle on a universal scale seems possible only when every heart is morally sound, when no one wants more than his necessities and his fair share of comforts, when all are equally provided for, and

so forth ; that is, when every cause for interfering with others' lives, directly or indirectly, is removed.

I find myself in general agreement with the views of several of the English critics of *Hind Swaraj*. The parallelism between Gandhiji's and H. P. Blavatsky's views is very interesting.

P. T. RAJU

IV.—A HINDU VIEW

[Rao Saheb Mahakavi Ullur S. Paramesvara Aiyar, M.A., B.L., retired Dewan Peishkar is a well-known Malayalam poet.—EDS.]

"Soul Force" as an ideal is unimpeachable and it is towards the attainment of that ideal that humanity must ever painfully and patiently persevere. But in that noble endeavour stern facts, political, economic and social, which stare us in the face at present, cannot be overlooked. The use of machinery on a large scale was condemned in ancient India ; Manu taboos "*Mahayantrapravartanam.*" Nevertheless, we cannot ignore the fact that modern machinery, though no unmixed blessing, has come to stay. It has emancipated man from the drudgery of ages and has released him for higher work. The woeful fact that to-day it has introduced much suffering among the labouring classes and has become a powerful engine for human destruction is a great defect ; but it is not an irremediable one. Again, the ideal of Soul Force is itself not new to India. It is as old as Prahlada of the Puranas, and Kshemendra, the great Cashmerean poet, narrates a typical episode extolling it in his *Bodhisatvadanakalpalata*. Numerous verses are found in Buddhistic as well as in Hindu literature.

The sudden and menacing rise of totalitarian States introduces problems of great complexity and the international question arises, how organised physical force can be successfully met otherwise than by counterforce until, at any rate, the majority of nations are prepared to band together in the interest of the peaceful and orderly progress of the world and are able to overawe an outlaw by their sheer moral strength. It is impossible to contemplate a period, at least in the immediate future, when the use of force, as an unwilling, but at the same time an indispensable, instrument of moral authority can be wholly dispensed with. Gandhiji's message possesses supreme value as applied to the individuals that compose a nation ; and it is only by the practice of the truth expounded in that message that they will be able to rise to their full moral stature. But a clear distinction has to be drawn between individual and corporate activity. There is a Gresham's Law in politics as in economics, and practical statesmen have to take account of it and to get rid of the bad coins by every means in their power, including physical force in the last resort. A nation composed wholly of saints never won or retained their independence in this work-a-day world of mixed good and evil, nor is it likely to do so until

the majority of nations obey the law of love, which is decidedly not the case at present. This fact is sure to become patent to the Congress itself when India attains Swaraj. Every nation has both to have faith in God and to keep its powder dry, under existing conditions. Nevertheless whatever one may say by way of criticism, there is no doubting the fact that the present work of Gandhiji is even more epoch-making than Rousseau's *Social Contract* or Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*, as correctly observed by Gerald Heard. It deserves the most careful study.

S. PARAMESVARA AIYAR

V.—A MUSLIM VIEW

[M. Fathulla Khan is the author of *Musk Dust, The Cobbler and Other Short Stories*, and *The Ships and Boats of the Ajanta Frescoes*.—EDS.]

The difficulty with Gandhiji is that he advocates doctrines that are in direct conflict with the laws of nature. Simply because humanity is suffering and a remedy has to be found, you cannot suggest something which is unnatural, impracticable. To avoid war, surely you would not throttle the growth of intelligence in the realm of science. Passive resistance is the only weapon that the ascetic, the unarmed and the weak can lay his hands on. Only in the presence of love can love flourish. To expect love in the midst of hatred is to labour under self-deception. In this matter-of-fact world, Gandhiji's ideas, however ennobling and sublime they may appear, can hardly influence the mind of the universe. For they are not in agreement with the laws of nature. This was the impression I had formed of Gandhiji's *Hind Swaraj* when it first appeared years ago ; and I have not found it possible to alter my views in the interval.

Every civilization has been the outcome of circumstances ; and one civilization is replaced by another only when circumstances make the former incapable of thriving longer. The succeeding civilization may or may not be superior to the previous one, but none in the long history of the making of humanity has ever gone back to that state wherein the growth of human mind was muzzled. But Gandhiji seems to advocate going back to a state of primitive mind where human happiness is looked upon as consisting of mere elementary pleasures and to demand the suppression of creative energy and the impulse for development, simply because he has a quarrel with Western civilization. In the civilization of his dream, I do not find any scope for *thinking*, but only for a life of contentment and inanition, such as the Indian villager lives to-day. So whether Gandhiji's own country, not to think of the West, will ever be prepared to set back the hand on the clock of its progress (which is definitely on the lines of Western civilization) is a question which, I am afraid, Gandhiji himself will hesitate to answer.

Though Gandhiji has avoided

criticism by acknowledging in this booklet that his "corporate activity is devoted to the attainment of Parliamentary Swaraj in accordance with the wishes of the people of India", yet a careful analysis of his writings and speeches will reveal many contradictions and inconsistencies, as if his mind is still in an experimental stage.

Here it is that the Hindu view of life is seen as diametrically opposed to that of the Muslim. In Islam, man should cultivate his latent faculties and employ them for the benefit of his fellows. Islam declares that the whole universe is under the realm of law, which is unchangeable, and that implicit obedience to those laws which in scientific phraseology have been termed the "laws of nature" would bring happiness and prosperity to the human race. According to the *Qur'an*, the scientific researches and material progress which are made with moral equipment are alone those which will constitute true civilization and bring the real kingdom of God on earth.

Freedom of action and independence of judgment are exalted in Islam. Man is asked to use his intellect and not to accept anything unless tested on the anvil of reason. And history teaches us that a large measure of free thought is absolutely necessary to human progress.

It is true that uncompromising loyalty to truth, absolute freedom from aggression, revenge and anger, willingness to suffer rather than to inflict suffering on others, which factors constitute the doctrine of passive resistance, when analysed are the teachings of Islam. How often does the *Qur'an* bid Muslims practise as well as preach "forbearance", which has as its main ingredients harmlessness, coolness and truth. Even in times of the greatest distress man is enjoined to "seek help with forbearance and prayer". It is natural to resent opposition and to long for retaliation; but forbearance on such occasions is an act of distinctive merit. But forbearance out of weakness is not a virtue. Deliberate abstinence from all retaliatory measures while they are within easy reach is what the word signifies. And the *Qur'an* emphasises this aspect.

To my mind, Gandhiji's ideals are likely to appeal to ascetics rather than to those who have to live in the throes of a developed human consciousness.

M. FATHULLA KHAN

VI.—THE RELIGION OF THE SAGES

[**Dr. Dhirendra Nath Roy**, formerly Head of the Department of Philosophy of the University of the Philippines, is the author of several books, the latest of which is *The Spirit of Indian Civilization*.—EDS.]

Human nature seeks the realisation of the ideal world and thus gives itself a better meaning. Now, man can hardly conceive of violence existing in the ideal world. If we study the pictures of heaven conceived by the great religions of the world, we find that violence has little or no place in it. The ordinary unthinking masses yearn for their heavenly home be-

cause it represents those things that are agreeable to their true nature and because they fail to realise them in this world. The thinking people may not take that idea of heaven seriously because they are more or less able to live in their own thought-world in which the ideal is more powerful than the real. If human nature were as a whole as depraved as we are told, then our love for a world different from what strikes our senses would have no meaning. It cannot think of violence existing in its ideal world, because it cannot approve of it. Violence is acceptable to those only who, by shutting themselves against the ideal world, give the real an absolute meaning which alone envelops their mental horizon and seeks to overpower their whole nature.

If violence were the true meaning of human nature, non-violence would be quite alien to it. But non-violence has inspired human nature much more than violence. How many people in the world feel truly interested in Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon, in Chengis Khan, Taimur, or Mohammed Ghori ? Their reputation has only a geographical and temporal meaning. They are feared, but not loved and never worshipped. And yet the prophets and the saints of the different religions are so immortalised, loved and worshipped by men. Why ? Because those prophets and saints upheld non-violence or what we in India call *Ahimsa* as the basic creed of all that they held as the best and noblest.

The great religions of the world all agree in upholding the truth of Ahimsa. That Ahimsa has been preached by the great seers of all times shows in a way that truth has its essential relation with it. That the people even of the present day read and reread the fine ancient expressions about Ahimsa and feel highly inspired thereby goes to show that human nature is in true agreement with it.

This cult of Ahimsa is the very essence of Hinduism and is found in its earliest literature. Thus it is said,

> Do not return a blow by a blow nor a curse by a curse, neither mean craftiness by base tricks, but shower blessings in return for blows and curses. (*Rig Veda* I. 41. 9)
>
> He who sees all beings in Atman and Atman in all beings does not for that reason hate anybody. (*Ishopanishad*, 6)
>
> The true mark of wisdom is the absence of self-adulation, boastfulness and violence, in the spirit of forgiveness and simplicity." (*Gita* 13. 8)
>
> The observance of strict self-control and non-violence is called the meditation of the body. (*Ibid.* 17. 14)

Buddhism may be regarded as almost synonymous with non-violence. The following quotations are translated by A. J. Edmunds from the *Dhammapada* :—

> Putting away violence 'mid weak or strong,
> Who slayeth not, nor slaughter causeth
> Him I call a Brahmin.
> Overcome anger with kindness,
> Overcome evil with good,
> Overcome meanness with a gift,
> Ay, and a liar with truth.
> There is no fire like passion.
> No monster like unto hate.
> At the rod do all men tremble ;
> Unto all men life is dear ;
> Do as you would be done by ;
> Kill not nor cause to kill.

How such noble teachings of the great Buddha were taken by his fol-

lowers could be imagined from a conversation which Buddha had with a merchant who joined his society and solicited permission from him to preach the noble doctrine to his relations.

"The people of Suanaparanta", said Buddha, "are exceedingly violent; if they revile you what will you do?"

"I will make no reply", said the merchant.

"And if they strike you?"

"I will not strike in return."

"And if they kill you?"

"Death", said the merchant, "is no evil in itself. Many even desire it to escape from the vanities of life." (Bigandet, p. 216)

In China the two master spirits of its hoary culture were Confucius and Lao-Tze. The famous Golden Rule which was first preached by Buddha was stated by Confucius only in a different form. "Do not do unto others", said he, "as you would they should not do unto you." Similarly it was said by Lao-Tze,

To those who are good I am good and to those who are not good I am also good; thus all grow to be good. To those who are sincere I am sincere; and to those who are not sincere I am also sincere; thus all grow to be sincere.

The great Iranian civilization was founded on the noble doctrine of Zoroaster which runs thus: "Humata, Hukhta, and Hvrashta: Good Thoughts, Good Words, and Good Deeds". They are reminiscent of the Hindu doctrine of Ahimsa in mind, word and body.

In ancient Greece the same spirit of non-violence triumphed when the immortal Socrates preached from behind the prison bars not to return evil for evil. Socrates said to Crito, one of his most devoted and rich friends,

"And what of doing evil in return for evil, which is the morality of the many--is that just or not?"

Crito. "Not just."

Socrates. "For doing evil to another is the same as injuring him."

Crito. "Very true."

Socrates. "Then we ought not to retaliate or render evil to any one, whatever evil we may have suffered from him."

The great Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius upheld the same spirit of Ahimsa. Thus he said,

When a man has done thee any wrong, immediately consider with what opinion about good or evil he has done wrong. For when thou hast seen this thou wilt pity him and wilt neither wonder nor be angry. For either thou thyself thinkest the same thing to be good that he does or another thing of the same kind. It is thy duty then to pardon him. But if thou dost not think such things to be good or evil, thou wilt more readily be well-disposed to him who is in error.

The well-known Stoic philosopher Cicero said,

Let us not listen to those who think we ought to be angry with enemies and who believe this to be great and manly. Nothing is so praiseworthy, nothing so clearly shows a great and noble soul as clemency and readiness to forgive.

Christianity owes its origin to the same lofty spirit of Ahimsa. The death of Jesus Christ was by itself one of the finest examples of that noble ideal. He was crucified for preaching what he considered as truth and even when dying a most horrible death he wished the good of his persecutors. Here are a few of his golden sayings which are commonly known as the "Sermon on the Mount":

Ye have heard the saying, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But

I tell you, you are not to resist an injury.

Whoever strikes you on the right cheek, turn the other to him as well. Whoever wants to sue you for your shirt, let him have your coat as well. Whoever forces you to go one mile, go two miles with him.

Ye have heard the saying, 'You must love your neighbour and hate your enemy.' But I tell you, love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you that you may be sons of your Father in Heaven.

(Matt. 5. 38-41, 43-45)

Again in the epistles of St. Paul we find expressions similar to those of Jesus : " Bless them which persecute you ; bless, and curse not."

Recompense to no man evil for evil.....Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath : for it is written, Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink : for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

(Romans, 12. 14, 17-21)

Why do people consider these utterances so beautiful, so precious ? Why are they so appealing to all men with all their racial, geographical, social, and creedal differences? These utterances were made thousands of years ago and yet they are never old, never uninspiring. They were made by persons of different races and yet all races join in admiration and love for them. The truth is, they touch our real nature which reflects our permanent being. If human nature is something universal and unchangeable, its meaning can never be found in brute violence.

There is no universal approbation of violence. But no man can help being impressed when violence is answered by non-violence. It is the expression of the true man in us. If we commit violence and then try to justify ourselves, it is because our true nature becomes overpowered by animal passion and when we regain ourselves we try to avert our mental and moral agonies by rationalising our acts as natural. The repetition of such acts is a process of animalisation which means the inevitable atrophy of the real spirit of human nature.

This does not mean that the animal is entirely absent in human nature. In fact, it should be there if man is the highest form of microcosm. But his true nature is found in his struggle to humanize the little of the animal that is still in him. It is wonderful that man is endowed with that sense of responsibility.

Those who contend that it is not possible to humanize the animal in man maintain a very poor notion of man. It is not impossible, though it may not be easy. The potential capacities of man are never fully realised. So, there is no ideal which man can conceive that he cannot attain. And if some men did, by their own effort, attain a true spirit of non-violence, it is right and logical to conclude that all men can.

It is not easy to develop the pure spirit of non-violence, but it is not proper to turn away from that ideal. Man saves himself by constantly adhering to a principle which is always rising, by going upwards after every fall from above. He is bound to fail if he is satisfied with his *status quo*, for there is no such thing in human life as is not moving, ever push-

ing to transcend its own conscious limitations. An earnest desire to attain to the pure form of non-violence is an indirect means of raising oneself from the slough of animality, nearer to the ideal sphere of humanity.

To cultivate the purest spirit of non-violence which is latent in all men requires the maximum of mental strength. Non-violence does not spring from mental weakness. A person who is harmless because he is helpless is not really non-violent; in fact he does not mean to be so. Physical non-violence if not inspired from within is only an external imposition and as such it implies slavery. The true spirit of non-violence comes from within, it cannot be imposed from without.

To maintain a mental atmosphere of non-violence means an adjustment of our different impulses and inclinations so as to form a personality which is at peace with itself. Violence is inspired by our confusion of thought due to the conflicting inward tendencies. But when a true personality is attained through an adjustment of these tendencies our mental state attains its equanimity through the organization and co-ordination of our impulses and desires. It is the first fruit of our cultivation of the spirit of non-violence. Or conversely, the spirit of non-violence evolves itself from the organization and co-ordination of our impulses. This means that when one is achieved the other follows as a necessary consequence.

But neither can be achieved without the thorough discipline of our thought, speech and action. If violence expresses itself through any one of these the other two will sooner or later imbibe the same spirit. When one harbours violence in his mind the fire continues to burn within until it bursts forth into speech and action. Similarly, when one indulges in violent language or action one's thought-world may soon catch the contagion.

The person who harbours the spirit of violence hurts himself far more than he hurts others. It tells upon his physical as well as his mental system and may even turn him into a regular psychopath. Ahimsa, on the other hand, helps one to build up a strong, *i.e.*, a pure personality which can move the world. There is no other secret in the lives of those who have been immortalised as saints and prophets.

D. N. Roy

THE RELIGION OF SATYAGRAHA

[Some of the preceding articles on *Hind Swaraj* raise certain questions and doubts, most of which are due to the difficulties which arise when individuals look at what to them are strange and revolutionary doctrines through the spectacles of inherited and acquired views. All such and others will find the following lucid presentation of great value. Particularly we should like to stress our esteemed contributor's idea about "the mental thraldom" of young India of to-day, and in that connection H. P. Blavatsky's major part in initiating in the eighties of the last century the popular revulsion among Indians against the systematic misprision of the nation's cultural heritage should not be overlooked. Had it not been for her work, "everything good in India" would have come much nearer to being destroyed before Gandhiji began his mission.—EDS.]

GANDHISM AS I UNDERSTAND IT

[**Manu Subedar, B.A., B.Sc., Econ. (London), Barrister-at-Law, M.L.A.,** is the translator of *Dnyaneshwari* which H. P. Blavatsky described as the "King of mystic works."—EDS.]

"The principal purpose of a man's life is to make the acquaintance of his Maker", says Gandhiji. While this is more or less the teaching of every religion, the excellence of Gandhism arises from the fact that this acquaintance is to be sought not by any standard and ceremonial worship, nor by any outward forms of obeisance. There is no injunction of intense individual prayer or of community prayer. Everybody is left to observe whatever forms of faith he feels like observing. Respect for every religion, tolerance for the followers of every faith and intense appreciation of the good in others are the key-note.

The principal path of reaching God, according to Gandhism, is the service of man. The Mahatma himself has eschewed all worldly possessions (through a vow of "*Aparigraha*"). He is living not the life of pomp and circumstance, but the simple existence of the simple folk who are economically downtrodden. This becomes a perpetual reminder to a man that every other human being is in every respect the same as himself. Starting with this innate feeling, not merely of equality but of oneness, it is impossible not to be impelled powerfully to strive to raise the status of all who for any reason have not secured a fair deal. The fact that the attention of the Mahatma was directed to the plight of the Harijans demonstrates how he has hit upon the proper Eastern counterpart of the Western notions of a minimum standard of living, and how he has, at various times and at great risk to himself, fought for this end. The Mahatma then directed his attention to the agricultural masses who, again, through the relentless forces of greed and exploitation at the hands of both foreigners and Indians, have been reduced to a pitiable condition. Much of their occupation in handicrafts is gone. Their economic self-sufficiency is no more. They are carrying an oppressive burden of land revenue, rent and interest, making it impossible for them to have the motive for improving agriculture, even if they had the

resources.

The general doctrine of truth and non-violence in its simplest phase, as applied to the everyday conduct of a human being towards other human beings, implies straightforward dealing, free from malice and hatred. Non-violence of this character requires enormous courage—courage to overcome internal impulses of greed and anger and courage often to go counter to the established code of social manners and the established prejudices and traditions of the privileged classes in every society; but, in effect, the equality of men and the fundamental unity of human life are emphasised. A desire for scrupulous justice, accompanied by the effort to love even a wrongdoer, is imposed on the disciple of this faith. It is not easy to separate the man from the wrong which he is doing, particularly when one occupies a place of authority and has to deal with questions of discipline. To obtain the trust and the friendship of an enemy seems almost a contradiction in terms, but a finer nature can reach these heights. Pretence or cheating of any kind has no place in this philosophy. It is not merely an impression created in the mind of the other man, but a matter of deep faith for oneself, that, while trying to remove injustice aimed at oneself and others, one still desires the highest welfare of his enemy. Enmity then is not towards persons, but towards evil tendencies in them.

If God is truth, the search for God must involve the highest individual preparation for finding truth. It is only when physical grossness is eschewed and mental balance is secured, that truth will dawn. The elimination of selfishness and the assiduous suppression of selfish ends is the beginning of the realisation of the highest truth, *viz.*, that the individual self of man is, under many limitations, *Paramatman*—the Soul of all things—the Highest. If one were to seek for this true happiness through doing good to others, the question of greed would generally get subordinated, until it became extinct. Petty purposes cease to worry the seeker, but lifelong habits, tradition, the consequences of surroundings and of company can be overcome only after prolonged effort and a general feeling, not merely of the worthlessness of material possessions, but of the impermanent satisfaction obtainable from worldly conditions.

In the centre of the teachings of Gandhiji, stands the doctrine of the knowledge of self. No one can serve others, unless he has disciplined himself and developed certain qualities. Soul force, which is greater than all other forces, can arise only from the realisation that a man's true existence is with reference to his soul and not with reference to the world, in which he has a name and a body, and of which he is a unit. In its social bearing, the qualities of soul which a man must cultivate are humility and the desire rather to give to others than to take away anything from anybody. The Mahatma has written frequently on the qualities of the *Satyagrahi*, *i.e.*, the man whose exclusive concern is the pursuit of truth. The highest amongst these qualities is the absence of hatred and intolerance.

The Law of Karma has many

variations and designations in other schools of thought. It is accepted also as a postulate in Gandhism. The circumstances and the surroundings in which one is born and in which one grows, the success or otherwise which one meets with, the physical and mental powers or weaknesses of a man, the coincidence by which he attracts or repels others—all depend on some inexorable spiritual law. But every man can, within certain limits, in this very life mould even these externals. They cease to be of serious importance as soon as the light of the soul dawns in one. From a multiplicity of desires, a stage is reached where a man's desires become concentrated, and the more selfless he becomes, the more he seeks harmony with his surroundings and yearns for success only in one direction, *viz.*, the service of others. The resentment of those who have recoiled from a religion consisting of ceremonials—the outside shell from which the kernel is gone—at the effort of Mahatma Gandhi to bring religion to bear on problems of individual conduct, as well as on major issues of the social, economic and political life of the country, can be understood.

* * * *

The root difficulty with every individual is that his mind is constantly working from one set of desires, ambitions or attractions, to another. Through this arises weakness. Once a man has been touched with the desire to know himself, there will be an increasing number of occasions when he will turn away from the world and look within himself, but he will be unable to sustain himself on these heights. It will not be a normal or a continuous process, as it is with those who have stabilised their mind and intelligence and planted them firmly in the heart. Deep faith is wanted, accompanied by a feeling of renunciation in order to secure this constancy and this balance. These facts are common to Gandhism and to all other sets of doctrines. But the Mahatma, by example and precept, by emphasis on the value of a vow, by eschewing pomp and circumstance, by the reduction of wants and the adoption of the simple life, by self-imposed poverty, by fixing on himself responsibility for the suffering of others and in a thousand small but very effective ways, has given his followers a simple code to enable them to fix their minds on human service and the search for truth as the royal road to better acquaintance with the Spirit within.

* * * *

Earnest men and women in the West, puzzled by the conditions of their civilization, are beginning to realise that something is lacking. They are seeking for the Light. Hearing a little about the doctrines of Gandhiji, they want to learn more. But who is going to preach these doctrines and to get them accepted in practice in Europe, is a question which the practical Western mind would immediately ask. The answer is, let a few men, who believe and who have faith, begin to live this life and the rest will follow. And those few men are arising.

While the West is beginning to weigh the import of these doctrines, in India their acceptance is confined

to a very limited circle of the followers of the Mahatma and, even amongst these, few live up to them. In India, there is the glamour of the West, the hankering after modernisation. Extreme competition, impoverishment and very slow progress towards freedom, assisted by the results of Westernisation in Japan, Turkey and Afghanistan, have led young Indians to seek guidance from the West. Western thinkers, brilliant in the first steps, but generally failing to reach the final solution, attract them. The degeneration created by the British rule has led the young folk to search outside, where they are torn between the doctrines of Fascism and of Communism. These men with half-digested knowledge are still not ready to absorb the fundamentals on which Indian polity could be based and, indeed, the whole world polity could rest. The mental thraldom imposed by foreign education and the studied devaluation of everything Eastern, would have destroyed everything good in India but for the surge of nationalism and the mass awakening resulting from the doctrines of the Mahatma. Courage even unto death in the cause of truth had been heard of before, but has been demonstrated in India only recently. The results produced have made young persons falter. They are turning back and giving an eye to the political doctrines of Gandhiji. What they cannot yet adapt themselves to, is that part of his teaching which enjoins personal discipline, abstinence and simplicity. The political truth regarding the freedom of India appeals to them, but its counterpart and its inner essential —the removal from their own natures of violence, of hatred, of intolerance, and above all, of selfishness—has not yet caught them.

* * * *

The reaction of the Western mind to any criticism of machines, complex financial organizations, specialised services, experts, parliaments and empires, is hostile, but without understanding. The highest moral doctrine is that everybody must work. The aim of every social organization should be to secure for every one the opportunity to work. The extent to which machines and the trade created by them, penetrating into the remotest parts of the world, have destroyed human labour and the scope and opportunity for human work, is terrible. One must learn, however, not to hate the machines, but to love humanity. Promptly the cynic will ask, what is to be done with the machines already invented? As a device for saving human effort, use may be made of them as of all natural and physical advantages. No one has suggested that, when fresh water is available, distilled water must be created from the sea for everyday use. That the machines have dominated not only the men who were working but the men who produced and who owned the machines and made them forget their obligations towards other human beings, is written large in the industrial history of every Western country. This result could not have been produced if the leadership of society had been in the hands of men with awakened souls, *i.e.*, with a feeling of identity with other human beings and with a feeling of respon-

sibility for their welfare. That these qualities can be cultivated has been demonstrated. That they could be instilled into an ever-increasing number of human beings, is also credible. If, under the name of patriotism, violent hatreds leading to the senseless slaughter of innocent persons during war can be created by propaganda and corporate effort, why should not the same propaganda and corporate effort give as much assistance in the production of good as they have given hitherto in the production of evil ?

Anti-war theses have given glamorous statistics of the prosperity which could have been brought to every man, woman and child in Europe, if the expenditure on armaments and on the last war had been avoided over a stretch of years. An Indian under the influence of Gandhism would point out not the material but the other results, *viz.*, the elimination or the substantial reduction of crime, of disease, of frustration and of humiliation of vast masses, and generally the establishment of human responsibility, from the organization of society on the basis of non-violence. In such an organization the primary self-directive impulses known to the average human being in the West would have received a serious check from other desires strongly stimulated, aiming not at taking something from others, but at giving one's best to others, leading to a balance between what is contributed by an individual to the general life and what is taken from that general life by the individual. The life of the spirit should not be a superior pose or an occasional nicety to be indulged in as a hobby. It must in all cases be a corrective and a balancing factor to physical life. But it must be more the foundation on which the rest of existence depends. Restraints arising out of family discipline or the discipline of society through laws are known and understood, but Gandhiji's teachings seek to evaluate in the interest of the human race, the restraints which can be imposed on himself by a man who has begun the search for the spiritual life.

When you visit the West, they show you with great pride roads, buildings, communications, palaces or town halls, museums and libraries. As proofs of achievement and civilization, these are put forward. The follower of Gandhiji would say, in all humility, that it is better for a country to show a fully developed human being, who leads the life of the Soul, than to show all these. From one torch, many lamps could be lighted. The value of human civilization must be put in the ascendancy of the moral motive—not merely as expressed in words, but as it is lived. Where are the physical monuments of civilizations prior to that which is known to us now in the West ? There is something greater than those achievements, and it is the purpose of the Mahatma's teaching not only to bring this out, but to extol it as the highest aim of human life. Once that aim was accepted, applications to social and political organization and economic and physical production and distribution would inevitably follow.

MANU SUBEDAR

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"THE UNIVERSE IS PERVADED BY DEITY"*

In his admirable introduction to this book, Mr. Sarma tells that the Sutra is a literary form peculiar to India—that "It is a mnemonic formula from which every unnecessary word is removed." He then goes on to tell us that he, with the help of Sanskrit scholars, has condensed the teaching of Mahatma Gandhi into the one hundred and eight Sutras; and that, in place of the traditional commentary, extracts from the Mahatma's speeches and writings are given in order to amplify and illuminate each individual Sutra.

It follows, therefore, that this book is concerned with quintessences. In the narrow confines of the hundred and fifty pages, it claims to present, with commentary, the whole of the Mahatma's teaching. So it is clear that to review this work in a book of equal length would be no small achievement.

In view of the above, what justification is there for selecting one of these Sutras rather than another? Especially as they are classified in three divisions: the first dealing with general principles; the second with Satyagraha; and the third with Non-Co-operation and Civil Disobedience, the two main branches of Satyagraha. The selection of one particular Sutra can be justified only if it enshrines the fundamental theme of them all.

This is the third Sutra of the first division:—

The Veda says: "The universe is pervaded by God."

Concerning this Sutra, the Mahatma writes: "I have come to the final conclusion that if all the Upanishads and all the other scriptures happened all of a sudden to be reduced to ashes and if only the first verse of the Ishopanishad ("All this—whatever there is in the universe—is pervaded by God. Renounce it and enjoy. Do not covet the wealth of another.") were left intact in the memory of Hindus, Hinduism would live for ever." And he also says: "I have in my search of the scriptures of the world found nothing to add to this..." It seems therefore that there is justification for regarding this Sutra as the main theme of the Mahatma's teaching.

To discover a main theme was essential, for, superficially, these Sutras are concerned with a bewildering number of seemingly diverse subjects:—Agriculture and weaving; art; cow protection; violence and cowardice; fasting; marriage; culture; untouchables; etc.; etc. And yet, no matter which aspect of life is illuminated in these Sutras, they are organically related, because each and all radiate from a central conception—the conception that life is a sacrament, and that therefore, in every activity, we stand upon holy ground. Life is a sacrament because "The universe is pervaded by God." Everything must be spiritualised—because everything is spiritual. That would seem to be the fundamental theme of the Mahatma's teaching.

As one reads this book, one is forced to the conclusion that Gandhi—like other great teachers—makes one remarkable assumption in all that he writes and in all that he says. This assumption is that mankind shares his own consuming passion for Truth. That, above all else, men worship and venerate God. That He is the supreme desire of their hearts. For the great teachers are those who love one thing supremely, but we lesser men love all sorts of things a little, and none of them very ardently, and none of them very long.

Wilde wrote in *De Profundis* that: "It is so difficult to keep the heights the

**The Gandhi Sutras.* By D. S. SARMA, M.A. (G. S. Press, Madras. Re. 1/8)*

soul is competent to gain." And he might have added that many of us soon cease even to desire those heights. We weary of the struggle. And so it would seem that there is a gulf fixed between us and the great teachers whose desire is constant, and who see always and only the goal. A gulf so great that we are tempted to believe that their assumptions reveal everything about them, and very little about us.

And so the great question stands: How shall they quicken in us the consuming desire which animates them? How shall they wake in us that passion for Truth which burns in them? How shall they transform our little loves for the many into a unified love for the One? That is the great question, for, lacking this desire in the hearts of common humanity, the world will remain the world. It is the desire of the heart which is made manifest, not the mumbled prayer of the lips.

Nothing is easier, in reading works of a high spiritual order, than to believe that we share the aspirations expressed, the victories won. It is easy because it flatters our vanity. Actually, of course, it is given only to the greatest to love mankind. To know men, and to love them, is the supreme achievement of supreme vision. Theoretically, it is not difficult to "love". And, to-day, many who have become afraid of their contempt for humanity, and their contempt for themselves, are busy training themselves to love mankind. But Love is not a concept. It is the brimming overflow of the grace of God. Many men who are great, but not of the greatest, men who see far, and see clearly, are outcasts from the Kingdom, because they lack the one key which will unlock the gates.

To read this book is to realise the implications inherent in our professed beliefs. "The universe is pervaded by God?" Yes, of course, we believe it. Well, the implications of that belief are set forth here. If the universe is pervaded by God, then, life is a sacrament. There is no place for your feet that is not holy. You have kinship with all that lives and breathes—with all that loves, suffers and dies. Whatever happens to another, happens to you—to all. You are "responsible for all to all". You can claim nothing for your own, except the extent to which you have come short of the glory of God.

This book challenges us, not with a new and an alien belief, but with the implications of our own creed.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

The Gandhian Way. By ACHARYA J. B. KRIPALANI. (Vora & Co., Bombay. Rs. 2.)

Non-violent Revolution. By ACHARYA J. B. KRIPALANI. (Vora & Co., Bombay. As. 4.)

Revolution or Counter-Revolution. By JAIRAMDAS DOULATRAM. (Vora & Co., Bombay. As. 2.)

Mr. Kripalani, General Secretary of the National Congress, is a political realist with an uncommon gift of shrewd statement, who champions Gandhi's methods primarily because they work. He does not reveal his own philosophic or religious beliefs; and probably as a practical politician he does not regard them as relevant: but he is perfectly certain that Gandhi has discovered the appropriate political technique for the Indian Nationalist movement for a good many years to come. Much of *The Gandhian Way* is devoted to controversy with Indian Communists, which is generally a dull business; but Mr. Kripalani, by his courtesy and humour, contrives to be unusually readable in this vein. I regret the more that the book is disfigured by a considerable number of serious misprints, which interpose a psychological barrier between it and the English reader: for this is a book which is peculiarly full of interest for the English student of Indian politics. Not only does it contain some valuable psychological and economic information—for example, that there is still a widespread demand that the Indian politician should

conform to ascetic standards; and that the percentage of the population of India dependent upon agriculture is steadily increasing—but the general temper of Mr. Kripalani's comment is remarkably free from prejudice, extravagance, fanaticism and claptrap. He is a realist, but not a cynic; and, if we may regard him as a fair (though exceptionally gifted) example of the Congress politician who is a follower of Gandhi, the prospects of India's political future are far more encouraging than the majority even of sympathetic Englishmen are inclined to believe.

It would be unreasonable to judge these publications by followers of Mr. Gandhi by the standards of their master. *Hind Swaraj* expounds, with the concision and clarity of deep insight, a comprehensive philosophy of life; in it Satyagraha, as a moral and religious attitude, is indissolubly linked with a repudiation of machine-civilization and Western political democracy, and the ideal is rigorously inculcated of a return to a society based on the simple agricultural community. Thus Gandhi is separated by what is almost a spiritual hiatus from those of his political followers for whom the civilization, the democratic institutions and the nationalism of the West are the *summum bonum*. It is impossible to tell from these publications how far their authors hold the Western faith. Both speak frequently of the desirability of "revolution"; but neither makes clear the nature of the revolution he desires. I am ignorant of the details of the actual political situation in India; but it seems to me plain that Gandhi's whole-hearted participation in Indian politics, and the decisive influence of that participation, depend upon his conviction that the means are more important than the end. He is willing to take part in politics, because he believes that by so doing he can create a movement of spiritual and religious renovation congenial to Hindu tradition and the spirit of the Indian peasantry. As Mr. Kripalani says:—

> He accepts non-violence in deed as even a religious reformer accepts external conformity in conduct in the belief that this conformity produces habits of conduct which ultimately may and many times do affect the mind and change the heart.

In this crucial matter of non-violence, conformity is something more than external conformity. "Do the works, and ye shall know the doctrine." And it would be presumptuous to assert that any man's non-violent resistance was entirely superficial; but those of whom this could be asserted with the least degree of injustice are surely those for whom non-violence is exclusively a successful political technique. Mr. Doulatram comes slightly nearer to this position than Mr. Kripalani, but he nowhere really accepts it. He endorses non-violence, not simply because it has been successful, but because the weapon "was dug out of the Indian soil", and because it is an instrument of true discipline.

> It is under the sheltering wing of non-violence that the tremendous mass-awakening, which is daily developing, has been made possible. So long as, in practice, the Congress maintains this atmosphere and lays upon it the necessary emphasis, so long will the process of organizing and disciplining the broad masses of India be a practicable programme.

This is an unexceptionable statement. Non-violence is there regarded as a process of moral and political education. It is not simply a means to a particular political end: but it is as it were consubstantial with the emergence of a new capacity for organized political action which can, so long as non-violence is held to be the primary imperative, never be wholly perverted to unworthy ends. Mr. Doulatram's idea of the true political and social goal of India is probably very different from Mr. Gandhi's; and I doubt whether Mr. Kripalani's is entirely the same: but so long as they sincerely accept non-violence as an end in itself no less than a means, they may fairly claim to be loyal disciples of their master.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY

A Concise History of Buddhist Art in Siam. By REGINALD LE MAY : With a Foreword by Sir John Marshall. (Cambridge University Press. 42*s.*)

"To know Indian art in India alone", says Sir John Marshall in his foreword to this book, "is to know but half its story". We are familiar with the story of Buddhist art in Central Asia and the immensely fruitful Buddhist influence on the art of China and Japan. But the story of the early and long continued emigrations from India to the Farther East, the South of China, and the Malay Archipelago, to the consequences of which Cambodia owes the magnificence of Angkor and Java the beautiful sculptures of Borobodhur,—this is a story full of deepest interest indeed, but singularly baffling and obscure. To dispel some of this obscurity in regard to one of the countries concerned, Siam, and its Buddhist art, is the object of this volume. Dr. le May has spent many years in Siam, speaks the language, and has visited all the sites and monuments he mentions; he has studied the arts of India and Ceylon, and approaches his subject with sympathy. He acknowledges a great debt to the French archæologists who have done so much to promote knowledge of the art and antiquities of this part of Asia, especially M. Coedès. The English contribution has hitherto been very small.

Those of us therefore who have been stirred to admiration by isolated sculptures in this or that museum, and wish to know more of Siamese art and its relation to the other arts of Asia, will be glad to take Dr. le May for guide. It is true that reading this volume is rather like walking through a strange wood by a dim light; but the author has at least blazed a track through the wood, and when we emerge we find we possess a fairly clear conception of the successive phases of Siamese Art and Siamese history. Probably there will be controversy among specialists as to some of Dr. le May's conclusions on particular points; but at any rate he provides a serviceable foundation.

The subject is complicated by the fact that we have to deal not with the art of a single race but of several races; cultural influences have streamed into the country from all sides. And apart from traditions and a few inscriptions there is little to go upon in the determination of dates except the comparative study of the sculptures themselves.

Our author begins with a few images of Indian or Sinhalese origin found on Siamese soil; and from what he tells us it is evident that systematic excavation would bring much enlightenment on the development of Siamese Sculptures. The first period of native art is that of the Môn. The Môn race came from Lower Burma and occupied Central Siam. To what heights this art could rise is seen in the terra-cotta head of Buddha in the Bangkok Museum, reproduced by Dr. le May. The fullness and vitality of the modelling, the sensitiveness, the sense of reality, in this moving fragment are extraordinary. This school, our author thinks, was active from the fifth to the tenth century.

Then comes the period of the Khmer ascendency, which in its turn was overthrown by the Tai or Siamese as they are known in Europe. The Khmer, who built Angkor, were great artists. Their sculpture was inspired both by Buddhism and Hinduism; even in the images of Buddha there is a latent sensuality and a hint of cruelty which recall the Hindu gods as they were sculptured in India. In the Buddhas of Khmer type found in Siam these attributes seem to be softened. Dr. Le May reproduces two Buddha heads in sandstone, one in the Victoria and Albert Museum, the other in his own collection, which are superb of their kind.

The Tai are supposed to have been immigrants from the South of China. Our author finds nothing of Chinese character in their art, and its inspiration is of course wholly Indian. Yet perhaps one may discern a remote affinity with Chinese art in Siamese tendencies in design, with its fondness for flame-like shapes, and its rather abstract character. This may be fanciful;

but one would think that the sculptors, however reverentially following Indian example, would be influenced by the physical type of their own people. In any case, the study of the assimilation and gradual modification of foreign ideals by a gifted race is a fascinating theme. Dr. le May's story is constantly interrupted by discussion of obscure problems and controversy on theories of other writers, so that it is not too easy reading. But this is largely pioneer work, and such drawbacks are inevitable. The author does not treat of Siamese painting, a subject probably still more difficult than the sculpture—but not unworthy of attention.

LAURENCE BINYON

Benjamin Franklin. By CARL VAN DOREN. (The Viking Press, New York. $3.75.)

Benjamin Franklin, who stood head and shoulders above his contemporaries, ranks as one of the greatest men the Western world has produced. He was born in 1706, and, beginning active life at the age of sixteen, played the rôles of a business man, a politician, a scientist, a foreign diplomat and a philosopher, retired from public life at the age of eighty-two and died in his eighty-fourth year. During this long period of intense activity, he worked without a break and his life embraced not only most of the significant events in the development of the America of that century but also many memorable occurrences in the Europe of that day. It included the beginnings of American literature and journalism, the international wars, the Revolution, the Confederation, the shaping of the Constitution, the democratic movement within the States, the expansion of American commerce and industry, science and invention, the extension of agriculture, the development of banking and insurance, the growth of cities, the movement for intercolonial and national unity, the formulation of economic and political theories, relations with American Indians and the development of American philanthropy and education. The enumeration of even all these gives us only a partial list of the major events and developments in which Franklin played so significant a part. His biography is almost a history of the eighteenth century.

It is no wonder, therefore, that though countless special studies had been made and many volumes written on various aspects of Franklin's life and career no author before Carl Van Doren had attempted to write a biography covering in precise detail his long and many-sided life. What he has done, simple in conception but almost overwhelming in execution, has been to set down the complete life as Franklin himself might have written it had he ever completed the famous *Autobiography* which dealt only with his years as a rising tradesman, and did not reach his memorable years as imperial prophet, revolutionary statesman, cosmopolitan diplomat, scientist, wit, moralist, sage. As he became more and more involved in the national life of America, he found little time to carry out the history of himself that he had planned.

And now Mr. Van Doren has completed what Franklin left unfinished. Few are better qualified to write the biography of this great man than the present author who has given much of the last twenty years to writing and research on the life of Franklin and who has long been a dominant figure in the American world of letters.

The chief aim in producing this monumental volume is, the author informs us, "to restore to Franklin, so often remembered piecemeal in this or that of his diverse aspects, his magnificent central unity as a great and wise man moving through great and troubling events". To the extent that it is possible to do this, Mr. Van Doren has done it. His volume is undoubtedly the most comprehensive and the most critically sympathetic biography of Franklin yet produced. But while there was consistency of character in Frank-

lin, there was no unity of purpose. His whole life was opportunistic, and he was urged to activity now by curiosity, now by benevolence, now by duty. This was characteristic of his life throughout. He did things as they came to him.

His mind was a federation of purposes, working harmoniously together. Other philosophers might be dark and profound but Franklin moved serenely through the visible world trying to understand it all.

What Franklin was in his outstanding characteristics that America has come to be. So to the modern American, Franklin is more representative of American traits than Washington, Jefferson or John Adams.

Separated from Franklin by a century and a half, Mr. Van Doren has sought to understand him and his world not only through his own words and his *Autobiography* but also through the thousands of letters, the numerous scattered articles and the volumes of scientific, political and economic treatises written by him or about him. Since the political history of the time and the story of Franklin's activities as a diplomat and a statesman are better known, the author's chief contribution is in his detailed attention to certain aspects of Franklin's personal life, his literary activities and his scientific interests. These are clearly set forth and well integrated with other phases of his career. Mr. Van Doren has vividly reconstructed Franklin's surroundings, the formal society of Boston and Philadelphia, the scientific society of London and the aristocratic society of Paris in which Franklin moved with so much ease. Equally interesting is the portrayal of Franklin in his family relationships and in his friendships with people unknown to fame.

But that is not all. There is an excellent survey of Franklin's early literary efforts and also a thorough review of the various issues of *Poor Richard's Almanac*. In addition, the author provides us with an impressive summary of Franklin's scientific activities—his experiments with electricity, the Franklin stove, the invention of the glass harmonica, his interest in scientific agriculture, the first flexible catheter, his study of whirlwinds and of the Gulf Stream and of canals, his interest in ventilation and in the application of oil to rough seas, and a hundred other similar experiments—as fundamental contributions to the development of science in America.

This lengthy biography does not, however, give one a clear idea of Franklin's philosophy or of his economic and political theory as a system. Perhaps this is due to his solutions to the problems having been spread over a long lifetime and to the fact that Franklin was in himself "a harmonious human multitude". All the same, the book is a signal contribution to biographical literature. It contains much material never before presented to the public and it recreates the exciting epoch in which Franklin lived. Moreover, its value is not merely historical; it has human value as a portrayal of a great man, prepared with great care, subjected to the most rigorous scholarship and written with deep affection for one of history's most lovable and fascinating figures. The publication of this work may well be reckoned as the outstanding event of 1938 in American letters. Among Mr. Van Doren's many important works, this is the one most likely to survive.

J. M. KUMARAPPA

Building the British Empire: To the End of the First Empire. By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS. (Scribner's, New York. $3.50)

This is a biography of the Empire. The well-known American author starts his story from the early life of the English lands, swept by repeated alien raids, and suggests that the infusion of foreign blood with varying racial strains may account for the bewildering contradictions in British national character.

He proceeds to set out a parade of personalities and events, stirred to vivid life, and while high-lighting subtle or dramatic moods avoids dull patches of detail. His task is not simply one of selection. "The aim is to discover what the British are like, what made them what they are", and how they spread out to rule a quarter of the earth.

The author, curiously, treats the Empire as a single unit, a sort of Greater Britain—as if the colonies had had no separate, isolated life of their own. The Crown, he tells us, I think incorrectly, "sums up in itself as one symbol the entire strivings, hopes, aspirations and loyalties....of all the peoples of the Empire".

Indian affairs occupy barely fifteen pages of this bulky volume which carries the story down to the independence of the United States. The tendency of British historians to overestimate empire-builders like Warren Hastings is here reproduced. Consider this amazing statement: "In a little over two years Hastings succeeded in giving Bengal the best government any Indian province had ever had." Mr. Adams notes no anomaly in the divergent fates of Clive and Nandakumar, both of whom committed forgery, then punishable according to English law with death. Clive was raised to the peerage; Nandakumar was hanged.

The path of Imperialism is not strewn with the roses of a spotless moral standard. All Empires have been founded and extended by blood and tears. Mr. Adams ignores this fact and follows orthodox British historians who have presented him not only with factual material but also with a point of view. So he does not speak of the ravages of John Company, the terrorist technique employed to destroy India's industries, but refers to the "horrors" of the Black Hole of Calcutta, a doubtful episode probably fabricated by one Company official proved to have been a notorious liar.

Mr. Adams wisely avoids detailing wars in the drum-and-trumpet style. But he falters when he tries to explore economic aspects. He does not interpret the nature of mercantile capitalism, the forerunner of finance capital. Economic motives do not strike him as essential springs of human action. Yet, in the light of events that convulse the world to-day, does it not seem that, in the final analysis, imperialist expansion gets nearly all its steam out of an economic urge?

This book may be recommended to the lay reader for its clear, arresting unfoldment of Britain's history. The specialist will find in it, at any rate, a facility of phrase, a picturesque presentation.

BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

[Those who want to see the picture of history from the side of the Indians will do well to peruse the *Rise of the Christian Power in India* by Major Basu. In that connection we might quote some words of Benjamin Franklin about Imperialistic wars: "Justice is as strictly due between neighbour nations as between neighbour citizens. A highwayman is as much a robber when he plunders in a gang as when single; and a nation that makes an unjust war is only a great gang."- EDS.]

Power. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The theme of the eighteen chapters of this "new social analysis", as it is designated, is that power is the fundamental social science—not power in any one form, economic, military, propaganda, or other—but power in general and relatively considered in its various aspects, and finally the need of the taming of power for human welfare. The work is rich in historical illustrations and the subject is considered psychologically and as related to philosophy and religion, complete with political wisdom. Its publication in these tragic days is timely; it seems to give a clearer analysis of present world conditions, and to show better the way of future development than any book of its kind that we have seen.

If the first chapters be found pedantic, and Russell's personal opinions too withdrawn, in the later ones we are offered a splendid reward for continuing, and we are left in no doubt regarding Russell's views. Although he warns us against eloquence, we are much moved by the words of this great humanitarian.

One of the first points he makes is the mistake of Marx and orthodox economists in taking economic self-interest as the fundamental motive in social science.

We are shown vividly how in this mechanical age the power over matter has lessened human sympathy. He writes:—

> In former days men sold themselves to the Devil to acquire magical power. Nowadays they acquire these powers from science, and find themselves compelled to become devils. There is no hope for the world unless power can be tamed, and brought into the service, not of this or that group of fanatical tyrants, but of the whole of the human race.... If human life is to be for the mass of mankind anything better than a dull misery punctuated with moments of sharp horror, there must be as little naked power as possible.

Of nationalism we read that it is "a stupid ideal, and people perceive that it is bringing Europe to ruin".

Writing of the tendency for organizations to coalesce, he points out that "moral obligations are not confined to a section of the human race". In the chapter on "Power and Moral Codes" he says:—

> All great moralists from Buddha and the Stoics down to recent times, treated the good as something to be, if possible, enjoyed by all men equally.... Their Ethic had always a twofold source: on the one hand they valued certain elements in their own lives; on the other hand, sympathy made them desire for others what they desired for themselves.... Power is the means, in ethical contests as in those of politics. But with the Ethical systems that have had most influence in the past, power is not the end.... Their founders were men whose sympathy was universal, and who were felt, on this account, to be possessed of a wisdom surpassing that of temporary and passionate despots.... I do not think that the return to a tribal or aristocratic ethic can be of long duration; the whole history of man since the time of Buddha points in the opposite direction. However passionately power may be desired, it is not power that is thought good in moments of reflection and meditation. This is proved by the characters of the men whom mankind have thought most divine.

Under "The Ethics of Power", he continues:—

> "If I had to select four men who had more power than any others, I should mention Buddha and Christ, Pythagoras and Galileo. No one of the four had the support of the State until after his propaganda had achieved a great measure of success. No one of the four had much success in his own lifetime. No one of the four would have affected human life as he has done if power had been his *primary* object. No one of the four sought the kind of power that enslaves others, but the kind that sets them free—in the case of the first two, by showing how to master the desires that lead to strife, and thence to defeat slavery and subjection; in the case of the second two, by pointing the way towards the control of natural forces. *It is not ultimately by violence that men are ruled, but by the wisdom of those who appeal to the common desires of mankind, for happiness, for inward and outward peace, and for the understanding of the world.*

Under "The Taming of Power" he says:—

> "The organized life of the community is necessary, but it is necessary as mechanism, not something to be valued on its own account. What is of most value in human life is more analogous to what all the great religious teachers have spoken of."

E. H. BREWSTER

Kant's Pre-Critical Ethics. By PAUL ARTHUR SCHILPP (Studies in the Humanities No. 2, Northwestern University, Evanston and Chicago. $2.50)

The traditional view of Kant as a moral philosopher is that he was an uncompromising rationalist and rigorist. In his anxiety to uphold the categorical nature of the Ought, he wholly excluded feeling therefrom, thus depriving it of all content. The difficulties of his language and the complicated and unsystematic way in which he wrote have made almost impossible a proper understanding of his doctrines whether as metaphysician or as moralist. Of late, however, attempts have been made to arrive at more sympathetic and correct evaluations. Notable in recent years is Professor Paton's work on *Kant's Metaphysic of Experience*. At least as important to a better study of the *Critiques* is the study of what Kant wrote in the long years prior to these—essays, dissertations, letters, lecture-notes, etc. An examination of these will reveal the developing Kant and help to clarify his developed thought. Such an attempt was made in the case of Kant's Ethics by Paul Menzer in the second and third volumes of *Kant-Studien*; in spite, however, of his "great care and painstaking analysis", he failed to appreciate duly much that was significant in the earlier writings, with the result that the current misconceptions about Kant were left standing.

The present work of Mr. Schilpp is a far more sympathetic study, notable for its clear analysis, ample documentation, and cogent presentation. We are shown how Kant was neither melancholic nor pessimistic: how he recognised the place of feelings and helpful drives in the moral life; how though appreciating the moral sense school, he never wholly adopted their doctrines or those of Rousseau; how his subsequent condemnation of these was not a sudden inexplicable revolt, but an explication of a critical attitude present from the first; how when he stresses the rôle of reason, he views it not as an empty deductive principle, but as a regulative inductive principle—and so on. Unlike the majority of works on Kant, the book before us makes fascinating reading and presents Kant himself as a very lovable figure. But Mr. Schilpp is not blind to the defective trends in Kant's thought. The present volume is confined to the pre-critical Ethics. The author is convinced that an analysis of the later writings will tend only to confirm his conclusions, though he has necessarily to postpone this attempt.

The Indian reader has always noticed parallels between Kant as traditionally presented and certain aspects of Hindu Ethics, notably the teaching of the *Bhagavad Gītā*, exhorting to duty in scorn of consequence. While in its anti-utilitarian teaching it reveals much in common with Kant, it has been thought that in doctrines like dedication to God and so on, the *Gīta* shows superiority over the mere rigorism of Kantian ethics. When the latter misconception about Kant is dispelled, the former claim will have to be revised. Even as it is, the Hindu apologist is hard put to it to answer the question how far the *Gītā* avoids the formalism imputed to Kant. What guidance does it give in answering concrete ethical problems as to what A, B or C should do? One seems compelled to offer the code of *varṇāshrama dharma* as a comprehensive answer to such questions. If that is the only answer, Kant seems to be a better moralist, in holding that morality is dynamic and that "the moral law is holy not because it has been revealed to us. Its holiness is original and our own reason is capable of revealing it to us."

Another parallel to Kant is provided by Prābhākara who held that the Vedic injunctions are obligatory because they are spiritual not because of pleasurable consequences promised. A man is to offer sacrifice because he is enjoined to, not because he is promised heaven. Even such a rigoristic notion of the "Ought" could not ignore consequence utterly. Though heaven did not enter into the imperative, an unseen result (*apūrva*) of the present act, contributory to future heavenly enjoyment, consti-

tutes a "helpful drive" (*niyoga*) to the action enjoined. The doctrine of *niyoga* seems to provide even a closer link with Kant as his teaching is now presented to us. The Prābhākara system is little understood and much criticised, sharing in a large measure the same fate as Kant's; its rival, the *Bhāṭṭa* school, with its frank exploitation of the category of end-and-means has made a more successful appeal both to the vulgar and to the learned. A re-valuation of ethical ideals is necessary in this country; and in the process, a better understanding of Kant will prove of immense benefit. As a contribution to this the volume deserves a very cordial welcome.

S. S. SURYANARAYANA SHASTRI

The Indwelling God: Historical Study of the Christian Conception of Divine Immanence and Incarnation with Special Reference to Indian Thought. By E. C. DEWICK, M.A. (Oxford University Press. Rs. 7)

At a time like the present when economic and political problems claim the monopoly of the energies of mankind, it is refreshing to come across a volume devoted to a discussion of the problem of Divine In-Dwelling which demonstrates that even amidst the clash and clamour of contemporary civilization, there are thinkers interested in the pursuit of eternal verities. Presented to Cambridge University as a thesis for the Degree of Bachelor of Divinity in 1936, the volume under notice reveals the author's industrious quest along the pathway to Reality. The seventh chapter is devoted to an exposition of the Christian teaching about Immanence. The vicissitudes of the doctrine in Roman Catholic Christianity and in the Reformed Churches, the revival of and the reaction against Immanentism in the post-war period, are all narrated with insight and precision. General conclusions are drawn in the fourteenth chapter. The fifteenth and concluding chapter refers to certain unsolved problems of Divine Immanence.

Mr. Dewick briefly surveys Indian conceptions of Divine Immanence in the *Gita*, the *Vedas* and the *Upanishads*, and examines the later development of the doctrine.

It is not difficult to agree with the author in his main conclusions. Thoroughgoing Immanentism, and thoroughgoing Transcendentalism are to be avoided as undesirable and unprofitable extremes. There is the middle path. In understanding the relation between God in man on the one hand, and God in nature on the other, some Immanence and some Transcendence are inevitable. But while the wisdom of the Middle Path is obvious it is not easy to translate its theoretical doctrinal elements into ethical conduct. Mr. Dewick's treatment of Indian Philosophy reveals but imperfect acquaintance with doctrines, details and historical evolution. He refers to certain well-known works by Indian and European writers on Indian Philosophy, but that is just the reason why he has been misled. I shall cite only three instances: (1) It is not correct to state that in the Upanishads the emphasis falls more on Immanence than Transcendence. The problem cannot be narrowed down or restricted to emphasis. The whole of the *Katha Upanishad* teaches Divine Transcendence. There are countless other texts as well. (2) His view that in the *Gita* logical inconsistencies are even more evident than in the *Upanishads* is not correct. The *Gita* is definitely designed to remove logical inconsistencies. (3) His view of Madhva of Udipi is wrong. It needs immediate and thorough overhauling. I do not blame Mr. Dewick for special pleading here and there in behalf of Christianity but I suggest that the Middle Path has been carved out by followers of other religions who were experts in spiritual engineering. Mr. Dewick's study of Divine Immanence is refreshing, resonant with vibrations of reason and faith, and it must wake at least some from spiritual slumber.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

The Voluntary Citizen: An Enquiry into the Place of Philanthropy in the Community. By CONSTANCE BRAITHWAITE. (Methuen, London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

One way in which the strongly marked individualism of the British people has been humanised through the centuries is shown by the history of philanthropy in England. This book may be described as a tribute to this spirit, as it is a survey of philanthropic activities inspired by the desire to relieve man's estate. The title is happily conceived, as it loads the term "citizen" with a meaning which is uncapturable by any Acts of Parliament.

The author approaches the problem in a spirit of scientific detachment and passes in review voluntary activities in every sphere of life, though she confesses her personal predilections as a socialist. Her main thesis is that even in the best ordered society there is bound to be scope for voluntary effort undertaken by the more fortunate citizens in the interests of the backward majority.

The first section of the book, in some ways the most important, is devoted to the motives behind all kinds of philanthropy; the author shows the interrelationship that must always exist between official and non-official effort. She gives interesting examples of action by the state inspired by private zeal, sometimes parallel with it, less rarely inspiring it.

Even in philanthropy there is a controversial field, as can easily be imagined with the multiplicity of ideologies and the overflow of missionary zeal to propagate them. It is undesirable for the state to enter this field, although in authoritarian states the experiment seems to be succeeding: but the cost of such an unnatural suppression of the most spontaneous impulse in human nature will be found in the long run unduly great. This reflection supports the author's remark that the "voluntary citizen" thrives only in democratic states.

The second and third sections are largely statistical, and must have involved tremendous labour in the compiling, since the data are available, we believe, only in out-of-the-way corners of the book-world.

The volume is bound to prove a standard of reference to the history and resources of all charitable organisations in Britain, with their spheres of influence extending from the most obscure parish to matters of international concern, such as are dealt with by the International Labour Office at Geneva.

P. M.

Bradley and Bergson. By RAM MURTI LOOMBA. (The Upper India Publishing House Ltd., Lucknow. Rs. 2-8)

Philosophical research, unlike scientific research, consists in re-thinking old problems, re-viewing old systems in new perspectives and discovering similarities between doctrines so far deemed different. Mr. Loomba sets to himself the task of comparing the philosophical systems of Bradley and Bergson. Bradley, after successively putting to the touchstone of self-consistency the various categories of experience such as causality, space, time, relation and even self, finds them internally rent asunder by inconsistency and discord and hence relegates them all to the world of "appearance" and then seeks "reality" in an Absolute which, in a sense, transcends all these categories. Bergson, on the other hand, discarding logical analysis, takes intuition to be the sole means of apprehending the Absolute, which is infinite because it is simple. The Absolute of Bergson seems to be concrete and immanent and not abstract and transcendent like that of Bradley. In spite of this divergence between the two systems, our author seeks to establish that Bradley and Bergson agree in basic tendencies of thought and so ultimately arrive at the same conclusion as regards the essential nature of Reality. It is significant that Mr. Loomba takes the help of Indian Philosophy to bracket Bradley and Bergson together. He contends that it is on the vantage-ground of the basic "vision" of immediate experience, which is

direct, non-relational and intuitive, that Bradley and Bergson meet; this is the mysticism to be met with in both. This book presents an original point of view.

D. S. LONDHE

Civilisation: The Next Step. By C. DELISLE BURNS. (Nicholson and Watson, London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Delisle Burns's latest book is a significant contribution to an understanding of present-day problems. It is not a political book but a partly psychological and partly ethical interpretation of the basis of civilisation to-day, explaining how deficiencies in our social behaviour and moral codes lead ultimately to instability in national life with inevitable political repercussions. It is necessary if civilization is to progress that the ordinary man should understand what he can do to serve this end and how, by conforming to a certain pattern of social behaviour he can help to eliminate all those undesirable facets of civilisation which directly or indirectly cause distress and unhappiness.

One of the book's chief merits is this focussing of responsibility for the next step primarily on the individual. Civilisation is defined as "a way of living", dependent to be sure upon economic and political factors up to a certain point, but "seen best in the manners and customs of ordinary intercourse in normal daily life". The "next step" indicated for the individual is in the direction of the abolition of snobbery, social, racial, national and economic, and of "a friendliness which can subordinate to itself differences of sex, age, occupation or political and religious opinions". Civilisation must perish ultimately if it is not based fundamentally on an all-embracing friendliness, but it is doubtful whether that precise degree of friendliness is possible as long as the present disparity in economic conditions remains. Mr. Burns is not primarily concerned with the standards of living but with the standards of conduct which have evolved in the last fifty years, but is he possibly overstressing abstract virtues when he says that "if anyone wants to reform the world, he must begin with an improvement of his own manners"?

He has made a broad survey of the new attitude towards women, of the treatment of children, of the new conception of manual workers, and of peace as a system of government and a new form of life. His arraignment of war is masterly. He considers the position which he ascribes to some Western pacifists, that "no resistance ought to be offered to intolerance or oppression", but condemns it as "not practical politics".

Civilisation cannot progress unless the new standards which Mr. Burns mentions, as well as the older ones, are adequately understood by ordinary people in their correct perspective, because it is only then that we shall have a glimpse into the real problems of civilisation and be able to assess their importance by a fundamental sense of values rather than by our present-day taboo-ridden standards.

It is not necessary to agree with Mr. Burns's stand on all details. It is possible to dissent radically on certain points, as on the controversial issue of birth-control, and yet to appreciate the soundness and the practical nature of most of his conclusions. He strikes a wholesome note in his stress of moral values and his final conclusion that "the next step must be such as to make more widespread and powerful the feeling for justice". Mr. Burns brushes aside "wise sayings or traditional proverbs" as "the basis for ethical teaching" but would not the popularizing and the grasping of the following statement by the ancient Indian lawgiver further the last-mentioned objective? Say *The Laws of Manu* (**VIII. 15**)

> Justice, being violated, destroys; justice, being preserved, preserves; therefore justice must not be violated, lest violated justice destroy us.

E. K.

CORRESPONDENCE

"IT WOULD BE A PITY, IF ..."

One purpose of THE ARYAN PATH is admirably served by the September issue - the making known to the West of an Indian philosophy of life, and, to the East, of the reactions of a few Western writers to Mr. Gandhi's views. It would be a pity, however, if misunderstanding should arise because of an erroneous identification of Mr. Gandhi's theories and practices (political and other) with the teachings of the Esoteric Philosophy associated with the name of H. P. Blavatsky, who was inflexible in her rule never to enter the arena of Anglo-Indian politics, however they were disguised. It may be asked, what has all this to do with Swaraj, as conceived by Mr. Gandhi? Unfortunately, we cannot dissociate Mr. Gandhi's philosophy of life from his political activities, which have been many and various and, occasionally, disastrous, as he has always been the first to admit. That being so, it is most necessary to emphasise the fact that Theosophy, as such, takes its stand upon the duty of directing the formation of public opinion "by inculcating those higher and nobler conceptions of public and private duties which lie at the root of all spiritual and material improvement." (*The Key to Theosophy.*)

This reform in human nature can be effected only by an understanding of the fundamental principles of the Secret Doctrine, which imply the exclusion of no one from the operation of Brotherhood, and are most decidedly non-sectarian and impartial as factors in our judgment of human affairs. Mental and emotional slavery is to be condemned equally with blind violence as being conducive to an unjust and despotic authority. India (like the West at least in this respect) has ever been prone to rely upon "spiritual" authority and to watch for an external saviour. Long ago, it was pointed out by one of Mme. Blavatsky's Instructors that "the present tendency of education is to make them (the people of India) materialistic and root out spirituality", and that "with a proper understanding of what their ancestors meant by their writings and teachings, education would become a blessing, whereas now it is often a curse". The task before the student of Theosophy in India, as elsewhere, remains what it has been throughout the history of the Theosophical Movement, namely, to "help to furnish the materials for a needed universal religious philosophy; one impregnable to scientific assault, because itself the finality of absolute science, and a religion that is indeed worthy of the name since it includes the relations of man physical to man psychical, and of the two to all that is above and below them."

London. B. P. HOWELL

A CORRECTION

On page 37 of THE ARYAN PATH for January 1939 you have inadvertently left a reader open to the impression that the sentence which you quote from me expresses my judgment.

In the article in *Time & Tide* from which your quotation is drawn, I go on in the next issue to say: "But for one thing my mind would feel constrained to accept the logic of pacifism."

Oxford MICHAEL E. SADLER

ENDS AND SAYINGS

In this number of THE ARYAN PATH our contributors have spread a fare which ought to go a great way toward helping those who wish to nourish the world. There is little doubt left in thinking minds of the failure of familiar methods of averting war or sustaining order in times of peace. The views of India's great leader are drawing increasing attention to themselves. But between theory and practice there is an abyss which needs to be speedily bridged if the doctrines of Satyagraha are to save our humanity. Almost without exception every one acknowledges the might and the nobility of the principles implicit in the philosophy of Non-violence; but there are many who have little faith in human nature and who therefore regard those principles as impracticable for the world of to-day. There is a basis for holding this view, inasmuch as in so many parts of the world violence has been organised and is actually at work. What can Spain or China do when violent enemies are active within their geographical boundaries? Almost nothing. There it remains only for individuals to develop a non-violent mind by self-purification, and to suffer the pain and the humiliation of heart which will yield the strength of soul that can protect a whole neighbourhood. But this faith is difficult for people brought up in materialistic concepts of life, of evolution and of the Universe.

There are, however, territories where it is still possible for people to study and to reflect upon the philosophy of Satyagraha, and to prepare themselves and their co-citizens to use it to stem the oncoming tide which must envelope the whole of Europe in a *terreur*.

Especially here in India national Karma has brought us a superb opportunity, for in our midst not only lives and sets an example, but also labours assiduously to teach others, one who has mastered the technique of Non-violence or Satyagraha. Gandhiji both propounds and exemplifies his philosophy, which is as noble in ideas as it is practical, as potent for uplifting the morals of the individual as it is practicable for exercising the highest forms of altruism. Thousands of Indians are foregoing the advantage which Gandhiji's presence and instruction offer; all revere him and touch his feet, but how many revere him sufficiently to offer their minds purified by his instruction and their hearts inspired by his example? Not ignorance but false knowledge holds them back to their own detriment and, worse, to the detriment of the Motherland and therefore of the world.

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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*

THE ARYAN PATH

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THE WEST AND THE EAST

In this number we have brought together and arranged contributions which are intended to show the reader that in the removal of mental confusion and in re-creating order in the Occident India can render real service to the world. In the past India has influenced the thought of the West, and the first article we publish reveals how deep was the impress which she made and how widespread and varied her influence. The writer is not an effusive patriot claiming undeserved credit for his Motherland; he is a scholar and a historian whose researches are marked by a thoroughness recognized and admired by Western savants. It was not only Indian thought that travelled in ancient days but also Indian commodities; Dr. Radhakumud Mookerji's article reveals the highly civilized condition of old India. It was an India not only of philosophers and gymnosophists but also of artists and of artisans, of creators of beauty and of craftsmen whose handiwork adorned the marts of Rome herself.

The internal conditions of India are pictured for us in the two articles which we print under the caption "Social Order in Old India"; they describe the harmonious conditions of a society in which the woman, as mother, wife and daughter, wielded great power and enjoyed a status yet to be attained by the modern European woman.

But the West has developed her own culture, and Dr. Goetz brings out the fact that the Orient and the Occident possess common cultural tendencies and shows how these can link the educated people of the two hemispheres. The educated Oriental has gone a great way in assimilating Western culture, and in doing so, unfortunately, has adopted habits and manners which are not marks of culture but signs of human frailty and ignorance. Japan has become modernized to her great detriment and moral deterioration; in India also many of the so-called educated have

acquired a hybrid mentality the evil effects of which are not as fully perceived as they should be. On the other hand, the Westerner living in the East has signally failed to assimilate the culture of the Orient. Few Westerners resident in India really come in contact with the vital breath, the meditating mind and the throbbing heart of Indian souls. They know India superficially; their point of view is narrow because they are obsessed by the notion of their own superiority. They lose innumerable opportunities of learning the wisdom of India, and thus not only they themselves but also the lands from which they come and to which they return are the losers.

The culture of India is fundamentally spiritual; although to-day a great deal of religious degradation exists, yet in Indian thought there is power to save a collapsing civilization. In Mr. Leslie Belton's article the way is indicated. Neither Hinduism nor Islam nor any other creed can save civilization, any more than can the Christian churches. Here the missionaries of the various Christian churches have cut a sorry figure. They have ignored what Indian culture has to offer and have remained narrow sectarians. The pure Christianity of Jesus is not known in India and that too, is due to the church missionaries. We know many Indians—Gandhiji is one—who appreciate greatly the precepts and the example of Jesus, but refuse to accept the delusion that Christianity is the best of creeds and Jesus the only begotten Son of God. It is because the missionaries try to foist this delusion upon the people that they are suspect, even Gandhiji, famous for his spirit of tolerance and of charity referred to this a few days ago. To Dr. Chesterman, the medical secretary of the English Baptist Mission, who asked "What contribution can medical missionaries make towards the raising of ethical standards in professional life?" Gandhiji replied:

> You may think me uncharitable, but so long as the mental reservation is there that medical missionaries would like all their patients and co-workers to become converts to Christianity, so long will there remain a bar to real brotherhood... Missionaries... retain everything of the West in their daily lives forgetting that clothes and food and modes of life are in response to climate and to surroundings and adjustment, therefore, becomes necessary.

No, it is not along sectarian lines, that religion can aid the people. The "heart of Religion" has to be discovered and a knowledge of mystical philosophy and of occult science is necessary for that task. Modern science has only re-evolved the very method of investigation and of research which ancient soul scientists before them used. One of the difficulties in the way of utilizing their discoveries is the notion that primitive men were savages. In her *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky has shown how, at the very appearance of man on earth, Perfected Men, the flowers of previous fields of evolution, acting as the Fathers of the human race, imparted knowledge which, however obscured, has never been lost. It has reached us in this cycle. It is in that knowledge that reformers like Mr. Belton will find the key to discover the heart of Religion for themselves and, more, to aid others in that task.

INDIAN INFLUENCE ON WESTERN THOUGHT

[Dr. Radhakumud Mookerji is famous for his researches in ancient Indian history; he is a recognized authority on the subject.—Ed.]

India's influence on Western thought is a part of the larger fact of her intercourse with the West. The usual belief is that isolation rather than intercourse with foreign countries has moulded India's history. That isolation is to some extent the product of her geography. Nature shut off India by mountain-barriers in the north and seas on the south. Yet India has had constant and vital communication with the world outside by both land and sea. In earliest times, as shown by archæological discoveries, India had developed in the Indus Valley a chalcolithic civilization intimately associated with contemporary civilizations in Mesopotamia and Asia Minor. Commerce in commodities brought in its wake commerce in ideas. The Indus seals marked by the humped bull and other specifically Indian products have been unearthed at Ur and other sites in layers of c. 2800 B.C. Inscriptions at Boghaskoi in Cappadocia show the Hittite worship of the Vedic gods, Indra, Varuna, Mitra and the twin Nasatyas, in c. 1400 B.C. In 975 B.C. Hiram, King of Tyre, despatched his fleet of "ships of Tarshish" from the port of Ezion Geber at the head of the Gulf of Akaba in the Red Sea to the port of Ophir for a supply of "ivory, apes, and peacocks". There may be a controversy as to the location of this ancient port of Ophir, but none as to the imports being Indian. The trade in peacocks with Babylon is expressly referred to in the *Baveru Jātaka* telling of Indian merchants sailing out of sight of land for months in that trade. The *Rig-Veda* mentions merchants going to sea for the sake of gain, galleys of a hundred oars and shipwrecked persons "without support of land". The Phœnicians of the Levant were the pioneers of this trade in the Western world and the Dravidians on the Indian side. Besides Sūrpāraka (modern Sopara), Bhrigu Kachchha (Broach) was another ancient port of Western India.

Persia soon intervened between India and the West. The Eastern conquests of Cyrus, the Achæmenean Emperor (558-530 B.C.) included the district called Gandaritis – Gandhāra (Herodotus, I. 153 and 177) while Cyrus himself is stated to have died from wounds received in a battle with "the Indians" (Ctesias, Frag. 37, ed. Gilmore). According to Xenophon (Cyropædia, I. 1, 4), Cyrus "brought under his sway Bactrians and Indians" and extended his authority to the Erythræan Sea" = the Indian Ocean. The inscriptions of Darius (522-486 B.C.) at Persepolis (518-515 B.C.) and Naksh-i-Rustam (515 B.C.) *mention Hi(n)du or* Punjab as part of his dominion. According to Herodotus (III. 94), this part of India was the twentieth satrapy in Darius's empire and contributed a

third of its total revenue, estimated at 360 talents of gold-dust = over a million pounds sterling. This gold was derived partly from the washings of the Indus beds, markedly auriferous in those days (V. Ball in *Indian Antiquary*, August, 1884) and partly from what Herodotus calls "the gold-digging ants" supposed to be the Tibetan mastiffs digging up gold [*cf. Paippilika* gold mentioned in the *Mahābhārata*]. Herodotus (IV. 44) also tells of a naval expedition despatched by Darius in 517 B.C. under Scylax to explore the Indus after he had established his hold on the Indus Valley. Xerxes (486-465 B.C.) took advantage of his Indian provinces to secure an Indian contingent to fight his battles in Greece. It comprised "Gandharians" as well as "Indians". These Indian troops, the first to fight on European soil, marched through the bloody defiles of Thermopylæ and rendered such a good account of themselves that after the retreat of Xerxes they were detained by the Persian commander Mardonius (Abbott's *History of Greece*, Vol. II) for his Bœotian campaign. In 330 B.C. Darius III indented upon India for soldiers to fight for him at Arbela against Alexander; some of them fought under the Satrap of Bactria; others, "the mountainous Indians", were led by the Satrap of Arachosia. Thus the Persian Empire greatly facilitated Indian contact with the West.

Aryan language, culture, manners and customs offer points of similarity to those of the Indo-Germanic peoples of ancient Europe. Sanskrit is akin in words and concepts to Greek and Latin. Vedic society agrees with Homeric in many points: society consisting of a number of patriarchal families and made up of tribes; the descent of highlanders upon the docile people of the plains who are conquered and subdued to their culture; worship of the gods of the "Upper Air" in both, Father Heaven (Jupiter, Dyaus, Pitar), Mother Earth (Prithivī), the wide expanse of Heaven (Varuṇa), the Dawn (Aurora, Ushas) or the Sun (Helios, Sūrya). Even the heroes of Homer were charioteers like those of *Mahābhārata*. Indian thought early influenced Greek philosophy. The simple eschatology presented by Homer did not satisfy the growing sense of the mysteries of life and demand for their solution. The pioneers of this new thought were the Ionian Greeks of Asia Minor who were in intimate touch with Persia and through Persia with India where the Ionians were called *Yavanas*. Pānini (c. 750 B.C.) refers to the Greek script as *Yavanāni lipi*. Thales of Miletus, the founder of Greek philosophy, was followed by philosophers like Xenophanes, Parmenides, and Zeno, who, like the Rishis of the *Vedas* and *Upanishads*, sought for the One Ultimate Reality behind the Many and founded Greek metaphysics. This Eleatic School was followed by the Orphic movement, marked by some kind of pantheism, insistence on the soul in preference to the body in which the soul is supposed to be imprisoned, and the consequent yearning of the soul for release from that prison. Orphism is traced to Pherecydes of Syros (c. 600 B.C.) and his disciple, Pythagoras, as its founders.

Pythagoras, born c. 580 B.C. on the Island of Samos, travelled widely

and studied Egyptian, Assyrian and Indian thought, according to his biographer, Iamblichus. Garbe (*Greek Thinkers*, I. 127) considers it quite possible that Pythagoras, who was a contemporary of the Buddha, was brought into touch with Indian thought through Persia. But the most convincing proof of his familiarity with Indian thought is the evidence furnished by the philosophy of Pythagoras who introduced to the Western world the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul in a never-ending series of births and deaths. That is a cardinal doctrine of Indian philosophy, Vedic or Buddhist. Like the Buddhists and Jains, the Pythagoreans took their stand upon the sanctity of life and on *ahimsa*, non-violence, as the real religion, and abstained from eating meat.

Pythagoras and Empedocles claimed to recall their past births like Indian yogis. Metempsychosis was accepted by Pindar and by Plato, who further believed in its consequential Indian doctrine of *Karma*. We find in *Phaedrus* the statement that "each soul, returning to the election of a second life, shall receive one agreeable to his desire". The *Republic* ends with the remarkable Apologue describing how souls released from their bodies receive their next incarnation at the hands of Lachesis, daughters of necessity (*karma*).

In 570 B.C. Xenophanes introduced to Greek philosophy the characteristic Hindu doctrine of God as the ultimate Reality pervading the Universe and sustaining it by His thought. Empedocles, starting with transmigration, arrives at a number of doctrines recalling the Sāmkhya System of Kapila, who conceives of Prakriti or primordial matter out of which evolves the world of objects under the influence of the three *Guṇas*, *Sattva*, *Rajas*, *Tamas*, corresponding to Lightness, Activity and Inertia. Empedocles also presents matter as made up of the four elements, Earth, Water, Air and Fire acted upon by the motive forces of attraction and repulsion, Love and Hate. This corresponds to the Sanskrit five Reals, *Kshiti*, *Ap*, *Teja*, *Marut*, *Vyoma*.

Even the Hindu conception of the *Virāt-purusha* whose body constitutes the universe or that of *Brahmānda*, the Golden Egg out of which was born Brahmā, the Lord of the Universe, the thought of the Supreme Soul producing that egg, finds an echo in Orphic legend. Zeus had swallowed up Phanes, the offspring of the great "World-Egg", in whom were contained the seeds of all things, and then made the universe out of His body. The world is thus the body of God, the heavens are his head, the Sun and Moon his eyes, and Ether is his mind, almost on the lines of the famous *Purusha-Sūkta* of the *Rig Veda*.

Again, the Hindu division of society into *varṇas* or castes, Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaiśyas and Sudrās is paralleled in the division in Plato's *Republic* into Guardians, Auxiliaries and Craftsmen. Socrates attributes a divine origin to social divisions which should be perpetuated; "otherwise the state will certainly perish". The parallelisms between Platonic and Hindu philosophy are brought out by B. J. Urwick in his *Message of Plato*. The Socratic doctrine, "No one sins willingly", may

be compared with the Hindu theory of *avidyā*, ignorance, as the cause of suffering and rebirths. In Plato's *Republic* the significant simile of the cave is an echo of the Vedānta doctrine of *Māyā* or illusion. Plato's *Dialogues* are full of passages recalling those of the *Upanishads* like :—

"From the Unreal lead me to the Real, from Darkness to Light, from Death to Immortality!"

These parallels of Greek and Hindu thought cannot be accident. Eusebius records and ascribes a Greek tradition to his contemporary Aristoxenus that Indian philosophers had visited Athens and held discussions with Socrates. Intercourse between the two countries received impetus from Alexander's invasion of India. This was followed by Greek ambassadors visiting the court of the Maurya Emperor at Pātaliputra, of whom the most famous was Megasthenes who was struck by the many points of resemblance between Greek and Hindu philosophy. King Bindusāra corresponded regularly with Antiochus I, whom he asked to get him samples of Greek wine and raisins and a Sophist to teach him the science of argumentation. Antiochus replied that he had pleasure in sending the wine and the raisins asked for, but was sorry that "it was not considered good form to trade in Sophists".

Soon came Asoka (274-234 B.C.) known for his foreign missions[1] to five Greek kings—Antiochus of Syria, Ptolemy Philadelphus of Egypt, Antigonus Gonatos of Macedonia, Magas of Cyrene and Alexander of Epirus. These missions were charged with the Indian message of *ahimsa*, peace between man and every sentient creature, and man's duty of providing for the relief of suffering wherever found. It was a message of *Dharma-Vijaya*, peaceful spiritual conquests replacing those of war which was outlawed. Asoka ruled over an enlarged Indian Empire which extended up to the borders of Persia. Trade in goods continued quite briskly between India and the West. The coins of the times show that Greek and Indian merchants were constantly coming and going, buying and selling.

After the death of Asoka, Greek influence established a stronghold in a regular kingdom founded in about 250 B.C. by the Greek descendants of Alexander's colonists in Bactria under Diodorus. One of these Greek Kings, Menander, became a Buddhist, as shown in *Milinda Pañha*. Heliodorus the Greek ambassador of King Antialcidas became a convert to Vaishnavism in the second century B.C.

The Bactrian Greeks were followed by Saka and Parthian Princes. The Apostle Thomas is supposed to have suffered martyrdom at the court of Gondophernes, one of these kings.

Then came the Kushan Empire. Kanishka's coins represent Greek, Hindu and Buddhist deities. Kanishka freely employed Greek workmen and silversmiths. Agesilas is mentioned as the "overseer of Kanishka's Vihāra" in a Kharosṭhī inscription on a relic-casket in Shāhjiī-ki-Dherī. The mixture of Greek and Indian culture culminated in the Gandhara

[1] See "The Foreign Missions of Asoka" by me in THE ARYAN PATH for September, 1937.

School of Art. The *Pax Romana* stimulated Indian intercourse with the West. The Imperial Kushan gold coinage is modelled on that of contemporary Roman emperors. The chief centres of Indian trade with the West were Antioch, Palmyra and Alexandria, where Indian and Greek merchants and men of letters freely met and exchanged ideas. The centres of this trade in India were along the coast of Malabar. The scents, spices and precious stones of Southern India were greatly in request in the West. This trade is described in the *Periplus* written by an Alexandrian sea-captain about the time of Nero. Pliny laments India's draining the Roman Empire of gold, estimated at a million pounds sterling, and the decay of decorum in Roman ladies whose nudity was not covered even by seven folds of Indian muslim. Sumptuary laws were passed against this brisk Indian traffic in muslins. Roman trade agencies or colonies were established at Muziris (Cranganore), Madura and Pukar. Roman coins were deposited by this trade in many places in Southern India. A Tamil poet tells of "large ships of Yavanas bringing gold along the Periyar and returning laden with pepper". Some of the Tamil kings employed "the dumb Mlechchhas" or non-Indians.

Simultaneously Hindu philosophy was penetrating the Hellenistic Schools of Asia Minor and Egypt. Apollonius of Tyana (c. 50 A.D.) came to Taxila for study. Bardesanes gives an account of Buddhist monastic life and Brahmanical manners and customs. Plotinus, founder of the Neo-Platonic School, accompanied Gordian in his expedition against Sapor, King of Persia, in 242 A.D., only as an opportunity to come into contact with students of Indian philosophy. This explains the close resemblance between Neo-Platonism and the Vedanta and Yoga systems. The following words of Plotinus have a Vedantic ring: "Souls which are pure and have lost their attraction to the corporeal will cease to be dependent on the body. So detached they will pass into the world of Being and Reality." Neo-Platonism also enjoins abstention from animal food and sacrifices, showing the influence of Buddhism.

Clement of Alexandria (150-218 A.D.) is full of Buddhist thought. "There are", he says, "some Indians who follow the precepts of Boutta whom by an excessive reverence they have exalted into a god." This is the first Greek mention of the Buddha. He also mentions the presence of Buddhists at Alexandria and remarks that "the Greeks stole their philosophy from the barbarians".

There is surprising similarity between Buddhist and Christian parables and miracles, between the Gospel story and the life of the Buddha as related in later works like the *Lalita Vistara*: the Buddha's miraculous conception and nativity, Asita corresponding to Simeon; the temptation of Mara; the twelve disciples with the "beloved disciple" Ananda; the miracles and the Buddha's discounting these as proofs of his Buddhahood; the story of a pious disciple walking on the waters in *Jātaka* 190. The *Jātakas* are centuries older than the Gospels. *Jātaka* 78 tells of the feeding of five hundred monks by the

Buddha with a single cake in his single begging-bowl, anticipating a similar story of Christ. "Nascent Christianity" as stated by V. A. Smith "was meeting full-grown Buddhism in the Academies and markets of Asia and Egypt." Alexandrian Christianity had many Indian features like the rosary, worship of relics, exaggerated forms of asceticism and the like.

Gnosticism is another fruit of the mixture of Indian and European thought. It is described as "Orientalism in a Hellenic mask". It aimed at a fusion of Oriental, Platonic and Christian ideas. Its founder was Basilides, a Hellenized Egyptian (117-138 A.D.). "The theory of Basilides is that the soul has previously sinned in another life and endures its punishment here, the elect with the honour of martyrdom, and the rest by appropriate punishment." (Clement) Basilides thus believed in transmigration, in the doctrine of *Karma*, in the soul as free from all qualities, in God as unpredicable (like *Brahma*) and even stated that the divine self of Jesus went into "Nirvana" at death. (J. Kennedy on "Buddhist Gnosticism" in the *J.R.A.S.* for 1902).

Alexandria as a centre of learning ceased to be after 642 A.D. when its famous library was destroyed by Caliph Omar and its manuscripts furnished fuel for the public baths for six months. But very soon its place was taken by new schools at Baghdad, Cairo, and Cordova. Baghdad served as a clearing-house for Eastern and Western culture from 762 to 1258, when it was destroyed by the Mongols. During these Dark Ages the Arabs held the torch of learning, borrowing from Hindu sources. Sanskrit treatises were translated into Arabic and thence into Latin. Alberuni (973) learnt Sanskrit and introduced Hindu learning to the Arabs and the West, subjects like astronomy, mathematics and medicine. Alexandria also inspired Sanskrit works like *Romaka Siddhānta* or *Pauliśa Siddhānta* based on the works of Paul of Alexandria (378 A.D.). The medical works of Charaka and Susruta influenced Arab medical writers like Avicenna whose works in Latin translation introduced the science to mediæval Europe.

Folk-stories like the *Jātakas, Pañchatantra* and *Hitopadeśa* have greatly influenced European literature. A typical example is the story of the Judgment of Solomon. The fable of the ass in a lion's skin occurs in Plato's *Cratylus*. Indian stories found their way to Asia Minor from the sixth century B.C. Æsop wrote at the court of Crœsus of Lydia. His *Fables* were translated into Latin by Phædrus and into Greek by Babrius in Alexandria about 200 A.D. Hindu stories like the "Seventy Tales of a Parrot" (*Suka Saptati*) reached the West through the Persian version *Tutināmeh* and the *Arabian Nights*. The famous story of Sindbad the Sailor is of Hindu origin. The story of the Ebony Horse in Chaucer's *Squire's Tale* is borrowed from the Hindu story of a wooden *Garuda*. According to Burton, it travelled from India through Persia, Egypt and Spain to France whence it reached Chaucer's ears.

The Sassanian King Anushīrvan had another collection of Indian

stories rendered into Pehlevi and Caliph Al-Mansūr (753-784 A.D.) had it rendered into Arabic. These stories under the title of *Kalīlah wa Dimnah* (named after the two jackals, *Karataka* and *Damanaka*) were translated into Persian, Syriac, Latin, Hebrew and Spanish, and later into German, Italian and English. They were known in Europe as the Fables of Pilpay (from Bidyāpat = Vidyāpati, Master of Wisdom), a Brahmin who plays a leading part in them. La Fontaine has used these fables of "the Indian Sage Pilpay".

The Indian origin of these European stories is further proved by the fact that their animals and birds such as lion, jackal, elephant, or peacock, are all Indian. In the European setting, the jackal is transformed into a fox. In the well-known Welsh story of Llewellyn and Gelert, the dog and the wolf take the place of the mongoose and the cobra of the *Pañchatantra* story. The father kills the hound left in charge of his baby for marks of blood on its jaws and finds the child alive beside a dead wolf. La Fontaine makes a girl with a pail of milk or a basket of eggs dream and build castles in the air from its profits. In the *Pañchatantra*, it is a Brahmin proud of his begging-bowl overfilled with rice. Many European fairy-stories written by Grimm or Hans Andersen are traced to Indian origins. Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale* has its origin in the *Vedabbha Jātaka*. The famous story of Barlaam and Josophat is but the Buddhist story of the renunciation of Gautama (Josophat = Bodhisat = Bodhisattva). The story of the Pound of Flesh in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* is also of Buddhist origin. [*References* : *Cambridge History of India*, Vol. I and works or writings of H. G. Rawlinson, Warmington, Charlesworth and Schoff.]

RADHAKUMUD MOOKERJI

[If the above article may be described as showing the glory of ancient India abroad, the following by Shri V. R. Ramachandra Dikshitar, Lecturer in Indian History of the University of Madras, shows the harmony maintained within her borders by excellent administrative institutions.—EDS.]

THE SOCIAL ORDER IN OLD INDIA

[Below we print two articles which reveal the advanced social order attained in the India of old.—ED.]

I. THE INDIVIDUAL IN HINDU POLITY

That the ancient Hindu polity had realised the concept of society as different from a state and that both society and the state existed as separate entities are hard facts which challenge scrutiny by the most acute critic. The conception that underlay both Hindu society and the state was that each was an organism by itself. Hindu society was conceived as comprising individuals in various stages of evolution, all engaged in their respective functions and yet enjoying freedom. So also in their concept of the body politic, generally characterised as the seven-limbed state[1], there was a certain organic unity. The seven limbs which composed the state were interrelated and interdependent, which had much to do with the normal efficient working of the state. The seven constituents of the state were not strung arbitrarily together, but were the natural corollaries of a functional institution. The conception was essentially functional in character.[2] The correlation of state and society was remarkable ; the one complemented and supplemented the other.[3]

What was the end of the state according to the Indian conception ? It was to ensure the liberty of the citizens and to secure the general moral welfare. Thus the state was not a centralised despotism but a benevolent monarchy ; the king was looked upon by his subjects as a father.[4] The proper position of the Hindu state has hardly been realised by modern critics. Every effort was made by ancient kings to found a cultural state, in several cases with success ; the names of Chandragupta Maurya, Asoka, Samudragupta, Harsha and others may be mentioned. One way of promoting the moral welfare of society was to see that all castes conducted themselves aright in their respective orders. If they swerved from the ordained path, the state had the right to punish them.[5] In this way, the state, which represented the common will, helped the promotion of the common good. The daily prayer of the Hindus :—

Svasti prajābhyah paripālayantām
Nyāyyena mārgena mahim mahišāh ;
Gobrahmanebhyo šubhamastunityam
Lokāh samastāh sukhino bhavantu.

Let kings rule the earth by pursuing the righteous path to ensure the welfare of their subjects ; let cows and Brahmans prosper for ever ; let all the worlds be happy.

would convince the severest critic that the welfare of the world was the most important concern of the Hindu state. The protection (*paripā-*

[1] *Kāmandaka*, Ch. IV. 1. See also *Sukraniti*, V. 12-13.
[2] *Arthašāstra*, Bk. VIII. Sec. I.
[3] See Dikshitar, *Hindu Administrative Institutions*, Ch. I, Sec. V and VI.
[4] *Arthasāstra*, Bk. II. 1.
[5] *Manu*, VII. 18.

lanam) of the king aimed at the happiness (*sukha*) of the whole world (*lokāsamasta*), meaning all creatures. The *Mahābhārata* refers to the *dharma* of the state as *lokahitam dharmam*, meaning universal welfare.[1] The state was then one organic whole with a devolution of functions ordinarily discharged by groups and guilds. The idea of common life and common interests permeated the whole organisation. The spectre of communalism which to-day eats into the vitals of our social organisation, was totally unknown. While each group organisation retained its own individual characteristics, unity of life was not lost sight of. The relation between the larger group and the smaller was nothing but cordial. Tolerance was the corner-stone of the Hindu national state. It was a commonwealth composed of different groups, each allowed to develop its own ideas and ideals, and to follow its individual religious faith. Political rights were not denied to these groups, and this enabled their members to rise to their full stature in the discharge of their duties and the enjoyment of their rights.

Individuality of the right type, implying mutual relationship and union, was a factor reckoned with. It is not a question of differing from others or standing apart, but of contributing one's quota to the common whole. This is the fundamental concept underlying *svadharma*—the Religion of the Self. An individual is born with three debts[2], *Pitririnam* or duty to ancestors, *Rishirinam* or duty to sages and seers, and *Devarinam* or duty to the gods. The aim of an individual was the liberation of the soul, to be effected by supreme knowledge or *jnana*.[3]

This is not the place to discuss the intricate problem of the individual in Hindu philosophy, covered by the marvellous doctrine of *Karma* or Actions. Manu says[4] that every action, whether of the mind, the tongue, or the body, has its repercussions in the future—in this or in another life. In promulgating the theory of the three debts and the five yajñas or sacrificial offerings[5], the Hindu legislators wanted to emphasise the true relationship of the individual to his group, to the state, and to Nature. He had to embody *dharma*—not only to stand by his religion, but also to act up to it, and if necessary to die in upholding it. The conception of *svadharma*, though apparently religious in character, was based on a sound economic principle. As I have said elsewhere, the *svadharma* theory quashes the current notions of individual freedom, the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. This theory made every individual realise his duty to himself, to his family, to his community, to the state and ultimately to the

[1] *Śānti*, 63. 5 and 6.
[2] *Manu*, VI. 36.
[3] *Hindu Administrative Institutions*, pp. 40-41.
[4] *Manu*, XII. 3.
[5] *Pañcamahāyajñas*. These are (1) *Brahmayajña* or Vedic Study, (2) *Pitriyajña* or Remembrance of the Ancestors, (3) *Daivayajña* or oblations to the Gods, (4) *Bhūtayajña* or oblations to *bhūtas* (various beings of the invisible world), and (5) *Manuṣyayajña* or feeding guests, including the poor. (Manu, III. 70 and IV. 21.)

Supreme Spirit. The Party system and the ballot-box cannot be put down as the main features of a democratic system; what is wanted in a true democracy is a sense of "collective mental life", as an eminent political thinker would have it; a sense of the inseparableness of the individual from society. Nowhere was this realised so fully as in ancient Indian polity. It has been well said that the general will is a "synthesis of the 'real' wills of the individuals composing society".[1] In such a state, the individual did not assert his rights. He knew and realised that he had privileges and he enjoyed them. But what animated him was a keen perception of duty. He was full of the quality of Utthāna (vigilance) or Utsāha (enthusiasm) which is an all-round activity. Thus in Hindu polity the individual was the true basis of the State, whether he was peasant or king.

Students of politics often accuse us of having a caste-ridden society where equality of opportunity and of privilege is denied to individuals as such. In other words, there is no social equality, because birth stands in the way of an individual's rising to his full stature. This is hardly a sound criticism; it ignores the fact that Hindu society was conceived as an organism in itself. The institution of *varnas* or castes was based on social function (karma), and in the institution of *āśramas* lay the condition necessary to enable the individual to perform efficiently all his duties. To understand *varna* it is necessary to perceive the value of *āśramas*.

The first *āśrama* or order of society was a course of education and of discipline where the formation of character and the building of a robust body were emphasised. The grahasta (householder) representing the second āśrama, formed the keystone of the social structure and his housewife the mainstay of *dharma*. It is often said that the status of Hindu women was nothing short of slavery. But it was Manu's dictum[2] that where women were not honoured the family would perish. Students of *Jaimini Mimāmsa*[3] will recall the passage presenting a discussion of the status of women. Here, it was maintained that women could own wealth and possess private property. They had also the right to perform *yajñas*. In disposing of property, even as a gift, it was held that a woman must have her husband's consent. But so also, the husband's action became valid only if the wife consented. The four stages of life then enabled every individual to develop his or her personality.

Turning to castes, an informing stanza in the *Śānti parvan*[4] of the *Mahābhārata* tells us that the creator himself became the Brahmana, and the other three castes were related by dharma (*dharmasāmyam*) and ties of kinship (*jñātisāmyam*) to the Brahmana. The *Brihadāranyaka*

[1] V. S. Ram, Asirvadham and Sarma: *Political Theory and Modern Governments*, Part I, p. 114.
[2] III. 55-62.
[3] VI. 1. 3, 6-16.
[4] *Śānti*, 59, 60.

Upanishad[1] puts this idea succinctly.

In the beginning this world was Brahmana only. Being one he was not developed. He created a superior form, the Kshatriyahood. At the Rājasūya[2] the Brahmana sits below the Kshatriya. Even if he attains supremacy, he rests finally upon Brahmanhood as his own source; whoever injures a Brahman attacks his own source. Still Brahma was undeveloped. He created the Vaishya and the Sudra. The last caste was represented by Pushan. This earth is Pushan, as she nourishes all.

The Hindu social division thus aimed at unity in diversity. It had, unlike the modern social organisation of the West, elements of permanence side by side with orderly movement. Being saturated by ideals of common good, there was nothing too high, nothing too low, in that social organisation. Each individual rose to his full mental vigour in his own sphere and made his mark. In the light of a stanza in the *Mahābhārata*, the so-called superiority of caste disappears. It says, "He who would serve as the shore on the shoreless place and as a boat in the boatless place, is always entitled to respect, whether he be a Sudra or any other."[3] Such an elaborate organisation made it possible to absorb the activity of the individual in different forms of social grouping, where the individual, to repeat again, merged himself in the general will of the state.[4] The cry of equal rights for all men would confuse the social relationship. We can speak only in theory of the equal worth of persons. In actual practice persons are not equally worthy. Every individual feels his social responsibility and treats the worthy and the unworthy according to their place in society. If this were not done, it would lead to confusion and not to harmony, to intolerance and not to tolerance. It would narrow the outlook. With all our vaunted progress, we are playing with political institutions. One should therefore congratulate the ancient Hindus on their wisdom in evolving an organisation which has stood the attacks of ages. To criticise it adversely is not to assess it at its proper valuation.

Hindu social organisation very nearly approximates to the Platonic doctrine of justice which included a society divided into three classes according to function. Thus the Indian system stands in striking contrast to the modern totalitarian state where the worth of the individual as such is not regarded. In a communistic state, for example, the individual is sacrificed for the sake of a class. He loses his individuality. Again, if we examine a Fascist state, we find that the individual is in the position of a serf or a slave. No freedom for the individual is assured in any of these states. He is denied the right of individuality. In such a society the state cannot be an ethical institution. There can be no extension of what we have referred to as family spirit. The right of freedom, that is, the right to lead a free life, which underlies all other rights, is not there.

But if we turn to the citizen of the

[1] I. 4. 11-13. I have followed Hume's translation.
[2] A sacrifice generally performed by kings.
[3] *Śānti*, 68-38.
[4] *Manu*, IX, 294 and 296; Yājñavalkya, I. 353.

ancient Hindu state, we have all this. We hear of trial by jury and of the right of a person to defend himself. The Brahmana and the Vaishya, who were forbidden to bear arms, had the right to take up arms to defend their persons in a righteous cause. The individual enjoyed freedom, but Hindu society placed certain restraints on this freedom, for it was realised that unrestrained freedom would in some cases be a source of danger and of fear to society and the state as well.

Every citizen of ancient India enjoyed also religious liberty. If we read Indian history from the seventh century B.C. to the downfall of Hindu rule, we find many religious movements claiming adherents from the rank and file of society. All forms of religious worship were tolerated and approved. The state patronised all religious movements in the country, irrespective of the personal religion of the reigning king. The state recognised freedom of conscience for every individual, and in fact, as in the case of Kovalan, the hero of the Tamil classic *Śilappadikāram* of the second century A.D., or of King Harsha in the seventh century A.D., different members of the same family had their own religious persuasions, and this in no way affected their social relationships. Mutual help and co-operation guided their day-to-day life. The idea of a common Motherland extending from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin was uppermost in their minds and helped unconsciously to develop in them a natural consciousness of and love of service to the group and then to the country.

V. R. RAMACHANDRA DIKSHITAR

II. A GLIMPSE OF THE VEDIC WOMAN

[**Atulananda Chakrabarti** is the author of *Cultural Fellowship in India*. In this article we find a line of development for present-day Indian womanhood. That there has been an awakening among Indian women is well-known. Fortunately the feeling is growing that their emancipation will come not by following in the footsteps of their Western sisters, but by adapting the modes and manner of their predecessors. We will quote but two statements. The following words were spoken by a Muslim lady, Princess Niloufer of Hyderabad : —

Let us not, however, deceive ourselves by thinking that we have only to teach our village sisters and nothing to learn from them. Unsophisticated and thus unlike many of us who suffer from a little education and many complexes, their simplicity has the virtues and the fascination of the great primeval things of life. With them nature still retains its pristine meaning and the elements, water, air and earth, their original use and value. Poverty and the caprices of the seasons have brought to them the dignity of labour, and hardship the fruits of endurance. The produce of the fields, on which a large part of our stability depends, is as much the work of their toiling hands as those of men. Their life does not admit of such luxuries as seclusion; above all, centuries of association have brought them together, despite differences of race or religion, in the courtesy of a common interest. These are some of the lessons which we, who wish to work for their uplift, their education and the lightening of their burdens, can well learn from them.

The second statement, more direct and telling, comes from a Hindu lady, the Hon. Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, Minister for Local Self-Government in the United Provinces :—

The education of girls should undergo reform in certain respects. It was an amazing thing that they looked upon education as a means of earning a livelihood. The main objective for girls must be to be well equipped for their own rôle in life. It was her desire that girls in India should have attributes which their ancestors were supposed to possess. If they could not model their lives on that of their ancestors they could at least be inspired by them. It was necessary for women to cook as well as to study. It should be the endeavour of every man and woman, she added, to build a new India in which both sexes were equal, neither of them trying to lead the other.—EDS.]

The excellence of a people can, not infrequently, be gauged by the standard of culture obtaining amongst its women and by the honour in which they are held by their men. Indeed, on this consideration alone, Georges Clemenceau has appraised Indian culture as a product of supreme value. This French statesman and savant was delightedly surprised to perceive not only that goddesses were indispensable to the Vedic Pantheon but that the being of woman was there in the very conception of the sacrificial fire which was the first and foremost divinity of Vedic devotion. The grace that comes of the touch of woman is immense.

The word *nāri* in the *Vedas* conveys a sense of dignity, meaning *netrī*, *i.e.*, directress. The wedding prayer, again, places the bride on a high pedestal. She is welcomed to reign over the family, yet she wields the power she is given for the well-being of the whole household. No wonder she is hailed as "Home, beloved abode", and "bliss". In one single verse a Vedic poetess gives a complete picture of the manifold aspects of the strength and sweetness of the Vedic wife. Viśvavārā prays :—

Agni, do thou repress our foes to ensure our great good fortune; let the riches brought by thee be of the highest and the best. Make perfect, Agni, the wedded life of wife and husband by mutual concord and restraint, and do thou overpower the strength and energies of all those who would be hostile to us.

The hymn speaks of equal partnership in the sacrificial performances and economic concerns and at the same time reveals stately heroism and glowing love. Another sacrificial hymn may be quoted which demands the wife as an inseparable co-sharer in the bliss of heaven. The *mantra* says, "Wife, let us ascend to heaven", and the wife answers, "Yes, let us ascend." When a man has a wife he is complete. "As a complete individual will I go this way to heaven." No less venerable a sage than Yajnavalkya compares a man without a wife to a legume without one of its two valves, and goes on to say that the void in man is surely filled by his wife.

Some of these truths one gathers while studying the ancient Indian lore. The word *kanyā*, meaning a maiden, is derived from the root *kom*, to covet, just as the word *vara*, meaning bridegroom, is derived from the root *vṛ* to woo. A Vedic poetess Ghosā says that she has blossomed into a woman and now the bridegroom has come to woo her. Sometimes, the bridegroom is repre-

sented in the capacity of wooer by his friends, who present his suit to the wife's parents. Thus when the god Soma seeks for a wife, the twin gods, the Asvins, are commissioned as wooers.

There are many indications that personal courtship was to some extent in vogue in the Vedic age. Maidens attired themselves in gay apparel and sought to gain the admiration of chivalrous young men whom they might marry. They went about freely to social parties as well as to sacrificial functions.

A couple of verses in the *Atharvaveda* depict a young woman who has been left too long waiting for a husband to her liking. The god Aryaman is requested to grant that she may now have her own turn and let other women gather around for her wedding party, for she is tired of attending the marriage ceremonies of others.

Participation in sacrificial functions was a matter of course. We come across many passages. Here is a beautiful one veiled under a transparent simile :

> Like women sometimes keeping at home, the wind gods live behind the curtain of clouds, and sometimes they come out and show themselves like women, looking so fine while they are taking part freely in sacrificial festivities and chanting hymns.

Mothers are generally found helping their daughters with useful introductions and instructions for obtaining suitable husbands.

Here is a story where even the father is taken into confidence. It runs thus :—

> Sītā Sāvitri came to her father Prajāpati, and saluting him asked leave to be allowed to approach him with her complaint. She loved Soma, she said, while Soma loved Śraddhā. Prajāpati made for her a paste formed of a sweet-smelling substance, to which he imparted potency by the recitation of certain formulas, and then painted it upon her forehead. She then returned to Soma who invited her to approach him. She desired him to promise her his society.

A Vedic verse tells us that there were many girls who were attracted by wealth, while there were a few of a more refined nature who found pleasure in devoting their thoughts to securing husbands to their own liking. Muir inquires :—

> May we not infer from this passage that freedom of choice in the selection of their husbands was allowed, sometimes at least, to women in those times ?

Most assuredly. The woman of the Vedic days was a woman of culture who naturally claimed a voice in her own marriage. She did so and was allowed to do so without question, because she had a good and liberal education. It was distinctly enjoined that she should go through a full course of *brahmacharya* which was as distinctly stated to mean studies for the acquisition of Vedic knowledge. By means of her Vedic studies, it was pointed out, she was to acquire such accomplishments as might entitle her to win a young husband. What gave her title to make her own choice in marriage was that through education her mind had acquired a character that could not be trifled with.

Womankind had no mean share in illuminating the Vedic age with the

light of knowledge and spirituality. It was the possession of wisdom that helped woman to assert herself and to do so with grace. She burst into creative vigour and could hardly be tied down completely by routine duties. She discovered herself and expressed herself as well. Her intellectual achievements speak through the Vedic literature. We find poetesses, priestesses, teachers, specialists in particular branches of philosophy and eager students. The profound faith of the Vedic people in the wisdom of women may be inferred from the account that when Indra was seeking knowledge of Brahma he was advised to go to the goddess Umā, for she alone could teach the supreme truth.

In performing sacred rites the wife was welcome to join her husband, according to whose directions she read aloud Vedic texts and with whom she chanted the Vedic songs. *Kātyāyana Śrauta Sutra* advances Vedic evidence that the wife was initiated into the studies of Vedic lore and that at that time she tied around her waist a rope of sacred grass to serve the purpose of the sacred thread.

The strictly Vedic school sought consistently to uphold the dignity of woman. With force of argument supported by Vedic documents and a solemnity guided by broad common sense, Jaimini stood up for the fullest association of women in Vedic observances. It was certainly not the original authors of the *Vedas*, with the emancipated minds of creative thinkers, but the mechanical-minded commentators, who worked for the suppression of the rights of women, whom they dogmatically assumed to be creatures of ignorance and delusion.

Attempts to repress woman began with the *Grihya Sūtras*, in which she was rudely warned not to meddle with the Vedic mantras. There is evidence, however, of her still having received some education. And, though ruled out of major rituals performed publicly, she was offered some part in the household fire worship.

A double standard of morality had small chance of acceptance in Vedic times, when women had cultivated minds that would neither put up with any infringement of their self-respect nor yield to love by ordinance. The *Smritis*, however, appear to deny all individual value to a woman and impose queer ideals upon her. For instance, Manu says :—

> Even if a husband is lacking in all virtues, only indulges in sensual pleasures and possesses no good qualification of any kind, he must ever be honoured as a god by a virtuous wife.

This became possible, nay inevitable, simply because by that time girls had begun to be married early, and so with little mental development. And these timid and ignorant creatures naturally feared to demand any consideration for themselves. Child marriage, generally speaking, was a product of the post-Vedic age. True, in the *Rigveda* there is mention of a wife of tender age, but for this she was jeered at by her husband. The numerous spells and charms recommended by the *Atharvaveda* to in-

duce mutual love point to the prevalence of union between fully developed maidens and young men. The language leaves no room for mistaking the age of the persons concerned.

Maidens of attractive maturity find their loveliest representative in the goddess Ushas (the Dawn). Here is one of her many charming pen portraits where she is likened—very significantly for our point—to a daughter in her mother's house :—

> Or a virgin by her mother decked
> Who, glorying in her beauty, shows
> In every glance her power she knows
> All eyes to fix, all hearts to rule.

For a superb combination of youth, beauty and delicacy, classical literature gives us Parvati. She appears a charming young creature, walking light-heartedly with her father Himalaya, and, when the divine sages arrive, listening intently to his conversation with them. Suddenly the scene becomes dramatic and the picture colourful when they propose her marriage with the great god. She draws her fingers from her father's hand, hangs her head and glances sidelong, and takes to counting absorbedly the petals of the lotus held in her lovely hand.

The Vedic girl, like every heroine of classical Sanskrit literature, is pictured with a flowering form of nature's skilful workmanship, so that all the appeal of youth finds complete expression in her. She sings and dances and indulges æsthetic tastes of a wide range. She has a wonderful sense of the picturesque in arranging her own costume and profuse ornaments.

Her maturity, however, does not take away her delicacy, her bashfulness. The *Aitareya Brāhmana* has preserved a pencil sketch of elegant modesty in a short simile of one line : " Just as the bride draws back softly and gracefully at the sight of her father-in-law." A sweet character blends with her physical charms, and the whole picture is invested with a wonderful richness of colour.

The *Vedas* present the ideal of womanhood in the days of India's glory, an ideal never wholly lost but demanding present effort to restore it in its original brightness and potency for the regeneration of modern India.

ATULANANDA CHAKRABARTI

THE EAST AND THE WEST
CAN THEY EVER MEET ?

[Dr. Hermann Goetz is a well-known historian who has taken Indian art and architecture as his special field.—EDS.]

It is not necessary to cite the famous lines of the imperialist Kipling. The fundamental contrast between a materially backward but spiritual Eastern form of life in India and a materially progressive, but spiritually sterile civilization in Europe and America is at present a far-spread axiom poisoning the relations between Indians and Westerners. No doubt, the traveller in a foreign country becomes first aware of the things differing from his own ways of life, because they are most curious and interesting to him. Let us pass over the type of tourist who in India wishes to see only snake-charmers, jugglers, maharajas and dancing girls ; in Spain he hopes to see Carmen, in Paris *apaches* and night life, in Germany beer drinking and duelling students, etc.; he is nowhere able to see the realities of another country, he is only hunting after some childish dreams. But also the reactions of the educated, the scholar, are generally the same ; he is interested in another civilization, because it has to teach him something he did not know at home, which, therefore, has become an inspiring force in his intellectual and spiritual growth. He, too, is apt to overlook the other side of the medal, that resembling his accustomed habits and traditions. But it is another matter when such one-sided experiences determine the cultural relations between two countries to such a degree that finally the common links are forgotten. They grow like bad habits ; are shaped to prejudices by the desire for new sensations, and are finally forged to definite theories by political propagandists and cultural charlatans. Thus the idea of the gulf between Indian and Western civilizations has been cultivated by ignorant theoreticians up to the point of sterilizing a good deal of the cultural intercourse.

The Indian traveller in the West is, of course, strongly impressed by modern engineering, the bustling life, the haste, the luxuries and the miseries, the superficial intellectualism of the big cities ; and he gets the idea of a gigantic mammonism undermining the basis of Western civilization. But he seldom realises that Western people on the whole are too much accustomed to all these things to concede them such a dominant position in their private lives. And when he strolls for instance through the nocturnal temptations of Montmartre, is he conscious that most of the population of Paris keeps aloof from all these excitements ? That not far from the vanities of the Champs Elysées there is the mystic fervour of a place of pilgrimage such as Notre-Dame des Victoires ? That the valleys of the Pyrenees and the Alps, too, have their monasteries and laymen's colonies, their *ashrams* of a religious renunciation ? And have those who

decry Western materialism ever studied the spiritual thought of Europe? Have they seen the religious life of the folk of Southern Europe which resembles so much the rites and conventions of popular Hinduism? Have they ever followed the Puritan service of a church in Northern Europe which might have reminded them of the congregation in a Mohammedan mosque? Have they ever read the spiritual scriptures of the West? They might have discovered the grand theological conceptions of Sankara and Ramanuja in the compendious works of Thomas of Aquin, as in the subtle speculations on the Divine Grace in the discussions of the Lutherans and Huguenots; the cosmic panorama of the *Mahabharata* and of the Puranas in the *Divina Commedia* of Dante; the Upanishads in the writings of Angelus Silesius, the Yatras in the mystery plays at Christmas, the sweet songs of Chandidas and Vidyapati Thakur in the hymns of many a Western monk and nun, and the verses of Attar and Rumi in the sayings and writings of St. Francis, St. Teresa de Jesus, Bunyan and others. And if they had visited the old cathedrals, they would have discovered the same symbolism as in the Indian temples, and sculptures and paintings of a high spirituality, such as the figures of the saints at Chartres or Strassburg Minster, the altar-painting of the Holy Virgin by Grunewald at Kolmar, the portraits of the apostles by Greco, etc. Perhaps they may say that these things belong to a dead past submerged by the modern materialism; but they are alive, directing the majority of the population of the West; the last acknowledged great saint in Europe died only forty years ago. But, of course, the spiritual life always hides itself from the uninitiated foreigner, in the West as well as in the East. Holy secrets are never profane!

On the other hand the European and American travelling in India is handicapped in the same way. There are many things to which he will get access only after many years of sympathetic stay in the country, and still more things which will always be closed to him. But he has to wait a long time until he even understands the harmony of Indian life, the balance between the parsimonious opportunities offered by a hot climate alternating between unhealthy humidity and extreme drought, and the patient activity of the peasant toiling to distribute the sparse water over his fields by modest yet nevertheless appropriate irrigation arrangements. Does he ever appreciate the works of Indian engineering? The old Mettur dike, the splendid dams of the Kankroli and Jaisamand Lakes, the canals of Feroze Shah and Zain-ul-Abidin; and the imposing architectural achievements of the Gol Gumbaz, of Jodhpore Fort, or the Taj; or the astronomical instruments of Sawai Jai Singh? How many will study the administrative theories of the *Arthasastra*, or the institutions of Sher Shah, Akbar, and the Peshwas? How many have even heard of the refined society life up to the coming of Western influence, which becomes now more and more forgotten? Does he realise that the ways of life

in present-day India do not differ much from the life of Europe before the industrial revolution ? Take any old print, any forgotten novel, any learned history of England under the first Georges of Germany before 1850, of Italy even before Mussolini, it is the general trend of Indian life, though many details may vary. And most of the abuses which writers like Katherine Mayo make a reproach to India, then were the custom everywhere in Europe, too, and are still so in some parts.

The only real gulf existing between India and Western civilization is the modern technical civilization of the West. But is it a Western monopoly ? No doubt its present form is the creation of Europe - and of America ! But it was built on fundaments laid down by the Arabs who only continued the heritage of the Chinese, the Indians, the Greeks, the Babylonians, the Egyptians ; and already the Japanese are going to develop it on new lines. India is on the way to adopt it, like other countries, Eastern Europe, Russia, Australia, South America, etc. It is, thus, not a Western form of life, but simply another stage in the progress of man's mastery over nature. And it is rather a superficial matter. But the human, the moral, the spiritual gulf between the East and the West has mainly been constructed by racial and national self-conceit on both sides. Spirituality as well as realism are to be found in India as well as in the West, they are not national but individual qualities. In the same way as there have always been everywhere honest persons and scoundrels, so religious and worldly, active and passive people are to be found in every nation. No doubt there are differences, subtle differences of character, and temporary differences due to conditions of life and the experiences of history. But they are not strong enough to obliterate the fundamental uniformity of the human character. And an unbiased study free from self-conceit and broad enough to survey the whole range of both civilizations—not only parts of them- can easily discover the place where India and the West have developed on parallel lines, and from where the bridge of a healthy and creative contact can be constructed over the gulf between the East and the West.

HERMANN GOETZ

CAN RELIGION SAVE CIVILIZATION?

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Two outstanding characteristics are clearly marked in the recent development of Western civilization. One is the decline in the power and prestige of the Christian Church; the other is the repudiation of moral standards in the relationships of nations. Though it is questionable whether a revival of the Church would of itself suffice to stem the moral decline, these two developments are closely related.

First, as to the fact of the decreasing prestige of the Christian Church, we may note that for a hundred years critics have foretold its demise, and that sometimes the wish has been father to the thought. Towards the close of the nineteenth century the charge against Christianity was mainly a scientific one; depending on the confident but baseless assumption that a materio-mechanistic explanation of the universe and of human life would gradually displace the explanation of revealed religion. That confidence has not been justified. In general, the scientists of our own day are less ready to compress reality into strictly materialistic categories than were their predecessors of fifty, or even twenty, years ago; and many scientists, notably among the physicists, openly acknowledge the spiritual integration of reality which the religions variously and symbolically offer.

The threat to Christianity to-day takes another, more dangerous, line —more dangerous because it challenges, not the dogmas of the Church (which some Christians themselves are ready to challenge) but the moral and humanitarian values which the Christian religion has upheld in the Western world.

The proletariat of Soviet Russia is labouring under the impact of a world-view deriving from nineteenth-century science: here the time-lag operates collectively. This same world-view is also a potent if less conspicuous influence in other countries in the West (and in the East likewise!). Significantly it is those countries where religion is forcibly suppressed or rigorously "censored", which most clearly exhibit the moral decline. The moral rot seems farthest advanced precisely in those lands where religious sanctions are most contemptuously repudiated. (Though even Hitler calls on God to bless his designs!)

So advanced does this rot seem to be that repeatedly we are told that we are witnessing to-day a process

of de-civilization, the lapse of civilization into barbarism. There are many observers who would be prepared to endorse Mr. J. D. Beresford's verdict (as stated in his article in THE ARYAN PATH, November 1938) "that our present civilization is rotten to the core and will inevitably collapse". The final collapse and decay of the Western civilization *is* inevitable: we must believe either that, or in the mergence and renewal of Western civilization in some new collateral civilization. To my mind, however, the signs of an inevitable collapse are not yet so clearly discernible as the more pessimistic of our diagnosticians assume. There is need for caution lest recent events, warping our judgment, cause us to project upon the world at large our own disgust of "barbarian" exhibitionism.

In the interest of clarity it will be well to try to summarise the symptoms of decay. Of first importance is the failure of the Christian Church (the dominant driving force of Western civilization) to continue to provide a sufficient spiritual dynamic to maintain the integrity and the cohesion of the civilized West against (a) the challenge of materialism, and (b) the upthrust of egoism (personal and national individualism). This egoism is the more dangerous and potentially destructive on account of the weapons which technical science has placed in its reach. Because the Christian Church has very largely lost its directive power—and the respect of the masses—the Western world is subject to the divisive influence of philosophies and beliefs which, in spite of their apparent diversity, are alike in their actual or virtual denial of a spiritual world-view and of its concomitant, the divine destiny of Man.

Belief determines action. As Professor Whitehead has put it, "In the long run your conduct of life depends upon your intimate convictions." If this be true — and I believe it to be true of national as well as of personal life—it follows that, unknown to himself, Man is misdirected by a world-view which denies his essential nature and exalts immediate utilitarian achievements over fundamental spiritual ends. Collectively, if not individually, men are prone to shape their behaviour in accordance with the dominating world-view to which they are subject. They act as they believe.

This fact that men act as they believe, or as they are constrained to believe, assumes a menacing aspect wherever men become collectivised; and this is precisely what is happening to-day. Man is being "termitised", regimented, shaped to the pattern of a super-entity, the collectivised State. It follows that the individual man is treated not as an end but as a means: the motive governing social and national life becomes no longer a spiritual but a purely utilitarian motive. The end justifies *any* means: truth and justice are subordinated to expediency, and that is expedient which conduces to the well-being of the nation-state. The State, thus regarded as the supreme end, must be "strong", and strength (on this plane) means armed might. Thus

every unit within the State is conscripted for war. Preparation for war (a synonym for security) becomes a primary activity deflecting education and industry from normal and constructive channels into channels which are economically wasteful and culturally and spiritually degrading.

I believe it is primarily to these factors that we may trace (a) the tendency to treat human life lightly and callously, as wholly subservient to material and national ends; and (b) the revival in recent years (a reaction against the liberal humanitarianism of the nineteenth century) of brutal methods of treating racial minorities and political offenders. Examples are: the immediate post-War repression of the Ukrainian minority in Poland; the liquidation of Kulaks and "traitors" in Russia, and of Liberals and Socialists in Italy; and the suppression in Germany of political dissentients and Jews.

This, then, briefly stated, is the background of the contemporary "return to barbarism". We can now proceed to ask whether, with these facts in mind, we are justified in assuming the imminent collapse of civilization? Clearly, much depends upon what we mean by "barbarism". Underlying the current use of this term lies the assumption that in the last few centuries mankind has progressed morally to a stage of culture which permits of our assuming that moral barbarism (*i.e.*, egotism and all that egotism at its lowest involves—greed, sadism, the lust to destroy, etc.) has been left behind. The assumption is too obviously false to need controversion. Collectively considered, man is a barbarian still. As psychological analysis emphatically demonstrates, the "savage" is always there: the savage struggles with the god; the god strives to be free. As man individually masters the "savage" so he achieves through the fires of experience the true heritage of Immortal Self.

The new departure in this apparent reversion to barbarism is not the fact of man's behaving like the much maligned savage but the fact that his savagery is organized, totalitarianised, rendered socially destructive in that he possesses lethal, havoc-creating weapons such as our forefathers never knew. That is the tragedy, as we view it. Caliban sits at the steering-wheel!

Even so, and in spite of the charges levelled at modern civilization, the prophets of doom have by no means all the evidence. Modern man, surely, is no *worse* than his forebears in ancient Thebes, Babylon, or Rome. His *capacity* to destroy—that alone is worse; and even in this we see a ray of hope. The waste, the cruelty, the futility, the very extensiveness, of modern warfare are awakening man to its folly, acting as spurs to his aversion to war and to his increasing recognition of the spiritual law of interdependence and brotherhood.

The lesson is not yet learned, but the practical idealism to which the League of Nations was a striking witness is still alive though it seems impotent to translate itself into effective action. National egotism is too powerful as yet, and for this the

victor Powers of the Great War are largely to blame. If you "down" a man, take away his self-respect, you may have not many years to wait before he wants to "down" you, or some substitute victim, in order to reachieve what he calls his self-respect. The tares you have sown you also reap.

Whether the European tension will work itself out in a series of challenges, crises, readjustments and minor wars, or whether the nations will again be involved in a Gargantuan struggle, the ordinary man has no means of knowing. He can but wait—and hope, observing with tense disquietude how the nations engage in pacts of friendship, and, in the same hour, manœuvre their finance and manpower into schemes of gigantic rearmament. The cynic's smile seems, for once, excusable. Yet the man of understanding never adds to the fires of hate; though he detest his neighbours' philosophy, he strives to destroy it not by aggressive condemnation but by affirming its alternative, with malice towards none.

What is this alternative? It implies the supersession of power-politics by deliberative councils entailing restriction of sovereign rights. No nation can be a law unto itself within a community of nations —any more than the individual man is a law unto himself in the body politic of the land in which he lives. How this is to be achieved, whether by revivifying the League, or by some other means (and there are paper-schemes in plenty) it is not my purpose to enquire. The relevant point is that no scheme for the achievement and maintenance of international order is likely to succeed if the philosophy governing men's actions leaves out of account, or reserves for personal conduct only, those non-material factors which alone invest this earthly scene with significance. Men and nations act as they inwardly believe, not as they *profess* to believe. In the long run only a spiritual view of life can inspire rulers and subjects to direct the energy of the nations towards the achievement of ordered and creative peace.

How then, we may now ask, are spiritual values to be preserved within a civilization where Might is exalted over Right? To answer, as some do, "By means of religion" is too glib an answer, leaving the fundamental problem untouched. Religion is a general term capable of describing even such mass enthusiasms as Communism and Nazism. Hence we must ask: Which religion? And at once we find ourselves in the arena of conflicting creeds.

In his latest and greatest book (*Heaven—and Earth*), Mr. Middleton Murry reminds us that the world lacks a supreme spiritual authority. A supreme spiritual authority is man's greatest need. His book is a plea "that the Protestant nations shall repent of their destruction of the Catholic 'Idea'". He is convinced "that it is a paramount and urgent necessity that the best minds in the great Protestant nations should understand the significance of the great Mediæval Church, and in the light of that

understanding clearly perceive that the goal of every man who is concerned that this Christian civilization of ours (Mr. Murry is here addressing himself to an English and American public) shall not collapse into sheer barbarism, is the refounding of a Catholic Christendom." He believes that by this means alone the fall of civilization can be prevented, or if its fall cannot be prevented, the elements of civilization can be restored. "In every separated nation to-day", concludes Mr. Murry, "Christ is being crucified again by lack of love. But if the Church cannot love.... how shall the nations find the way?" By reforging its separate elements into a new unity the Church of Christ can show forth the saving power of love.

At this point the non-Christian observer finds himself up against a difficulty which appears to him insuperable. He asks: "Where do I come in; what of my people and my religion?" He says: "The Church of Christ is not, nor is it likely ever to become, co-extensive with all the world. Where then lies the way out for us non-Christians?" The query is a pertinent one. Important though it be that Christians should set their own house in order, comprehending within a united Church all those "who profess and call themselves Christians"[1] (and even the Jews, suggests Mr. Murry), is it not still more important that the bounds of this "Church" should be so widely extended as to embrace all men everywhere who seek the light? If love be the bond, then surely this love must be boundless, overspreading all frontiers and every creed; for love is truly love when it is illimitable.

To enforce the point let us glance at some facts. Christian missionaries have sought to evangelize the world and to bring all men to Christ. But bringing men to Christ has too often meant inculcating a specific doctrinal creed designed for the saving of ("heathen") souls. Often, too, it has meant the reproduction in the mission field of those denominational and doctrinal divisions which have split the Church in the homelands. Missionaries have even committed the incredible folly of competing for converts. Until the belated but still partial adoption of more enlightened methods in recent years they have been alike only in consistently ignoring the values of indigenous religions and the sacred traditions of the people they have presumed to teach. For them Christianity is the religion *beyond compare*.

All this is familiar perhaps. What is not so familiar is the changed situation which may markedly affect Christian evangelism overseas. Not only has organized Christianity ceased to dominate the Western world, but, as Dr. Hendrick Kraemar has pointed out,

[1] Significant of the lack of vision of the leaders of the Christian Churches is the lamentable fact that the World Council of Churches now in process of formation is to be based on the restrictive doctrinal formula of belief in "Jesus Christ as God and Saviour", thus excluding from its fellowship those who cannot subscribe to this formula. It seems as though Mr. Murry pleads in vain.

Christendom[1] itself has virtually disappeared. The distinction between the Christian and the non-Christian world—the Christian West and the non-Christian East—no longer obtains. From the traditional standpoint, Christians are living everywhere in the midst of a "pagan" world. Thus, on this analysis, Christianity can no longer be regarded as a "foreign" religion in the Far East, nor as the birthright of every child in the West. It looks then as though those people who think of Christianity as the inevitable world religion of the future are clinging to a vanishing hope. Concurrently with its world expansion Christianity is losing many of the deepest of its roots in lands where once it flourished.

Already the Christian Church has ceased to dominate Europe. Who then will say that one day it will dominiate the world? Nor, indeed, is any one of the existing faiths likely to do so. The process of "borrowing", however, may be considerably accelerated and synthesis is probably inevitable.

The idea of a synthetic religion finds little favour in most circles, and in so far as this synthesis is thought of as a compound of fragments culled from existing religions and artificially pieced together, the grounds of criticism are probably justified. Yet there is this much of truth in the idea, that in spite of an aversion to synthesis, many of the minor religious movements, and to some extent the great historic Faiths, are in fact approximating more closely to one another, (*a*) by emphasizing the essentials rather than the accidentals of religious belief, and (b) by shedding (or modifying) traditional dogmas and myths which appear incompatible with accredited results of scientific research. This process means, in effect, the discovery of the heart of Religion within the separative religions; it means a re-presentation in terms suited to the modern consciousness of the Wisdom-Religion whence all religions are sprung.

There can be, then, no single world faith representing a fresh start on a clean slate. The new religion will rise out of the old religions; it will number among its followers the adherents and former adherents of almost all existing Faiths (which, as Mr. Beresford suggests, will probably persist "among a diminishing number of people"). To the followers of the new religion it is given to be the heralds of the coming civilization; they even now are the preparers of the way, not as proselytisers but as witnesses to that Spiritual Knowledge which alone provides the "key" of human life.

A spiritual world-view can save civilization from collapse. Whether we think of this world-view as a New Revelation, as the rebirth of a Catholicism purged of its baseness, as a World Religion, or by some other name, is of little moment: what matters is that those who have seen the Light should testify to the Light, re-illumine the fading lamps of a darkened world.

LESLIE J. BELTON

[1]By Christendom I mean the geographical condensation of the Christian religion among the nations of the Western hemisphere.

THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF SCIENTISTS

[Waldemar Kaempffert is the well-known Science Editor of *The New York Times* and has laboured devotedly for thirty years to popularize the concepts of modern science.—EDS.]

It is one of the anomalies of human nature that a set of ethical principles and practices is regarded as essential in the conduct of private and public affairs, yet that these principles are usually violated when suitable opportunities are presented. Military apologists, most of them stout adherents of the Church, excuse their delight in battle on the ground that man is not exempt from the law of natural selection, that the struggle for existence must be waged within the social structure as well as in the jungle, that man simply obeys the fighting impulse within him and the law of self-preservation when he wages war. Even civilian believers in religion toss moral principles to the winds when their economic interests clash with those of their rivals in trade. Moreover, when a crisis comes politicians and business men do not turn to priests and moralists for guidance. What are called "practical considerations" govern the thinking of the leaders in whom we put our trust. Evidently the ethical principles in which all civilized peoples believe are regarded as impractical and unworkable wherever competition has free play. If society now faces a crisis it is because nothing is so impractical as the practical. The hopeless failure of the Treaty of Versailles, drafted by "practical" men in the light of "practical" considerations, proves it.

What the world needs at this juncture is some striking proof that there is nothing so practical as the moral code which is an integral part of all the religions ever invented by civilized men, and that internationalism as an expression of brotherly love is not a hopeless ideal. It is sad to relate that religion, at least in the West, has not furnished the proof. Though its principles are faultless its practices are not. The wars that have been fought in its interest, the theological disputes that have been waged merely to establish a ritual, the aggressions of missionaries, have all done much to undermine the moral influence of the Church. So long as sect clashes with sect, so long as each church insists that it alone possesses the key to heaven, peace on earth and goodwill toward men are not likely to be realized by the aid of religion alone, though all religions agree on moral fundamentals.

If the world is to be saved we need an objective approach to its problems. The one objective force in the world to-day is science. We think of X-rays, relativity, monstrous fruit-flies bred by geneticists to discover the processes of heredity, coal-tar dyes, electric lamps and aeroplanes. But science

stands for more than these. It is an attitude of mind, what Professor A. N. Whitehead calls "the most intimate change in outlook that the human race has yet encountered". Moreover, it is an attitude which is "practical" because it is objective and spiritual. Thanks to this practical objectivity society has been completely changed in the last century and a half.

Every philosopher, every religious leader has spoken of the search for truth. Science has invented a technique for conducting the search. It is a technique that demands a subjugation of self which outdoes even that demanded in the cloister. For a monk spends much of his time in bemoaning his own sins, real or imaginary, and hence in thinking of himself in terms of the after-life, whereas a scientist, whether he believes in an after-life or not, is always trying to suppress his wishes, his hopes, his hate and his love in a desperate effort to let the thing studied speak for itself.

Science is enthusiastically, joyously optimistic. It has faith in mankind. It actively proceeds on the theory that the human mind is capable of higher and higher flights and that it may hope to enlarge its understanding of nature. Yet science realizes its own proneness to error, ruthlessly rejects what is experimentally proved to be false and immediately adopts the hypothesis or theory that fits the facts. Even failure has its uses; for it is accepted as not final but as an illumination, an indication that a theory or a technique is wrong. What impresses is the honesty of science. A religious bigot, like the late William Jennings Bryan, can say "I know nothing of evolution, but I hate it with my whole heart." A Thomas Huxley, steeped in the humility of science, prays: "God give me courage to face a fact though it slay me."

There is little doubt that scientists observe the priestly tradition of self-effacement in placing spirituality above personal and material gain. A physicist, astronomer or biologist who works for the benefit of mankind leads an almost monastic life of self-denial. Never does he claim for himself honour that belongs to another. Even his own right to credit is set forth indirectly, diffidently, usually impersonally. Not the man but the Cause is all important—the conquest of cancer, the discovery of radioactivity, the physical and chemical constitution of stars, the structure of the universe. It is easy to understand why priests were the first scientists, and why science, though now divorced from religion, actually carries into practice the principles for which religion has ever stood. Wide as the difference may be between such tangibles as hydrochloric acid in a test tube and the symbolic blood of Christ in the chalice that a priest offers at the altar, there is a bond of spirituality between science and religion which engenders hope. *If there were no science in the world and if a few gifted idealists were to propose that Japanese, Germans, Americans, Frenchmen, Italians should engage in a selfless, unpatriotic effort to discover the composition of the air*

or of water or the reason why the stars rise in the east and set in the west, there is not the slightest doubt that politicians, statesmen, business men and farmers would unite in branding the proposal as impractical. Yet such a purely spiritual and therefore impractical union of inquiring minds actually exists.

It is true that the high explosives that blast metals out of rocks also blast human beings out of existence in war, and that the petrol engines that drive agricultural tractors also drive tanks on the battle field. Nothing more terrible can happen to a man or to a nation than to want the wrong things and get them. Unfortunately the application of the scientific method makes it possible to get either the right or the wrong things. It would be hard to find a mathematical physicist or a chemist or a biologist of note who is not a pacifist at heart, who does not believe in internationalism and who does not deplore the manner in which science is abused to get the wrong things.

At various meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science physicists and chemists have risen to deny the charge that they are responsible for the evils that so frequently follow in the train of research. It is true that science does no more than make and launch discoveries and that it does not advocate the application of its findings to the waging of war or the oppression of the working class. Yet it has its social obligations as well as art and religion. *No scientist can lock himself up in his laboratory and pretend that it is no concern of his to what uses his discoveries and inventions are put.* No one is in so good a position as he to judge the potentialities for good or evil that reside in a new chemical compound. Business men and warriors must learn their science from him. Moreover, with the inroads of the totalitarian states he runs the risk of becoming an intellectual slave. Has not Mussolini said that a scientist must be a good Fascist first and a good scientist second? And did not Bernard Rust, Germany's Minister of Education, announce in 1936 at the Heidelberg celebration that science for science's sake is nonsense and that science must serve the state? And did not Bukharin, the Soviet Union's theorist, utter similar views? Unless science does take an interest in its own relation to society it is bound to lose the power of progressing and much of the spirituality and the objectivity which are now its chief glories. There will still be mechanics and technology if science submits to state dictation, but woe to the Newton, the Darwin or the Einstein whose theories conflict with the prevailing ideology. And woe also to the society that kills the spirituality and objectivity that have made science the force that it is.

Fortunately scientists are awakening to the peril that confronts them. The British and American Associations for the Advancement of Science have decided to participate in a joint movement to help the world to its feet. Both have emphasized the debt that our culture owes to science; and the American Association has been especially outspoken in setting forth the ethical

values of science.

In his inaugural lecture as Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, Dr. Gilbert Murray remarked that "in the revolution of thought through which we are living the profoundest and most disturbing element is the breakdown of that ethical system which, since the days of Constantine, has imposed upon European culture at least the semblance of moral unity". The editor of *Nature*, the world's most important scientific organ, agrees and adds that "the present crisis places beyond question the supreme importance of some alliance of moral and scientific forces if the downfall of civilization is to be averted." Dr. Edward G. Conklin, in his address as the retiring President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, sounded a similar note by calling for a union of science and religion to cure society of the moral afflictions from which it now suffers. "It seems incredible", the American philosopher, John Dewey, has written, "that the men who have brought the machine of applied physical discovery to such a pitch of perfection will abdicate in the face of the infinitely greater human problem."

The votaries of science constitute an international brotherhood the like of which this world has never seen before. It is impossible to say of a discovery or invention merely by inspecting it: "This was the achievement of a German; that of a Japanese." Nor does it matter much to a real scientist what the nationality of a discoverer or inventor may be. It is enough for him that the man did his work, described it fully in a readily accessible publication and gave it unconditionally to the world. As a force in achieving true internationalism religion pales in comparison with this subjugation of self and country.

No one knows how many first-class research scientists there are in Asia, Europe, Africa, Australia and the Americas. There must surely be 200,000 at the very least. Two hundred thousand men of different nationalities, creeds and races, oblivious to self and country, placing the cause of research above the individual scientist, obeying an unwritten yet rigidly enforced moral code, united only by a common, high purpose to make the most of the human mind for the benefit of society--What better demonstration can any one demand that men can sink their passions and their greed and think only of mankind?

WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

CORRESPONDENCE

PLAIN TALK

Contacts between East and West are daily becoming speedier, easier, more frequent and more potent in their effects. To-day, the Indian peasant is aware not only of the cinema and the radio, of electric power schemes and the modern aeroplane, but also of very considerable changes in the system of the government of his country. These changes affect his prospects in life to an ever-growing extent; great numbers of his fellow-countrymen are in a position to inform him concerning a world to which in fact he remains even yet a relative stranger.

Theories of government propounded by Continental professors and by leaders of foreign nations are being considered and some of them tentatively tried out in his country. There is much talk of Russia, but little real knowledge of that country's growing mind, power or ultimate objectives.

Propaganda stalks abroad throughout the world, like some relentless "robot", having no ears for the curses which many men would shower upon it, could they but hope that their curses might somehow prove effective in rendering it impotent. It is not so evident to him, however, that much of this propaganda is continually polluting world-currents of thought, and that some practical filtering device to purify it of its many objectionable contents is obviously and urgently called for.

Everywhere he, with the rest of mankind, is being driven to face the question of what is to come out of the welter of conflicting ideologies and dogmas, and to search for some reasonable answer. That answer is as yet far to seek, for it is assuredly to be found only in spiritual hiding-places.

The vital issue is quite plainly whether men are going to put on the armour of love and peace or the armour of hate and war. The spiritual satisfaction of a "will to peace" is something which the Indian peasant can claim as part of his heritage of India's ancient culture; something of which he, and it, have given material evidence many a time and oft. The agricultural peasantry of the East still exhibits, to all with eyes to see, its common will to peaceful human industriousness. It has not made money or power its chief god, and it merits universal admiration for its valuable and productive labour.

Community labour here prompts the thought of community, or common, speech. Words have grown in number and in complexity of meaning, so that they constantly puzzle common people. Modern languages contain a surfeit of new compound words, which add much confusion to existing language difficulties. "Self-government" and "Self-determination" may be taken as instances in the English language. There has been rapid progress in the introduction and the multiplication of such phrases, which are of very dubious meaning in application and cover ill-defined conceptions. The League of Nations' conferences have opened the eyes of only a few persons to the difficulties and misunderstandings which inevitably arise out of discussions among foreigners in various foreign languages. Great indeed is the need in these talkative times for studying and guarding the purity and the integrity of each language. It unfortunately remains so much easier for any national spokesman to mean to say what is right than for him to say what is meant by "the right" in the understanding of foreigners among his audience. One must understand a language well before one can properly understand a man who uses that language to suit his own purpose only. The invaluable remedy of a single language for the world is not yet within sight as a practical proposition, but some day the world will awake to the fact that a common language may be the first essential and right move towards understanding among men.

Peterculter T. H. WORGAN

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

GREEK CONTACTS WITH INDIA*

The century after Asoka was a formative period in Indian history. The Maurya Empire declined and fell and conditions were extremely complicated. The political and cultural centre shifted from Pataliputra in Magadha to Ujjain and Vidisa in modern Malwa. There emerged South Indian powers like Andhra and Kalinga. On the north-west our gates were open. Bactrian Greeks poured in and conquered and settled in the Punjab and the adjoining tracts.

Greek contact is traceable even to the sixth century B.C. Owls of Athens (594-560 B.C.) dug up from the N. W. Frontiers, certainly reveal commercial connections, and Yavana writing of some sort was known to Panini, our grammarian. Herodotus has it that Darius made use of the Erythræan Sea. Aristophanes knew the Indian word for mustard. Ktesias mentions gold-dust gathered from rivers, sands and mines in India. Articles of Indian origin like rice and peacocks were known to Sophocles and other Greek writers. Dioscorides knew the three varieties of Indian pepper.

It is surprising that Alexander's invasions had so little influence on India. We have no trace of any stadium or gymnasium set up by him, though there are traces of the dramas of Sophocles and Euripides enacted in Gedrosia very near the Indian frontier. His main aim was commercial, as evidenced by his founding of Alexandrias. He is also said to have forbidden fish-eating on the coast of Makran so as to convert that barren tract into an agricultural district. But we look in vain for detailed information on the economic products of India in the writings of Alexander's officers. The cultural contact of the Greeks with India practically begins about 206 B.C., when Antiochus III of Syria renewed an "ancestral" alliance with Sophagasenus, probably a Mauryan potentate, in the Indus Valley. We therefore welcome Dr. Tarn's book, which deals with the history of India in the next half-century as part of the history of Hellenism.

The Greek side of the book is done with the thoroughness which one has learnt to expect from this well-known classical scholar. He stands on the shoulders of previous workers in the field. His work is documented and provides numerous cross-references to make details clear even to readers of stray topics. He draws prominent attention to the work and career of Euthydemus, his son Demetrius and the latter's son-in-law, Menander.

The Indian scholar cannot be too thankful to Dr. Tarn for his general observations on the period of Greek contacts with India. He finds that the data discovered in late writers like Strabo, Trogus-Justin, Plutarch and Ptolemy go back to a far earlier period, of which they have merely preserved fragments from lost historians. Writers like V. A. Smith have confused Indian chronology as, for instance, by taking Ptolemy's date as the second century A.D. Dr. Tarn shows how Ptolemy's information goes back to "Trogus' source" of about 85 B.C. Gerini, commenting on the *Geography*, pointed out that Ptolemy's data are sometimes true for a century earlier than his time. But the credit for a detailed, authoritative discussion of the subject belongs to Dr. Tarn. As regards the *Periplus*, Schoff had originally suggested about 60 A.D., but gave up his early date and accepted 80 A.D. to suit the chronology of the Andhras according to Smith.

* *The Greeks in Bactria and India.* By W. W. TARN. (Cambridge University Press. 30s.)

This was building an uncertainty upon a greater uncertainty. Dr. Tarn agrees with Charlesworth that the work belongs to about 50 A.D. and may possibly go back to 40 A.D.

The wealth of coins for the period is almost unique, and detailed and suggestive studies of them have been made by generations of numismatists. But Dr. Tarn's discussions are revealing and sometimes original even here. I may specially mention his discovery (p. 505) that the portrait of Maios bears a very strong resemblance to that of Wema Kadphises who, therefore, may be descended from him. His only difficulty is about the epithet ΣANAB, which we to-day could equate with *Janab*.

The coins of Menander attest a flourishing sea-borne trade. Barygaza (Broach) was the greatest port, and it is styled the "emporium of Gedrosia" implying close trading connections. Arabs were intermediaries in the commerce of India with Egypt, and transported commodities in hand-sewn native coracles. Coasting vessels crept along Carmania, which Stephanus calls "a country of India", and called at Patala. It is usually believed that the trade route from India westward lay by the Oxus and the Caspian, but Dr. Tarn shows that the Oxo-Caspian route, though always conceived, never existed in fact (p. 490). All the great trade-routes across Asia met in Seleucia as in a nerve centre. It had replaced ruined Babylon. It stood on a lake which received ships from the Tigris and into which debouched the canal waterway to the Euphrates.

Apollodorus of Artemita mentions Greek advance to the Ganges and Pataliputra, possibly the source of Chaucer's legend of "Gret Emetrius, the Kyng of Inde". Dr. Tarn's main thesis is that Demetrius led the advance to the sea from Taxila, leaving that to Pataliputra to Menander, while Apollodorus held Ujjain. It is an ingenious theory, but it overestimates the degree of Greek success. Khāravela says that the Yavana King had to withdraw to Mathura. The *Yuga Purana* mentions the *mlecchа* Kings Amyntas, Zoilus and perhaps Apollophanes, but narrows their rule to a few years. None of their coins have been picked up east of Mathura.

In the history of India, says Dr. Tarn, the episode of Greek rule has no meaning. One is grateful for the remark, as it breaks the tradition of Western writers on India ever since V. A. Smith wrote his *Early History of India, including Alexander's Campaigns*, as though those campaigns were the warp or the woof of Indian history! The space devoted in that book, and in other books of the same school, to the history of Greek contacts with India is out of all proportion to their importance and to their bearing on Indian history. They have regarded the importance of the subject as in proportion to the amount of information about it that has survived. Dr. Tarn rightly regards this as a "perversion of thinking"—a principle to be borne in mind in any future reconstruction of our history on right lines.

But Dr. Tarn lays the unction to our soul when he observes that "the Indian material has been much better prepared for the Greek historian than the Greek material for the Indian". The only authors who have attempted the former are the present writer and the late Dr. Jayaswal, but we have raised more issues than we have solved. It is a pity that Dr. Tarn has had to rely on second-hand information. Hence his theory of the triple conquest of India by Demetrius, Apollodorus and Menander and of the firm hold of the Greeks on Indian territories east of the Punjab.

Our evidence shows that the Greek invasions were mere raids, and that Pushyamitra Sunga had the best of it in his wars with his enemies. He was not a Brahman, but had some Brahman blood in his veins (hence styled *Brāhmaṇāyana*). He overthrew the Maurya power in spite of its rehabilitation by Mūladeva. Bāṇa had already preserved the tradition that Mūladeva

slew Sumitra, the heir-apparent of Pushyamitra. The *Avanti Sundarī Kathā*, discovered a dozen years ago, (but unused by Dr. Tarn) makes the story clear. Mūladeva was a master in statecraft and his astute diplomacy organised the remnants of the Maurya army against the Śungas. He invented a system of cipher writing. His diplomacy is probably responsible for the Greek invasions of India under Demetrius and Menander.

The *Divyāvadāna* is a work in Sanskrit not yet translated into English. It has been cited by Dr. Tarn, but the spirit of the story has been somewhat missed by him : Pushyamitra had overthrown Buddhism and hunted the monks out of *Śākala* (Sialkot) and other places. When he advanced on *Koshtakam* (Khotan) Demetrius (ruler of *Damshtra, i.e.*, Demetrius) bestirred himself. But he had to retire, leaving the defences in the hands of his son-in-law, *Krimisha* (ruler of Krimila). The latter brought Pavata over and beat the Śunga forces back. So he came to be known as Munihana (a pun on Milinda).

This is in accordance with the practice of the times, of calling rulers by the names of the cities they ruled. The *Vishnu Purana* name for Taxila is Krimila. Cunningham describes the site of Kuṇāla stūpa in Taxila as Kirmal or Kurmal, where there are long caves which are natural fissures in the rock. Menander was ruler of Taxila. Patanjali testifies to his raid on *Sāketa* and *Majjhamikā* (Oudh and Chitor). The *Puranas* take cognisance of Greek rulers in India only for a few years, and the names they mention are those of princelings who have left us coins only in the Punjab and near it.

It is probable that the Greeks had to retire because of a civil war in their own country, as the *Yuga Purana* would have it. More probably, Khāravela's progress in Hindustan had something to do with their retreat. Patanjali mentions the Yavana raids in the imperfect tense, as having taken place in the near past. He took part in the horse-sacrifices of Pushyamitra. It is clear that Śunga rule had established itself long before the end of Pushyamitra's reign and that the Greek dynasties were confined to the Punjab.

The most interesting part of this book is that dealing with the mutual cultural influences of Indians and Greeks. When the Greeks went to Egypt they took Homer and Euripides with them. A theatre was set up in every *polis* and the plays of Sophocles and Euripides were enacted. Our silent witness in India is the fragmentary vase from Peshawar, in the Lahore museum, which depicts the scene from *Antigone* where Hæmon begs Creon for Antigone's life. There is a tradition of an Indian translation of Homer. If so, it does credit to Indian scholarship, for no Greek text was translated anywhere except into Latin. Greek hexameters were written in Menander's kingdom, and the *Doha* metre was possibly introduced by the Abhiras on the Indus. Dr. Tarn accepts Plutarch's statement that Indians worshipped Greek gods, but there is not a scrap of evidence on the Indian side, even in regard to cities under Greek rule.

That the Indian drama borrowed the curtain (*yavanikā*) from the Greek is one of those myths that die hard. Greek dramas were not acted before a curtain at all, and women actors were against the canon, in Greece as well as in India. Mime-actors may have visited India, but there is no evidence of their influence. There was a steady import of "flute girls" into India. *Mousica paidiskaria* were shipped by Euxodus to India, and there was a standing order at Barygaza for *Parthenoi eucideis pros pallakian*. Delos was the great centre of this traffic. There is no evidence, however, of this export being deliberately encouraged by any Greek State after Alexander the Great and his times. Greek wine came along with Greek girls.

It is not possible to agree with Dr. Tarn that "the idea of reckoning time from a date fixed once for all came to India with the Greeks" (p. 359). The *Kaliyuga* era is millennia earlier and is still current. But several terms in

Astronomy and beliefs in Astrology were adopted by India and still remain—like *hora* (hour) and *drekkāṇam* (a third of a Zodiacal house). Yavanāchārya and Yavana Siddhānta were, no doubt, aftermaths of this influence. In military life *kampaṇa* (the camp) came to stay, as well as *Krameḷa* (the one-humped camel of Bactria) as contrasted with *ushṭra* (the two-humped Indian camel). Purely Indian statues of the Buddha have been found in ancient Mathura. An emerald statue of the Buddha was made by Nagasena, the teacher of Menander. It was only in later centuries that Buddhist piety used Greek technique.

Dr. Tarn somewhat underestimates Indian influence on Greek culture when he says : " Indian civilisation was not strong enough to influence the Greeks as Babylon did." Berossus was not able to interest the Greeks in the history of Babylonia as Manetto was in that of Egypt. The Greeks cared little for the culture of Asiatics. But Indians were able to enchain their attention. Some Greeks knew the *Mahābhāratha*. The Besnagar inscription of Heliodorus is based on two passages in that work, emphasising the value of restraint, renunciation and rectitude. I find a verse of the *Gita* translated direct in one of the fragments of Megasthenes, which McCrindle considers somewhat later and which is probably of the second century B.C. Figures of Indra and Siva and their vehicles, the Elephant and the Bull, abound on the coins.

S. V. VENKATESWARA

Ruskin the Painter. By J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE. (Oxford University Press. 16s.)

This volume, concerning the greatest of the Victorian prose writers, is of exceptional interest. Many of us, imagining that we knew our Ruskin, are yet ignorant of his drawings and water-colours. I did not know that there were 345 of them exhibited in the galleries belonging to Bembridge School in the Lake District. Absorbed in the magnificence of his prose style and his critical messages on art and life, I still had not grasped the beauty and variety of his own paintings. It is not generally known, perhaps, that the great protagonist of Turner himself actually composed some pictures which could be taken for those of the master at his loftiest period—see " Sunrise at Chateau Lausanne " in this volume.

It contains 67 reproductions of the works exhibited at Bembridge, a descriptive catalogue of the whole collection, and an introduction to Ruskin the Painter by Mr. Howard Whitehouse, the President of the Ruskin Society. It is a volume that will be greatly treasured by all lovers and students of Ruskin. The pictures show his range from the minutest, Dürer-like dwelling on detail to Turneresque effects. And the occasional quotations from Ruskin's descriptions of great pictures he had copied remind us of the inspiration we can derive from reading *Modern Painters*. The main point which Mr. Whitehouse brings out in his Introduction is Ruskin's educational value in the broadest sense. He regarded drawing as a vital part of education and said that it should be taught quite as definitely as reading or writing ; for without a knowledge of how to draw, the eye cannot see nor the hand express nearly as much as lies within human reach : " Art enables you to say and to see what you could not otherwise say or see, and it also enables you to learn certain lessons which you could not otherwise learn....There are thousands of things in this world which you could not say, unless you drew them." Mr. Whitehouse quotes many passages bearing upon this, and it is forcibly brought home to us how miserably inadequate schools are in this matter. However, the duty of any reviewer of this book is simply to urge every one, especially the young, to get hold of it and ponder upon these vital matters.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

RELIGION AS A WAY OF LIFE

[We bring together here seven short reviews each of which deals with the power and influence of Religion in building a Way of Life.

The first is written by the Editor of *The Inquirer* who himself has contributed substantially in promoting the cause of the fellowship of faiths. Elsewhere we publish an article from his pen, "Can Religion Save Civilization?"

The second refers to the Confucian Way, and in this so noted an authority as Lionel Giles brings forward several ideas of value to students of Chinese lore.

The third is the review of a study which will interest the head more than it will inspire the heart.

The fourth deals with the writings of an Occidental mystic, while the fifth treats of the magic of "savages" who seem to know a thing or two about which civilized people are ignorant.

The sixth is a criticism of Orientalists which we hope will be answered. There is certainly an increasing interest in Oriental religions and especially in Indian lore. The seventh, all too short a note, names useful publications of practical value, the study of which will be not only facilitated but enlivened in the light of the volume reviewed first—*The Brotherhood of Religions*.—EDS.]

The Brotherhood of Religions. By SOPHIA WADIA. Eighteen Lectures with an Introduction, a Foreword by Gandhiji, a Glossary of Oriental Words and a full Index. (International Book House, Ash Lane, Bombay. Indian Edition Rs. 1|8; Foreign Edition 4*s*. 6*d*. or $1.25)

In modern India, alas, religious rivalry is sometimes more bitter -more conducive to sporadic riots- than anywhere in the West at the present time, not excepting the standing feud of Catholics and Orangemen in Northern Ireland. Yet nowhere else is the essential harmony of religions so clearly understood; nowhere are the truths of religion more intuitively discerned than in India to-day. The paradox is more apparent than real, for the soil which produces spirituality produces also, in "younger" souls, religiosity. Not essential religion, but religiosity; not mysticism, but traditionalism; not prophetic religion, but priestly religion evokes rivalry and bitterness. How transform this rivalry into amity and brotherhood? How exalt the *illuminé* and the prophet over the partisan and the priest?

It is with these and similar questions that Sophia Wadia deals in *The Brotherhood of Religions*. The title accurately discloses the substance of the book, but not the pivotal affirmation interfusing its pages and every one of the eighteen lectures and speeches delivered to various societies, of which the book is composed.

Unlike the too facile tolerationists of the West, Sophia Wadia is not content merely to reconcile the conflicting elements of existing Faiths; she reveals their original *source*, and in revealing this source in the one Religion underlying all religions (Theosophy, "Wisdom Religion") she points also to the sullied streams- the corruptions which each religion suffers in its passage through the minds of men.

Very illuminating is her treatment, brief though it is, of the three stages of religious development; the period of the Teacher; the period of the systematisers and promulgators; the period of creedal formalism when the prophet is lost to the priest. Perhaps, however, she is a little too hard on the priest, poor fellow! Not every priest is an enemy of the prophet. If the priest is blind, he is offtimes faithfully blind, and his rightful "function", surely, is not to "*exploit* the religiously ignorant and the spiritual-

ly poor" (my italics) but to preserve that continuity of testimony without which the prophet's message might be wholly lost. He too has a mission to fulfil, though he forget, as do so many of us, that true religion is concerned not with belief, observance, dogma and rite, but with "daily living, hourly striving".

Towards what end is this striving? Towards spiritual perception. Towards realization of the one Universal Self which binds all selves in one—the realization through self-effort "that our own highest Ego is the Supreme Spirit, the one Self, the end of knowledge". All are radiations of the same Light, though it shines not equally in all beings.

This then, briefly put, is the central affirmation of this book. It is enforced by exegesis of passages from the *Gathas*, the *Gita*, *the Bible*, the *Koran* and so on; it is illuminated under various symbols, and unflinchingly applied to the problems of industrialism and social service. The basis of social service is education and the aim is self-responsibility. Clear up the physical slums—yes, but forget not the slums of the mind!

What is indeed astonishing—would that it were not so astonishing!—is the catholicity of this book. It is a catholicity which comes not of skimming the surface of things but of reaching down to bedrock, discovering the basis of Religion, and presenting this discovery, clearly, forcefully, with learning and insight, to audiences of Theosophists, Buddhists, Zoroastrians, Muslims, Israelites, Sikhs, "Brahmos" and others. All these are building-stones of the Temple that is to be; for, as Gandhiji says in his Foreword, "an understanding knowledge of and respect for the great faiths of the world is the foundation of true Theosophy Wisdom about God".

LESLIE J. BELTON

The Analects of Confucius. Translated and annotated by ARTHUR WALEY. (George Allen and Unwin, London. 10*s*. 6*d*.)

It used to be thought that this collection of Confucius' sayings was published, if not by his immediate disciples, at any rate within fifty years or so of his death, for which the traditional date is 479 B.C. Modern research, however, has made it pretty clear that the book cannot have existed in its present form before the middle of the fourth century B.C., and some scholars would place it later still. Even so, it is the oldest surviving work of its kind in Chinese literature, and it is not surprising that we should find it full of difficulties, arising out of obsolete phraseology as well as contemporary allusions the significance of which has long been forgotten. Essentially, therefore, it is a book that needs reinterpretation in the light of new discoveries. Legge's translation, a wonderful achievement in its day, keeps generally to the lines laid down by Chu Hsi, who had diverged in many respects from the standard commentary of Chêng Hsüan. Now there is a tendency to discard much of Chu Hsi and to revert to the older and simpler commentaries of the Han dynasty. Most of the other English translations are based on Legge, an exception being that of Ku Hung-ming, which Mr. Waley would have done well to consult.

If we speak of the *Analects* as a difficult book, it is not that the subject-matter is abstruse or that the Confucian moral code is full of complexities. Like all the great world-teachers, Confucius was above all concerned with the simple rules of life and conduct, and his teaching is summed up by one of his leading disciples as amounting really to this: Loyalty to oneself and charity to one's neighbour. The two words in Chinese are *chung shu*, both of which have been much misunderstood by translators. *Chung* has come to mean loyalty to the sovereign, but Confucius evidently used the word in its other, original sense, in which it corresponds exactly to the Shakespearean precept "To thine own self be true", that is, obey the voice of conscience. Ku Hung-ming hit the nail

on the head when he translated *chung shu* "conscientiousness and charity". Mr. Waley has "loyalty, consideration", but explains that loyalty means loyalty to superiors, which does not cover the whole ground. I am glad, however, to see that he rejects the rendering "reciprocity" for *shu*; this originated with Legge, and has been very generally adopted because of another saying in which the word is immediately followed by the enunciation of the Golden Rule - in its negative form: "Tzu Kung asked, saying: 'Is there any one maxim which ought to be acted upon throughout one's whole life?'—The Master replied: 'Surely the maxim of charity (or fellow-feeling) is such; do not unto others what you would not they should do unto you.'"

Confucius, like Socrates, undoubtedly accepted the existence of a spirit-world, but preferred on the whole not to discourse on the subject. Chi Lu once inquired about men's duty to spirits. The Master replied: "Before we are able to do our duty by the living, how can we do it by the spirits of the dead?" Though this did not prevent him from taking a reverent part in the usual sacrifices and other religious ceremonies, he emphatically preferred sincerity of heart to mere outward show. He was well versed in ritual of every kind and displayed a keen interest in it; but he never lost sight of the principles underlying all ritual, never exalted ritual for its own sake. His attitude is clearly shown in a number of striking sayings: "A man without charity in his heart--what has he to do with ceremonies?" Asked what was the prime essential in ceremonial observances, the Master said: "Ah, that is a great question indeed! In all rites simplicity is better than extravagance; in mourning for the dead, heartfelt sorrow is better than punctiliousness." And he heartily commends the disciple who seizes the point that rules of ceremony "require a background", or in other words are only of secondary importance.

In view of all this, it is a great pity that Mr. Waley should appear to support the old mistaken idea that Confucius was so rigid and precise in his notions as to be a perfect slave to ritual. "Propriety", says Legge, "was a great stumbling-block in the way of Confucius." It is true that *li*, which Legge persistently translates "the rules of propriety" regardless of context, does seem to play a considerable part in the scheme of things as envisaged by Confucius; but this word, which originally denoted a sacrificial vessel and hence ceremonies in general, developed in course of time various other shades of meaning, including the ordinary rules of politeness and etiquette, the conduct suitable to all circumstances of life, and more especially the state of mind of which such conduct is the outcome, an inward sense of harmonious proportion and self-control. In many passages of the *Analects* this latter meaning is the only one at all admissible. Thus, in XIV, 44, the Master says: "If the ruler cherishes *li*, the people will be docile to his commands." Mr. Waley translates the sentence: "So long as the ruler loves ritual, the people will be easy to handle." This, in my humble opinion, is almost meaningless; as is also the rendering of III. 19: "A ruler in employing his ministers should be guided solely by the prescriptions of ritual"; and XII. 1: "He who can submit himself to ritual is Good." Again, in I. 15, the Master is made to speak with approval of one who is poor, yet delights in the Way; or "rich, yet a student of ritual". With all respect, I decline to believe that he ever said anything so inane. So much in the *Analects* depends on what Confucius elsewhere calls "the correct definition of terms".

These and a few other points on which I would join issue with Mr. Waley are more than counterbalanced by the numerous passages on which he has been able to throw new light. This result he has achieved by subjecting the received text to careful scrutiny and comparing it with other writings of approximately the same date, a task which no previous translator has attempted in anything like the same measure. The most notable in-

novation perhaps, is the drastic way in which he deals with the whole of Book X. Hitherto this has been regarded as describing the personal habits and idiosyncrasies of the Master himself. But Mr. Waley gives convincing reasons for its being actually a compilation of maxims from other works on ritual, to be taken generally and not applied to any individual. He aptly compares it with a Sanskrit work, the *Āpastamba Dharma-Sūtra,* probably contemporary with the *Analects,* in which several identical injunctions appear. It may disappoint some, while to others it will come as a positive relief, to know that such personal eccentricities as invariably taking ginger with his food, not conversing at mealtimes, not speaking when in bed, wearing a night-gown half as long again as his body, and changing countenance at every thunderclap or sudden squall of wind, need no longer be attributed to China's greatest sage. Much of the starchiness and formality which have been associated with him will thus disappear. There are, however, at least two paragraphs in Book X which must certainly refer to Confucius himself: "On one occasion, Chi K'ang Tzu having sent him some medicine, he bowed as he received it, saying, 'Not being familiar with this drug, I would not venture to try it.'" And "when his stables were burned down, on returning from Court, he said: 'Has any one been hurt?' He did not inquire about the horses";—the point being that in his solicitude for others Confucius never thought of his own loss, not that he was indifferent to the suffering of animals.

A great deal more calls for discussion in this new study of Confucius and Confucianism. A book in which the arguments are so subtle and the conclusions so far-reaching cannot be properly appraised within the limits of a short review and without the use of Chinese characters. If a general criticism may be permitted, I would voice my feeling that in his eagerness to upset erroneous interpretations and beliefs Mr. Waley, like most reformers, is apt to go too far. In the course of a brilliant introduction he even declares that we are justified in supposing that the *Analects* do not contain many authentic sayings and may possibly contain none at all! Very little evidence is adduced to support such an extreme view; and to my own way of thinking the sayings taken as a whole bear an unmistakable impress of authenticity and truth. They disclose a mind and personality which could hardly have been fictitious; and, as in the classic example of Homer, if they were not uttered by Confucius they must be attributed to some one else of the same name.

LIONEL GILES

The Foundations of Living Faiths. By HARIDAS BHATTACHARYYA. Vol. I. (University of Calcutta.)

This book by the Head of the Department of Philosophy at Calcutta University is an interesting and valuable study in comparative religion. It deals with the three main branches of living faiths, the Semitic, the Aryan and the Mongolian, and, after a consideration of Prophecy and Revelation, proceeds to the idea of God contained in Hinduism, Judaism, Christianity, Islam and Zoroastrianism.

The author shews that, while religion is primarily personal, yet there have always been those to whom religion has meant a call to social duty, and he concludes that no religious community can dispense with either the quietist or the activist contribution to its spiritual development. Man responds readily to the appeal of a higher rationality and of better morality and the criterion of advance has always been the establishment of greater consistency between faith and practice, personal benefit and social need.

The author holds that there are certain fundamental beliefs without which no religion can satisfy the spiritual needs of man, of which the most insistent are the right understanding of the nature of God and His working and a right atti-

tude towards the world of sentient beings. It is by means of the prophets that such an understanding can be obtained, for they are to be regarded as speaking with the voice of God. The Prophet is the chief, though not the only, medium of Revelation, and that God can make His existence, character and purpose known to mankind is a belief found in all theistic faiths.

Religious development, the author believes, has always taken the direction of a fuller recognition of the unity and the immanence of God and of the brotherhood of man with its implications of social harmony and social service. Christianity made a notable contribution in proclaiming that the expected Messiah had come not only with a message to mankind, but also with a way of life, lived in the constant presence of God, for others to follow.

So it is shown how the races of India, Palestine and Arabia, from primitive and polytheistic beginnings, worked their way up to the idea of One omnipotent, omniscient and moral Deity, beneficent, just, forgiving and loving. That the Zoroastrian idea of God ultimately differs but little from this is proved by the prayer to Mithra quoted on p. 499 :

> Grant us good conscience and bliss, good fame and a good soul, wisdom and the knowledge that gives happiness, victorious strength and conversation (with God) on the Holy Word.

The book has been well produced by the University of Calcutta Press and a full index is promised with the second volume to which all readers of the first will look forward expectantly.

MARGARET SMITH

Selected Mystical Writings of William Law. Edited with Notes and Twenty-four Studies in the Mystical Theology of William Law and Jacob Boehme, by STEPHEN HOBHOUSE. (The C. W. Daniel Co., London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

The "pious and fervid" William Law was one of those whom Coleridge described as contributing in his own experience to "keep alive the *heart* in the *head*". Certainly he deserves to stand with George Fox and with Jacob Boehme, to whom he owed a good deal, as one of the greatest Post-Reformation mystics. This may surprise the many readers who know him only by his *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* which is not a mystical work. And his other writings have long been out of print. Mr. Hobhouse's volume, therefore, supplies a real deficiency—it is manifestly a labour of love as well as of thought and scholarship. He has taken his selections from nine of Law's chief mystical works, adding explanatory notes and a series of short essays of his own expounding some of the more difficult themes of mystical teaching. He writes as a "universalist Christian" himself, acknowledging that the mystical experience transcends the limits of sect and creed and that the eternal Self which the Christian has found in Christ, the Indian had found before in the Atman. And although Law did not always quite succeed in disentangling his spiritual vision from the exclusive claims of orthodox Christian theology, his whole emphasis was upon the Christ within that should come to life in the Soul. To Wesley, as to those who followed the Augustinian tradition in the Catholic Church, his conception, for example, of the atonement was unsatisfactory because it rejected the barbaric idea of Divine anger and retributive punishment. "It is", he wrote, "much more possible for the Sun to give forth Darkness than for God to do, or be, or give forth anything but blessing and goodness." Every quality in life for him was good and only became evil through perversion, as the quality of fire "only becomes evil to that creature who, by his own self-motion, has separated fire from the light in his own nature".

This conception of the wrathless love of God, which he owed to some extent to Boehme, is central in his teaching and he recurs to it frequently. He combined

in it inspiringly a belief in an eternally loving God and a recognition of natural law in all spheres of life which could only be transgressed at the cost of pain. He was a homely mystic as well as one of a rare spiritual insight, and he wrote beautifully.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

From My African Notebook. By ALBERT SCHWEITZER. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 5s.)

Although slight in content, these stories by Dr. Schweitzer of his experiences with Galoa and Pahouin tribes in equatorial Africa will be read with interest We confess to a feeling of sympathy with the remark of Joseph, the hospital assistant, that "the white man's an artful fellow". When thinking over the past relations of the white races to the African, we have to be thankful that, as a white timber trader said to the author: "What a good thing it is that the Negroes have better characters than we have!" Even in the matter of tribal laws, we find that the native master was responsible for all his slave did, and that "among primitive tribes", where the wife is sold to her husband, "her rights are better safeguarded than by the laws of civilized peoples".

There is a chapter on "Taboos and Magic", in which Dr. Schweitzer gives some instances of death and psychic illnesses following upon the burden of a taboo or curse. Magical powers are acquired "through a progressive series of initiatory rites", under the instruction of a fetich doctor, and it is the tradition that much can be effected by human sacrifice. Dr. Schweitzer believes that "Psychotherapy to supplement purely medical treatment is often much more necessary among savages than among white people." But perhaps Voodoos are conscious, and the hypnotists and psycho-analysers of these modern days are mostly unconscious, sorcerers! As things are, we can talk about the magic of primitive races, not realizing that, more often than not, we are studying degraded traditions that imply the existence in ages gone by of a knowledge of natural laws used for beneficent purposes.

A perusal of the recent *An African Survey*, by Lord Hailey, is essential for understanding the problems awaiting solution in African territories.

B. P. HOWELL

The Content of Indian and Iranian Studies. By H. W. BAILEY (Cambridge University Press. 2s.)

In a lecture delivered in May 1938, the Professor of Sanskrit in Cambridge University undertook a brief survey, for the benefit of beginners and undergraduates, of "The Content of Indian and Iranian Studies". In these days when the wisdom of the East is made available in diverse forms in Western lands by many an ambassador, Professor Bailey's account should be considered too elementary even from the standpoint of undergraduates of the University, to need any critical notice or discussion.

With the description of the *Mahabharata* as a "huge disparate collection", and the *Ramayana* as "less interpolated", and with the application of the term "Brahmanical hero" to Rama, who was a Kshatriya, a reviewer has as much right to disagree as to feel amused. Professor Bailey observes that some of the poems of the *Rig-Veda* "read with remarkable freshness" and deplores their fate in having been quoted "later in books of rather wearisome theology", but their alleged freshness and their fate alike are figments of imagination.

I would, however, heartily commend the concluding paragraphs of Professor Bailey's lecture to the earnest consideration of all researchers. He notes that for the magnitude of the subject, "the number of serious students has always been small in England", and holds the unremunerative character of the study responsible for such a state of affairs.

Professor Bailey refers to "the researches of almost a hundred and fifty years of Indian studies". The research has been accomplished by the systematic and sustained endeavour of a band of devoted scholars, foreign and Indian. But what has been the reaction of the West to the "content of Indian studies"? I do not believe it is very complimentary to Indian achievements. I wish Professor Bailey had examined the psychological reaction of the normal Western mind to the content of the Indian studies. Orientalists actuated by antiquarian interest may dive deep into the mysteries of language and literature relating to India and Persia. But quite apart from that sort of museum-interest, does Indian philosophy with its message of spirituality exercise any dynamic influence over the life of the West? Professors of Sanskrit in Western Universities should courageously answer that question in the interests of thought clarification.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

Upanishads for the Lay Reader. By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI. (Hindustan Times, Ltd., New Delhi. Paper, As. 6; Cloth, Re. 1/-)

Himalayas of the Soul: Translations from the Sanskrit of the Principal Upanishads. By J. MASCARO. With a Preface by Sir S. Radhakrishnan and a Foreword by E. J. Thomas. (John Murray, London. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Vedic Prayers. By SWAMI SAMBUDDHANANDA. (Sri Ramakrishna Ashram, Khar, Bombay 21. As. 8 or 1*s.*)

Prayers, Praises and Psalms. Selections from the Vedas, Upanishads, Epics, Gita, Puranas etc. Trans. By V. RAGHAVAN, with a Foreword by M. K. Gandhi. (G. A. Natesan and Co., Madras. Re. 1 4)

The Life and Teachings of Buddha. By DEVAMITTA DHARMAPALA. (Fourth Edition. World Teachers Series, G. A. Natesan and Co., Madras. As. 12)

The Life and Teachings of Zoroaster. By A. R. WADIA. (World Teachers Series, G. A. Natesan and Co., Madras. As. 12)

The New Testament. Authorized Version. (The World's Classics, Oxford University Press. 2*s.*)

There is no field, economic or cultural, in which the law of supply and demand does not operate. Occasional publications may miss their mark, but when a number of related works appear almost simultaneously it may be taken as an indication of popular interest. That so many translations of the wisdom of the ancient East are being made into the most widely spoken Western tongue bespeaks both the conscious need of Western readers and the availability in abundance of that which can satisfy it, requiring only the processing which is the translator's function.

All of the little volumes included in this note bear the stamp of their Eastern origin. The ancient East in general and India in particular are the spiritual granary of the world. It is natural that in these days of soul famine many eyes should turn to the Orient and to the most ancient among the world's holy books, which, in the words of the Hon. Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, the Prime Minister of Madras, are "still the most modern and the most satisfying".

E. M. H.

Architects of Ideas. By ERNEST R. TRATTNER. (Carrick and Evans. $3.75)

In these days when there are too many books which profess to educate the layman in the mysteries of science, it is refreshing to find one which genuinely presents the reader with an intelligible and lucid exposition of the origin of scientific theories from Copernicus to Einstein. In this volume Mr. Trattner not only succeeds in this but also deals at length with the lives of the scientists who evolved these theories and of those who paved the way for them, and recounts the difficulties they underwent in order to proclaim their theories in the face of the opposition of orthodox scientists and of the Church.

In his introduction Mr. Trattner explains the aim of the book as follows :—

> What is important to us is that these theories are essential to a world-view which now embraces all the cardinal concerns of man. They carry us back and forth between a vast world of inconceivable magnitude and an equally vast sub-world of inconceivable smallness. Yet the linkage between them is very intimate. Just as it takes many different rays of light to make sunshine, so it takes many different sciences to give us a view of the whole as a *whole*.

The author divides the book into chapters devoted to Copernicus(theory of the solar system), Hutton (theory of the structure of the earth), Dalton (theory of the structure of matter), Lavoisier (theory of fire), Rumford (theory of heat), Huygens (theory of light), Malthus (theory of population), Schwann (theory of the cell), Darwin (theory of evolution), Marx (theory of the economic interpretation of history), Pasteur (theory of disease), Freud (theory of the mind), Chamberlin (theory of the origin of our planet), Boas (theory of man), and Einstein (theory of relativity).

The book is intended for the intelligent layman who will find it exceedingly interesting. It will urge him on to further studies of the theories here dealt with.

In the preparation of this book the author has consulted a large number of authorities. The addition of an index and bibliography increases its utility, and it is a valuable contribution to the dissemination of scientific knowledge. It is a remarkable piece of industry and may usefully be prescribed as a text-book in Intermediate Colleges.

T. S. L. NARASIMHAM

Young Offenders. By GERALDINE CADBURY. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

It is to be hoped that this book will find many readers, particularly among the advocates of flogging and the old Draconian method of dealing with those who offend against Society.

Mrs. Cadbury has the very best qualifications for the task she here set herself, for she has served for no less than 31 years as a magistrate in the Juvenile Court of Birmingham. She has also studied the problem of the child offender in America, Australia and elsewhere.

The book takes the form of a survey of the law and the young offender from the time of King Athalstan, and it would be impossible to lay it aside without appreciating the fact that it is not the child who has been in the dock, but the Society that, until practically modern times, maimed, maltreated and destroyed him.

Of the abominations perpetrated against childhood in this so-called Christian England there is here abundant evidence. Little children were executed for venial offences or put to work that causes the gorge of the reader to rise even after this lapse of time.

There is a brighter side, however, and it emerges as one tracks the slow—all too slow—amelioration of the old brutal system and the awakening of the conscience of Society to its responsibility for children who offend against its sacrosanct law for the protection of private property.

Mrs. Cadbury quickly sketches the past, but wisely devotes most of the pages

to what is being done to-day. Put in a word, the method of dealing with the "bad" child to-day aims at his reform, placing punishment where it rightly belongs—as one of the several agencies operating as a deterrent.

There will be found on page 129 an analysis of the domestic background of 264 cases. In all of these home conditions were bad, that is to say that there existed in one form or another in the home the ingredients warranted by the light of our knowledge of psychology to result in emotional disturbances in the children.

In so brief a review it is impossible to do justice to a very valuable contribution to the literature of penal reform.

GEORGE GODWIN

Socialism on the Defensive. By NORMAN THOMAS. (Harper and Brothers, New York and London. £ 3-0-0)

Mr. Norman Thomas could not have chosen a more provocative title for his book than "Socialism on the Defensive". Three times Presidential Candidate in Socialist interests, Mr. Thomas is certainly one most competent to write an analysis of the present-day political situation throughout the World. The book is opportune; it deals in a masterly fashion with the tangled problems of Stalinism, Trotskyism, Fascism, the Popular Front and other allied subjects which are confusing the rank and file of the Socialist Movement.

I am not going to suggest that Mr. Thomas has led the reader to any firm conclusions—far from it. It must be realised that Mr. Thomas himself is in a most embarrassing position; he is leader of the American Socialist Movement which has failed to report worthwhile progress so far. If Socialism is on the defensive, is it not partly because leaders like Mr. Thomas have all the while preached a Gospel of cautious and timid gradualism? The gigantic victory of the Russian Socialist Revolution in 1917 gave a spur to the Labour Movement throughout the World. It was followed by a post-War boom period which saw several Socialist Governments in office in different parts of Europe. Is it permissible to suggest that the brake on the Socialist Movement was applied at that period by leaders of Social Democracy who are to-day deploring lost opportunities?

The chapter on the Fascist State which Mr. Norman Thomas devotes to the growth of the Nazi Movement in Germany is the most illuminating in the whole book. While different sects of Socialists and Communists were engaged in internecine quarrels the National Socialist Party of Germany marched to power and smashed the powerful Labour Movement. One of the reasons for the failure of Social Democracy is that its leaders did not comprehend in time the nature of Nazism. In this connection Mr. Thomas quotes approvingly from Mr. Calvin Hoover:—

> The common ground upon which reactionary capitalists and revolutionary radicals have been able to stand has been their complete agreement that the Fascist State in Italy and the National Socialist State in Germany were created by capitalists and have remained the creatures of capitalists since their foundation... I went to Germany in the early fall of 1932 to watch Hitler's advent to power. I carried firmly fixed in my mind this popular error about National Socialism ... I was forced finally to recognise that National Socialism, although it derives its support primarily from the lower middle class, was still a true mass movement of distinctly anti-capitalistic character and implications. Instead of either a triumph for capitalism, as visualized by conservatives outside Germany, or a temporary victory for capitalism in its decadence as seen by the Communists, Hitler's victory had been a crushing defeat for capitalists.... When Thyssen and other Rhenish-Westphalian industrialists, with the connivance of the clique surrounding von Hindenburg, made their fatal deal with Hitler by which they betrayed von Sleicher, they were playing the same rôle with respect to their own class as that of the legendary Christian Governor of Ceuta who first led the Moors into Spain.

PULIN SEAL

The Mystery of the Androgyne. By THEODORE J. FAITHFULL, M.R.C.V.S. (The Forum Publishing Co., London. 5*s.*)

The publication of this illuminating work on psycho-analysis indicates the remarkable advance in its theory and practice. It is, in the words of the publishers, "a book which is concerned with the study of mental conflict, its removal, the restoration of happiness, and the attainment of maturity".

But of equal importance is the confidence with which the author turns, for a deeper understanding of his subject, to some of the Occult teachings, especially the ancient doctrine of Androgyny. In the title, he uses the word "androgyne", the Greek term for "man-woman" or "male-female", employed in many of the ancient writings. He says in his Prefatory Note that although "Psycho-analysis" is the term generally used, "Androgynology would be a more accurate and more appropriate word to describe the branch of psychological science which deals with the analysis and synthesis of the human psyche in its dual form of expression."

It is by means of the conception arising out of the term "androgyne" that the author arrives at the fundamental principle of his theory and practice - "All human beings, all animals, even more broadly speaking, all living things.. are both male and female." So we are born and so we will continue happily through life provided the male and female elements are correctly apportioned. But if the apportionment is faulty, if the boy or man has too much of the female, that is, introversion or passivity; and the girl or woman has too much of the male, that is, extraversion or activity, confusion and unhappiness will be the result.

It is the purpose and the function of psycho-analysis, says the author, to analyze the depths and to study the surface lives of these maladjusted people, in order to ascertain the cause of their difficulty and to determine the quickest and most effective way of overcoming it. How this is accomplished, how the individual becomes unified within himself so that in turn he or she may become matured and made ready for the further union of marriage, the author explains clearly and graphically in the three papers which comprise his volume —"The Dual Personality", "The Adjustment of Maleness and Femaleness in Children" and "The Re-education of the Introvert", together with several arresting illustrations. Not least interesting are the author's detailed records of the many strange and complicated cases which have come to him for treatment.

The book is rich in data, and here and there the author evidences wide reading acquaintance with some of the ancient writings; for the present work is reminiscent of the intuitive treatment given to both Androgyny and Asexuality in the Book of Dzyan, which was translated and interpreted by H. P. Blavatsky and used in part as the basis of her great work, *The Secret Doctrine.*

With three other books to his credit, with wide experience as a lecturer and years of experience as a practical psycho-analyst, Mr. Faithfull is eminently qualified to speak with authority. His book is extremely well written and contains ideas which are not only a valuable contribution to psycho-analysis in general, but helpful and revealing to the reader. *The Mystery of the Androgyne* is an informing work and one deserving of serious attention from professional and layman alike.

MERTON S. YEWDALE

Laughing Diplomat. By DANIELE VARÈ. (John Murray, London. 16*s.*)

A diplomat's career is no bed of roses and few diplomats manage to go through life cheerfully and yet be able to present a narrative of their career in so lucid a style as Signor Varè. Though born of an English mother and an Italian father (and married to an Englishwoman) Signor Varè has no marked British leanings. He decides on his diplomatic career at a dinner party in pre-war Berlin, giving up music, his favourite Muse, and his work takes him to such varied places as Rome, Vienna, Peking, Geneva, Luxemburg, Copenhagen and Reykjavik (Iceland).

With extracts from his *Hand Book of the Perfect Diplomat* as the background, Signor Varè presents the reader with a running account of his experiences as Italian Minister abroad. He has no misgivings as to the nature of his job and he goes through it with an eternal optimism and good humour. His scant respect for democratic principles and for the League of Nations may not entitle him to attention by future historians of Europe; but what is admirable in him is his light-hearted manner of facing obstacles which might try the patience of lesser men (witness his journey up the Yangtze Gorges), his broad outlook on men and matters, and his love of animals.

As is natural, Signor Varè yields to none in his admiration for Signor Mussolini and for the latter's work for the regeneration of Italy. Twelve years' stay in China makes him love that land of ever-recurring revolutions, famine and pestilence. He meets Marshal Chiang Kai-shek and a few Chinese war lords and his insight into the Chinese character is deep.

The author uses the diary form of narrative very often and the book is brimful of anecdotes; for example, the Zembla incident at a session of the League, when he secures seats for five Italians. Signor Varè radiates good cheer and is welcome in any company. The appellation "Laughing Diplomat" is the key to Signor Varè's career, a career many might aim at but few could attain.

T. S. L.

America and Our Schools. By J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. 2*s.*)

This little book contains an address delivered at the Annual Conference of Educational Associations last January. The author pleads for a closer friendship between America and England because such a friendship between the two English-speaking countries is of supreme importance to the world to-day.

If such a friendship is to be enduring it must be based, not necessarily on similarity of political objectives, but primarily on a greater recognition of the vast cultural and scientific contributions, briefly surveyed in this book, of the United States to the world.

The author recommends an intelligent study of American history in English schools to achieve this end, but emphasises that that history must not be tainted with either propaganda or political bias.

> A study of American history in a spirit of truth and sympathy would lead naturally to an increase in the spirit of friendship and co-operation. It would draw the two nations together in the only way by which nations can be drawn together—by mutual understanding and respect.

Nor, adds the author, should this study of history be limited merely to political and constitutional history but it should include also America's unique contribution to English literature. He suggests the formation, in the library of English schools, of a special section containing American books and publications. A brief bibliography of works of American writers which might form the nucleus for such a library is given at the end of this book.

ENVER KUREISHI

ENDS AND SAYINGS

Mr. Waldemar Kaempffert's exposition of the responsibility of men of science to civilization, in his article on "The International Brotherhood of Scientists" raises an important issue. He points out that all scientists, as votaries of knowledge, which is universal, owe their prime duty to that knowledge, and as each is bound to all by the common tie of devotion to truth—to their brotherhood, which is cosmopolitan and international. Therefore their allegiance to their respective countries should take a secondary place, and their loyalty to their cause should come first. The fact, however, that in Russia, in Italy and in Germany men of science not only have sold their knowledge to their political bosses but have become nationalistic, out of fear or out of expediency, certainty not out of conviction, proves only too clearly that for all scientists truth does not come first.

Mr. Kaempffert claims that in his search for truth the scientist is like the mystic—dispassionate. There is some truth in this contention but not much. Dispassion—*Vairagya* in Sanskrit—is a quality which the spiritual man unfolds for a very different purpose. First, the occultist or soul-scientist is dispassionate not only in reference to his own enquiry and research, but also in every walk of life, particularly as regards his likes-dislikes, his attachments-aversions for objects of the senses. The occultist is dispassionate not only in the sense of being unconcerned about the ensuing results in the laboratory or the observatory, but further, he is without passion in the sense of being devoid of pride, prejudice and egoism in every sphere of action.

Moreover, the occultist, having realized that the basis of Nature is Life, has unfolded not only detachment and dispassion but also sublime compassion for every form of life. That dispassion has led him to perceive that the Law of Compassion operates incessantly in Nature, ever and always leading man to the realization that he is the disturber of that Law. The occultist will forego knowledge itself if obtaining it involves injury to any organism—unlike, say, the vivisector. The attitude of the occultist to knowledge is rooted in his motive, which is philanthropy. Because of this, when he comes to possess knowledge which would prove dangerous to humanity he refuses to impart it. The pledges of silence and of secrecy which the chela under training takes to his Guru have their *raison d'être* in this.

Because the modern scientist does not place the good of mankind above everything, including his own mental enlightenment, his motives as his methods are coloured by impurities. In his quest the materialistic scientist may be as dispassionate as the occult scientist, but in his motive he differs from the occultist, who is ensouled by Compassion absolute. To the materialistic scientist the gaining of knowledge is the goal ; the goal of the occultist is the spiritual service of the race as a whole.

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*

THE ARYAN PATH

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THE BUDDHA ON MAN'S HEART

During this month of May India celebrates many sacred anniversaries, such as those of Sankara, Ramanuja and Basaveswara, all of whom are historical characters, and also those of Parasurama and Narasimha who are legendary figures, but who are as real as the others to the Hindu mind which regards mythology as but a form of history.

In the same month the Buddhist world celebrates the Triple Festival of the Birth, the Enlightenment and the Passing of Gautama, the Tathāgata, He who followed in the Footsteps of His Illustrious Predecessors.

Again, the devotees of Theosophy celebrate White Lotus Day on the 8th of May in commemoration of the passing of their Guru, H. P. Blavatsky.

We are, therefore, publishing in this number of THE ARYAN PATH articles on the subject of Buddhism and a couple which deal with the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, who was an ardent admirer of "the Light of the World" and a great exponent of Buddhist thought.

Below we give a rendition of a sermon of the Buddha on "Self-examination". It is one of his simple yet searching sermons which carry a message, direct and practical, the application of which proves revolutionary. For penance, for prayer, for real soul-progress, self-examination is most essential. For a man desirous of self-improvement; for one who wishes to examine his own beliefs or to test his own convictions; for the truly penitent whose resolve to walk the straight path needs to be supplemented by adequate knowledge of how to do so; for the ardent heart who aspires to practise altruism without spilling the milk of human kindness in wrong types of charity; and for many another, self-examination is essential. It is a form of prayer or of meditation without which religious life not only weakens but gets corrupted. To

make self-examination efficacious one needs to possess not only the strength to face one's own conscience but also the light of knowledge to check the correctness of its voice. People are apt to overlook the truth of the words of Montaigne, "The laws of conscience, which we pretend to be derived from nature, proceed from custom." Principles of true philosophy state what the laws of Nature are and so the light of true principles is needed to guide the steps of conscience itself.

Here is the sermon :

Once the Exalted One was staying near Sāvatthī at Jeta Grove in Anāthapiṇḍika's Park. On that occasion the Exalted One addressed the monks on the subject of one's own heart.

"Bikkhus, though a monk be not skilled to read the thoughts of others and to preach to them, at least he can resolve : 'I will be skilled in the habit of my own thought.' Thus, Bikkhus, should you train yourselves.

"And how is a Bikkhu skilled in the habit of his own thought ? In this way. A woman, a man or a young lad fond of self-adornment, examines the reflection of his own face in a bright clean mirror and removes a stain or speck ; and when he no longer sees it there he is pleased and satisfied, thinking : 'A gain it is to me that I am clean.' Even so a monk's self-examination proves most fruitful. Looking in the mirror of his own consciousness the Bikkhu should ask :—'Do I or do I not generally live covetous ? Do I or do I not generally live malevolent in heart ? Do I or do I not generally live possessed by sloth-and-torpor ? Do I or do I not generally live excited in mind ? Do I generally live in doubt-and-wavering, or have I crossed beyond it ? Wrathful or not ? With soiled thoughts or clean thoughts ? With body passionate or not ? Sluggish or full of energy ? Do I generally live uncontrolled or well-controlled ?'

"Bikkhus, if on such self-examination one of you finds that he generally lives covetous, malevolent in heart, possessed by sloth-and-torpor, excited in mind, doubtful and wavering, wrathful, with soiled thoughts, with body passionate, sluggish and uncontrolled then he must strengthen his desire, put forth extra effort, he must exert himself more strenuously, practise more sustained mindfulness, pay heed and attention for the abandoning of those wicked, unprofitable states.

"Just as, Bikkhus, when one's turban is burning, for the extinguishing thereof one must act quickly and with intelligence, even so for the abandoning of those wicked, unprofitable states which cause turmoil in the mind one must act quickly and with intelligence.

"But if on self-examination a monk finds that he does not generally live covetous and is not afflicted, then that monk should make an effort further to destroy the cankers and to establish himself more firmly in the calmness which is the greatest profit."

THE VALUE OF BUDDHIST THOUGHT TO THE WESTERN WORLD

[**Henry James Forman** has been editor of such periodicals as *The Literary Digest, The North American Review*, and *Collier's Weekly*, and is the author of a number of books, both fiction and non-fiction, including, among his most recent, *Our Movie Made Children* and *The Story of Prophecy*. He has for many years been a student of Eastern Religions.

In this article he remarks that humanity, especially in the West, is on the wrong path; a bitter awakening is taking place and "it is hardly yet a full awakening". In Mr. Forman's belief "a new phase in world evolution would begin" if some of the principal Buddha Teachings could be planted in the mind of the race. —EDS.]

If only it were possible by some arresting effort of publicity or by proclamation to bring home to all Western minds the fact that Buddhism is simply a "path", a way of life, leading to self-control and tranquillity; that Nirvana does not mean extinction; that, on the contrary, as nearly as it can be conveyed in European language, it means Enlightenment; that Enlightenment is the subject, object and goal of Buddhism, its entire reason for existence—if these truths could be somehow broadcast and planted in the Western mind, a new chapter in the long history of Buddhism and a new phase in world evolution would begin simultaneously.

"But", one may imagine myriad voices, lay as well as clerical, demanding, "would this be desirable?" "Not only desirable" may be answered, "but inevitable". Centuries hence (and perhaps only decades hence) it will probably happen anyway. But in view of the obvious break-up of the recent phases of European culture and civilization, the sooner some integrating faith, some powerful religious philosophy, comes in to inundate and sweep away the present chaos, the better for Europe, for the Occident and, indeed, for all mankind. All the world cries aloud for synthesis, for integration. Buddhist thought, especially Mahayana Buddhist thought, with its stressing of the sheer hygiene of virtue and the all-inclusive universality of Mind, would seem to be the teaching with the greatest affinity to the science-conditioned, pragmatic Western world.

"Mind is the Buddha, Mind is he", said Hui-neng, the Sixth Patriarch of Zen Buddhism in China, nearly fifteen centuries ago, and to-day one of the foremost Western scientists, Sir James Jeans, declares: "The universe can best be pictured as consisting of pure thought, the thought of what for want of a better word we must describe as a mathematical thinker."

Our very psychology of recent years has turned toward the Unconscious as the true field and goal of its study. And in Mahayana Buddhism the

Dharmakaya is nothing other than the Unconscious. To Buddhism, which is the great psychological faith and teaching, the study of the Unconscious has been the chief work of millennia. There in the Unconscious lies the path to the realization of that Oneness of all being which is the objective of all religious experience. "Hence", as Hui-neng preached, "the Unconscious is established as the foundation."

Professor D. T. Suzuki, in his *Essays in Zen Buddhism*, explains:

> Wu-nien, the Unconscious, according to Hui-neng, is the name not only for ultimate reality, but for the state of consciousness in which the ultimate presents itself. As long as our individual consciousness remains severed from Reality which is at its back, its strivings are ego-centred consciously or unconsciously, and the outcome is a feeling of loneliness and pain.

That is where the Western mind, and especially the intelligent Western mind, finds itself at present—in loneliness and pain. The indispensable step is the realization that it never was alone, and that there is nothing to suffer pain; that from the beginning it has been within Reality and has never departed from it. That is the realization of Buddhism, the *satori* of Zen, the glimpses sometimes caught by those who experience "conversion", and the cosmic consciousness of modern parlance. Buddhism often speaks of this as attainment, but actually it is not so much the attainment of anything as the common birthright of all. Dimly we all feel this to be the case, but our conscious mind, and particularly our Western conscious mind, has led us too far astray in dualism, entangled us too deeply in what the Chinese call "the ten thousand things", the phenomenal world.

Dogmatic religions, too, with their vast accumulations of dogma and obscurantism, their casuistry, their incredible interpretations by limited minds, have overlaid the chief goal of religion, the plateau of meaning, with mountains of words. And hence man's weariness of, and falling away from, dogmatic religion. Buddhism, on the other hand, is almost completely free from dogma. Its basic elements are as simple today as they were twenty-five centuries ago.

When Bodhi-Dharma* came from India on his mission to China fifteen centuries ago, he was only repeating words attributed to the Buddha when he told his hearers about ways of entering the Path. In the *Vajrasamadhi-sutra* it is stated:—

> Said the Buddha: The two entrances are 'Entrance by Reason' and 'Entrance by Conduct'. 'Entrance by Reason' means to have a deep faith in that all sentient beings are identical in essence with the true nature which is neither unity nor multiplicity; only it is beclouded by external objects. The nature itself neither departs nor comes ....He will also find that the nature is the same both in the masses and in the worthies.

No kingdoms are offered, either on earth or in Heaven, no gates of

* See "The Message of Bodhi Dharma" by Prof. D. T. Suzuki in THE ARYAN PATH for January, 1936.—EDS.

pearl or streets of gold, but enlightenment as to the "true nature" which all share as they share the air about them. Further it is taught that the true nature *neither departs nor comes*. We, that is, our bodies, apparently depart and come; but the true nature does not. When we pass through the "Entrance" above referred to, we enter the path to Enlightenment as to this true nature. A path is simply a way through fields or jungle. In order to find that path and tread it, morality is the necessary equipment. The Noble Eightfold Path of Buddhism is simply the minimum equipment required for the journey. It is the conditioning indispensable for the march and for the goal, the laboratory technique necessary for competent research. Nothing could be freer from dogmatism or obscurity. It is set forth almost on a basis of simple hygiene, certainly of common sense. At the end of the path is peace.

Buddha definitely came to bring not a sword, but peace. When King Asoka* was converted to Buddhism, the first and lasting object of his reign was to cultivate peace within and without his kingdom. So far from being sunk in dreamy contemplation, Asoka was ceaselessly working towards his goal. Western minds are forever losing sight of the fact that *Buddhism is not lethargic but dynamic*. Certainly, the forty-nine years during which Gotama wandered up and down India, ceaselessly preaching and teaching, can scarcely be attributed to lethargy. His object was to wake men to the realization of their own highest interest—Enlightenment. No one compelled him to go, his mission was self-imposed; in the modern phrase, he was a "self-starter" if ever there was one. What moved, and what urged him? Nothing else than the infinite compassion of which true wisdom is so largely composed. Ignorance is the prime cause of suffering, and to eradicate human ignorance was the object and the goal of Buddha, the Tathagata, as it is of all great teachers.

The Tathagata, a beautiful Sanskrit word, means "he who has thus come".† Every Buddha and every great teacher, be he Lao Tse or Krishna or Jesus, is he who has thus come—out of divine compassion for the ignorance in which men live and suffer and destroy themselves and one another. Buddhism does not speak much of God, for God, in Dr. Carl Jung's phrase "is a mighty activity in my soul" and must be brought to birth in each of us, or we perish like mice in a trap. "God", said Meister Eckhart, "must be brought to birth in the soul again and again". As that enlightened Western psychologist, Dr. Carl Jung of Zurich, points out

* See five articles in THE ARYAN PATH, three by Dr. J. M. Kumarappa and two by Prof. Radhakumud Mookerji, "The Genius of Asoka as an Emperor" (October 1931); "Buddhist Missionaries of Asoka" (November 1931); "Asoka as a Social Worker" (September 1936); "Asoka, the Practical Pacifist" (February 1935); "The Foreign Missions of Asoka" (September 1937).—EDS.

† Another way of expressing the same truth is that used by H. P. Blavatsky, namely, "one going in like manner (tathā+gata, going thus) or he who is following his predecessors".—EDS.

in his comment on *The Secret of the Golden Flower* :—

The fact that the unconscious is looked upon as something in which the ego is contained, brings about a change in inner feeling similar to that experienced by a father to whom a son has been born, a change known to us through the confession of St. Paul, "No longer do I live, but Christ liveth in me."

To this birth, to this change within, much beautiful poetic metaphor has been devoted by all great peoples and all great religions. Even many of the Buddhist *sutras* are no exception. Buddha himself, however, made a point of using the plainest kind of speech, almost what we would call scientific language. *The Dhammapada* is a work of truth rather than poetry. The gnomic sayings of Buddha are straightforward and unadorned like statements of scientific facts :—

If one man conquer in battle a thousand times a thousand men, and if another conquers himself, he is the greatest of conquerors.

Never does hatred cease by hatred here below : hatred ceases by love ; this is the eternal law.

A man is not one of the Noble (*Ariya*) because he injures living creatures ; he is so called because he refrains from injuring all living creatures.

No wonder, as the *Nikayas* say, "This is not a doctrine for the sluggard but for the man who puts forth virile effort." Not only some of the self-elected European neo-Aryans of to-day, but all of us, could profit vastly by these terse truths uttered in the plainest possible language. The question is : Are we too far sunk in materialism and in spiritual sloth to profit by this supreme doctrine of Enlightenment and non-attachment ? Even a quarter of a century ago the answer would undoubtedly have been in the affirmative.

But with the onslaught of that tempest which began to sweep the earth with the outbreak of the Great War and has continued in the raging ideologies, the incredibly cruel persecutions and the undeclared wars of the present moment, mankind has been compelled to look its destiny sternly in the face and to realize more and more acutely that it is on the wrong path. Particularly is this true in the West. The awakening here has been bitter, and it is hardly yet a full awakening. But that something is gravely amiss even the dullest already perceive. It is scarcely surprising therefore that Jung (*Modern Man in Search of a Soul*) has written :—

Among all my patients in the second half of life—that is to say over thirty-five—there has not been one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life. It is safe to say that every one of them fell ill because he had lost that which the living religions of every age have given their followers, and none of them has been really healed who did not regain this religious outlook. This, of course, has nothing whatever to do with a particular creed or membership of a church.

Testimony like this from a great psychotherapist is of capital importance. It means that current Western creeds with their theologies, however they may have served in their earlier histories, are failing now in the cardinal, indispensable function of a

religion, which is, to keep men and minds whole. Wholeness and holiness, we know, mean much the same thing. Under the impact of science Western man is markedly different to-day from what he was in Græco-Roman times. In those days the Near-Eastern philosophies and religions brought him orientation. To-day not only Western man but even Eastern man, if we glance at Occidentalized Japan, and even China, has lost or is losing his orientation. "The essence of this orientation", as Professor Irving Babbitt points out in his translation of *The Dhammapada*, "may be taken to be the affirmation in some form or other of the truths of the inner life. Unfortunately, affirmations of this kind", he adds, "have come to seem in the Occident a mere matter of dogma and tradition, in contrast with a point of view that is positive and experimental."

The Buddha's way, however, was also experimental, or at any rate, experiential. He was the great religious empiricist and he asked his disciples to take nothing on trust. "Monks, work out your own salvation with diligence", were his last words to his Samgha.

Over and over again he taught them how to do this work. The Eightfold Path was the way and meditation, the athletic practice of the inner life, the means. Meditation, to which many now turn spontaneously, almost desperately, because that is the royal road to the inner life, has strangely disappeared from Western creeds. Yet, without it, according to Buddha, religious life is virtually impossible. Rightly practised, meditation brings integration, insight, awareness, that orientation, in short, which Western man has lost or never gained. Many men and women to-day, who may never enter a church, are by means of some form of meditation struggling to establish within their inner being that synthesis which chaotic Western life puts further and further from them. They often follow very strange teachers indeed, and are taught to expect from meditation even stranger results. But meditation is no mystery. Buddha and all his followers have been proclaiming it for two and a half millennia. It is not even "mystical" in the sense in which we ordinarily understand the word in the West.

It is very positive and clear-cut. Buddhist thought is scientific thought on the spiritual plane. One has but to read any of the great *sutras*, say, some of those contained in Dwight Goddard's *A Buddhist Bible*, and meditation as Buddha taught it can be understood by any one. There is no magic or thaumaturgy in it, except in so far as all inner transformations are magical. If, as John Stuart Mill declared, a character is a completely fashioned will, character is undoubtedly one end-result of meditation. And Buddhist meditation is not quietism. It is a simple, though not an easy, way of control, a way of integration, a way of insight, of awareness, of synthesis. Those in the West who have tried it (though not for such brief periods as three days or three weeks) testify that it works. It exercises the will, conditioned by morality. One may well ask what other avenue leading to the same

goal is now available in the West.

Western man, it is the writer's belief, almost intuitively, albeit dimly, feels this to be the case. The great respect shown to Buddhism by scholars is in itself arresting. Buddhism has not yet become sufficiently known to the so-called general reader, but it is destined to become better and better known. And its value to the Western World will be increasingly, incalculably great.

HENRY JAMES FORMAN

Now the venerable Upali came to see the Exalted One and said :

"Sir, I desire to frequent woodland haunts in the forest, to be a lodger in solitude."

"Upali, to frequent woodland haunts in the forest and to be a lodger in solitude are things hard to compass. A hard thing it is to dwell secluded. It is hard to find delight in living alone. The woods strain the mind even of a monk who has not won concentration of mind. Whoso, Upali, should say : 'Though I have not won concentration of mind, yet I will frequent woodland haunts in the forest, I will be a lodger in solitude', of him it is to be expected that either he will sink to the bottom or float on the surface.

"Imagine, Upali, a great pool of water. There comes an elephant seven or eight cubits in height. He thinks thus : 'Suppose I plunge into this pool of water and amuse myself with the sport of squirting water into my ears or over my back. When I have enjoyed this sport and washed and drunk and come out again, suppose I go whithersoever it pleases me.' So in he goes, enjoys and comes out and proceeds whithersoever it pleases him. How can he do it? The great bulk of his person, Upali, finds a footing in deep water.

"But suppose a cat should come and say to itself : 'What difference is there between myself and an elephant? Suppose I plunge into this pool of water and amuse myself? When I have enjoyed this sport and washed and drunk and come out again, suppose I go whithersoever it pleases me?' So he springs into that pool of water hastily and without consideration. Then this is to be expected of him : Either he will sink to the bottom or float on the surface. Why so? The smallness of his person, Upali, finds no footing in deep water.

"Just in the same way, Upali, whoso should say : 'Though I have not won concentration of mind, yet I will frequent woodland haunts in the forest, I will be a lodger in solitude'—of him it is to be expected that either he will sink to the bottom or float on the surface. Learn to obtain concentration-footing ere you enter the woodlands."

BUDDHIST MONASTICISM AND ITS FRUITS

[Through the kindness of Dr. Robert Hume and Mr. H. N. Spalding we received the MS. of the following article from the pen of the late **Dr. Kenneth James Saunders** who was one of the recognized Western authorities on Buddhism. He studied Buddhism in Ceylon, and toured Asia for study in the field of religions.—EDS.]

Buddhism is a tree with many roots and many fruits. In popular culture, in early monism, in ordinary lay morality, in the visions of the *Upanishads* it is rooted : in the life of Sakyamuni these are taken up and welded into a Mystic Path - a ladder of morality leading to a transcendental experience - *Nibbāna*, Bliss, or Reality itself. Through his teachings and practices the sap of life passed into monasticism on the one hand and the civilizing work of laymen like Asoka and Shotoku on the other.

The Aryan invaders of India developed a practice of solitary meditation which was to have far-reaching results. Its roots are in the idea of *tapas* (austerity). These early ascetics, forest-dwellers who practised meditation, sought the transcendental realization of *Ātman*, in which they found both escape from Transmigration and ultimate truth.

The setting of the Buddha's early life and teachings was in the foothills of the Himalayas, where he was familiar no doubt with the figures of hermits, seated under forest trees or in mountain caves, and as he passed to North-East India he must have met mendicant preachers who went about teaching various ways of salvation. We meet these *Paribrājakas* in the Buddhist books and elsewhere, engaged in wordy warfare and asking alms from all. Other names are given these "mendicant teachers", such as *Bhikkhu* and *Samana*, the first meaning "mendicant" and the second, "recluse". During the rainy season they used to go into retreat, which practice led to the change from an eremitic to a cenobitic life.

The secular setting for these teachers was in the small cities and villages of India belonging either to kingdoms or little republics. These political forms seem to have been reflected in the organization of the groups as they developed into orders or *sanghas*. If a great teacher appeared he might be invited to head such an order, to rule it with the authority of a king by divine right or with the more democratic power of an elected president. The leader generally chose his successor. Gautama the Buddha became an authoritative ruler of a well-organized order but he refused to appoint a successor : in this he was wise and perhaps original.

His order seems to have begun quite simply as earnest seekers joined him, and the oldest Buddhist texts encourage these friars to be "solitary as the elephant", to be, in fact, *munis* or monks, avoiding the habitations of men and practising meditation. The earliest cells are solitary and single ; the texts are full of admonitions : "Alone man lives

as Brahma: in pairs as the lesser gods: more than this is a village." But as we also know from other texts, the Buddha was soon joined by men who had belonged to well-organized orders. His two first Brahmin converts, Sāriputta and Moggallāna, had belonged to a group of two hundred and fifty friars under Sanjaya, who offered to share the leadership of the order with them rather than have them join the new teacher. The Buddhist reform was a lay-movement, closely imitating the organization and methods of the orthodox, but heretical in its resistance to Brahmin claims, to the more rigid rules of caste and to animal-sacrifice.

From the first Buddhism claimed to be not only a Middle Path but also a Twofold Path. It offered a way between the extremes of austerity and of self-indulgence; the way of the monk, the Eightfold Path to Nirvana; for the layman, rebirth in a better state through almsgiving and morality. "The monks are the harvest-field of merit"; the laity in supporting them and in following the simple ethic of the Buddha may attain salvation. The way for the monk and nun is at once more direct and much more difficult it is the way of a temperate asceticism and of difficult practices of mystical or transcendental contemplation. For the layman Buddhism offered a simple ethic such as we find in the edicts of Asoka, with occasional emphasis upon mild asceticism.

The rules of moral conduct for these two groups were at first very simple. In an early story we find a monk organizing preaching missions and encouraging his friars to return every six months to recite the moral teachings, which he calls the bond of *Pātimokkha*. This recitation consisted in verses preserved also in the *Dhammapada*:—

> Patience is the highest austerity.
> Long-suffering is the highest Realization.
> No true recluse is he who strikes another;
> No religious is he who uses insolent words.

This very simple creed is an attempt to make spiritual and moral qualities a substitute for the old austerity, and to insist that man is not a religious leader by birth or by pride of bearing. It is followed by a famous summary common to monks and laity:

> To lay aside all evil, to put on good,
> To cleanse the thoughts within us, this is the rule of the Buddhas.

Pātimokkha seems to mean "that which prevents scattering", a bond holding the little community together: as the sect developed into an Order the *Pātimokkha* became elaborated into a more systematic "confession". Asoka's edicts warn the monks against schism and commend a code of laws already in existence.

To what extent this code was the nucleus of the *Pātimokkha* we do not know, but Asoka attributes whatever is well said to the Buddha, and the tradition that he made rules as occasion demanded seems credible. The legend that a Council was held immediately after his death to decide matters of discipline is also credible, though the detailed story of what happened is probably of later date.

The occasion of it was the lack of discipline of a group of monks who sought to make the Middle Path of the Buddha even less exacting. That the second Council was called by Asoka to fix the Canon is more probable, for by the third century B. C. we have strong evidence not only in his edicts but also in other rock engravings that the Order was well established, widespread and well disciplined. The regular name for a disciplined monk was "one accomplished in the 150 regulations".

The code of discipline has become more elaborate; the fully developed Pali code has 227 rules, that of the Mahayan of China has 250, and that of Tibet 253. In all these codes there are four capital or mortal sins which lead to expulsion from the community; next come thirteen sins which are punished with temporary exile from the Order. Other sins are "doubtful", those punished by confiscation, those requiring acts of penance, of which there are ninety-two, many very trivial; there are also others which must be confessed. A more positive statement follows, laying down the rules for a monk, who must be circumspect in all things such as clothing, manner of sitting and eating, etc., to protect the order from outside criticism and to make life within it more tolerable. There are eighty-five such positive rules in the Pali texts, to which the Chinese text adds three.

Twice a month there is a public confession of sins, and an announcement of penalties by the senior monk.

Ordination or *Upa-sampadā* formerly began with a simple formula, "I take refuge in the Buddha, the Law and the Order", but is now much more elaborate, each candidate being presented by his tutor who is responsible for his training, and who witnesses that he is not a junior or maimed, a leper or a criminal, and that he has been duly instructed in the teaching of the Three Baskets of Buddhist scriptures.

A day in a monastery of Southern Buddhists begins at dawn. The Samanēras or young recluses, usually small boys, wait upon their seniors, and then all spend a period of meditation. This is followed by the alms-begging procession. In single file and with downcast eyes the monks enter a village and collect their food in alms-bowls, neither asking for gifts nor returning thanks. On the return to the monastery this food, or a substitute, is eaten, and there is a further period of meditation and rest followed by occasional instruction of the younger monks in the Pali Scriptures and some instruction of other children.

The monks have often been educators, and in Burma elementary education is largely in their hands; they have maintained a higher moral standing in Southern Asia than in the Far East, and are worthy schoolmasters. Their lessons are usually confined to reading and writing, and the object is to inculcate a simple lay Buddhism. "The Song of the Eight Blessings" and other lay summaries are taught to small classes of boys when they are for a brief time *Samanēras* or novices; all boys in Burma and many in Siam go through this novitiate.

Like Christianity, Buddhism has developed many forms, and the monastic life has reflected clearly the changes from the way of the Elders, austere and stoical, to the way of Evangelists of the Eternal and of the good news that he had been embodied among men and would open salvation to all. The ideal of Saint-hood too underwent change, until it became very Christian in its emphasis on self-sacrifice and service. So the individualistic "hymns of the Brethren"* which celebrate their own liberation from domestic bonds and from *Samsāra* give place to corporate hymns celebrating the mercy of Amitabha and the joys of his paradise. During the first period, Buddhism developed into more popular and picturesque forms—the monk became a priest, the shrine an altar, the cell for confession a cathedral.

The Buddha himself is made responsible for the gradual elaboration of monasteries: "I allow, O Monks, five kinds of shelter, viharas, plastered bungalows, two-storied houses, attics and caves."

Such great abbeys as Ajanta reveal in their structure the development of Buddhism into a highly organized and popular religion. Surrounding the great cathedral are rows of monastic cells, and at the east end is the great altar upon which the Buddha is seated in the attitude of a Hindu god. The old Stupa, or burial mound, once the central object of worship, is here seen developed into an altar, as the Buddha has developed into a god and the monk into a priest. At the same time a hierarchy grew up; the simple band of mendicant friars with which Buddhism began grew into a very highly organized Church, the elder brother often becoming Abbot of a large Order. So powerful did these ecclesiastics become that in Ceylon at times they overshadowed the king. In China they had great influence at many courts, though they met with steady resistance from Confucian scholars who held all the chief secular offices, and suffered abuse and even violent persecution which is likely to recur. The modernist and secular trend of Chinese thought is attacking Buddhism as a "mediæval superstition" and as an "opiate".

In Japan they grew so powerful that the saying, "Three things the Emperor cannot control; the river in flood, the dice and the monks", became classical.

The Emperor in question himself became a monk, and the great monastic houses were fortresses of armed retainers and owned armies of slaves, vying with one another in arrogance and luxury. Their power as landowners and landlords has grown steadily; Buddhist temples have very valuable holdings in the crowded quarters of such Japanese cities as Osaka and Kyoto, where their care for the masses has been rewarded as land values have risen. They were often exempted from taxation and had other "privileges of clergy" added to their power in Japan. In Ceylon they own about a third of the cultivated land.

The monk is allowed three garments, which originally were to be made of patches of cloth from the

* *Theratherigatha.* Edited by C. A. F. Rhys Davids.

rubbish heap, but are now often of fine silk.

In Korea the monastic robe is just a modification of the dress of the lay people, but in Japan there is nothing more gorgeous than a procession of Buddhist priests in their brocaded robes, for the cult of an Eternal Buddha is quite different from the imitation of the friar Sakyamuni and the austerity of his path. In addition the monk must have an almsbowl, a razor, a toothpick and a water-strainer. In some countries he is forbidden to have other property, but in Siam, where the chief Abbot or Sangharat is a brother of the King, the monastic rooms are often quite ornate. The whole order is ruled by him and three other Chief Abbots assisted by four Assessors, and the King himself comes in procession to make elaborate gifts of clothing, etc.

Yet the admirable spirit of the early monks and nuns is sometimes recaptured, and that is the spirit of the idealist who is happy in the possession of inner calm and peace.

For the rest, the same monastic rules are nominally in force in all Buddhist countries, though the married priesthoods of the Jōdō and Shinshu sects in Japan represent a remarkable development.

The Buddhist monks come from all classes of society—Chinese and Korean monks are often famine orphans and foundlings who have grown up in the monasteries. Early Buddhist books and inscriptions prove that this has always been a strength to the Sangha. The Order is called in early inscriptions as well as texts *Cattudisa Bhikkhusangha,** the "Order of Mendicants of the Four Quarters", a reference apparently to its catholicity and democracy. The psalms of the early monks and nuns† show them to have been of many classes of society, sweepers as well as Brahmans, actors, acrobats, prostitutes as well as merchants and other householders. It was always very democratic. While groups such as the Eta in Japan and "Temple Serfs" in Burma are considered beyond the pale, these are aberrations; the Buddhist Sangha has on the whole been true to the anti-caste attitude of its founder, however widely it has varied in the strictness with which it has kept the rules of simplicity in clothing, vegetarian diet, abstinence from worldly possessions, etc.

In contrast to the occasional tendency to worldliness we may instance the civilizing power of these Brethren of the Middle Path, to whose credit are the following achievements: —

1. They were pioneers of international goodwill.
2. They were middlemen of culture. Through them China and India began to exchange not only ideas but images, books and pictures.
3. Korea sent to Japan the fine civilization which resulted from the marriage of India and China.
4. They carried medical science as well as religious idealism and stimulated such arts as print-

* *E.g.* Cullavagga VI. 1.4 and inscriptions at Karla, Nasik, etc. dating from the third century B.C.

† *Therathcrigatha.* Edited by C. A. F. Rhys Davids.

ing, the earliest printed books in Japan, and perhaps in China, being Buddhist.

As the lay-devotees grew in number and the monks' influence increased, the monastery became a centre of art and learning, and there grew up great abbeys, such as those of Ajanta in Western India and Anuradhapura in Ceylon, and great University foundations such as Nalanda in East India and Taxila in the north-west. These flourished from about the first century of our era to the seventh, and Buddhism during this time spread its influence to China, Korea, Japan and the Islands of the Pacific.

This is the greatest epoch of Buddhism—the veritable Golden Age of its secular as well as its religious influence.

The Gupta renaissance in India, no less than that of T'ang in China and the awakening of Japan under Shotoku's regency, is the fruit of the seed sown by Sakyamuni in the sixth century B.C. Its carriers were in all cases monks. There were two other great eras—that of Asoka (third century B.C.) when Ceylon was civilized by a Buddhist mission, and that of Kanishka (first century A.D.) when the barbarians who conquered North-West India became Buddhist, and Buddhism began its long pilgrimage through the hinterland of the Himalayas.

If Christianity produced hermits and stoics, so did Buddhism; if the former produced a St. Francis of Assisi and a Bernard of Clairvaux, the latter produced a Honen and a Shinran, joyous hymn-writers and preachers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Nor did either religion fail to commend itself to men of great intellect. An Augustine in one church may be compared with a Buddhaghosa in the other, an Aquinas with a Nagarjuna, a Dominic with a Kukai. And the monastery stands revealed as the home of learning as well as of superstition; of creative activity as well as of deadening inertia. As the Buddha reminded his monks, "Aryan silence is one thing—torpor another", and the life of retreat from the world is not so easy as it sounds.

But there has also come down the centuries that other saying:—

> One is the path leading to riches,
> Another is that leading to Nirvana,

and it is not the least of the glories of Buddhism that it has never lacked devotees of poverty, who were often missionaries in difficult fields, the by-product of whose devotion has been one of the world's great civilizations. Monasticism, like the mysticism which called it into being, "has a massive historic vindication".

KENNETH J. SAUNDERS

THE NEW INTERPRETATION OF BUDDHISM

[Felix Valyi is a Hungarian, the one-time Editor of *The League of Nations Review*. In this article he points out that Western philologists make the appreciation and acceptance of Buddhism difficult. He indicates an approach which would prove useful if even a few among scholars would adopt it.—EDS.]

In our search for the highest truth the Oriental scholarship of the West has not been very helpful. Since the first English translation of the *Bhagavad-Gita* in the eighteenth century, which had such a tremendous influence on Goethe and after him on Western thought, in spite of Max Müller's meritorious editions of the Sacred Books of the East, the scholars of the Western world have been and are still profoundly divided on the original meaning of Indian philosophical terminology. I remember the amazing confession of one of the outstanding Sanskritists of England at the Congress of Orientalists in Rome in September 1935, when in a round-table discussion he rose to say that he had spent forty years of his life in a desperate attempt to understand Indian Metaphysics, but that he had failed entirely and was beginning to realise that it was sheer nonsense. There are certainly eminent scholars who would not go so far as he, and who recognize the value of Eastern philosophical concepts for the understanding of the human mind. But even the best among them approach their subject only from the one-sided philological and linguistic point of view, neglecting completely the Symbolisms which play such an essential part in the religious and metaphysical outlook on life.

There is no doubt in my mind that did such eminent professors as F. W. Thomas, Berriedale Keith, de la Vallée-Poussin, Stcherbatsky, and many others equally distinguished for their services to Buddhology as a Science, feel a living relationship in their hearts to Oriental Art or any interest in the archæological evidence accumulated from excavations all over Asia, wherever the Buddha's influence has reached, transforming and transmuting the soul of Man, they would have found it easier to define such fundamental notions of Buddhism and Indian Thought in general as "Nirvāna", "Parinirvāna", "Mahaparinirvāna", "Dharma", etc., which still provide the philologists with opportunities to fight each other desperately on the ground of misunderstood texts.

If we remember that the Buddha's fundamental intention must have been to put an end to the sterile fight over words and definitions which went on in Brahmanical India among the Orthodox and to reach out for the Essence of the Universe and the Life-Process, it is pathetic to see the philologists at loggerheads about the meaning of words or isolated sentences which, without their context and their psychological and symbolical background, have no meaning at all; the more pathetic, as we realise more clearly that Buddhist Art and

Archæology have opened the way towards the final comprehension of the original intentions of the Tathāgata.

After a hundred years of Buddhist research we are still helpless to grasp the profound significance of primitive Buddhism if we rely only upon the Philological Approach. The philosophical character of early Buddhism, of its aim and of its methods, is still questioned. We know that the doctrine of Rebirth presupposes a transmigrating Psyche, but the conception of *samsara* leaves it open whether this Psyche is an individual, personal and immortal soul, or rather a non-individual, non-personal and universal psychical substance. Is Consciousness - *vijnana*, the final element of the Life-Process in the Universe - is it an absolutely irreducible, distinct entity, or is there some hierarchical order in the spiritual world which leads to Universal Consciousness as a state of mind upon which depends the future of the human race and of all life? If we could conceive of the whole Life-Process as a mere transformation—*parinama*—of a unique basic element, as Professor Schayer has attempted to prove in his analysis of Precanonical Buddhism, thereby taking an entirely new stand among the philologists in his interpretation of Buddhist Texts, we should come nearer the truth as revealed in Buddhist Art among all those nations of Asia which at some time in their historical existence went through the purifying fire of the Buddhist Inspiration.

The one truth which appears as the common feature of the whole Buddhist world at the height of Buddhist Civilisation, from Bamiyan in Afghanistan to Horyuji in Japan, beginning with the marvellous Stupa of Sanchi and the caves of Ajanta and continuing across Indonesia, Angkor and Borobodur, the magnificent flowering of Buddhist Sculpture and Painting in China up to the Sung Period, the great common ground upon which functions the Soul of Asia, is the Acceptance of the Ideal of Purification through the Noble Truths of the Buddha as the Way towards Perfection postulated as the Goal of the Life-Process. *It is a "Leitmotif" of human endeavours and of human grandeur to be achieved, not an attempt to diminish the value of life, but to enhance it.*

The Artistic and Archæological Approach to Buddhism shows clearly this common feature of the Far-Eastern mind across twenty-five centuries of Buddhist Civilization. From the moment in the third century B.C. when the Symbol of the Wheel and of the Footprint of the Buddha, the Bodhi-Tree under which the Buddha attained Illumination, appeared for the first time in Indian Art, through all the various anthropological and ethnic types in which every Buddhist nation has tried to express its ideal of the Buddha-Image, the spiritual hierarchy of the Universe is clearly formulated. All these symbols are the expressions of as many states of mind through which Man has to struggle before he can attain *Liberation*. Wherever we look in

the history of Buddhist Art we find the Ideal of Liberation as the supreme Ideal of Humanity, for which the Illuminated One, who has liberated himself, stands as the most sublime figure besides Christ in the history of the Race.

The philologists go on quarrelling about the meaning of Sanskrit and Pāli terms which become as clear as daylight as soon as we look, for example, at the magnificent painting of the Great Bodhisattwa amongst the frescoes of Ajanta, or at the Naked Buddha in the Museum of Sarnath, or at any of the wonderful masterpieces of Buddhist Art in the Freer Gallery at Washington or in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It is clear that the Buddha's intention was to show the Way towards Perfection, towards Man Perfected, purified from all the baser elements of human nature, *detached* from the ignoble passions and concentrating on the noble truths. This ideal of "detachment" has been profoundly misunderstood in the Western world. It never meant "annihilation" as an ideal, or "aloofness" from real life, though it certainly meant "selflessness" towards all living creatures. The famous antithesis *rupa-dharma*, in which *rupa* means the world of forms and *dharma* means Essence, is fundamental to the understanding of Buddhist philosophy. But this antithesis is a common ground in all Indian Thought, and, we may add, in all religions. To stretch out for the Essence of Life beyond the world of the senses is a fundamental longing of the human mind in all climes, geographical and spiritual, in all ages since the conscious history of the Race began.

Buddhism appeared in the sixth century B.C., at a moment when the Consciousness of Man began to reach out for Universality. The *Upanishads* had formulated in magnificent terms the Ideal of Universality, but India did not live up to that ideal until the Buddha appeared to purify orthodox Brahmanism from its accretions and abuses. The tremendous activity, both social and spiritual, which followed the appearance of the Buddha and persisted for fifteen centuries, inspiring a few of the greatest civilisations on Earth, would alone disprove the theory of a nihilistic school of thought paralysing human nature. *There never has been a more active leader of mankind than the Buddha himself, and there has never been a more dynamic principle in human thought than the Ideal of Man Perfected, not in the next world, but here and now in earthly life.* The historical fact that India failed ultimately to live up to the Ideal of Buddhism—as the whole world failed—does not take away the tremendous driving power of the formulated ideal which still inspires the Elect all over the planet.

It is essential to have agreement among the educated classes of the whole world about the meaning of the Buddhist Ideal because it is, and will remain, the *Leitmotif* and the driving power of Eastern Idealism, of Asiatic Humanism, of all that is noble in the civilisations of the Far East. To belittle the significance of Buddhism, as Berriedale

Keith did in his book on Hinayana, or to confuse the issue as de la Vallée-Poussin did, or to cling to a dogmatic interpretation of texts as most philologists do, does not help the seeker after truth. No dogmatising attitude towards Buddhism can do justice to the immense stream of thought, which, like the Ocean, pervaded the human mind over five continents, and which still acts as a fertiliser for all religious thought and all spiritual life among us. The only possible approach to the understanding of the central truth in Buddhism, as in any other religion or philosophical system, is the Psychological Approach. Religious Psychology combined with Religious Sociology, based on the results of the patient research of centuries in anthropology, ethnology, history, archæology and philosophy, will slowly displace the one-sided dogmatic mind and will gradually bring the whole world to the realisation that Man Perfected is not a mere dream of literature, but a potentiality of the human mind properly understood and properly guided.

FELIX VALYI

Gautama, the Buddha, would not have been a mortal man, had he not passed through hundreds and thousands of births previous to his last. Yet the detailed account of these, and the statement that during them he worked his way up through every stage of transmigration from the lowest animate and inanimate atom and insect, up to the highest - or *Man*, contains simply the well-known occult aphorism : " A stone becomes a plant, a plant an animal, and an animal a man." Every human being who has ever existed, has passed through the same evolution. But the hidden symbolism in the sequence of these re-births (*jâtaka*) contains a perfect history of the evolution on this earth, *pre* and *post* human, and is a scientific exposition of natural facts. One truth not veiled but bare and open is found in their nomenclature, *viz.*, that as soon as Gautama had reached the human form he began exhibiting in every personality the utmost unselfishness, self-sacrifice and charity.—H. P. BLAVATSKY.

NIRVANA IN THE NEGATIVE

[Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids has made substantial contributions to the study of Buddhism. She is a philologist who uses her scholarly understanding of words to go beyond them to examine the concepts themselves. Such a method will help the emergence of Buddhism as a living religion, a Way of Life.—EDS.]

I came the other day upon a derelict sheet of proof. It was from C. V. Joshi's edition of the Commentary on the book of the *Sutta-Pitaka* called *Patisambhidāmagga* :—the *Saddhammapakāsinī* ; " she who sets forth the good religion " would, I suppose, be reckoned the proper rendering. In its pages I saw that in the exposition of the so-called Third Truth, *nirodhasacca* " ending " or " stopping ", *nirodha* offers in all its variations so many synonyms for nirvana* :— " Nirvana is one, but its names are many, in the sense of being the opposite to all composite things " ; or, as the West would say, being Absolute.

There were twenty-six of these synonyms, as follows :—

Entire passionlessness	(*asesavirāgo*)
Entire stopping	(*asesanirodho*)
Giving up—	(*cāgo*)
Resigning—	(*paṭinissaggo*)
Release—	(*mutti*)
Not-cleaving—	(*anālayo*)
Waning of lust—	(*rāga-*)
Waning of hate—	(*dosa-*)
Waning of muddledness—	(*moha-k*)
Waning of thirst	(*taṇhāk-khayo*)
Not-happening	(*anuppādo*)
Not-proceeding	(*appavattaṃ*)
Not-marked—	(*animittaṃ*)
Not-longed-for	(*appaṇihitaṃ*)
Not-striving-for	(*anāyūhanaṃ*)
Not-connected	(*appaṭisandhi*)
Not-gaining—	(*anuppatti*)
Not-bourn—	(*agati*)
Not-born—	(*ajātaṃ*)
Not-aging—	(*ajaraṃ*)
Not-ailing—	(*abyādhi*)
Not-dead—	(*amataṃ*)
Not-grieving—	(*asokaṃ*)
Not-lamenting—	(*aparidevaṃ*)
Not-despairing—	*anupāyāsaṃ*)
Not-corrupted—	(*asankiliṭṭhaṃ*).

And I read a note I had made in the margin : " Of twenty-six, nineteen are negative in form, seven virtually negative, as meaning riddance." This was six years ago, when the Pali Text Society was putting the volume through the press.

As I turned away, I saw inwardly apple-trees, a falling apple, and a man we call great watching it :- " Why did that apple fall ? " Newton, we know, went on to consider, not a little apple as done with, as come into a less, but the great " more " of the attracting centre, the earth. But in my case I seemed to hear him saying : " In those negatives man is trying to rid a great More-in-idea of what is done with, as opposed or as not enough. They are dropped apples. He is seeking to word a new, a more. Indeed he would give name to the Most, but words fail him. He must know before he can name fitly. But man, as in his long wayfaring he grows, must not be content with his dropped apples, must not hold that his cast-out failures in naming are the best he can do. He is ever able, as he goes, to set up as milestones a ' Thus far.... '."

Now this is just what man's great Helpers have done for him. It is the wayfarers coming along after, who have tended to forget the milestones and have treasured the dropped apples. The tree, cleansed of ripe

* As an internationalized word, this is spelt thus.

or rotting apples, is as such of no further use. The house made clean needs a plenishing with the new, the better, else it only becomes worse—so Jesus reminded men.

India has shown herself too far content with halting over her negatives, her "No, no", or "not thus, not thus" (*na-iti*). Her discontent, shown by the rejection, was a healthy sign. But she has tended to stop there and abide with her dropped apples. It is conceivable that when wording a concept pertaining to highest things by a negative, the supreme background implied may so colour the weak eliminating word that this takes on the splendour of the positive. I am thinking of the term in those twenty-six—the one term where this can be said to be felt perhaps all the world over and not in India only—the word *amata*, the immortal, the deathless, the undying. It can scarcely be contended that, for one at least whose mother-tongue is English, the negative term here is weaker than the corresponding positive term "everlasting".

There is one other parallel term which should have been added to the twenty-six, the word *ārogya*, the "not-ill", which is the only Indian term for health. Europe has been fortunate and wise in finding and in maintaining her strong positive terms for health from the ages of Greek and Latin culture till now. But it is conceivable that here too the splendour of the background, when the *roga* is eliminated, lends strength and reality to the negative word. There is perhaps no finer term as yet for man's conception of his *summum bonum* than a term for "being well". The day may come when the English language will evict such weaker words as "good", "happiness", and even "immortality". But there is this to be said for the last of these three, that the compound "not-dead", *amata*, is on all fours with another of the twenty-six, the "not-ill" (or "not ailing"); they both, after the eliminating, leave us with their great contradictories: life, and health. Our word "life" means what is "left over". So health too is what illness ejected leaves over.

But if we take those remaining twenty-four, we find in them, more or less, not the trumpet-call (or, as original Buddhism said, the drum-beat) of a More, but the idea of a less in man's outlook. Truly a "not-proceeding", a "not-striving", a "not-bourn" (or "not-aim") are poor clarion calls to bring a gospel to the Many. They have rather the toneless sound of the secluded life of the cloister. One does not bring Everyman along by a teaching of negatives.

It may be objected:— Nirvana has only negative force, whether we derive it from a going-out or from a covering-up. Yet has it not been for Buddhism from the first the *summum bonum*?

I have spent myself in showing that this can be conceded only if we read our Buddhist scriptures like Fundamentalists, ignoring the latent history lying under the scriptural palimpsest.* To the critical reader it is fair-

*Sakya or Origins of Buddhism, p. 101 ff.; Manual of Buddhism, p. 112 ff.; What Was the Original Gospel in Buddhism? Ch. VIII.

ly evident that in the First Utterance the original *summum bonum* of the Aim (*attha*) has been thrust aside (as having become ambiguous with the years) and nirvana with three partners made to replace it. Both *nibbāna* and *nirodha* were terms for cathartic training, before ever they were promoted by the negating monk to figure as Goal.

He, alas, stayed bending over the fallen apple. In the new talk about (mental) cause and effect he saw virtue only in bringing about the stopping (*nirodha*) of effect by stopping the cause. He saw in life only something better brought to a "not-going-on". Unlike his later Christian brother he was not bent on "seeking another country, that is... a heavenly". A very fallen apple he is, and there will be no rediscovery of all that original Buddhism taught of life, of going-on-to-be, of what was called the Drum of the Immortal, till something so "done with" as what he stands for is purged from that great teaching.

Let us not blind ourselves as to where monasticism in South Asia has brought this matter of man's ultimate Goal, judged to be fitly worded by the term nirvana. For the Southern Buddhist—he makes no secret of it—man here is just a complex of body and mind, *and nothing else.* Long ago, but not so long ago as the birth of his cult, his church decided that we knew man as a fivefold group; one of body or bodily states and four of mental states. He lost sight of the fact that at first the division was into body, three mental groups and the "man", the *knower.* He forgot that his scriptures testified to that. And at death he held that body and mind crumbled away, with no "man" surviving to carry on, no "man" to face the fact that in another world he would be held responsible for what he with his instruments had been doing. This is even worse than our own tendency to see in surviving man a mere wraith. Very surely it is a gospel of man as a Less, as a Not.

To those who say that any world-gospel began with a teaching of the Negative such as this, history replies "You lie!". Nirvana has beauty of sound, but it is in sense a very Fata Morgana. The name for man's Goal must satisfy three conditions—it must have in it Man; it must word the positive; it must not prejudge the as yet inconceivable. In all these three Nirvana is found wanting.

C. A. F. RHYS DAVIDS

AFTER THE PASSING

[Bankey Behari, by profession a lawyer but drawn to the pursuit of mystic truths, is the author of *The Story of Mirabai* and a joint author of *Songs of Bharatrihari*. "My special study", he writes, "is Islamic Mysticism, and a rather elaborate work in Hindi on the subject is in the press." The following is a chapter from his MS. of "The Story of the Buddha", which we publish with his kind permission.—EDS.]

Scarce thirty youthful years were mine, Subhadda, when I forsook my home to seek the highest. And one and fifty years have past, Subhadda, while I have still fared forth a strenuous pilgrim through the wide realms of righteousness and truth, for there and there alone is freedom found.

The Buddha was gone, but after planting on earth the seeds of Nirvana, to blossom in every one who cared to nurture them by insight and by contemplation.

The Buddha was gone, but after proclaiming the gospel of Truth, outlining the pathway to it, inspiring everybody with his description of the eightfold path.

The Buddha was gone, but after teaching lessons of pity, compassion, humility and steadfastness.

The Buddha was gone, but after scattering the flowers of virtue to spread their perfume far and wide.

The Buddha had come as a prince, had lived as a pilgrim and had passed away as the Enlightened One. A dispeller of darkness, he had cast out the demon of darkness, and for ages he has stood, the Light of lights, illuminating every nook and corner of the aspiring human heart.

A monument of charity was the Buddha, whose pity knew no bounds. What must the Master have been like whose disciples should be the marvel of ages for their acts of charity and compassion and pity! And these disciples, coming from the palaces as from the huts, vied one with the other in raising high the banner unfurled by the Buddha.

Who does not remember the incident in the life of the son of Asoka, Prince Kunala? Kunala had very beautiful eyes. One of his young stepmothers, the Queen of Asoka, was charmed by them, and fell in love with him. All solicitations, persuasions, threats proved fruitless to win him over, for in him were deeply rooted the teachings of the Enlightened One. He had seen sorrow all round and impermanence painted on everything. His indifference was the outcome of his understanding of the transient nature of the charms of life which therefore could not entangle him.

Such indifference hurt the Queen, and she planned out a cruel method to retaliate. She persuaded the King to send the Prince in charge of the most loyal forces on a campaign to a distant part of his realm. Shortly after the departure of the Prince, having stolen the royal seal, she issued orders over the forged signature and seal of the King for the Prince's eyes to be torn out.

When the orders reached the camp, none would dare to execute the order against their beloved Prince. How-

ever, the Prince understood it all. Bravely he came forward and audibly mused, " O Mother, you are my first teacher, for have you not shown me the impermanent nature of all things beautiful ? I bow to you." Then tearing out one of his eyes himself, and placing it on the palm of his hand, he thus addressed it :

" Why seest thou no longer those forms at which thou wast just now looking, thou coarse ball of flesh ? How they deceive themselves, how blamable are those fools, who cling to thee and say, ' This is I.' "

After the second eye was torn out the Prince shouted, " Now are the eyes of wisdom opened. Enlightenment has dawned ! " In the russet garment he clad himself and went about preaching the doctrine of compassion.

The news having reached the Emperor he was very angry and wanted to order the execution of the Queen. The Prince intervened : " Father, there is nothing higher than forgiveness. I feel no pain, notwithstanding the inhumanity that has been practised on me. I do not feel the fire of anger. My heart has none but a kindly feeling for my mother, who had given the order to have my eyes torn out. May she live long to enjoy life, power, happiness, who has made use of this means in order ' to make me a participator in the great boon of Enlightenment.' "

And the life of Aryadeva also points to the effect the teachings of Buddha had on the heart and the intellect of his disciples. In fact they had found their way deep into them. When Aryadeva had defeated in discussion one of the leading pundits of the day, the disciples of the latter attacked him mortally as he was returning to the monastery. When the disciples of Aryadeva approached and enquired of him the name of the assailant he answered truly in the spirit of the Buddha. " There was no one who was killed or who killed, no friend, no enemy, no murderer, everything was a delusion."

Buddha had taught the gospel of the essenceless state of Nirvana which is the ultimate extinction of the personal self, and here is an illustration how it had imbued the spirit of them whom he taught and who lived the life he preached. It is therefore no wonder so large a number attained to Arhatship.

The message of such an one could not be smothered. It was never to die. Only, for a time suppressed, it may have fallen silent, but ere long the silence was to be broken and once again the flower of Buddhism was to bloom in the garden of humanity. Even to-day amongst the millions that are within its fold, both laymen and monks in the order, some dazzle by the brilliance of their character. They belong to both sexes. They come from distant parts of the world. Following the renunciation of the Prince founder even to-day, many a rich one, many a man remarkable for his learning, has donned the monk's robe to wander in the cause of suffering humanity, and to save men from the fire that surrounds them on all sides. Since the time of the great Asoka, missionaries have gone out to preach the gospel that the Enlightened One gave to the world. Untarnished by ages even they dazzle the eye. Pillars mark the

great influence that Buddhism once wielded and which is distinctly reviving even to-day. Engravings on stone reveal the great sanctity that was once attached to everything Buddhist, and rightly so when one realises the selfless zeal of its adherents to scatter the boon of righteousness. Their thirst to contribute their mite to the improvement of a suffering world could not be quenched. Such charity, such pity, such compassion, spread their perfume everywhere, and even ages later we have historians and travellers recording the grip that these acts of sacrifices had on the people. Even to-day his meditating figure inspires and stills the wandering mind. It is this Buddha who goes down the world for ages to come, with his alms-bowl, of which Fahien rightly wrote :—

> In Purushpara stood the alms bowl of Buddha which was filled to the brim when a poor person only put in a flower, whilst the rich might throw in thousands without ever filling it.

Buddha came and saw sorrow. Buddha strove and gave to the world the gospel of sorrowlessness, and calling the people to withdraw from the fading sensual glories and not to make the path thorny to themselves, he passed away.

BANKEY BEHARI

THE WORLD WELL LOST

Celled in our narrow lives, rooted in fear,
We hug our separate safeties, and despair ;
Yet joy of universal love is here
For him who flings his spirit on the air.
No more Neronian cruelties of chance
Or legioned tramp of terrifying time
Sound overhead and pale his countenance—
He takes their challenge, walks abroad, sublime
In very nakedness and scorn of dooms ;
Though hate shall cut him down before the night,
Frank as a flower from wintry catacombs
He bravely lives the gospel of the light ;
And though he dies, his vision fills with souls
Who follow and wear daffodil aureoles.

METTA

[Ernest V. Hayes writes on the virtue of love—charity—kindness—mercy—compassion which are all implicit in the Buddhist term *Metta*. No one will disagree with him as to the value of this quality and many will go a long way with him in accepting the view that it should be practised in national life ; but when pressed to make applications they recoil from " any public demonstration ". This is because in their own personal lives people do not practise *Metta* deliberately and with conscious thought, hour by hour, but only fitfully as mere impulse directs or as so-called good manners demand.—EDS.]

Metta is a word which has clung to me ever since it closed a letter addressed to me by a Buddhist friend. It seemed to have behind it some magical potency. It is of the essence of true religion, and must be of use in the terrorised world of to-day, terrorised because it has lost its touch with spiritual impulses. For Metta means Love and Mercifulness ; the Buddha-Nature ; the Christ-Spirit.

There seems to be no reason why Metta should not be awakened in the heart of every man ; a University degree neither leads to it nor away from it ; neither prince nor peasant can lay hold of it, claiming, " This is mine alone." Yet, only too clearly, we know that Metta is not active in the minds of the majority; we know that spiritual ignorance holds man, and so he is easily frightened and, in his fear, cruel, tormenting his fellows and himself. We know that an active love and tenderness is an emotionalism that is not considered good form ; one can be duped unless defended by suspicion, by coldness of heart, by revenge complexes. In actual fact, for every one exploited or deceived through his sympathy and his eagerness to help, there are a hundred who are robbed of something very precious in the inner life through withholding love and tenderness. It is better to be duped, occasionally, through an active affection and through benevolence than poisoned by a selfishness and a hardness that go out in no direction, right or wrong, remaining ever within the stagnant, foul atmosphere of a soul bound up in itself.

Let us see what the Buddha has to say about Metta. A chapter of the *Dhammapada* (Chinese version) opens with an account of a tribe living in a mountainous part of India. The men occupy themselves with hunting, and their food is the flesh of the animals they have killed. The Buddha goes to them and preaches.

He who is humane does not kill ; he is able to preserve life. This principle is imperishable.

Eleven advantages attend the man who practises Metta ; his body is always in health ; he is blessed with peaceful sleep, and when engaged in study he is also composed ; he has no evil dreams, he is protected by Devas and loved by men; he is unmolested by poisonous things, and escapes the violence of war ; he is unharmed by fire or water ; he is successful wherever he lives, and when dead goes to the heaven of Brahma.

The promises are definite enough ; how many Buddhists have put them to the test, it is impossible to say. In Europe and in America, if applied

in the case of war, capital punishment, cruel sports, vivisection and meat-eating, they would effect a revolution, and possibly put all the doctors out of a job. For the same Metta which would persuade men to dissolve one inhumanity would lead to the abolition of every cruelty, whether on the larger stage of international relationship or within the national life. And a New World would arise, which Fascism, Communism or any other "ism" is unable to create.

The *Dhammapada* further illustrates this essence of Buddha-Religion. A king's mother is sick; all efforts so far to restore her to health have been unsuccessful. It is suggested that a hundred beasts shall be offered in sacrifice, with a young child, so that Heaven may be appeased. The Buddha, moved by Metta, comes to the spot where the holocaust is being made ready. He preaches a discourse on "Love to all that live", in the course of which He says:

If a man lives for a hundred years and engages the whole of his time in religious offerings to gods, sacrificing elephants, horses, and other things, all this is not equal to one act of pure love in saving life.

His entire audience is converted—the sacrifice does not take place. We are left to imagine that either the Queen-Mother regains her health through the awakening of Metta, or, if Karma prove too strong for Love, it will most certainly defy all rites of sacrifice.

We can now turn to what Christ has to say. "Love God...and thy neighbour as thyself" is His suggestion for the attaining of Eternal Life —Nirvana. He is asked: "Who is my neighbour?" He tells of the Good Samaritan's finding a stranger, wounded and robbed, gathering him up, taking him to safety, giving him nourishment and "first aid", assisting him on his way. Christ seems to say:—"Your neighbour is not only the man living near you, who works with you, or who in some way has formed some relationship with you. He is also the utter stranger who needs help. You may never see him again; he will rebecome a part of that great unknown world which in My Name you have promised to love. In him you must see the whole embodied for the time being."

His beloved disciple, John, echoes the same thought:

This is the message that ye have heard from the beginning, that we love one another. We know we have passed from death to life because we love. He that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God. There is no fear in Love; perfect love casteth out fear.

Paul speaks in the same tone:

Though I speak with the voice of angels ... have the gift of prophecy, understand all mysteries, bestow all my goods upon the poor, and have not Metta, it profiteth me nothing. Metta suffereth long, is kind, envieth not, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

The whole of Religion is here. Nothing else is necessary; everything else is but supererogatory. Nirvana, the Kingdom of God, the New Jerusalem, the Path of Perfection, Masterhood—all are rooted in Metta.

This Metta must not be confused with the Bhakti aspect of Yoga. Bhakti is an aspect of Yoga based on

devotion to a Personal God or to a Divine Man. Metta is devotion to humanity. Bhaktas have always loved a God, but they have not always loved man with the same intensity. For the love of a God, men have immolated thousands, but Metta makes all cruelty, under any pretext, absolutely impossible.

Is such a state of active love possible? Ask first, is it *desirable*? You will find some who will say it is not. They will glibly use clichés such as "Charity begins with oneself. Every man for his own interests. The weak have to go to the wall. You can't lie down and let other people wipe their shoes on you." For such, Metta is *not* possible. Karma must teach them through bitter suffering, frustration and non-fulfilment. Others will agree that Metta is a desirable ideal. For such, Metta is possible, because it is desirable. It is not given to man to see an ideal if he be destitute of the power to make that ideal a realisation in his daily life.

Can we doubt the need of Metta in the maddened world of to-day? The false Ego melts away in its warmth, for that Ego is but a portion of the stream of life frozen, through immobility, into an iceberg. A true culture springs naturally from this Understanding Love for all beings; educational certificates are but paper compared with it. On Metta can be based Peace Treaties, whether between nations, between classes in a nation, or in the home circle. A newness of life is felt by those in whom Metta is active; a strength that is omnipotence compared with the impotence of huge armaments and opposing defences and of poison gases with their antidotes; the impotence of poverty surrounded by incalculable wealth; the impotence of disease and vivisectional ways of changing one disease into another. The world needs Metta sorely. Yet the world sneers at the idea that the Metta of Buddha and of Christ can end the self-flagellation of humanity. The world has so often sneered at its own greatest need! But Metta must be preached, for all the sneers, as Paul preached the Cross of Christ, itself the shining symbol of utter Love and Self-Sacrifice..."to the Greeks, foolishness". Let us forget our creeds and the religious bases of our hatreds. It is not in virtue of our polytheism, pantheism, or theism, that we approach Truth; it is by being baptised initiated—into the Religion of Metta, let the Gods be what they may, or nothing.

ERNEST V. HAYES

ATLANTIS AND "THE SECRET DOCTRINE"

[James Bramwell is the author of a volume of poems, of two novels and of *Lost Atlantis* published in 1937 He has written this article as a result of examining the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky on the subject of lost continents.—EDS.]

The history of the world as unfolded in *The Secret Doctrine* is the cycle of seven continents and seven corresponding root races, of which four have had their day, the fifth still exists and two are yet to come. It is a scheme which staggers the non-theosophical imagination chiefly by the amount of orthodox opinion which it contradicts or reorganises. But it is interesting to find that in some respects the findings of H. P. Blavatsky converge upon the more recent conclusions arrived at by orthodox methods of research.

Of the First, or Sacred Land, we learn only that it did not share the fate of its successors. The second continent, the Hyperborean, consisted of the whole of Northern Asia and has been confused with the fourth continent by the eighteenth-century proponents of a northern Atlantis. The third continent, which survives only in Madagascar, Sweden and Norway, Siberia, Kamchatka, Ceylon, Sumatra and certain South Pacific Islands, including the subcontinent of Australia, is called Lemuria (after the continent in the Indian Ocean postulated by certain nineteenth century scientists to explain the distribution of lemurs) ; the Lemuria of *The Secret Doctrine*, however, stretches much further eastward to include the Southern Pacific as far as Australia. The fourth continent is called Atlantis after Plato ; but it is said to have been very much larger than Plato's little island, which was only a remnant of the vast continent once occupying part of the Atlantic Ocean bed. The fifth continent is actually America though it is generally considered to be Europe and Asia Minor which are recognised as the home of the fifth or Aryan root race.

As a general footnote to this brief skeleton it should be added, for the benefit of those who might be inclined to reject the scheme of *The Secret Doctrine* on *a priori* grounds of its being altogether too neat to fit the facts, that the authoress insists on an overlap in the succession of continents and races sufficient to account for the confusion apparent in the present distribution of race types and the tale of the rocks. Here there will be space only to compare the findings of orthodox and occult research on the question of Atlantis as described in *The Secret Doctrine*. The comparison, however, may give some general idea of the distance separating the two planes of thought. *The Secret Doctrine* came out in 1888, and therefore any convergence of modern scientific opinion towards its teaching must be allowed some measure of corroborative value ; but at the same time it should be borne in mind that Madame Blavatsky herself was fond of contrasting the transitoriness of scientific theories which are always liable to subsequent disproof, with the absolute value of the position taken up by the occult

tradition.

According to H. P. Blavatsky, Atlantis was the first "historical" land, if the traditions of ancient philosophies and religions are accepted as historical evidence. It was inhabited by the fourth root race, evolved from the nucleus of the Northern Lemurian Third Race men, who came from a land now buried in the middle of the Atlantic. Atlantis sank in a series of great cataclysms, the first more than a million years ago in Miocene times in which the main part of the continent perished; the second eight hundred and fifty thousand years ago, in the later Pliocene times and the last eleven thousand years ago. The second cataclysm was the semi-universal deluge known to the geologists and in it perished the great island of Ruta and the smaller one of Daitya. The last deluge destroyed the last remnant of the Atlantean continent, the comparatively small island known as Poseidonis, referred to as Atlantis by Plato, who was an initiate and therefore had to cloak the full history of the Atlantean continent in the "veiled language of the sanctuary". Atlantis was engulfed by the waves, and its fate is contrasted with that of Lemuria, which was destroyed by volcanic eruptions and afterwards submerged.

The Atlanteans were the first purely human and terrestrial race, the first progeny of semi-divine man after his separation into sexes. In their fourth sub-race, which perished in the cataclysm of eight hundred and fifty thousand years ago, they were of giant stature and of great physical beauty and strength. Their very humanity, however, represented a "fall into generation" and in later sub-races they degenerated into materialism. They became the first "sacrificers to the god of matter", the first anthropomorphic theists, and their religion decayed into self-worship and phallicism. They became so degraded that they even mated with animals and from these unions resulted all the types of ape-man and sub-human man generally considered by the paleontologists to be the ancestors of man. The first Atlanteans had a physical third eye in the back of the head which was enjoyed by them until the third sub-race when it began to disappear from their outward anatomy; psychically and spiritually, however, its functions continued until late in the fourth sub-race, when owing to the depraved materialism of the race, it lost even this power and became what is now known as the pineal gland. Soon afterwards came the great cataclysm of eight hundred and fifty thousand years ago which destroyed the last of the continental Atlanteans, leaving Poseidonis peopled by Atlanto-Aryans.

Such, very briefly, is the teaching of *The Secret Doctrine* about Atlantis, omitting the details of its spiritual life which do not come within the scope of this article.

The general conception of the relation of Atlantis and Lemuria has received support in modern times from the work of the Orientalist Karst who believes in a dual Atlantis, an eastern and Asiatic continent and a western Libyan-Hesperidean one, the latter receiving its first civilization from the former. But science on the

whole has very little to say about Atlantis. The majority of botanists and geologists and ethnologists who require an Atlantic continent or land-bridge to account for the evidence before them will not concede that such a continent was above water later than the Miocene, at which time they believe that there was no *homo sapiens* capable of transmitting a tradition. The extreme age attributed to the Atlantean continent by *The Secret Doctrine* squares much better with geology than it does with paleontology; to win acceptance among the scientists it would have to square with both. As regards the evidence for Poseidonis based on similarities between the cultures of the old and new worlds, the main schools of authoritative archæologists do not accept it as such. Such similarities as have led Lewis Spence and others to postulate a common centre in the Atlantic from which culture was diffused, can be explained by diffusion from Egypt via the Bering Strait or by the newer theory of Convergence, which denies the validity of the whole theory of culture complexes on the grounds that similar culture characteristics can be produced independently by similar environments and that the same ideas may occur to primitive peoples without intercourse between them. Another theory which disagrees with the Atlantean hypothesis is that of Continental Drift; according to this theory the new and old worlds "drifted" apart.

The main body of scientific opinion, however, advances slowly to take up the new positions occupied by its scouts. In recent years there have been notable discoveries which have caused most open-minded people to think twice about dismissing the Atlantean hypothesis as mere moonshine. Man, it seems, is rapidly growing older, while the ocean beds are being rejuvenated. In 1928 Dr. Leakey discovered fragments of pottery underneath deposits of a paleolithic type in East Africa and more recently he found a skull dating from the middle Pleistocene (approximately 250,000 years old) which paleontologists have called a specimen of the true *homo sapiens*. This is strong support of H. P. Blavatsky's teaching that man was both an ancestor and a contemporary of Piltdown and Java and Heidelberg man; it also suggests that her Tertiary Atlanteans may one day yield their skulls to the spade of the archæologists, as the search continues. Here at any rate is an indication that there were real men stalking the earth at the time when Poseidonis is supposed to have sheltered the descendants of the Atlantean civilization.

The dating of the destruction of the main Atlantean continent has found support in the recent researches of the Woods Hole Institute research ship "Atlantis" on the submarine canyons of the Georges Bank and the Gulf of Maine. Dredges brought up fossiliferous rocks of the late Tertiary period, suggesting that the rock strata may have been cut out by stream erosion since that period. Commenting on this possibility, H. C. Stetson points out that the sinking of the canyons to their present level would mean either a terrific uplift movement of the whole coast

line or "a world-wide lowering and raising of the sea level of enormous extent ... this relative shift amounting to more than 8000 feet, must have occurred since the late Tertiary". But he hesitates to accept this explanation because "a fall and rise of sea level of the order of magnitude demanded by the evidence, coupled with the shortness of time within which it must have taken place, approaches the catastrophic ...". This, it is true, suggests the Pleistocene rather than the Pleiocene, but the correspondence in dates is near enough in the order of Geological time to be significant.

The most solid ground beneath Madame Blavatsky's Atlantis is still the geological case for a Tertiary Atlantic landbridge associated with the names of Professor J. W. Gregory and the late Herman von Ihering. They agree that until Miocene times the Atlantic was spanned by an African-American Landbridge. The "Archatlantis" of von Ihering was described in a paper read to the Geological Society in 1930 as

> A landbridge which stretched from North Africa and the Iberian Peninsula across the Atlantic Islands to Jamaica; that is to say, to Great Antillia, the landmass comprising Central America and the West Indies ... the bridge, however, collapsed in late Kainzoic times, so that the West Indies were isolated; the Atlantic islands also lost their connection with Europe and Asia at the end of the Oligocene period.

The attitude of the present writer, and of many others who are interested in Atlantis, must remain one of honest doubt, until time and research disclose conclusive scientific evidence in favour of the theosophist archæology. Madame Blavatsky's Atlantis is still an article of faith, at best a reasonable working hypothesis—but the fact that many accept it without worrying about the contradictions of science is indeed no argument against its reality. And the vague shape which Atlantis seems to take as we read the vast outpouring of *The Secret Doctrine* is surely more credible to the human intelligence as it strives to pierce the mists gathered on the frontiers of perception than the detailed civilization revealed to us in the pages of Scott-Elliott's story of Atlantis.

JAMES BRAMWELL

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE NIGHTMARE TALES OF H. P. BLAVATSKY· THEIR SCIENTIFIC SIGNIFICANCE

[**Bernard Bromage** is the Extension Lecturer in Occult Literature for the University of London. In this article he shows how H. P. Blavatsky renders help to the researcher in Occult phenomena through her suggestive short stories. She wrote others besides those mentioned here. Everything she wrote, she wrote with a purpose : short stories or polemical essays, lucid presentation as in *The Key to Theosophy* or erudite exposition of highly philosophical and scientific subjects as in *The Secret Doctrine*—all were prepared with an eye to the accurate dissemination of the doctrines of the Wisdom Religion ; all that could benefit the humanity of our cycle she has recorded.—EDS.]

It is rather a platitude these days to state that the term " Science " has very perceptibly taken on a much wider significance within the last thirty years. Gone are the old indurated boundaries between mind and matter, gone the arrogant assumption that what is beyond the perception of the ordinary pragmatic senses has no right to exist. But few of us bother to trace the process by which such a necessary and healthy state of affairs has come to pass.

Ignorance and ineptitude never confess their early flounderings. It is not in the nature of arithmetic to admit a respect for geometry ; and so we are faced with the droll spectacle of the materialists arriving at long last in the hostelry of philosophic humility without so much as a word of thanks for the pioneers who paved and levelled the road along which they came.

Among the forerunners who expounded the organic conceptions which dignify the best in modern science, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky stands preëminent. She herself asserted, on more than one occasion, that she would not come into her own until the twentieth century was well advanced. Although it is still too early in the day to say that her battle is won, a listener with his ear to the psychic ground can safely predict a speedy victory for the idea of synthesis for which her life essentially stood.

For this synthesis she pleaded in every book, in every article she wrote. It should not be surprising to find her reiterating something of the same message in works of fictional interest. Her *Nightmare Tales* are indeed as interesting a commentary as anything she wrote on the fundamental principles of her mental and spiritual life. There is no need to raise a supercilious eyebrow nowadays at the notion of profound truth finding a home in fiction. A glance at the names of writers preëminent in the field of the " occult " story, from Ambrose Bierce to Oliver Onions, will convince the most sceptical that, although these things are told in story guise, they mirror the very pattern of the possibilities within the scheme of actual fact.

In the stress and strain of Madame Blavatsky's heroic career, the *Nightmare Tales* figure as a resting-place on her road. They are, compared with her major achievements, the *jeux d'esprit* of an imagination singularly rich in creative fantasy ; yet they speak the same language, embody the same sentiments as the prophetic books by which she is best known to the world. They consist of five tales, all quite disparate in subject and treatment, in which a great religious teacher seeks to show some of the subtle and delicate variations which can be built up on the theme of the potentiality of the extension of the consciousness of man.

The first of these tales, " A Bewitched Life ", is subjective in tone, and tells how the narrator was subjected to a " psychic invasion " when she was staying in one of those " dim and decaying cities on the Rhine " of which Poe speaks. The visitation takes the form of an old man who recounts to her the stages by which his nature evolved from a crass and bigoted atheism to the realisation of those ultimate and inevitable religious truths to which all men must eventually subscribe.

The interest of this story to the scientist lies in its exposition of the technique of clairvoyance (an art in which H. P. Blavatsky herself was an acknowledged expert) and in the elucidation of the dangers attendant on the opening of the mind to those etheric presences or " elementals " which, as vehicles of amoral force, act only too often as a disintegrating factor in mentalities foolhardy enough to give them indiscriminate welcome. It is noteworthy, too, for its analysis of existence in the Subtle Body which is the Oriental way of expressing detachment of personality.

The *locale* of the second story, " The Cave of the Echoes ", is Siberia ; and every verbal device is employed to recreate the atmosphere of this region of shamans and bleak wastes. The stress here is on the power of mesmerism, and the narrative, which purports to be founded on fact, tells how a Hungarian nobleman brings a local magician under the control of his will in order to solve a murder mystery. The main attraction here for the scientific occultist lies in the description of the mechanism of projection by which the adept can force himself on the attention of a person or persons at a distance. This phenomenon is not so uncommon as it may sound, and is capable of curious permutations. The reader may recall that the poet Shelley once met himself in a wood, and that Goethe on a famous occasion saw his *doppelgänger* walking ahead of him over the brow of a hill ; while students of mediæval Jewish Cabbalism will remember the legend of the *golem* with all its attendant " grue ".

The difference between the ghost stories of Madame Blavatsky and those of other writers of her generation lies in the fact that she was able to import into her creations not only the conviction and the consistency that come from virtuosity in the management of atmosphere but also a series of suggestions regarding psychic possibilities which have put new weapons into the hands of earnest investigators.

" The Luminous Shield " trans-

ports us to Istanbul, that city of formidable magical resonances which is here displayed for us in all its glamour. The narrator loses her dog, and is helped in its retrieval by a gifted dervish who practises what is now called the "Lewis" system of hypnotism. He puts one of his agents into a trance, with the object of employing him as reinforcement to his own powers of clairvoyant projection. Those interested in the evocative strength connected with the pursuit of ritualistic magic will be intrigued by the elaborate account here given of a process which, with certain modifications, has lasted in Rosicrucian circles down to the present day. H. P. Blavatsky gives these things a scrutiny which robs them of any of the unpleasantness with which they have been associated in sensation-loving hands, and invests them with a reality far removed from any mere empiricism. Incidentally, this story contains extremely valuable hints of the efficacy of the forces of the sun and the moon in bringing balance into the human psyche!

H. P. Blavatsky was in many ways a very typical Russian. She reacted all her life very favourably to tales and legends connected with the dark and silent North. It is not surprising therefore to find her fourth story, "From the Polar Lands", indulging in a fantasy which bears the very hallmark of those sensations of ominous and unescapable elemental strength which any sensitive who travels from Finland or Russia into the further north must surely recognise. Whether these reactions are "magical" or merely accidental and climatic need not be debated here. Sufficient to state that never in any other work, except possibly in Lord Dufferin's *Letters from High Altitudes*, have the overtones of this particular kind of landscape been so brilliantly interwoven with a theme ideally suitable to them. In a thesis which is suggested rather than stated, isolation and reflection are seen to be the seed-ground of a foresight and a wisdom which pass the usual bounds of understanding. It is the solitary watcher who is the best refuge for the restless hearts of men.

"The Ensouled Violin" with which the volume concludes is without doubt the most important thing in this collection. The subject of music was always dear to H. P. Blavatsky's heart. In the first place, she was able to write of these matters with a profound knowledge of and insight into the heart of musical experience.

"All art", said Walter Pater, "approximates to the condition of music." The aphorism is well-known and expresses something of the mystical elation attendant on the higher types of musical experience. But it does not do much to throw light on the enormous effect of the art on the human subconscious. It is becoming recognised in certain very observant scientific circles that music has many more functions than that of recreation—it can be also therapeutic, invigorating and indeed, at its worst, thoroughly disintegrating.

The present world-wide passion for jazz is by no means so harmless as it may appear. Those epileptic rhythms and "soulful" modulations are among the most striking symbols

of our decadence. They represent the formless cravings of a generation which has retreated ever farther and farther from the laws of spiritual discipline and development. They are the insidious swan-song of the possibilities inherent in a genuine creative and regenerative art.

In her *Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 555) Madame Blavatsky states her view as follows:—

> We say and maintain that SOUND, for one thing, is a tremendous Occult power; that it is a stupendous force, of which the electricity generated by a million of Niagaras could never counteract the smallest potentiality when directed with *occult knowledge*.

It was this truth which she sought to embody in "The Ensouled Violin". We read how Franz Stenio, a prodigy fiddler from Styria, finds himself in touch with the varied rhythms of the universe through his aptitude for his beloved violin.

> On his way to some dark and solemn pine-forest, he played incessantly to himself and to everything else. He fiddled to the green hill, and forthwith the mountains and the moss-covered rocks moved forward to hear him the better, as they had done at the sound of the Orphean lyre. He fiddled to the merry-voiced brook, to the hurrying river, and both slackened their speed and stopped their waves, and, becoming silent, seemed to listen to him in an entranced rapture.

The main concern of the narrative is the deterioration of the virtuoso's character through his neglect of fundamental ethical principles. Like so many persons of highly-tuned receptiveness he commits the error of leaving his personality far too open to the mad riot of etheric presences outside him. Insane ambition follows, and he desires to emulate the uncanny feats of Paganini.

We are treated to a long and very engrossing account of the exploits of that distinguished Italian fiddler. Particular stress is laid on his extraordinary ability to pluck secret chords in the organisms of his hearers.

> In women he produced nervous fits and hysterics at his will; stout-hearted men he drove to frenzy. He changed cowards into heroes and made the bravest soldiers feel like so many nervous schoolgirls.

The old rumour that his violin-strings were made of human intestine is resuscitated in order to carry the story along its tragic course. Franz, possessed and absorbed by this notion, determines that he too will wield such a magical instrument and surpass Paganini in his musical diabolism. Carried away with this monstrous project, after his old master's suicide he uses his viscera for the construction of a new fiddle.

But retribution assumes a new and startling form. The subtle sympathy between matter and spirit intervenes to carry the first warnings of outraged Nemesis. The strings of the violin give forth their own sound, their own associations, without any obvious agency.

> For a few brief moments it was a torrent of melody, the harmony of which, "tuned to soft woe", was calculated to make mountains weep, had there been any in the room, and to soothe
>
> ... even the inexorable powers of hell, the presence of which was undeniably felt in this modest hotel room. Suddenly, the solemn *legato* chant, contrary to all laws of harmony, quivered, became *arpeggios*, and ended in shrill *staccatos*, like the notes of a hyena laugh.

The night of the concert arrives.

Still disregarding the warnings which come from the violin-case, the foolhardy musician determines to surpass his great rival in his own field. He succeeds beyond his wildest dreams. By means of his unholy strategem he communicates to his audience a Bacchic frenzy which transports them to an unsuspectedly heightened, but, alas, a very dubious world.

A collective hallucination took hold of the public. Panting for breath, ghastly, and trickling with the icy perspiration of an inexpressible horror, they sat spell-bound, and unable to break the spell of the music by the slightest motion. They experienced all the illicit enervating delights of the paradise of Mahommed, that come into the disordered fancy of an opium-cating Mussulman, and felt at the same time the abject terror, the agony of one who struggles against an attack of *delirium tremens*.

But the hour of the violinist has come. By his illicit experiment he has drawn down upon himself the vast, possessive forces of the other world ; and the old man comes back in spectral form to claim his own.

A mere " thriller ", some will say, and dated at that. A superficial glance at this story might give this impression to the impercipient. But the judgment would be unfair in the extreme. In and between the lines of this piece of highly-coloured fiction H. P. Blavatsky has woven a consistent thread of scientific truth for those who are able to read.

Colours, sounds, in fact the whole apparatus of the senses, are but one aspect of the substance of the world and worlds. They have each its own powers and potencies ; and these powers and potencies are linked by the subtlest and most irrefragable of ties to the rhythms of the universe. One can explore the heights and the depths of " Kingdoms yet unborn " along the routes opened up by a knowledge of the right use of these agents. But woe to the amoral tyro in these realms. There are sounds that heal and sounds that kill. If H. P. Blavatsky had earned no other claim to fame, we should have been her grateful debtors for this extension of the bounds of homiletic fantasy into the province of experimental science.

BERNARD BROMAGE

THE BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM

[Below we print six reviews of new publications which are indicative of the deepening of interest in Buddhistic lore.—EDS.]

The Minor Anthologies of the Pāli Canon : Buddhavaṃsa and Cariyā-piṭaka. Translated by B. C. LAW. (Humphrey Milford ; Oxford University Press. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

With the inclusion of this third part of the *Minor Anthologies* in the Sacred Books of the Buddhists, two more books of the Pali Canon are made accessible to the English-reading public and Dr. B. C. Law, that indefatigable worker for Indian culture and early Indian literature, has rendered a great service to all who are interested in the Buddhist Scriptures.

Dr. Law has refrained from literary criticism : the notes are sparing and restricted to references to related passages in other Canonical books, explanation of difficult words and emendations of faulty readings. As regards the *Cariyāpiṭaka*, he had some time ago edited the text in Devanāgarī with an analysis of its subject-matter. (Lahore, 1924)

These texts are the two latest and last books of the *Khuddaka Nikāya* (Minor Anthology). The *Buddhavaṃsa* (History of the Buddhas) presents an account of the (later) twenty-four canonised Buddhas who preceded Gotama, the Buddha of the present Cycle; and also a short chapter on the latter as the twenty-fifth. They are entirely legendary accounts of holy beings (*Bodhisattvas*) who by their power of steadfast resolve have determined to bring enlightenment and salvation to mankind. As a literary product the work comes under the category of *Apadānas*, heroic stories, and its date may be assigned to the latter half of the second century B.C.

The *Cariyāpiṭaka* (Basket of Conduct) is doctrinal in character and late in ideas, purporting to show in thirty-five short *Jātaka*-tales in verse, how the *Bodhisattvas* in former births practised the ten pāramitās or "moral perfections". The book presents many problems of literary criticism; it has been much read (or recited), owing to its adaptation of popular stories for the purpose of religious edification, after the manner of the standard *Jātakas*. All its tales occur in one form or another in the many collections of Buddhist folklore. Although these records of meritorious acts are given in poetical form, they are very prosaic and void of any poetical charm such as is peculiar to the genuine *Jātakas*, which are thoroughly human and appealing even when their heroes are clad in animal form. A translation of these dry, stilted, stereotyped and monotonous pieces of saintly eulogy can therefore only be stilted and somewhat tedious itself. Its only merit can be found in literalness and accuracy, and in this respect Dr. Law's translation does not fail.

Here and there little inconsistencies appear, as when the translator uses three different forms, *must*, *will* and *may*, for the future *ehiti* in the identical passages: at Bu. II. 63/4=XX. 15/16. The number of misprints is small and the get-up of the book is excellent. The translation is preceded by an editorial note by Mrs. Rhys Davids in which she ably comments on the religious value of the texts.

W. STEDE

What Was the Original Gospel in Buddhism? By Mrs. RHYS DAVIDS. (The Epworth Press, London. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

In this small treatise Mrs. Rhys Davids has done full justice to her discussions on *paramattha, bhava, cuicca, kāma, kodha, ānanda, ātmā, dhamma, sīla, nirvaṇa, bodhi, sambodhi jhāna, khandhas*, etc. This kind of book was very much needed and those who are interested in Buddhism will be grateful to her for the publication of this useful and interesting treatise. It contains a very small index.

B. C. LAW

The Book of the Discipline: *Suttavibhaṅga* of the *Vinaya-Piṭaka*, Vol. I. Translated by I. B. HORNER. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Miss Horner's introduction is interesting and instructive. It discusses all the salient points concerning the *Vinaya Piṭaka* and the books included in it. Her translation of the *pārājika* (defeat) and *saṁghādisesa* (formal meeting) has been very ably done, with useful notes wherever necessary. She has given an appendix of untranslated passages and useful indexes of words and subjects, names, some Pāli words in the notes, and the titles of works abbreviated in footnotes. The translation attempts the clearing up of many doubtful points and helps the reader to a clear understanding of the subject.

B. C. LAW

Guide through the Abidhamma-Piṭaka : Being a synopsis of the philosophical collection belonging to the Buddhist Pali Canon followed by an essay on the "Paṭicca-samuppāda". By NYANATILOKA. (D. B. Taraporevala Sons and Co., Bombay. Rs. 6.)

In this treatise the author has dealt with some of the topics of the *Dhammasaṅgaṇī* such as *kāmāvacara, kusala, akusala, avyākata,* etc., and he has attempted to explain *karma* and its consequence. Then he has treated *rūpa* (form), *vedanā* (sensation) *saññā* (perception), *saṁkhāra* (confections) and *viññāna* (consciousness), *āyatana* (sphere), *dhātu* (elements), *sacca* (noble truths), *indriya* (faculties or potentialities), *paccayākāra* (dependent conditions); *satipaṭṭhāna* (bases of recollection), *sammappadhāna* (right exertion), *iddhipāda* (roads to power), *bojjhaṅga* (supernatural knowledge), *magga* (eightfold path), *jhāna* (trance), *paṭisaṁbhidhā* (analytical knowledge), etc. Then in the third section, the author has given meanings of some of the terms mentioned in the *Dhātukathā*. Then he has explained *Puggala* with reference to the *Puggala-Paññatti*. In this section on the *Kathāvatthu*, he has just touched the different schools and a few points concerning the arhant. In the appendix he has given word for word meanings of the various terms included in the *Paṭicca-samuppāda*. The method of treatment, on the whole, is very unsatisfactory, as it does not present a vivid and clear idea of the subject under discussion ; otherwise it evinces the erudition and the sound knowledge of the author. The book contains a serviceable index.

B. C. LAW

Mahayana Buddhism. By BEATRICE LANE SUZUKI, M.A., with an Introduction by Prof. D. T. SUZUKI, LITT. D. (The Buddhist Lodge, London. 3*s*. 6*d*.)

This book consists of seven chapters besides the introduction, a selected list of books, a short glossary of Buddhist terms, and an useful index. In the introduction the authoress has made a study of the various branches of Buddhism and the allied religions. She has also given a history of the Mahāyāna Cult in China and in Japan. She has ably shown that Mahāyāna Buddhism is not confined to the Buddhism of Nāgārjuna, Asanga and other philosophers of Indian Buddhism, but also refers to a historical process which is still moving forward from the creative genius of *Sakyamuni* more than two thousand years ago, and which, spreading itself north-eastward, reached China and Japan and in those latter countries has produced several schools of thought which are still in existence.

In the first chapter, she has succeeded in bringing out the main points involved in *Hinayāna* and *Mahāyāna*. In the second chapter, she has discussed cause and effect, *karma* and non-ego, *tathatā* (suchness), *sūṇyatā, prajñā* and *nirvāṇa*. Then she has ably discussed the three kāyas :—*nirmānakāya, sambhogakāya* and *dharmakāya*. She has then dealt with the *Bodhisattva* conception, enlightenment (*bodhi*) and salvation (*mokkha*). In the third chapter, she has shown how the two main schools of Mahāyāna came into prominence, *viz*., Mādhyamika and Yogācāra. In the next, she has given the Mahāyāna rules which regulate the lives of monks, nuns and laity. She has not failed to give an account of religious festivals and special observances of the Mahāyānists. The fifth chapter is important, because it gives in a nutshell an account of some important Mahāyāna *sutras*. Chapter Six gives some extracts from Mahāyāna *sūtras*.

The Bibliography given by the authoress is incomplete. Unfortunately, she has made no mention of the section dealing with Mahāyāna Buddhism in Hastings's *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*. We are not prepared to accept all the meanings of Buddhist technical terms supplied by the authoress in "A Short Glossary of Buddhist Terms", which needs a

thorough revision. For example, I would like to refer her to the *Sumaṅgala-vilāsinī* for a correct interpretation of the *Tathāgata*. The book is, on the whole, interesting and useful.

B. C. LAW

Zen Buddhism and Its Influence on Japanese Culture. By D. T. SUZUKI. With Thirty-eight Plates. (The Eastern Buddhist Society, Kyoto. 8 *yen*)

We do not doubt that a true description has been given here of certain aspects of Japanese culture, nor can we doubt Dr. Suzuki's knowledge of Zen Buddhism; but some of his statements regarding Buddhism as a whole do not seem to us according to facts. He declares that the "fundamental truth of Buddhism, which is taught by its various schools", is that "All is One and One is All." We cannot believe that such a statement can be found in the Pāli Canon, the largest, and generally considered to be the most ancient body of Buddhist teaching. There the Buddha refuses to commit himself upon the subject of the One and the Many; while the interpretation of his teaching by the earliest schools is anti-monistic. Examining this question carefully in his excellent work *The Central Conception of Buddhism and the Meaning of the Word "Dharma"*, Th. Stcherbatsky says: "Buddhism, accordingly, can be characterized as a system of Radical Pluralism (*saṅghāta-vāda*)."

The word *Tathatā*, "thusness" or "suchness" occurs only once in the Pāli-Canon, and then in a commentary in its latest book.

Zen is neither pluralistic nor monistic. Dr. Suzuki writes: "Even when Zen indulges in intellection, it never subscribes to a pantheistic interpretation of the world. For one thing, there is no One in Zen. If it speaks of the One as if it recognized it, this is a kind of condescension to common parlance. To Zen students the One is All and the All is the One. The one is always the same as the other; the two are never to be separated." However, this subject is apparently much dwelt upon in Zen.

Although Dr. Suzuki declares that Zen "professes to teach the esssential spirit of the Buddha himself, discarding all superficialities which have accumulated", yet he shows its heterogeneous Chinese origin, in the eighth century, its antecedents including the doctrines of Confucianism, Taoism, Sung philosophy, and the military and nationalistic spirit! Also he says, "In Zen we find Chinese pragmatism solidly welded with Indian metaphysics full of high soaring speculations." And "This practicalness of the Sung philosophy came over to Japan on the same boat with Zen and also its nationalism as instilled into it by the militaristic spirit of Chu Hsi." This they proceeded to teach, combining Confucianism and Zen with it; some of the monks even became soldiers. We are not told what aroused the opposition of the several Buddhist sects already established in Japan; that seems not difficult to understand; but it was welcomed by the military caste who were pleased, we are told, with its non-intellectual character.

Dr. Suzuki devotes a long chapter to this military caste (the Samurai), and another to swordsmanship, including a lengthy quotation from a Spanish bullfighter. This is indeed a striking contrast to the Buddha's spirit of non-resistance, when his life was threatened, his renunciation of the cudgel and the knife (*Majjhima-Nikaya* XVIII) and his First Precept, incumbent on all Buddhists —monks or laity—the non-taking of life, that is, sparing the life of all living creatures!

Zen Buddhists take pride in their freedom from philosophy: according to Dr. Suzuki, analysis they abhor. Their goal is to gain the deepest wisdom through awakening the intuitive faculty, which is attempted through a discipline of "no-mindedness", and of sayings and acts by the teacher so striking that intuition is shocked into existence: Many stories are given as examples, some of which

seem puerile and others to deal in sophistry. Of the discipline we read: "...Let your natural faculties act in a consciousness free from thoughts, reflections or affections of any kind." All of this is in striking contrast to the strictly logical and analytical quality of early Buddhism with its definite subjects for meditation, where the first two factors of enlightenment are held to be mindfulness and analysis.

The chapters on the Tea Cult, the Noh Play and the Love of Nature, and the thirty-eight plates, mostly of the paintings of early Japanese masters, are full of interest, even if their æsthetic appreciation verges on preciosity. The story of Yamauba, the old woman of the mountains, and the poems to the cherry-blossoms, are appealing in their tenderness. Many readers will find this book a fascinating description of Japanese culture.

E. H. BREWSTER

The Activity School. By ADOLPH FERRIERE. (Kitabistan, Allahabad and London. Rs. 6.)

The method of education described in this book can be briefly characterized as psychologically sound, thoroughly practical and delightfully expounded. It is applicable to children of all races and types and to schools of all grades. When it is applied generally—as will surely be the case sooner or later—we shall soon have a new humanity, a mankind harmoniously developed, to replace what it must be confessed that our present form of education produces in the main—a vast majority of incoherent characters, with uncoördinated minds and bodies.

In the Introduction the general idea of an "Activity School" emerges—"to encourage the spontaneous and creative nature of childhood". Teaching must be from within, for what the mind is forced to attend to from without or through an indirect motive (such as punishment or the promise of rewards) disrupts the equilibrium of the developing human being. Every growing mind is active, and that activity must be given scope. Mechanically imparted information given to a child for passive assimilation stultifies his own development and his growing capacity for thinking and acting in the world.

After a chapter of historical character --which nevertheless contains many useful hints—M. Ferriere devotes his second to the psychological foundations of the system. I have only one word for this chapter splendid; for its points are so clear and correct. It is impossible to begin to describe them in a brief review--*every* teacher ought to make himself acquainted with them. If there is a fault, it is perhaps the too meticulous description of the development of sensation, imitation and reflection at specified ages.

The principles thus expounded are not, however, left floating in the air. Chapters follow on manual, social and intellectual activity in the schools. All of these are packed with information and practical suggestions. To select any of them for brief mention here would give a one-sided impression—so I refrain, but repeat that every teacher who is earnest in his profession simply must read these chapters.

Professor Saiyidain has edited the book—arranged for the use of the American translation from the original French, omitting details entirely irrelevant to education in India, and obtained some useful notes from Mahatma Gandhi, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, Dr. Bhagwan Das and Dr. Zakir Husain, which appear as appendices. He has also added a good index.

As an old Headmaster and Principal, I say "Thanks, a thousand times" to Professor Saiyidain and the publishers for giving us in India this most valuable book.

ERNEST WOOD

TANTALISING TIME

The New Immortality. By J. W. DUNNE. (Faber and Faber Ltd., London. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The problem of immortality is sometimes discussed from the ethico-religious standpoint, sometimes from the metaphysical standpoint, but rarely from the standpoint of science. It is from the last standpoint or the standpoint of "Serialism" as he calls it that the author of this book tackles the problem.

The old immortality is the immortality of our common thinking. There is such a thing as the soul. This soul has a life in the body. But this life is not the whole of its life. When the body disintegrates, the soul survives. Thus the old immortality may be said to be equivalent to the survival of the soul. The new immortality is based upon a new conception of time. Mr. Dunne distinguishes pseudo-time from real time. In pseudo-time, everything is transient, everything is rushing to destruction. In real time, on the other hand, "everything which has established its existence *remains in existence*". The soul is one of those things which has this established existence and so immortality.

This naturally gives rise to the question, what is real time and how is it distinct from pseudo-time? It is evident that time as we know it is "an absolute, irreversible, one-way order." We may take as an illustration any three incidents that succeed each other; let us call them A, B and C. We describe these incidents differently at different times. When A is present, both B and C are future. When B is present, A is past and C is future. When C is present, both A and B are past. Thus the incidents change their temporal character. Further, it is only in the "present" that any of them is real. The past is no more, and the future is not yet. It is only the contents of "now" that are completely real. The question of interest that arises here is, how do any of these events *acquire* reality? There is nothing inherent in any one of them to make it "more 'real' or more 'existing now' than the other two". (p. 50) Also there can be nothing outside the events which can make an unreal event real. So, it is argued, all the events are equally real. "One state (of an independently existing world) cannot be *inherently* more real than the others, so their reality is independent of such an additional circumstance as being 'now'." (p. 53)

But if all the events are equally real, what makes any of those events exist "now"? The answer is that there is nothing in the event itself. It is the "field" of presentation which travels with the observer that makes a difference. I may be said to carry this field about me. Wherever I happen to be observing, I find sensory phenomena as happening "now". This character then, the character of being "present", is not in the nature of things. It is abstracted from the real world by employing the "field" as the source of our information. In themselves the things are all real and eternally real. Thus a distinction is made between the real time and the pseudo-time. In real time, things all co-exist. There is no past, present and future. But in pseudo-time, which is an abstracted view of the real world, these distinctions are made. Certain things are past and are for ever past, certain things are happening "now", and yet certain other things are future only.

A question of importance evidently arises here. It does not appear that the author has taken note of it. Things may be "now" only in relation to the field of presentation of an observer. But do the events of the real world co-exist? If they did, they would not be events. Is there no change and movement in the real world? In our field of presentation, certain phenomena appear and others disappear. What determines

this succession? Nothing in the field itself, but something in the nature of things themselves. This means that there is real succession in the world. Things which *are* cease to exist, and things which *are not* come into being. All the events of the real world cannot possibly co-exist.

All that we can say in favour of the author's standpoint is that in accordance with the new scientific ideas, such as those brought into currency by the theory of Relativity, certain events will appear successive which are in fact simultaneous, and certain other events will appear simultaneous which are in fact successive. This is because the field of presentation of an observer is dependent upon certain light-messages which must affect his nervous system. It gives the reason why the author is particular to restrict his thesis to things which have *established* their existence. Or, in other words, things which have once happened are perpetually happening in some one's field and for that matter in the field of the universal mind. For according to the author "your mind and my mind are simply marked places in the Super-Mind, marked by the world-lines which determine the presence of sensory phenomena". (p. 145) What however is of importance is the fact that things have not established their existence simultaneously. There are future events which have not yet established their existence. Are they not first unreal before they become real? Thus the same temporal distinctions which were relegated to the field of presentation come up once again in the real world in another form. We have to admit that time as we know it is the form of all objective reality, and that in this reality unreal things *become* real and *vice-versa*.

The author has not proved his case on scientific grounds. But there are certain metaphysical questions in this connection which cannot be avoided. The *Gita* for example says: "What is not possessed of being can never come to possess it; and what has being can never cease to be." Again it says, "What is unreal in the beginning and unreal in the end, cannot be real in the middle." This means that what is truly real must be immutably real. But that which is real only in the middle duration or the "present" has no real being. The whole objective world, dominated as it is by time, is thus condemned to unreality. It is the immutable being which is out of time which alone can be truly immortal.

Another question which arises is the nature of the timeless being. It is evident that nothing can be "now" except as it is *presented to me*. It is only when this "now" point is fixed through my consciousness that something can appear to be past or future. These two moments have also their correlate in our consciousness. The past is the object of memory. Without memory, there can be nothing called *past*. And the future is a matter of anticipation. If I do not anticipate, there is nothing that is future. We thus find that temporal distinctions are entirely dependent upon our consciousness. This consciousness alone is out of time. When other things have become past the consciousness which remembers them has not become past. When other things happen and are "now" to us, we survive their happening; for they are seen by us to become past. Thus in the end, the whole temporal reality hangs about the reality of our conscious self which alone is timelessly real.

We believe that this is the only true meaning of immortality. It is the old meaning and it is the ever new meaning. The new immortality of the author, according to which everything that has once established its existence is immortal, is full of confusions. Nothing can be immortal which does not exist always and which is not in its very nature incapable of coming into being or of ceasing to exist. This cannot be said about anything except the immutable and intelligent self. It is wrong to suppose that the immortality of the soul conceived in the old fashion consisted

in a life which was merely the succession of "one damned thing after another". The alternative which the author proposes of the soul being able to call up the past and the future together with the present and to strike a new harmony or a new meaning through them is not supported by a shred of reason. Events in time are not simultaneous like the keys of the piano or the arranged letters of the typewriter. To speak of the *whole of time* is really a contradiction. For if time is real, it is beginninglessly and endlessly real. Where can we get the whole of time through which we might strike a harmony? It is best to regard time as the form of the unreal world of sensible phenomena only. Time is not ultimately real. What is ultimately real is the immutable Self.

The author has mixed up science and philosophy in a way which is deplorable. He has not refuted the materialist or proved the immortality of the soul. He has merely succeeded in confounding the whole issue and putting on the same basis the immortality of the soul and the immortality of physical events. If there is no more ground for the former than there is for the latter, it is indeed a poor consolation to man. And yet the author makes very extravagant claims and thinks that his view of time completely changes the whole problem of immortality. "It is sufficient to reduce to complete nonsense every discussion which has ever taken place concerning the question of survival. It is sufficient to convert into so much waste paper the greater part of the world's more serious books." We entirely disagree with this view, and consider this attempt to prove immortality on scientific grounds only as a further example of the incapacity of the scientific thinker to do full justice to the things of the spirit which lie entirely outside the scope of empirical science. Whatever other value the book might have, it is certainly a piece of waste paper so far as any proof of human immortality is concerned.

G. R. MALKANI

The Mysticism of Time in Rig Veda. By MOHAN SINGH, D. LITT., PH. D. (Atma Ram and Sons, Anarkali, Lahore. Rs. 5/-)

The concepts of Time and Space, now understood as a time-space continuum, have tantalised scientists and philosophers since the dawn of rational speculation, and any systematic attempt at elucidation of their nature and significance must be welcomed. Dr. Mohan Singh points out that "Vedic consciousness is basically threefold" and that there is a basic correspondence between Time, Space and Causality operating in the cosmos. Dr. Singh has studied in detail the *Aitereya* and some *Rig-Vedic* texts to show the significance of the symbolism of the triad, Time, Space, and Causality. Reference is made to Dr. Shama Sastry's *Drapsa*, and correspondences are worked out between the sciences of speech and of astronomy. The *Vedas* and the *Vedangas* are interpreted as states of consciousness.

Taking the most charitable view of Dr. Singh's endeavour, it is not difficult to see that Vedic rites, rituals, rules, deities, and other phenomena and the Vedic terminology admit of an esoteric or symbolic interpretation in terms of states of consciousness and Yogic practices and certain typical patterns of experiences and realizations, but I am afraid more problems are really raised than solved in any attempt at interpretation of the Vedas in terms of consciousness and of Yogic practices. Of course, states of consciousness, Yogic and non-Yogic, are *temporal*, but that is no explanation of what TIME is, let alone the Mysticism of it. The *Gita* seeks to identify TIME with GOD. (*Kalosmi lokakshyakrit*) The *Nyaya-Vaiseshika* holds that TIME is a Dravya, a cosmic constituent even as are Earth, Fire, Water etc. Dr. Singh observes that "Gandharvas, Apsaras, Rakshasas...

are states and stages of consciousness, time-phases and space-units." Granting that may be so, what relation does the symbolism bear to man's relation to his fellow-men?

I am aware of attempts to interpret the tales of the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* and the characters figuring in them as Yogic phenomena but, in the absence of compelling criteria and canons of interpretation, it is impossible to maintain that the Yogic interpretation is the only correct or tenable one. Yoga is *one* of the Darsanas developed with a definite end in view. On that account, surely, there is no spiritual or philosophic need to read the so-called mysticism of Time, Space, and Causality into *Vedic* and *Upanishadic* texts.

Questions relating to *Soma* are answered by Dr. Singh in the light of his researches into Yogic, Tantric and Vedic literature and "actual vision of Soma in Yogic practice". The actual vision being a subjective experience is not matter for the reviewer's judgment. One thing, however, must be emphasized. The *Soma plant*, the crushed juice of which is used in sacrificial rituals, has absolutely nothing to do with the *Soma* mentioned in *Yoga-Darsana*. No amount of research can dispel the legitimate apprehension whether after all symbolism and mysticism may not be obstructions in the path of progress towards the peace and the calm of the Self. Whatever it is, Time still continues to tantalise thinkers.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

The Magnificent Rothschilds. By CECIL ROTH. (Robert Hale Ltd. London. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

Dr. Roth remarks in his Preface that during the past few years a certain obloquy has begun to be attached to the mere fact of the accumulation of wealth —a reaction from the state of affairs a century or even half a century ago, when it was generally regarded as the principal object of terrestrial existence. And it is because the heroes of his story embraced this as their principal object and pursued it with such unexampled success that the epithet "magnificent" rings rather hollow in our ears. Even the astonishing number of marriages with first cousins in the Rothschild clan seems to have been dictated by the desire to keep the dowries and settlements, which were enormous, in the family. Admittedly their generosity was as immense as their wealth, but with such wealth, for ever multiplying with little real relation to productive labour, even charity almost ceases to have meaning. And it is because they lacked real roots in social life that they were driven to a display which strikes us today as more often pathetic than magnificent. They planted great houses upon the countryside, one of which for its vulgarity was described as "a combination of a French château and a gambling house"; they played industriously the part of the English country gentleman. They entertained in London and elsewhere with a glittering luxury to which the most exclusive members of society surrendered. And according to Dr. Roth the humblest East End tailor or Soho dressmaker was glad to bask in the reflected glory. They collected works of art as determinedly as some of them slaughtered pheasants. But behind the whole gorgeous façade they didn't belong. At least that is the impression which Dr. Roth's record leaves on us. It is mainly intended to divert, but it has value as a picture of Victorian and Edwardian social life and of an old Order of which we cannot much regret the passing.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

The Kingdom of the Spirit. By CLAUDE HOUGHTON. New Edition. (C. W. Daniel Co., Ltd., London, 5s.)

This is a book packed with seed-thoughts, each one a living germ for a season's meditation. A digest-review affords some idea of its value, but cannot reproduce its vital quality.

A man's life expresses his real creed and denotes his stage in life's pilgrimage. By desiring possessions in the Kingdom of Self he learns their shadowy nature. In the Kingdom of Belief all religions express the common need—to know the reality behind appearance and freedom from self-slavery. Yet men fear the responsibility of freedom, and worship the idolatry of appearance, materialism of all kinds. Creeds prove their essential identity by the likeness between their Saints. In the Kingdom of Vision the prophets speak the same truths.

Men admit Law as operative in part of life's activity, but act as though chance were the ultimate ruler. Chance should be called "unknown laws". Growth comes through the discipline of the Kingdom of Law. Imagination—the next Kingdom—is the creative use of symbols as a bridge between the seen and the unseen. But to create, it is first necessary to Be, and "as a man thinks, so he becomes."

In the Kingdom of the Miraculous, the natural recurring order—routine when soulless—discloses' Spirit within familiar things. Love, the aspiration towards something greater than ourselves, makes theoretical values real. We are what we love. The soul wearies of anything less essential than itself, though the pangs of spiritual birth tempt many back into outgrown creeds. In the Kingdom of the Invisible, fear goes when the seen is recognized as only the shadow of the unseen. Possessions enslave us. Our soul is our only possession.

In the Kingdom of Love, or freedom, love links our experience with that of the wise of universal compassion. Where passion seeks to rule, love serves, and losing the world it gains the universe. The saint is the living outcome of that vital experience that unifies all experience. All are eternal Spirits in Eternity, journeying to the Kingdom of God, which is to be found in our own soul.

W. E. W.

Discarnate Influence in Human Life. By ERNESTO BOZZANO. Translated by Isabel Emerson. (John M. Watkins, London. 8s. 6d.)

The Passing of Heaven and Hell. By JOSEPH MCCABE. (C. A. Watts and Co., Ltd., London. 1s.)

Here are two teachings on life after death which must remain irreconcilable till, through the cleansing of their perceptive powers both schools see all things as they are—infinite. Both Mr. McCabe and Signor Bozzano are earnest men seeking to warn and to enlighten their public. The one believes nothing; the other, everything. Mr. McCabe is a ruthless and fearless iconoclast when it comes to questions of religion or, more properly speaking, the church. In questions *religious* he denies the invisible, the intangible.

The spiritualism represented by Signor Bozzano and his school is anathema to him. Church dogmas, ritual, miracles, etc., etc., are beyond the pale of a sane man's consideration. Yet Signor Bozzano is equally intelligent and sincere and he not only affirms belief in the invisible side of nature, but goes so far as to call spiritual everything that has to do with the invisible, forgetting that though passions and desires, likes and dislikes, moods and feelings are invisible and form one of the most distinguishing characteristics by which we recognize one another, they are too often just the reverse of spiritual. To Signor Bozzano these traits, undesirable though they admittedly may be, become sublimated by death or exteriorization in the astral body. Why, he does not tell us.

Both authors, confronted with the stark reality of life, so fleeting in its joys, so tedious in its dreary discipline, seek something they can call real, the one choosing this "too, too solid flesh", the other something less solid, but equally substantial.

Life cannot be divided into compartments. There is no line in Nature between good and evil, day and night, life and death. LIFE as the One Reality ever *is*. When it manifests in a material vehicle we call it life; its subjective existence, because unknown to us, we call death. To the soul there is in this fluctuation between life in and out of a physical body a difference analogous to that experienced by every man in waking and sleeping.

No more than is the invisible, *because of its invisibility*, spiritual, is the visible, *because of its visibility*, devilish. The case is often exactly the reverse. If Mr. McCabe would recognize the *essential* reality of the unseen universe, and Signor Bozzano realize that invisibility and spirituality are not synonymous terms here any more than in the case of electricity or poison gas, a basis for reconciliation of the two opposing schools might be found.

Signor Bozzano presents nearly 300 pages of carefully arranged argument thoroughly documented by cases to prove spirit survival and "Discarnate Influence in Human Life". Alas! such "Influence" is all too frequently a power for evil in the world to-day and it was, among other missions, to stem the growing tide of so-called spiritualism which sought guidance through communication with these devilish reliquiæ of the dead, that the *Theosophical Movement* was founded by Madame Blavatsky in 1875. No one questions the *occurrence* of the phenomena of clairvoyance, clairaudience, apportation, materialization, etc.; it is the *agency at work* which is doubted.

Signor Bozzano's book is the first volume of the "Library of the International Institute for Psychical Research" and has been written in response to the invitation of the Organizing Committee of the International Spiritualist Congress of Glasgow (1937). In the book he has collected the cream of his books, monographs, pamphlets, articles, etc., over a period of some forty years—yet he is still unable to give us any philosophy of spiritualism. In replying to the problem set him: "Animism or Spiritism: which explains the facts?", all he can say is:—

> Neither the one nor the other succeeds *by itself* in explaining the whole complex of supernormal phenomena. Both are indispensable for the purpose and cannot be separated, since both are the effects of a single cause; and this cause is the human spirit, which, when it manifests in transient flashes during "incarnate" existence, determines animistic phenomena, and when it manifests in a "disincarnate" condition in the world of the living, determines spiritistic phenomena.

But this gets us nowhere. To give the name "human Spirit" to the underlying cause of phenomena explains nothing. The theist calls the source, God; the Roman Catholic, God and Devil, as it suits him. The mere naming of this agency in no way implies the understanding of it.

Better the care-free, devil-may-care Realism of Mr. McCabe with all its denials, good, bad and indifferent, than the misplaced and dangerous zeal of Signor Bozzano, whose sincerity but increases the danger of his research. Better still a calm, dispassionate, philosophic examination of the facts, the records and the explanations of which have been checked and tested and verified by countless generations of Spiritual Scientists of the ancient East. Is it too much to hope that the Institute for Psychical Research will one day turn Eastward to the Ancients and give up its futile collection of isolated "cases" and, from necromantic collectors turn Spiritual Philosophers?

D. C. T.

Ghosts and Apparitions. By W. H. SALTER. (Geo. Bell and Sons, Ltd., London. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Here is another volume of cases from the records of the Society for Psychical Research for which students of psychical experiences will feel grateful. As in all the investigations made by the S.P.R., every effort is made to eliminate chance coincidence (which itself, however, demands explanation!) but it is difficult to understand why the author should assume that dreams about persons dead for some time are without evidential value merely because the death "was usually already known to the dreamer". Similarly in Poltergeist phenomena, the theory is advanced that poltergeist "will prove to be a product of subnormal adolescence". Those who are impressed by the fact that the historical evidence goes back very much further than the sixty years to which the author limits "the experimental investigation of telepathy", will admire the care taken "to distinguish between objective and subjective", without necessarily subscribing to the view that "it is through dissociation, pathological and mediumistic", that we may alone or best study "the structure of personality". Long ago it was laid down that objectivity depended largely on perception, which may be influenced by inner stimulus, and that, in many cases, apparitions may be traced to the objectivization of images impressed on the brain from "within". A deeper analysis of human personality than is ordinarily to be found in the West, and a realization of the nature of the immortal individuality as distinct from man's psychical consciousness, are essential conditions for a proper understanding of the phenomena so assiduously collected by patient investigators.

Indian readers will be interested in Case XV, related by Prince Victor Duleep Singh in 1894 on the death of his father, corroborated as it is by the late Lord Carnarvon.

B. P. HOWELL

Foreknowledge. By H. F. SALTMARSH. (G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., London. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

An unassuming little book of 120 pages, worth its weight in gold to the student of the occult. In simple language, Mr. Saltmarsh goes methodically into the question of precognition, that is, the perception or awareness of future events, without the help of outside information or the operations of inference. He does not bring forward any new cases of this occurrence, for that is not the object of the book, but he takes all the cases which have been recorded by the Society for Psychical Research as having been satisfactorily authenticated, eliminates all those which by even the longest stretch of imagination could be ascribed to normal causes, and finds a decided residue of undoubted cases of foreknowledge or precognition. This is the true spirit of research.

In what may be called normal causes of prevision, the author includes telepathy, autosuggestion, subliminal knowledge and inference therefrom, and abnormal acuity of the senses. Arrival cases—such as prognostication of the coming of a letter and of its contents, may be due to telepathy. Autosuggestion may occur when a person gets the idea that something is going to happen, such as a railway disaster, and makes a picture of it which he mistakes for a vision. Subliminal knowledge is what has sunk out of sight or has been received without notice.

After rigorously eliminating all cases in which these are possible, Mr. Saltmarsh finds 183 unquestionable cases, a selection of which he examines in a very capable and interesting manner. Towards the end of the book he gives a little space to the discussion of various theories of the nature of time which might possibly help to account for precognition, but does not endorse any one of them. The main point is the establishment of the fact, and this he does to perfection.

ERNEST WOOD

ENDS AND SAYINGS

[Below we print a few quotations culled from the writings of H. P. Blavatsky which our readers will be able to use, and many among them, we know, will, as seed-ideas for their meditations.—EDS.]

Our voice is raised for spiritual freedom, and our plea made for enfranchisement from all tyranny, whether of SCIENCE or THEOLOGY.

What I do believe in is: (1), the unbroken oral teachings revealed by living *divine* men during the infancy of mankind to the elect among men; (2), that it has reached us *unaltered;* and (3) that the MASTERS are thoroughly versed in the science based on such uninterrupted teaching.

No one can study ancient philosophies seriously without perceiving that the striking similitude of conception between all...is the result of no mere coincidence but of a concurrent design.

In the twentieth century of our era scholars will begin to recognize that the *Secret Doctrine* has neither been invented nor exaggerated, but, on the contrary, simply outlined; and finally, that its teachings antedate the Vedas.

From *Gods* to *men,* from Worlds to atoms, from a star to a rush-light, from the Sun to the vital heat of the meanest organic being—the world of Form and Existence is an immense chain, whose links are all connected. The law of Analogy is the first key to the world-problem, and these links have to be studied coordinately in their occult relations to each other.

Man-spirit proves God-spirit, as the one drop of water proves a source from which it must have come. Tell one who had never seen water, that there is an ocean of water, and he must accept it on faith or reject it altogether. But let one drop fall upon his hand, and he then has the fact from which all the rest may be inferred.

The identity of our physical origin makes no appeal to our higher and deeper feelings. Matter, deprived of its soul and spirit, or its divine essence, cannot speak to the human heart. But the identity of the soul and spirit, of real, immortal man, as Theosophy teaches us, once proven and deep-rooted in our hearts, would lead us far on the road of real charity and brotherly goodwill.

The person who is endowed with this faculty of thinking about even the most trifling things from the higher plane of thought has, by virtue of that gift which he possesses, a plastic power of formation, so to say, in his very imagination.

Altruism is an integral part of self-development. But we have to discriminate. A man has no right to starve himself *to death* that another man may have food, unless the life of that man is obviously more useful to the many than is his own life. But it is his duty to sacrifice his own comfort, and to work for others if they are unable to work for themselves.

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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*

THE ARYAN PATH

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ANXIETY

The world has been living in anxiety since last September when the bluff of might won a victory over moral weakness at Munich. Since then, Europe has experienced the Karma of broken promises—not a new phenomenon in the history of European nations. Britain and France have also to answer for their broken promises in the past.

A handful of men are responsible for the atmosphere of tense anxiety in which millions have been plunged. Fear prevailed in Britain and France when the Munich decision was taken; then fear passed and in March-April anxiety was born. These powerful democracies have evinced an undemocratic spirit in letting the small kingdoms fall prey to a wanton aggression; while they have been looking on, Karma has been making several entries against them. They have answered in the negative the question of their Scriptures: "Am I my brother's keeper?" This is understandable; for Britain and France have never made moral principles the guiding law of their governments, any more than have Italy, Germany and Russia; and it is not easy suddenly to act up to moral principles in an hour of crisis.

An individual loses his fear and anxiety when he takes a firm stand on the moral law and resolves to pay his debt honestly and to act towards others righteously, because he is convinced that the universe is governed by Law. The five Pandavas had nothing to fear or to be anxious about though the evil Duryodhana and his ninety-nine brothers were against them. The Kauravas had huge armies but the Pandavas had Shri Krishna as the charioteer.

President Roosevelt's appeal to the European nations is an opportunity for Europe where all the parties are Duryodhanic in nature, but where some at least can turn a new leaf. It is an opportunity for some Pandavas to arise. Will the Karma of Europe permit it?

THE FAILURE OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES

[L. A. G. Strong, poet, novelist and critic, wonders why we requested him to write on this subject. Though he be "well read neither in philosophy nor in theology", he is one who aspires to live the Christ teachings but who cannot always agree with ecclesiastical view-points. That is why; and our readers will agree that we are justified. He touches on what to thousands of men and women in Christendom seems the central problem to-day.—EDS.]

I am asked to write upon the thesis *"That the Christian churches have failed to live up to the teachings of Christ"*.

In the world of to-day, this thesis may seem self-evident. The teachings that rule our world, whatever they are, bear little resemblance to those of the Gospels. Even so, it is well to be clear what we are talking about. What is meant, first of all, by "the Christian churches"? Does this mean the entire body of worshippers? Or only the officials, the ecclesiastics? If it means the former, we might as well simplify the statement, and say "Christians". Yet, this can hardly be the meaning; since it is only courteous to assume that whoever put this thesis to me had a special meaning in his head, and would not use two words where one would do.

I will assume therefore that it is the executives, the priests, great and small, who have failed to carry out the teachings of their Master. If this is so, further questions arise. Have they failed individually, or as a body? We need hardly bother to assert that they have failed as individual souls; and, even if we did, this would take us into a lengthy examination of the sense in which we use the word "fail". Of course every Christian fails by the absolute standard. To make sense, we can talk only of comparative failure; a tendency downward instead of upward; a large failure, due to perversity or to inability to understand that what the individual or corporation is doing goes against the teachings of Christ.

The only sense in which the thesis will work is to take it as meaning that the massed ecclesiastics of the various Christian churches have, as corporate bodies, guided their flocks in the wrong direction, or failed to guide them in the right.

Now, obviously, no such thesis can be discussed by members of the Church of Rome, since for them Christ's teaching only exists as declared and interpreted by the Church. The other Christian bodies would be prepared to discuss it, and individual priests and ministers would be ready to admit it, though probably only to a limited degree.

In all cases, the first difficulty would concern the second term in the proposition. While there is agreement as to the general trend of Christ's teaching, there are many and acute differences about its application to individual cases in the modern world. If we examine that central affirmation, the Sermon on the Mount, we find that it is quite differently regard-

ed by theologians in, for instance, the Church of England. Some hold it as an absolute rule of conduct, binding upon all Christians in all circumstances, and blame a corrupt society for the undeniable difficulties which arise if one attempts to apply it. Others—see a recent series of articles in *The Spectator*—maintain that it is only a rule of spiritual conduct for such as are prepared to cut themselves off from the main body of their fellow beings and accept it. If you are going to lead a spiritual life, they say, then this is the rule by which you must lead it. There could hardly be a wider difference—and this within the same branch of the Christian Church.

Whether we look on it as a literally worded rule of conduct applicable to life to-day ; as a rule of conduct applicable to its own times, and needing adaptation to to-day ; or, following the man in the street, as an ideal which one could only hope to follow on the vaguest and most general lines ; the Sermon on the Mount is by no means the only statement of Christ's teaching. This teaching is contained in a series of precepts, parables and actions recorded by the four Gospels. These precepts, parables and actions are not always in complete accord one with the others, and the narratives which contain them have very properly been subjected to a scrutiny which does something to explain these discrepancies. Considering the circumstances in which the Gospels were set down, the discrepancies are amazingly small. There are, however, enough of them to enable those who wish Christ's justification for various courses of action to quote isolated texts in support of such action and puzzle their fellow-believers. The usual answer given is that we must consider the tendency of a whole body of teaching rather than press the application of a single text. From the common sense point of view, this is obviously sound ; but the man who quotes the isolated text can always retort that that body of teaching is made up of a large number of isolated texts, each of which is just as liable to be wrong as the one on which he takes his stand. Christ, I think we may say without presumption, nowhere showed His wisdom so clearly as in the wide, general terms of the few commandments He issued: terms which can be applied to every contingency at every time : and this is the real refutation of attempts to screw individual texts into support of actions or policies which appear contrary to the whole trend of His teaching.

We see this very clearly when we come to the broadest of the general charges brought against the Christian churches in the world to-day. It will be better, I think, if I keep my own views out of this article as far as I can, and concentrate instead on the general criticisms of Christian practice uttered by intelligent people. One man's opinion is negligible. (In any case, I cannot imagine why I have been asked to write on this subject. I have no special qualification for doing so, being well read neither in philosophy nor in theology.) But *many of the best and most civilised minds of our time are outside the churches, and stay outside,* for reasons which the churches do not controvert as

convincingly as they might. I write as one for whom the story and the teachings of Christ are unique and unsurpassed, and who would desire nothing so much as to live after that Pattern, but who cannot always agree with official interpretations of its letter or spirit.

It is perfectly obvious that, whatever the churches may be doing, the countries of the world to-day are not run in accordance with Christ's teaching. If they were, the world's goods would be better distributed, one man would not prosper through another's loss, and we should not be menaced by war.

It is this last thing, war, which is the most serious evidence against the churches. I know a great many people of various ages, sorts and positions, and I meet great numbers of young people. Few of them have any use for any kind of church, and the reason nearly all of them give, the accusation which they bring against the churches, the thing which above all others has earned the churches their contempt, is this complete failure to take a stand upon the question of war.

All the churches together will not convince sensitive and intelligent young men and women that Christ could possibly approve of modern warfare. They refuse to believe that He who healed the sick and bade His followers measure persons and institutions with the maxim, "By their fruits ye shall know them", could sanction a policy or a state of things in which men who feel no enmity for one another should stick bayonets in each other's bowels, should drop bombs upon women and children, should poison their fellow creatures with corrosive gases, should starve, harry and oppress them to the level of terrified animals. These and even worse things are the fruits of war. Yet there are ecclesiastics who, relying on Christ's action in clearing the temple of the money-changers and His statement that He came to bring, not peace, but a sword, would have us believe that we can engage in warfare—*i.e.*, in the above-named practices—with His blessing.

Seeking a reason, the young people of to-day perceive—to take one example—that, however proudly it may bear itself on occasion, the Church of England is dependent on the State. Its interest lies in maintaining the present structure of society and in supporting the State. It cannot declare itself against war without estranging a great number of its worshippers, and finding itself in immediate conflict with the State. The Church of Rome—I do not for a moment presume that it would wish to do so—the Church of Rome, though far more independent of control, cannot declare against war for similar reasons. I have the utmost respect for this great Church, even though like many other people I find its claims to be the one Church hard to receive: and I have taken the pains to be less grossly ignorant of it than are the majority of its critics. But it, too, has its problems of expediency. It was blamed, in the Great War, for not taking sides: but it had worshippers in both camps, all depending upon it for spiritual support. It was the keeper of many consciences.

No, when it comes to war,

the policy of the churches has been to bewail the admitted evil, blame the enemy for it, and do all that was possible for the individual combatant and sufferer. No church, so far as I know, has ever stood up boldly and denounced a war (not quite the same thing as war in general) for the abomination that it is. Because they did not consider it an abomination? If they did not, say the young, so much the worse for them. The issue, to the minds of the young, is simple. Either it is right to use bomb and bayonet and gas, or it is not. If it is not right, then no cause can make it so, and no cause can prosper which is prosecuted by such means.

W. B. Yeats used to say that the churches and the prophets of to-day erred through making things too easy. They came into the market-place and tried to compete with secular attractions for the people's attention. Instead, he claimed that the prophet should withdraw into the wilderness. When people came to seek him, he should throw stones at them. When they still persisted and, giving him no peace, pursued him into the ultimate hardship of the desert, then at last he should turn and give them of his wisdom, for they would have earned it.

There is much truth in this. No church or party which does not demand sacrifices can command the allegiance of youth. (The Communists have the sense to realise this. It is difficult to join them and their demands are exacting.) The persecutions which Christianity has been suffering in the old world and the new have this bright side to them, that they force people back to the elementary teachings of Christ: and the outlawed church, with nothing to lose, stands on its own basis and lets the state go hang. *We in England will get little help from our established Church until it ceases to be an unimportant branch of the Civil Service and expresses fearlessly the principles of its Master.*

This is a slight handling of a weighty theme, but it touches what to thousands of people to-day seems the central problem. In ordinary human administration we must have compromise. But, in the broad principles of the Christian life, there can be no compromise. Christ did not compromise. He was not polite to ecclesiastical bigwigs or to vested interests. He gave to the state what belonged to it—but did not allow it to decide what was right for Him and what was wrong. Infinitely gentle to the individual sinner, He did not mince words about the sin. If we can be confident of one thing in this world, it is that it is contrary to His teaching for decent chaps who ride in buses here to hate and maim and murder decent chaps who ride in buses in any other country.

It is equally contrary to His teaching for me to sell to another man what I know will make him lose, to take credit for what is not mine, to be envious of another's prosperity, to speak grudgingly or maliciously, or otherwise to fail in love of my neighbours. The churches will tell me this, and will be greatly shocked if I am attracted actively to more than one woman, or am unduly picturesque in my speech: but about this central monstrosity of war they are silent, and for reasons that do them

little credit. Only one Christian body known to me, the Quakers, speaks firmly on this question.

Now that the inventions of civilisation have brought the various countries so close to one another and made communication so easy, it can no longer be pretended that war is the only way to settle differences. There is to-day no excuse for war. It is unnecessary. The mass of the people realise this in every country. Given a really powerful support, they would not let their governments be pushed into war.

The Churches could abolish war tomorrow. Let us pray it does not come, for I doubt if they are our strongest shield against it.

L. A. G. STRONG

Mere physical philanthropy, apart from the infusion of new influences and ennobling conceptions of life into the minds of the masses, is worthless. The gradual assimilation by mankind of great spiritual truths will alone revolutionize the face of civilization, and ultimately result in a far more effective panacea for evil, than the mere tinkering of superficial misery. Prevention is better than cure. Society creates its own outcasts, criminals, and profligates, and then condemns and punishes its own Frankensteins, sentencing its progeny, the "bone of its bone, and the flesh of its flesh", to a life of damnation on earth. Yet that society recognises and enforces most hypocritically Christianity—*i.e.* "Churchianity". Shall we then, or shall we not, infer that the latter is unequal to the requirements of mankind? Evidently the former, and most painfully and obviously so, in its present dogmatic form, which makes of the beautiful ethics preached on the Mount, a Dead Sea fruit, a whitened sepulchre, and no better....

Whether the Jesus of the New Testament ever lived or not, whether he existed as a historical personage, or was simply a lay figure around which the Bible allegories clustered—the Jesus of Nazareth of Matthew and John, is the ideal for every would-be sage and Western candidate Theosophist to follow. That such an one as he, was *a* "Son of God", is as undeniable as that he was neither the *only* "Son of God", nor the first one, nor even the last who closed the series of the "Sons of God", or the children of Divine Wisdom, on this earth.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE MEGHNA CALLS, THE MEGHNA!

[Dr. Bhabani Bhattacharya is a writer especially on Indian historical subjects, whom we are glad to welcome among our contributors.—EDS.]

The village boatman knocked twice at the door.

Racing rain pattering in gay fury half muffled the sound. The boatman knocked again with his large fist, cleared his throat and shouted, "Be ye in, Mother? Be ye in, Siromani *mahasaya?*"

The long cry swept up through the age-worn, two-floored house. Siromani, the young priest of Durgapur, heard it in bed. His wife heard it, too, and his mother.

"Who calls in this dark night?" Siromani sat up, his hollow-cheeked face astrain.

The mother emerged from her room, holding a shiny brass oil lamp at arm's length. "I hear a voice", she said; "it sounds like the boatman's." She went out and groped down the stairs, followed by her son.

The wife slipped out of bed. Her heart was shivering. The waking scream of her one-vear-old child dragged her back. She pressed the child to her bosom. "Let no harm befall this family, let all be well, O Destroyer of Evil!"

The old mother unbolted the house door and thrust her face in the dark rain. Three tall figures stood by, beside a hollow wooden form. The boatman stepped forward, lamplight gleaming wetly on his bare chest.

"Mother, there is much danger. The Meghna is coming, the Meghna! The village Sukdanga gone. Wiped away. Man, beast, insect, all gone. The Meghna still rises. Durgapur will not see the sun. The waters will bury us. Do not fear. We have brought a *bhela* (rough-built boat). It will float. Save yourselves, Mother. We must go."

The figures plunged away in the night. Siromani, ashy-pale, beat his hands on his forehead. "*Hai, hai, Bhagwan,* what will happen? For what sin dost Thou punish Durgapur?" But the mother spoke no word. She turned, walked up in silence. At the top of the stairway she nodded her white head knowingly and said to herself: "The Meghna calls, the Cloud-fed calls!"

The last few years the river had not risen. Durgapur, long on the edge of peril, repeatedly ravaged, was sensing security. The Ganges spent its fury elsewhere and the Brahmaputra had mellowed its temper, so that the union of them, flowing down under the name of "Cloud-fed", kept within the limits of the alluvial banks. All went well. The Meghna spread more fertility than fear. But immense glaciers had now cracked in the far mountains and monsoon cloudbursts had deluged the land. The Meghna was its former self.

And Siromani knew its meaning. His father, the renowned priest of priests who for many years had spoken the holy words at every marriage and *sradh* and *upanayan* and *annaprasan* within a circle of twenty-five miles, had been drowned in the

flood. And that was a bare dozen years back. Siromani, then a youngster, had been away with his mother and her people on a pilgrimage to Benares. Back home, the widow brooded : " Why didn't I stay by my husband and die ? What good was my pilgrimage ? " And she answered herself: "Shiva wanted to protect the candle-flame of this family : my son, the only one left out of three. My widowhood is the price of his life. If he also had gone with the flood, who would be here to sprinkle the sacred water for the thirsty mouths of the forefathers in heaven ? "..... She bent her life to one purpose : to make the son worthy of the father's name. The boy, on his way to manhood, acquired much learning in the shastras, received the academic title of Siromani (Bejewelled-on-the-head) and became the priest of the village. The mother rejoiced, for the family tradition was upheld. Her own people had tried to mislead the youth. " Come away to the city ", they had said. " Learn a little English, and we shall find you a job in the Municipality. There's nothing in the priestly profession." But the mother hated this idea. She cast an anxious glance at the wooden sandals of the dead one. So much had been carried away in the maniac rush of the river, but the wooden sandals had remained in the house—half-buried in debris- as their clop-clop-clop, the sound of her husband's walking feet pacing the balcony, the rooms, the stairway, had remained in her ears. The sandals were a heritage for the son. He must wear them, he must be a new link in the chain. lengthening from century to century, of the old time-honoured order.

Siromani, frozen-hearted, opened a bedroom window and looked out. Night rose like a black encircling wall, sheeted with heavy rain. What was happening in the village homes, Siromani wondered. Was there a trek already through the paddy-fields, and through the swampy Meadow of the Man-Lion, to the high railway embankment ? The first to be submerged would be the low-lying horse-shoe of the Untouchables' Lane with its two-score mud huts jostling each other for space and breath. The river would relieve the congestion and effect a clean-up at one stroke. Then it would be the turn of the whole village. Cobbler and beggar and moneylender, peasant and priest, Hindu and Muslim, all would become one. His house being two-storied, the water could not reach the upper floor unless it rose four cubits. But could the weak clay foundations resist the onslaught ? Perhaps it would be safer to get into the *bhela* and float.

" Let no harm befall the family, let all be well, O Destroyer of Evil ", he heard his wife murmur repeatedly and turned to look at her. She sat in bed nursing her child, more a girl than a woman, thinned by many attacks of fever, her black hair streaming to the pillow. Siromani heaved a sigh.

" Wrap up the child in warm clothes, Malati ", he said. "Wrap yourself, too. The fever's still in you. We must get ready."

" Where is Mother ? " she cried hoarsely.

" Mother's telling her beads. Do

not fear. The flood will subside. Why did the boatman think of us when he has his own kith and kin to save? The *bhela* . . . . " He stopped; his ears were alert, straining to catch some distant sound. He pushed his head through the window.

" I hear a sort of zooming ", he cried breathlessly. " Is it the river? *Hai, hai,* must it come so soon? Even midnight has not passed. What will happen? Do not fear, Malati. Wrap the child. Wrap yourself. All will be well. I shall call Mother."

The mother was already at the door, her face strangely absorbed, her eyes hard and staring, as if they saw a vision.

" Get the *bhela* ready ", she said. " We have nothing but the *bhela.* We must float."

Mother and son went downstairs with a sooty kerosene lamp. Malati sat in bed with her child. " What peril is this? " she cried, and burst into tears. Her body heaved with sobs. The child whimpered sleepily. Malati sang a lullaby between her sobs :—

Baby sleeps, neighbours have peace,
then the robbers come,
Bulbuls have eaten the crop—how to
pay ransom?

Time passed. Siromani carried some provisions to the *bhela* and fastened it, as a sort of anchorage, to a stout pillar. When the flood came they would float in the little boat, but not be pushed downstream. The fastening rope was of ample length, being one used for drawing water from the village well, so that the *bhela* could be moved to a safe distance if the house gave way.

But it was a false alarm. Siromani had heard the flood in his heated imagination. Only the rain fell, a steady endless patter.

Mother and son returned to the bedroom. Malati drew her veil down, out of modesty and respect to the mother—but not before Siromani had glimpsed her tear-stained face.

" Could it not be that the Meghna took some other track?" he suggested, to console Malati. " Our village may escape. Is it for nothing that we live under the protection of the Man-Lion? "

The mother seemed far away. She began to speak to herself in a detached drugged voice. " That night was also dark, full of rain. The river comes two watches after dead of night. I can still hear the sound. It's like the sea rolling. I was in Benares. I heard the sound from Benares. All day my right eye had danced and I knew evil would come. I sat up in bed after midnight. I had hammer-strokes in my brain. I screamed. I saw the father of my child gasping for air, and there was no air."

Malati wept aloud. She was trembling. Siromani begged : " Stop, Mother, stop. What has come upon you? " He wished that the flood would speed up. The suspense of waiting was shattering their nerves.

Then he heard the zooming again, as if in answer to his prayer, and knew that this time it was reality, not fancy. The distant clamour was like the rapid passing of many railway trains over great steel bridges. It moved nearer and nearer. The mother listened, smiled strangely and said : "The Meghna calls, the Cloud-fed calls! "

"Come, let's get ready", Siromani croaked. Malati sprang out of bed. She bent herself and took the dust from the mother's feet and her husband's feet. The child in her arms, she stood by the doorway, waiting.

Siromani gazed at her, and sudden bitter regret troubled his mind. Why had he not gone away to the city, years ago, when he had the chance, learnt the alien tongue and become a clerk in the municipality? City folk were safe from floods. They suffered less often from malaria. Why had he stayed in the wretched village?

Tensely they waited. The rush of sounds rose to a roar. Siromani stepped to the window. The river had arrived. It was swirling by, carrying corpses and carrion and live cows, goats, dogs (so he imagined, eyes fastened on the night). Minute by minute the saffron-hued waters, churned to foam, would swell and rise. There was no time to lose. The house might topple.

"Come, hurry", he cried, turning quickly. He picked up the kerosene lamp and led the way. They were waist-deep in water before they climbed into the boat rocking at the house door. The palm-leaf thatch overhead was no protection from rain. Malati covered the sleeping child with her sari's folds.

They sat a long while, drenched, shivering, fascinated by the scene of dreadful havoc, while the boat dragged and struggled in the sweep of the current. Then the mother cried tonelessly: "What disastrous folly, my son!"

"What is it, Mother?"

"The Holy Stone. We forgot to bring Him with us. Row up to the door, my son. I must fetch the Holy Stone."

"No, no, Mother", Siromani exclaimed, alarmed. "We can't go there. It's a death-trap, Mother."

She smiled. "Do not argue, my son. Obey. The Holy Stone has stayed in our family for ten generations. How can you forsake the ever-awake deity? A curse would fall upon us—the end of the family line, my son. Ply back to the doorway. And you must stay with my daughter. Do not fear on my account."

She was smiling, but there was steel in her voice. Siromani obeyed her in silence. It was hard work to push the *bhela* against the current. He reached the house door at last, breathless with effort. The mother descended, holding the kerosene lamp. She waded away.

The Holy Stone was in a niche in the bedroom wall. The mother had to fumble for it a long while. As she picked it up, the floor rocked under her feet, the wall crumbled down, and the mother went headlong into the flood-water. She tried to scramble up. The river rushed her forward....

Siromani, watching with pounding heart, saw a lantern whisk by, and he saw, vaguely, the forlorn hand of his mother. He screamed and was about to throw himself after her when the child in Malati's arms began to cry. And he heard Malati's voice faintly, as though she half-whispered: "If you also go, who will tend this dim candle flame of the family?"

Siromani hung back. He clutched the planks of the boat. The lamp, the hand plunged away.

BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

THE METAPHYSICS OF GENIUS

[In this article Merton S. Yewdale puts forward a few ideas on the important subjects of the birth and activity of Genius; his speculations approximate some truths of the Esoteric Philosophy but he is not correct in assuming that "no one ever seems to have predicted the coming of a man of genius". H. P. Blavatsky has explained the Law under which all the prominent characters in the annals of sacred or profane history incarnate cycle by cycle.—EDS.]

Throughout history there have appeared ever so often among the peoples of Earth, certain individuals who bear all the signs of having been born for a kind of work which is not only inevitable but destined. Yet while these individuals have been something of a confraternity through the ages, their lives and characters have greatly varied. Some of them have been shy of life, and so solitary that hardly any one knew of their existence. Some have lived in little groups, working in the poverty of their surroundings, but in the wealth of their dreams. Some have lived in conventional comfort; and not only have they continued to do their destined work, but they have had the time and the energy to take part in the practical life of the world.

But however they all may have differed in the details of their personal life, they have always been of one accord in dedicating their powers to bringing into existence works of æsthetic beauty that have enriched the lives of men and women through the ages. These gifted individuals are the world's men of genius, and their works are those of the four fine arts—music, poetry, painting and sculpture.

At first view, man lives primarily in the material world and is closely attached to it, with the feeling that the spiritual world is outside of himself and beyond him. Actually, he lives between the two worlds, and their forces flow into him from either side. The material world brings its energies so that he may develop his physical powers as well as the resources of Earth. The spiritual world brings its ethical riches so that his life on Earth may be spiritualized and he may thus be kept from falling to the level of sheer materialism. The ideal man is he in whom the spiritual and material worlds unite in a perfect equilibrium. But man in general falls short of that balance; he inclines too much to one side or the other. Thus, failing to achieve it himself or achieving it for a time and then losing it, he yearns to see it achieved in some form in which it is permanent. It is in works of art that he recognizes his ideal of the permanent equilibrium.

So far as the human mind is able to determine, the spiritual and material worlds are the only ones which came forth in the Great Beginning. Yet there is a third world—the æsthetic, which comes into existence through the man of genius as medium. It is in him that the spiritual and material worlds not only meet, but periodically issue forth united in works of art, which he alone has the power to beget, and which in turn contribute to the embodiment of

the æsthetic world. Without the man of genius, there would be no æsthetic world, and consequently no works of art.

Where the man of genius differs from ordinary men is that he lives largely in the world of himself. Into him the spiritual and material worlds also flow, but as into a sanctuary where they offer their resources for his works. From the spiritual world he receives his visions of the Eternal Ideas, the intuitive understanding of the essential harmony and equilibrium of the universe, the gift of hearing with his inner ear, as in music and poetry, and of seeing with his inner eye, as in painting and sculpture. From the material world he receives the substance for his works, the cosmic energy necessary for their formation and the technique to give them the universal form that will insure their continuance throughout time.

The purpose of the man of genius is to give æsthetic form to his visions by representing the universal in the particular. His ultimate achievement is, that in his works he effects a union of the spiritual and material worlds by imposing upon the amorphous substance of the material world, the order of the spiritual world.

It is the man of talent who *creates* works of art ; the man of genius *gives birth* to them. The first is the conscious act of a man who elects to construct from material outside of himself ; the second is the instinctive act of a man who yields to the command of the Divine Energy to submit to the birth of substance within himself. The man of talent is like a builder who constructs a building ; the man of genius is like a woman who brings a child into the world. For the word genius comes from the Latin *gigno*, meaning, " I beget."

But there is a further and profounder difference between the two kinds of men, which is revealed in their origins. The man of talent is of the male species and a member of the race which for millions of years has been divided into two sexes. But while the man of genius is also male outwardly and a member of the present race, he is inwardly male and female ; that is, his ethereal or astral body is bisexual or androgynous, and thus a representation of the inner physical formation of the race of androgynes, who lived many, many millions of years before our race and who self-reproduced their own kind.

That such a race of primordial beings once lived on this Earth and that our race evolved from it, is clear, not only from vestigial evidence in the race of to-day, but from references in the writings of Plato and Lucretius ; in the Puranas, the Zohar, the Kabala, and Genesis ; and principally in " The Book of Dzyan ", portions of which Madame Blavatsky translated and interpreted in her chief work, *The Secret Doctrine.*

It is in the man of genius that the androgyne continues its function ; but instead of reproducing himself, the man of genius brings forth works of art—first the conception of the idea, then the gestation of the substance, lastly the birth of the work itself in the form of music, poetry, painting or sculpture.

Works of art are symbols of the great drama of the universe, when in the Beginning it first emerged as

chaos and then took form, and when the mighty celestial bodies rolled into their appointed places and in silent majesty began their heavenly movement. For the primary elements which go to make up a work of art—subject-matter, form, balance and rhythm—are from the world of the universal. The subject-matter comes from the Eternal Ideas; the form from the essential unity of the universe, in which all its parts are related in a harmonious whole; the balance from the cosmic force which maintains the heavenly bodies in their relative positions; the rhythm from the measured movement of the heavenly bodies within the universe. Only the particular characteristics of works of art indicate when and where they first appeared in Earth life. Works of art have their roots in the past, they grow in the present, and come finally to maturity in the future, where they are understood and prized. For just as art works when they appear are primarily for a future generation whose emotional and intellectual consciousness is different from that of the contemporary generation, so the man of genius possesses within himself a corresponding consciousness, which is transmitted to his works. Within him also are the feminine intuition and the masculine reason, by which he feels and thinks his works before they have emerged into the world. Likewise, there are reflected in him the universal elements—subject-matter, form, balance and rhythm, by which all works acquire their universality; for it is the man of genius who is truly the microcosm of the universe. But as soon as the art works are completed, they take on a meaning in the particular, which brings them closer to the understanding of people in general. The subject-matter becomes an idea or an object which is related to life and recognizable in it. The form becomes a symbol of man's inborn desire to bring order out of disorder. The balance corresponds to the symmetrical construction of the human body and to man's love of proportion in all things. The rhythm corresponds to the ordered movement of the days, months, and years, the seasons and the tides, as well as to the human love of measured sound and movement. Thus works of art completely satisfy, in a universal and a particular sense, our innate desire to see the Eternal Ideas presented in perfect form, balance and rhythm, and to observe them æsthetically interpreted in compositions of universal and permanent harmony.

In past centuries, when the multitudes were largely uneducated, art was only for the cultured few. In modern times, it is for all people, not only because they are much more enlightened and because it develops their sense of æsthetic beauty, but principally because it opens up a new world of vision and provides a new outlet for their energies which are frequently restricted and sometimes frustrated amid the confines of regimented life in the modern world.

Art is not the means of an escape from life, but instead a master collection of works in which every feeling and thought in the whole human gamut may find instantaneous and sympathetic response. A work in a bright major key symbolizes in general the idea of evolution or coming into life in the visible world. In a

sombre minor key, it symbolizes the idea of involution or returning to the invisible world whence everything came. Also, the stricter its form, the nearer the work approaches the spiritual world and breathes the spiritual life. With freer form, it approaches the everyday life of the practical world.

Works of art are for the young and the old, and for both sexes; for men of genius, like the universe, are ever young and ever old, and their works are therefore ageless and timeless. Also, because of their androgyny, men of genius are able to represent in their works, with equal skill and understanding, both male and female characters and forms. The direction of a civilization may be determined by the spirituality or materiality of its art works. Likewise, as a civilization inclines, so do its men of genius, who reflect in their works something of that to which the civilization aspires. Yet the greatest works of art are more than records of the aspirations of individual civilizations : they are the immortal record of man's hopes and ideals which he has ever held aloft on his journey through the ages.

Nothing is stranger than that, while astronomers can predict the unusual movements of the heavenly bodies, and seers the coming of great events, no one ever seems to have predicted the coming of a man of genius. He is like a new star which is born in the universe, but which does not become visible until its light has come among men on Earth. Apparently, no one ever suspected that a little boy in Ancient Greece would become Homer ; or a boy in India, the poet Kalidasa; or a boy in Germany, the composer Bach ; or a boy in Italy, the painter Da Vinci. Nor have men of genius generally been born of illustrious parents. On the contrary, practically all of them came from humble parents ; and the history of genius shows that the humbler the mother and therefore the nearer to Nature, the greater the man—which is perfectly logical, since the energy of Nature is one of the physical elements which are highly necessary to the man of genius in bringing forth his works. But linked to this force of Nature is the clairvoyant power of the Spirit, by which he perceives the eternal beauty of things that he imparts to his works and leaves as a legacy to all men and for all time. For the man of genius is but an instrument of Destiny, and his masterpieces belong not to him, but to the ages forever.

MERTON S. YEWDALE

PATERNALISM IN INDUSTRY

[**George Godwin** is the author of *Cain, or the Future of Crime, The Eternal Forest, Empty Victory, Discovery,* and other novels. He is a frequent contributor to English, American and Canadian newspapers and periodicals, and is well-known to readers of THE ARYAN PATH.

The article we print below will give food for thought to those who regard our industrial system as a Golden Age for the actual worker. People tend to emphasize the progress that has been made from the evil days of the early nineteenth century and to forget that our present system has imposed a slavery no less binding than that of the system it has superseded. Mr. Godwin brings out very clearly the demoralising effects on the individual of the ever-growing influence which the employer tends to exercise over the personal life of the worker. We should guard against every such encroachment against personal liberty in a world where the spirit of Nazism is abroad and where dictators claim to take a "paternal" interest in the ordering of their people's lives.—EDS.]

The Industrial Revolution brought with it a radical alteration in the relations between employer and employed. Before the coming of the machine commerce and industry had two characteristics that passed with that vast change. First, there had always existed a personal relationship between employer and employed; secondly, since most work was done with the hand, there was general pride in workmanship and delight in the practice of the homely crafts. The machine destroyed both these valuable and beautiful things: the relationship of master and apprentice, the former the repository of traditionary knowledge, the latter its last-forged link; and the joy that belonged to the satisfaction of that deeply-rooted impulse to create.

Industry became, at a stroke of mechanical genius, inhuman, and what appeared to early Victorian eyes as a period of advancement and increase of wealth was, when seen in retrospect at this distance of time, actually one of retrogression, if one considers it in terms of human values. The dehumanization of industry brought with it the foul conditions of the first factories when, in practice, the complacent Victorian capitalist made his firm denial to the proposition that we are our brother's keepers.

Changes in public opinion, expressed in a series of Acts of Parliament, have swept that vast reservoir of misery away. To-day, those who work in industry are protected from the obvious evils and, in most big firms, find decent and even excellent physical conditions of work.

The pendulum, it is trite to remark, swings in both directions. Yesterday the owner ground the faces of the factory poor; to-day, the big owners vie with one another in welfare schemes and every kind of activity designed to promote better health for the workpeople, better pay, security for old age and a host of other benevolent expressions of a sensed responsibility.

Yet, despite all this, there are aspects of the modern industrial world as horrible as anything in the

Victorian era. And these aspects of industry are horrible because they stand between the workpeople in industry and such self-fulfilment as comes only with full function and normal growth.

There are two evils in modern industry. First, the deprivation involved in the process of making by machinery.

The man who, fifty years ago, prided himself that he could file a piece of iron to an inch square with no more than 1/500 inch of error, today earns his bread by the repetition of a few elementary physical motions that leave the whole of his intricate and wonderful physical and spiritual being without occupation. I once watched a man fitting the wheels of motor cars with tyres. He had reduced his task to about fifteen movements. *He had been doing that for more than ten years for eight hours a day.* There recently retired from the service of a great firm famous for its paternalism a man who, for the whole of a working life of more than thirty years, had spent his days cracking walnuts by hand!

It would be possible to multiply such examples indefinitely; but the two cited will suffice. And they raise this question: What has the advance in the conditions of work in factories given this man that can be said to be a fair recompense for his loss of the joy of creative work?

Ask that question in the proper quarter and you will be told that he has shorter working hours, a paid holiday, a contributory pension scheme, medical services, clubs, athletic grounds and so on and so forth. And those who provide him with these things would feel really aggrieved if you were to hint even that such sops are scant compensation for what the worker has lost.

Labour conditions in modern factories are inhuman. That is the central fact that has to be faced. They are inhuman because they deprive the workers of the joy of work and of creative endeavour. The fact that it would seem to be inevitable does not change the circumstance that it is a vast tragedy of wasted talent and lost potential ability.

Let me turn next to the second aspect of industrialism which has many dubious qualities. I refer to the result of paternalism upon those who are the objects of it.

Now, it is obvious that the life cycle of man follows the pattern of all organic things. He is first a babe, next a child and last an adult. During infancy and childhood the orbit about which he revolves is the father. The father represents the source of all that is good. He is also the fount of justice and the dispenser of punishment. Normally, at maturity, a child leaves the paternal roof, terminates the parental authority and becomes, in turn, the parent.

But for the worker in industry the natural father is replaced by the benevolent employer functioning as father surrogate. The result is an induced infantilism in the worker. That infantilism is both bad and wasteful, the first perhaps because of the second.

Take a normal man or woman, impose upon him or her the task of securing the wherewithal of life for the performance of low-grade work

making no demands upon the higher centres, physical or mental, and leaving the emotional life untouched, and you get atrophy.

Take from this worker the necessity for making any kind of effort of will; do for him all those things he should do only for himself, give him amusements, diversions, education (so called) and even a garden to walk in,—and you rob him of his maturity. He remains an adult child, undeveloped, a half-formed thing.

This needs to be said because such activities as those mentioned are extolled and advanced to justify and even to glorify industry operating as the handmaiden of Gain.

What is the remedy for a state of things that is the more dangerous because the danger is not readily recognized?

First, perhaps, it will be necessary to transfer the production of all necessities to the community and thus to abolish the real end-object of all the pseudo-philanthropy now practised by big industry.

If the world's work calls for much mechanized labour, that labour can be equally shared, as the duty of service is equally shared by all in countries where conscription is in force. The idea is not new, but old. Tolstoi advanced it, suggesting that all should contribute forty days 'bread labour' in the year.

What other solution is there to a problem which involves the virtual masked slavery of millions? You may object that slavery is a hard word. It is, but its essence is deprivation of opportunity to function and subservience to the will and the good of others.

Modern workers in industry whose lives centre about the great modern factory and its ancillary activities become the termite citizens of a state within the State. And thus industry creates a third social unit, midway between the family and the State—the industrial entity operating as father surrogate.

A picture of the modern world reveals what happens when men foolishly surrender their liberty to autocrats and hand their lives to political dictators. We see peoples once famed for their culture descending into a condition of slave-like obedience to authority.

Those evils are inherent in the form of industrialism that is to-day making men and women into automata in the masked interest of profits. It constitutes, properly seen, a trespass upon the human spirit. It harms equally the employer with the employed.

For the man who exercises great power over those who must turn to him for their daily bread runs the risk of acquiring a lust to manage the lives of others and, with it, a false and exaggerated notion of the worth of his own view-point.

This tendency to interfere with the private lives of workers is becoming more and more pronounced. By what right, for example, does a very large employer of unskilled and semi-skilled girl labour stipulate that the moral characters of the girls employed by him must be of the highest standard? We have only to imagine the reaction of such an employer were an employee to apply a reciprocal test!

That paternalism is an aspect of modern industry with much to be said against it is fairly clear. What is less clear is the remedy.

Just twenty years ago an Indian writer suggested that industry will find redemption when its only criteria are the beauty and intrinsic worth and usefulness of its products. How far modern industry is from that fine ideal a glance at the Press makes clear. There, in the advertising columns are to be found lies, half lies, and gross mis-statements of all kinds. They are made to support the commodities that are thrust at the potential buyer that those who make them may be made thereby so much the richer.

While gain is the real and actual end and object of production, industry will continue to operate against the interests of the workers and of those for whom they work.

Paternalism of this sort is bad : it is bad for the individual upon whom it is expended, reducing him to a state of infantilism ; it is bad for the father surrogate, inducing in him exaggerated ideas of his worth and of the worth of his enterprises and philanthropy.

GEORGE GODWIN

" To let the Light manifest where deep shadows darken the industrial world, all of us, and not only labourites and capitalists, must acquire a new view of industry and commerce. These at present are regarded as materialistic, and we are apt to look upon them as soul-corroding, beauty-destroying, mind-enslaving instruments of the Devil. That is not altogether wrong as things are at present. But we must endeavour to change that ; and on the principle that what you think that you become, we must set out to acquire the view that industry, trade and commerce are fundamentally and in essence spiritual, and then follow up by an effort at manifesting that view in action—individualistic or institutional. The science of industrialism is generally believed in ; its art side is beginning to impress itself on the popular mind ; but industrialism as a religion, with its ethics, philosophy, mysticism and esotericism, is not even thought of. The production of good, true and beautiful commodities by free men of soul-force under democratic conditions—that should be our cry. We must seriously endeavour not only to make it known, but also to realise it in active life."

SCIENCE AND SPIRITUAL REALISATION

[P. Nagaraja Rao is at present a Fellow of the Philosophy Research Department of the University of Madras. In this article he examines the merits and demerits of Science, its possibilities and limitations; and points out that Spiritual Realisation has to come to the rescue of Science so far as the study of "the fundamental values (Truth, Beauty, Goodness and Happiness)" is concerned. As he rightly mentions: "The ruthless analysis of the scientist has reduced nature, the bride of the bards, to a skeleton of rattling bones, cold and dreadful."—EDS.]

The last fifty years have seen revolutionary changes in both science and religion. Our age is preëminently an age of science. The West till very recently equated knowledge with science. What science could not discover or teach, mankind could not learn. The rationalists have held that knowledge derived through other sources than science is nonsense. Hence the urge of the great prophets of science to build up the scientific outlook. The contribution of science is twofold: (1) The creation and construction of a scientific society which makes use of scientific technique and helps men to do away with physical labour; and (2) the creation of the scientific temper.

Scientific technique is comparatively a recent factor. But the scientific temper is as old as the Greeks.[1] The ancient Greeks felt an intense love for Nature. They perceived the beauty of the stars, the seas, the mountains, and the winds. Their thoughts dwelt upon them, and they yearned for a more intimate understanding of the phenomena of Nature than mere outward contemplation would yield. It was this contemplative urge which gave the first impulse to scientific knowledge. Thales, Anaxagoras, Heraclitus, and a host of Greek thinkers laid the foundation of modern Physics. The first impulse to science is born of the love of knowledge and not of the need for manipulation. Knowledge has been sought throughout the history of civilization with two divergent aims. We may seek to know an object because we love to contemplate it or in order to manipulate and control it. The former aim produces the contemplative type, *e.g.*, the mystic, the poet and the lover. The latter knowledge enables us to manipulate Nature's forces with the help of science and its technique.

The development of science has successfully suppressed the mystery element in Nature, the contemplation of which laid the very foundation of science. The power-impulse reached its zenith in the industrialism of the nineteenth century. It has perfected a governmental technique for the dictators of modern Europe. It has created a philosophy of its own. The Pragmatism of James and the Instrumentalism of Dewey are the results of this power-impulse. Truth is defined as that which is useful. Science offers astonishingly powerful tools for men to produce changes in their environment. Scientific technique has changed the face of our very life. Man has learned to fly in

1. Far older, we would say; as old as thinking man.—EDS.

the air and to move under water, and the ether is at his command. Drudgery has been reduced to a minimum; leisure is being made possible for all. Men are able to live to-day in considerable security.

The advantages of science are the direct result of this power-impulse. But the spirit in which the changes have been effected has nothing in common with the genuine scientific temper. These practical mechanics are full of a sense of limitless power, of arrogant certainty. They want to manipulate men's minds by the application of laws of Dietetics and Bio-Chemistry, and thus help modern dictators in creating totalitarian states. But this power-impulse, *i.e.*, the manipulating skill, was in the early stages a mere camp follower in the army of knowledge. It has now suddenly usurped command by virtue of its unforeseen success. Governed by utility, it has become a tyrant of nature.

But scientific technique is not without its defects. There is unavoidable tragedy in the working of power. Absolute power is almost bound to be badly used. There is an inevitable psychology about the way the power-impulse works itself out. The holders of power generally take power itself to be the greatest End.

But power in itself is not an evil. Power and knowledge are in themselves neutral. "Knowledge is good; ignorance is evil; power is neutral" — to these principles no sane man will offer objection. It is by the use to which power is put that we judge it. Power should subserve noble ends and not set itself up as an end. There is something inevitable and dynamic in the use of power. The holders of power cannot rest content; rest is not for them. They will be perpetually engaged in some fresh manipulation. Hence the necessity to check the use of power. Science has delivered us from the bondage of Nature, and we must take care not to become the slaves of science in its turn.

The second contribution of science is the creation of the *scientific temper*. The scientist begins with the empirical study of facts and makes significant observations. From the data supplied by observation he draws sufficiently probable generalizations through the application of induction. Then he erects a few hypotheses and verifies them. The scientist sets at naught authority and tradition, and believes only what the evidence indicates. He does not approach the study of facts with any preconceived theory of Reality. He studies the facts of Nature in the hope that he may be able to predict possible future occurrences. The scientific temper is cautious, tentative, broad and accurate. Its main principle is the understanding of Nature and not the establishment of this or that theory. The scientific temper is an invaluable corrective to the defects of ordinary knowledge, *viz.*, vagueness, cocksureness, and self-contradictoriness. The scientist strives after precision and minimises the possibilities of error, though he cannot totally abolish them. Where evidence is lacking, the true scientist suspends judgment and does not recklessly repudiate.

Madame Blavatsky, it may be mentioned, while praising Science as "organized common sense", rightly objected to the tendency of "its more

ardent exponents" who "overstepping the limits of observed phenomena in order to penetrate into the arcana of Being, attempt to wrench the formation of Kosmos and its *living* Forces from Spirit, and attribute all to blind matter".

Man's *inner*, spiritual, psychic, or even moral, nature cannot be left to the tender mercies of an ingrained materialism; for not even the higher psychological philosophy of the West is able, in its present incompleteness and tendency towards a decided agnosticism, to do justice to the inner; especially to his higher capacities and perceptions, and those states of consciousness, across the road to which such authorities as Mill draw a strong line, saying "So far, and no farther shalt thou go." (*The Secret Doctrine* I. 636)

The genuine scientist believes that science at best can yield only sufficiently probable results and not absolutely certain truths. Probability is the chief shibboleth of science to-day. Science engenders the rationalistic attitude—the refusal to believe in conventions and institutions merely because we find them existing. It provides a good channel for the critical, inventive and enquiring spirit of man. Besides these direct advantages the scientific temper produces certain salutary effects on the mind. Sanity and a Stoical attitude are characteristics of the scientific mind. Science claims to emancipate us from the struggles of daily life; it can engender detachment from things of this world. There is a sense in which the scientific temper may be said to approach the religious attitude. It is a bold attitude to life. Its dangers are dangers not of death, but of life.

But the scientific temper fails to discover the whole truth and the picture of the world which it gives is a dry statement of formulas and equations. The ruthless analysis of the scientist has reduced nature, the bride of the bards, to a skeleton of rattling bones, cold and dreadful. Certain aspects of life do not come within the purview of science. The fundamental values (Truth, Beauty, Goodness and Happiness) cannot be studied with the help of scientific formulas. The scientist tends to confuse the real with the rational. Absorbed in the investigation of natural phenomena which can be counted, measured and experimented upon, he has ignored the deeper elements in human life which are mathematically indeterminable. The scientific pattern is incomplete; the complexities of life cannot be resolved by simple formulas. In human life there is a residue of irrationality and waywardness which must be allowed for. The ills of our world therefore cannot be banished by the adoption of any single set of reforms — Socialism (any of the many types), Pacifism, Fascism or formal Sanatana Dharma. Finally, the scientific temper if carried to its logical limit would lead to the conviction that life is purposeless and the universe a cruel practical joke. And this attitude if applied to practical life would result in moral chaos.

To make of Science an integral *whole* necessitates, indeed, the study of spiritual and psychic, as well as physical Nature. (*The Secret Doctrine* I. 588)

The great change that needs to be effected in the use of power cannot be carried out by mechanical means or political adjustments. It has to be effected by *spiritual education* which endows life with purpose and helps

men to realise the fundamental unity of things. It is only spiritual realization that can guide the intellect in the proper path. Without the certain awareness of the fundamental unity the need for the practice of ethical virtues cannot be perceived. Religion is that kind of education by which human beings can become better and improve their relations with one another. Non-violence, charity and other virtues are the practical consequences of such faith and realization. Great economic and political reforms can be carried out only in the proper psychological and spiritual context. Most of the large-scale reforms in the world to-day do not in fact eradicate evils, but only deflect them from one channel to another. Real reform must suppress evil at its source, *i.e.*, in the individual. What we need to-day is *individual remaking* and not the spurious reforming of society. Writes H. P. Blavatsky :

> To seek to achieve political reforms before we have effected a reform in *human nature is like putting new wine into old bottles.* Make men feel and recognise in their innermost hearts what is their real, true duty to all men, and every old abuse of power, every iniquitous law in the national policy, based on human, social or political selfishness, will disappear of itself. Foolish is the gardener who seeks to weed his flower-bed of poisonous plants by cutting them off from the surface of the soil, instead of tearing them out by the roots. No lasting political reform can be ever achieved with the same selfish men at the head of affairs as of old. (*The Key to Theosophy*, p. 194)

Human nature can be changed and the behaviour patterns which men have built can be remade only if the proper spiritual means are adopted. It is the neglect of these that has made twentieth century political thinking incredibly primitive; the nation is personified as a living being with passions and desires, superhuman in size, but subhuman in morality. It is blindness to such methods that has made scientific technique the most dangerous menace to our lives. We live in an atmosphere of militant nationalism and air-bombing. "We are taught to fly in the air like birds and learn to swim in the water like fishes, but how to live on earth, we do not know." A peaceful atmosphere can be created only by the cultivation of the virtues through the spiritual realization of the unity of life and of the value of the individual. The *Katha Upanishad* (I. 3. 11) says, "There is nothing higher than *Purusha* (the Individual) in the scheme of life. Beyond that Individual there is nothing. This is the final and the supreme goal." The realization of this truth spurs us on to right activity. Without such realization scientific knowledge and scientific temper are of no use.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

THE CHILD AND RELIGION

[**Elizabeth Cross** has had an interesting educational career. For six years she taught at Bertrand Russell's co-educational Boarding-School, where she met many philosophers of many nations—East and West. Her chief interests are the study of Nature in a country environment and the study of human beings of all types and nations.

The following article well brings out the fundamental weakness—ignorance—of those parents who do not take the trouble to define their own religion as it expresses itself in their attitude to life, in their tastes and behaviour, and in their day-to-day actions. This defining process must lead the sincere parent to inquire into psychological and philosophical principles. The views of H. P. Blavatsky, to be found in *U. L. T. Pamphlet No. 35*, should prove helpful.—EDS.]

To-day is a time of search in spiritual and religious matters. Just as we may designate the Middle Ages as an Age of Belief, so we may come to speak of this present age as an Age of Hope, of Search, of Reason. We have passed through a reaction from faith, a time of destruction and unbelief attended by very great sorrows, and are just beginning to get in touch again with the greater mysteries of life. All these changes have had a profound effect on the religious education of children.

In the past and, in some communities, to-day, there was, and is, no doubt as to the right way in which to educate the child in spiritual matters. Such people are fortunate in that they have no need to worry about so serious a problem. They believe they know what is right and so can go ahead in faith. These people need no further help; it would be an impertinence to offer it. At the same time *we must recognise a vast number of serious parents and others deeply concerned with child welfare, who, honestly, have not settled their own religious and spiritual problems* and are diffident about giving any advice whatsoever to the younger generation. It is to these that a few suggestions may be helpful.

In reaction from their own childhood, when an organised religion may have been "thrust down their throats" with insufficient explanation or a misunderstanding of the child-mind, they may have decided to leave their own children perfectly "free". By leaving them free they have usually meant leaving them ignorant, giving no religious instruction whatsoever and saying that later on, when the children are old enough, then they can choose for themselves. This position is an understandable one, and one can sympathise with the aim, that of keeping an open mind on such an important subject,—but is it wise?

In these same people, those who believe in leaving the child "free", we often find a real fear of any religious or spiritual discussion. They are often very much averse to any such topics being discussed in their children's presence, although the children themselves are showing the

liveliest interest. This in itself shows that they realise, although often unconsciously, the vital importance of the subject they are deliberately shelving.

What can we do, those of us who are searching, who believe perhaps that God, or the Universal Mind, or whatever Force we are beginning to apprehend, makes itself manifest in so many various ways and through so many paths,—what are we to do when we have the opportunity of helping children? Surely we can follow educational science here, in this important matter, as well as in those other subjects that may be less vital. Modern educationists emphasise, always, the need for child-study. Guided by the child's own nature, own interests and impulses we cannot go far wrong in our teaching. Let us apply this idea to religion.

This helps us at once, for if we are going to follow the child's own interests he is *immediately* going to lead us into religious, spiritual, ethical and moral discussions. In following the child we may find, very truly, that a little child shall lead us, and lead us farther than we had thought to go. But we shall all benefit by the search. It will be necessary to be quite truthful regarding our own position. This is where so many people stumble; they may wish their children to feel the benefits of organised religion perhaps, while feeling no conviction in their own hearts, and so try to pretend. This has always bad results, for *children have an innate sense of the sincerity of others.*

If, as so often happens, our beliefs vary from time to time, from mood to mood, let us say so. The greatest saints have experienced this, sometimes in such severe forms that they speak of complete loss of faith. We can only try, and our efforts are bound to vary; the children will understand this. It is quite simple to say to them, "Sometimes I believe there is a great plan and everything seems nearly plain, and I begin to see everything fitting in. Other times I don't understand at all, and the whole world seems horrible." That is, at least, honest, and will help them to think for themselves.

In following the child's own interests we shall discover a very definite religious impulse, accompanied by emotions of awe and wonder which may be awakened in very many different ways. Of course we cannot know what is happening to any particular child except by being patiently sympathetic when any discussions are involved, and by interpreting stray remarks, being shown perhaps a poem or story, or sometimes a song that has been made. Some children have a peculiarly tender kinship with nature, both animate and inanimate, and their most exquisite religious moments may be bound up with bird-song or the first faint hints of Spring. *Very little is known of the mystic experiences of childhood, partly because they are so precious and intimate, partly through lack of sympathetic interpretation;* however, many people have their own memories that assure them that no child is too young to have these moments of vast importance.

In following up this religious interest we may be sure that we are acting in the child's interest. It is

far more cruel to rob the child of its religious inheritance than to keep it in ignorance of the literature and music of the community. To consider the matter in a narrower sense, also, we surely ought to give every child some knowledge of the religious background of the community in which it lives. Besides appealing to the religious impulse, this will also give more insight into the lives of the people among whom he is living. This religious background, with the appropriate literature, mythology, forms of worship, etc., will of course vary, from country to country, and should always be supplemented by giving information about other forms of religion.

Children may be told appropriate stories, taken to suitable services and helped to enter into the religious life of the community. It is a deprivation to a child to witness happy colourful spectacles going on around him in which he has no part. Community life is essential for the child if he is to grow up to be an unselfish civilised person, and the religious life, presuming it is truly alive and not a matter of empty formality, is a very vital part of it all. It always seems so pathetic when well-meaning parents keep their children away from happy forms and ceremonies until they are "old enough to decide for themselves", believing the children to be incapable of appreciating hidden truths for so long. We cannot know how much any particular child may gain from any ceremony but we have no right to deprive him of an experience that may mean a quickening of the spirit.

Let us try to avoid the mistakes made in the past over religion and the child. Let us avoid the stern training that allowed little freedom but paid so much attention to outward forms and too little to the true questionings of an eager mind. Let us avoid also the timid attitude, the negative do-nothing way in which so many sincere people avoid the issue. Rather let us tell truthfully what we have found, or what we are seeking, or even say that we know not what we seek but believe it to be precious. Let us encourage the children to seek with us.

ELIZABETH CROSS

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HINDU IDEAS AND TAOIST TEXTS

[Hari Prasad Shastri is the author of *Wisdom from the East* and the translator of "The Story of Queen Chudala" and some sermons from the *Yoga Vasishtha.* He was formerly a lecturer to several universities in China and Japan.—EDS.]

In China the mystical writers, Laotze, Liehtze, Chwangtze and some other amplifiers of the mystic doctrine, speak the language of the Upanishadic sages and live and breathe in a region very similar to the one in which Yajñavalkya, Uddhav, Shankar, Sanat Kumar and others lived and breathed.

In China nothing definite is known about Laotze or Liehtze, though we have an outline of the life of Chwangtze, perhaps more legendary than real. Ssumma Chien of the Han dynasty, perhaps the greatest Chinese historian of his ancient land, gives no information about these philosophers whose thought has exercised such influence on Chinese life and thought. Nothing is known of the family, birth-place, or personal characteristics of Laotze. His meeting with Confucius is a legend. That he was keeper of the archives of the Chow dynasty is a tradition.

Some Taoist thinkers of the T'ang dynasty held that Laotze was an Indian rishi who came through the Himalayas, riding a bull, and after spreading his doctrine went back to the Himalayan retreat of the Upanishadic sages. The *Tâo Teh-King* contains the teachings of Laotze. In the well-known history of Chinese philosophy compiled by the Emperor Kiangsi of the Ta Ching Dynasty, it is held that Taoism existed long before Laotze.

The adherents of the mystic school in China call the nameless principle Tao. Many renderings of the word have been given, but none is comprehensive. Brahman, the unconditioned, attributeless and ever passive, yet infinitely and eternally creative, is perhaps Tao. It is certain that what the Upanishads call Brahman, Laotze and his followers called Tao. Hui Nan Tzu and Liehtze place Tao above reason or the principle of spontaneity, like Atman, in India.

The conversation between Duke Han and the wheelwright, reported by Chwangtze, shows Tao beyond all authority and proof. The same thing is said about Brahman or Atman, which is not to be obtained either by reasoning or by hearing. Here is a summary of the Upanishadic doctrine of Brahman, in the words of the *Tao Teh-King* :—

> The way that can be walked is not the eternal way; the name which can be uttered is not the eternal name.

In the first verse of the *Isha Upanishad* acquisitiveness is said to be an impediment to Self-realization. Laotze says the same thing, in the same words :—

> Not to look upon what one may covet, is the way to keep the heart from disorder.

The Upanishad says: "By renunciation and indifference to pas-

sions Brahman is realized." Hui Nan Tzu records the following saying of Laotze, a clear reflection of the Indian teaching: "Keep behind, and you will be put in front; keep out and you shall be kept in."

The Upanishads are emphatic on the merit of knowledge and the ultimate futility of rituals. The great commentator on the *Bhagwad-Gita* and the *Brahma Sutra*, Shankar Bhagwat Pad, makes the tendency toward ritual a barrier to the realization of Atman. The same doctrine is asserted in the Taoist writings. Chwangtze performed no rites on the death of his wife. Nowhere does Laotze recommend any ritual. He is opposed to Confucius because of Confucius' love for rites and music. Chwangtze is, at times, rather rude to the sage of gentlemanliness, and taunts him on his ceremonial dress and appearance.

In the Upanishads the "paravidya"—higher learning—is called a means to illumination. Even the Vedas are called the inferior learning. The same doctrine is in the *Tao Teh-King*. Book learning is ridiculed by the Taoist writers. "To know the Eternal is called enlightenment", says Laotze. It is just another version of the passage in the Upanishad: "That is knowledge by which the Imperishable is reached."

The Taoist cosmogony is based on the Upanishadic thought. The evolution of *Prakriti* started without any personal will, the mere proximity of *Purush* being the impetus. The undifferentiated state of Prakriti which evolved into *akash*, its first product, is called chaos by the great Liehtze :—

> There was in the beginning Chaos (*Hun lun*), an unorganized mass. It was a mingled potentiality of Form (*hsing*), *Pneuma* (*Ch'i*) and substance (*Chib*). A great change took place in it and there was a great starting (*Tai Chi*) which is the inception of Pneuma.

Tao is dissociated from activity and is the soul root of the evolution in Chaos. *Purush* of Kapila or *Atman* of the Upanishads is pure intelligence, without any activity at all.

Sansar, or the world process in its totality, is eternal. So say the Upanishads and the systems of thought founded on these great classics. Liehtze, in the typically Hindu way, holds that life and death, existence and non-existence, creation and destruction (return to the cause) are the inherent law of nature, and that the world is revolving on an eternal wheel. The expression "Sansar Chakra", the wheel of creation and destruction, is used in the Puranas and in Buddhist literature more frequently than in the Taoist literature of China.

The attitude of aloofness from the affairs of the world, at least in the period of probation, is recommended in the sacred Hindu classics. Under the influence of Shankaracharya, Sannyas became a high ideal of the aspirant. The Taoists are recluses; they live in seclusion. As Janak is mentioned in the Upanishads as an ideal sage-King, so in the writings of Chwangtze the Emperor Hwangti, who knew the wisdom—Tao—and rode the clouds, is held up as a great example of the realized wisdom. The beautiful hills of Hang-

Chow and the mountain retreats of Shangtung are studded with Taoist hermitages in which the sadhus of the Taoist cult live and practise their Yoga in the same way as the Hindu Sannyasins and Brahmacharis. In the great Taoist monastery, "Great White Cloud", sheltered in the hills of the beautiful Chekiang, I noticed the same atmosphere of serenity, purity and love that I had seen in the retreats of Uttarkashi and Hrishikesha. The Taoist monks, departing from the real spirit of the Holy Sages of antiquity, concern themselves with physical immortality and are convinced of the existence of several physically immortal sages. The Hindu monk, unless he is a hatha-yogi and a follower of Matsendranath or Gorakshanath, lives to attain in practical realisation the immortality of Atman, and often physical immortality is attributed to Mahatmas.

According to Manu, Vyas and Bhishma the *Dharma* differs according to the time, the place and the stage of personal spiritual evolution. The ethics of a householder are different from the ethics of a monk or a student. Chwangtze says :—

> What is good to me is not necessarily good to others, and *vice versa*. The stork has long legs, but it would surely resent any human interference with their length ; the duck, on the other hand, has short legs, but it would not be thankful for an artificial improvement on their stubbiness. Hsi Shik was a beautiful woman, but when her features were reflected in the water the fish would have been frightened away.

The highest ethical conduct, according to the *Gita*, is to live detached from the mind with the *buddhi*, established in the serenity of *Atman*.

Chwangtze too is convinced of the presence of Tao in all and that we confuse what is right with what is wrong because by identifying ourselves with matter we prevent the natural workings of Tao in us.

> Be independent of subjective ignorance and individual egoism, discover the universal Tao in your being, and all will be well...Let us make our appeal to the infiniteness of Tao and pitch our tents permanently there.

On *Wu-Wei* which is much the same as the ideal of *sthita-pragna* — one established in Wisdom — Laotze speaks as follows :—

> Therefore, the holy man conducts his affairs with non-assertion ; he practises the doctrine of silence. All things are working and he does not refuse to work with them... He who asserts is defeated ; he who seizes, suffers loss. The holy man asserts not, therefore he is not defeated... The holy man desires not-desiring ; prizes not the treasure that is unobtainable, learns not-learning, retires where the masses pass by ; and thereby he assists in the natural development of all things, but he never dares to assert himself.

Among the Hindus the necessity of a Guru is strongly emphasised. The Taoist's regard for the teacher is well-known to those who have lived in a Taoist monastery. Liehtze's instruction on the methods of attaining *Wu-Wei* gives importance to the proximity to the teacher and to loving service to him.

HARI PRASAD SHASTRI

THE MYSTERY OF COINCIDENCE

[Cecil Palmer, once a well-known publisher, has turned to writing and reviewing, and his *Truth About Writing* is a lengthy and provocative analysis of the pros and cons of the commercial side of literature and journalism. He writes here about "coincidences" which everybody has experienced but which always remain a riddle. Mr. Palmer mentions "mental telepathy", but cannot we say of this what he himself says of electricity: "We know nothing about what it is"; and we do not even know, as we know of electricity, what it does. Mr. Palmer pleads for an open mind and an honest search; we would say that the "what" and the "how" of coincidence are implicit in many a page of *Isis Unveiled*. We wonder if Mr. Palmer has studied it.—EDS.]

I hope I should be the last person in the world to throw bricks at the heads of the sceptics. Healthy scepticism is at all times infinitely preferable to unhealthy orthodoxy. And by this I mean I can respect the views of those who disagree with me, whereas I have a vigorous contempt for those who have not the courage of their convictions. But the danger of scepticism is that it is always liable to breed its own type of intellectual arrogance. In other words, what is most wrong with scepticism is the sceptic. He demands proofs of this or that phenomenon without the least intention of admitting the phenomenon even when the proofs are forthcoming.

The trouble with nearly all people who proudly boast that they have made up their minds is that they so quickly become impervious to new ideas and to old ideals. Even if evidence is dragged beneath their very noses, the said noses are tilted at such an angle that they must necessarily look down them. An enquiring mind presupposes an open mind. Unfortunately, the sceptic is usually more concerned to preserve his so-called rationalism than to protect his righteousness. He is unwilling to learn the truth that because a person is rational is not, in itself, conclusive evidence that he is right.

The sceptic's approach to mysticism and to all things occult is painfully rigid and uncompromisingly austere. I cannot comprehend the mentality of the man who will not stop asking for evidence and who demands proof, when both evidence and proof are liberally scattered all around him in the ordinary everyday occurrences of life. When a man tells me he does not believe in miracles, I want to ask him if he has ever seen the sun rise in the East and set in the West. I want to enquire of him whether he has ever contemplated the miracle of his own birth and the awful, majestic irrevocability of his own ultimate death. I desire, above all, to invite him to fashion a purely materialistic conception of the soul of man, or, alternatively, to give me ***his*** evidence for its non-existence.

Is it, I wonder, a fact that in a world of wonders many people are losing the capacity for wonderment? Isn't electricity a wondrous miracle of the age? We know something of what it does; we know nothing about

what it is. Man's creative genius defies the materialist at every corner of the street and in every minute of time. Television, the wireless, the talkies, these indeed are miracles in the sense that any one with any imagination at all cannot refrain from wonderment and cannot withhold gratitude from those mortal men whose works are destined for immortality.

I have dared to mention the mystery of coincidence. As a phenomenon it is so common that even heretics are bound to admit that there are some things of which it can truthfully be said that they are stranger than fiction. The scoffer will tell you that their explanation is "the long arm of coincidence". Common sense tells us that coincidences are among the most common and frequent adventures of the human mind.

Without admitting that I am the least bit credulous, I am nevertheless unable to believe the theory that all coincidences *are coincidences.* It seems to me that credulity is all on the side of those who accept this theory as an intellectually satisfactory explanation of something that refuses to be defined because it is indefinable. Most authors, and certainly all novelists of creative fiction, are, at one time or another, confronted with the problem of coincidence. They dare not introduce coincidence into their stories because to do so would inevitably excite the suspicions of their readers, but, mark you, not because the coincidences thus discarded are not true to life. They are so true that nobody is prepared to believe in them *on paper.* They are, in other words, too true to be good fiction!

But those same readers who bitterly resent literary coincidence are the very first people to admit the potency of coincidence in life itself. They cannot, of course, very well refute experiences which persist in happening without *apparent* rhyme or reason. For my part, I have only to think intently of some one I have not seen for months for him to appear in the street within minutes. I tell myself, "I *must* write to So-and-so", and letters cross in the post between So-and-so and me. These two examples of everyday coincidences are familiar to us all. I find great difficulty in accepting the bare statement that they are mere coincidence and nothing more. Mental telepathy, perhaps, offers a partial explanation that is at once scientific and encouragingly explorative. Every day the *effects* of coincidence are becoming clearer and clearer to our eyes. But the *cause* of these effects continues to elude our vision. It is, at present, an enigma—a baffling mystery among the many mysteries of human thought expressing itself in a mundane world.

CECIL PALMER

THE WISDOM OF PROVERBS

[Selwyn Gurney Champion, a medical man by profession, has a very stimulating hobby—collecting saws and sayings. He is the author of *Wayside Sayings* and *Racial Proverbs*.—EDS.]

Since man first began to express himself in words proverbs have lived. As Disraeli said, "Proverbs were in the earliest ages the unwritten laws of morality." Long before the dawn of civilization primitive man in every part of the globe without exception coined and memorized racial aphorisms or proverbs. They are the foundations of the world's culture and were invented by mankind to express the thoughts of men. "A proverb says what man thinks." (Swedish) They prove themselves true by passing down the highways of thousands of years.

These terse, arresting phrases depict human conduct, experience and life in all its phases in word-pictures, miniature parables, tabloid sermons, tiny poems, or poignant laconicisms, expressed in figurative language, disguised in metaphor, allegory, simile, antithesis, rhyme, hyperbole, alliteration or parallelism. Ethical, philosophical precepts and *jacula prudentum*, these old folk-sayings formed the oral encyclopædia of former times and have been handed down from generation to generation from time immemorial.

I suppose the majority sprang from the quiet, green countryside, from a soil admirably conducive to germination and growth, in an atmosphere free from the turmoil and the uproar inseparable from modern civilization and education; wayside sayings, expressing the thoughts, the aspirations and the philosophy of the ordinary man; admonitions, warnings, glimmers of hope and encouragement, handed down as the words of his ancestors to aid and to console him.

Proverbs of all tribes and races teach a broad humanity, tolerance and charity, proclaiming mankind one big family, and indicating a world-wide brotherhood and fellow feeling.

"Brother to a king and fellow to a beggar if he be found worthy." (Oriental)

"All within the four seas are brothers." (Confucius)

"The East and the West are God's." (Mohammed)

"I met a hundred men on the road to Delhi and they were all my brothers." (India)

"You may turn to the East to the Prophet, but all the four winds are God's." (Suni)

"Do not forget that the world is one great family." (Shinto)

"There is one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life—Reciprocity", said Confucius, and this is the basis of all religion—the Golden Rule of "Reciprocity" permeating every religious creed both living and extinct. Christ, Buddha, Lao Tzu and the founders of all the religious creeds of the world expressed the same profound truth and devout idealism in sayings which have become proverbial. The same ideal conception is echoed by the people as shown in the following proverbs:—

"For a kindness as small as a drop of water one should give in return a whole spring." (Chinese)

"If you know what hurts yourself you know what hurts others." (Malagasy)

"The garment in which you clothe another will last longer than that in which you clothe yourself." (Arabic)

"Our own sacred—neighbour's more sacred." (Czech)

"He that loves his neighbour has fulfilled the law." (Hebrew)

"You will meet your good deed again." (Estonian)

"Every little act is an act in return." (Fulfulde of North Cameroons)

"The righteous cup has two feet." (Persian)

Proverbial wisdom is exactly the same all the world over, differing only in the rendering. "Men are all made of the same paste." (Dacian). Fundamentally and psychologically, they are the same, Oriental or Occidental, pigmented or white. Love, hunger and fear are the basic factors that rule mankind, primitive or cultured, and they are factors uninfluenced by environment or by civilization. All the civilization of the ages will not eradicate the primary instincts of mankind. A study of proverbial racial folk-lore provides overwhelming evidence of this similarity. The same proverb conveying the same piece of advice recurs again and again in the indigenous aphorisms of all tribes and races. Hundreds of examples could be quoted, but the following three proverbs, variants of which occur in at least twenty different countries geographically wide apart, will serve to illustrate this point :—

"If I be a queen and thou be a queen, who will bang the butter?" (Punjabi)

"It (disease, ill-luck or evil) comes through an elephant's mouth and goes through an ant's." (Hindustani)

"Guests and fish stink on the third day." (Montenegrin)

Proverbs have an important historical value; through them we can trace the history of the people and see mirrored the lives of past races. These almost forgotten and nearly discarded fragments of old-world wisdom made up the material philosophy and religion of our forebears. Pregnant bywords, dealing with every phase of social life, customs and superstitions, reveal racial characteristics and an ancient history which would otherwise have been unrecorded.

It is impossible to overestimate the influence that these old wayside sayings have exerted over mankind; a magical power invested them and often they had the force of law. Their variety is inexhaustible; they offer advice on everything under the sun, and one can be found to suit every possible occasion in life. Mankind the world over has always had more to say about the defects than the virtues of his fellow men, and this is especially true of proverbs. The salient defects and the idiosyncrasies of a race are picked out for criticism more often than its virtues.

Perhaps the greatest of all the lessons that proverbs taught mankind in the past was contentment acquired through the cultivation of a philosophy capable of making him ignore the vicissitudes and the hardships inseparable from life in barbaric, uncultured, ruthless ages. Man gradually educated himself to accept things as they were and to "Gnaw the bone which had fallen to his lot". (Hebrew) His little world with its limited outlook taught him the philo-

sophical maxim, "We do squint each through our loophole and then dream broad heaven is but the patch we see", and in life's hard school he learnt that :—

"Sour, sweet, bitter, pungent, all must be tasted." (Chinese)
"Want a thing long enough and you don't." (Chinese)
"Live, thou ass, until the clover springs up." (Arabic)
"Walk with sandals until God procures you shoes." (Arabic)
"Accept the bitter ; fear the sweet." (Hindi)
"No one is all happy from his beak to his tail." (Indian)
"I had no shoes and I murmured, until I met the man who had no feet." (Arabic and Chinese)
"Before every one's door there is a part of heaven." (Chinese)

The following examples are from the Occident :—

"The wine is drawn, it must be drunk." (French)
"There's crust and crumb in every loaf." (English)
"One must be either an anvil or a hammer." (German)
"He who has the earth for a bed must have the sky for a coverlet." (German)
"All passes, all breaks, all wearies." (French)
"Sour apples must also be eaten." (Estonian)
"A shroud has no pockets." (Italian and Scottish)

"We do not live, we wear ourselves out one against the other" (Greek), is surely true and applicable to both primitive and cultured man. Hundreds of subtle, diplomatic saws has man coined, warnings for the inexperienced or the unwary in the evasion or the anticipation of many a pitfall :—

"What you have put into your kettle comes afterwards into your spoon." (Turfan and Arabic)
"Always take the fee when the tear's in the eye." (Scottish)
"No one is difficult to manage, all that is necessary is to three times examine yourself." (Chinese)
"One 'No' averts seventy evils." (Indian)
"If you cannot shut the door again, do not raise the latch." (Turkish)
"Pick up the hen and you can gather all her chickens." (Ashanti warrior saying—Oji)
"The wise man sits on the hole in his carpet." (Oriental)
"Give over while the play's good." (Scottish)
"When a neighbour is in your fruit-garden, inattention is the truest politeness." (Chinese)
"Bend your head if the eaves are low." (Chinese)
"Broth is never eaten as hot as it is cooked." (Estonian and German)
"Hast thou found honey? Eat so much as is convenient for thee." (Hebrew)
"Do not adjust your hat under a pear-tree, nor tie your shoes in a melon patch." (Hindi)
"Take no notice of what you hear said on the pillow." (Chinese)

To the trader :—

"A man without a smiling face should not open a shop." (Chinese)
"It is the melancholy face which gets stung by the bee." (Japanese)
"An unbeaten gong gives no sound." (Chinese)
"If you bring things to the buyer you sell them at half price." (Hindi)
"Customers are to be valued ; goods are mere grass." (Chinese)

Diplomacy with women :—

"In buying horses and in taking a wife shut your eyes tight and commend yourself to God." (Italian)
"You may beat your wife as much as you like providing the stick is no bigger than your thumb." (Confucius)

"Love as though you might have to hate and hate as though you might have to love." (Latin and German)

"A secret revealed to a woman is as a bubble that is blown." (Chinese)

"Love without clamour, hatred can come; hate without rancour, love can return it." (Armenian)

How many an error in life could have been obviated had we only learned the lesson of these counsels of moderation :—

"Love your neighbour, but don't tear down the fence" (German) or "dividing-wall." (Hindi)

"God blesses him who pays visits and short visits." (Arabic)

"Half an orange tastes as sweet as a whole one." (Chinese)

"It's the little that tastes." (Irish)

A firm belief in the insuperable power of fate and a disposition to accept every condition or event in birth, life and death as inevitable and destined are common to the proverbial folk-lore of all races, more so in the Orient than in the Occident. Here are some Oriental illustrations :—

"The beginning and the end reach out their hands to each other." (Chinese and other countries)

"Are the lines of the hand ever rubbed out?" (Hindi)

"The ram lamb is for the knife." (Kurdish)

"Who has come will depart again." (Sikh)

"What will be, will be; O my soul, hope not at all." (Sikh)

"Yesterday is dead; to-morrow is not born; to-day is in the agonies of death." (Sufism)

From the Occident :—

"After the game, the king and the pawn go into the same bag." (Italian and English)

"Whatever way you take, there is a league of bad road." (Spanish)

"One passes by the cemetery so often that in the end one falls into it." (Russian)

Perhaps the most beautiful of the old-world sayings are those on Charity, Kindliness and Courtesy. Here are a few superb examples :—

"I have made no man to weep." (Egyptian)

"Your smiling in your brother's face is alms." (Islam)

"Don't look at a torn dress." (Malagasy)

"When a friend asks, there is no to-morrow." (English and other countries)

"Reconcile the offended, sew up the torn." (Hindi)

"One good word can warm three winter months." (Japanese)

"If given with love a handful is sufficient." (Telugu)

"A kind word is like a spring day." (Russian)

"Behave to every one as if receiving a great guest." (Confucius)

"If you bow at all, bow low." (Chinese)

"A generous man is nigh unto God, nigh unto men, nigh unto paradise, far from hell." (Islam)

"Save thyself by giving; what's given is well saved." (Buddhism)

"Liberality, courtesy, kindliness and unselfishness—these are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot." (Buddhism)

"Good men see ill while their good deeds are green." (Buddhism)

"Among men reject none." (Taoism)

"To be in one's inmost heart in kindly sympathy with all things; to love all men; to allow no selfish thoughts; this is the nature of benevolence and righteousness." (Confucianism)

"Charity done in secret, eager courtesy to the visitor of his house, silence after doing kindness, and public mention after receiving it, modesty in fortune, conversation without spice of insolence—who taught good men this rule of life, hard as a sword's edge to tread?" (Hinduism)

I cannot refrain from mentioning just a few more gems reflecting idealism :—

"God could not be everywhere, so he sent mother." (Egyptian)

"If you have two loaves of bread, sell one and buy a lily." (Chinese and Arabic)

"If we could all be courteous for even a single day, the hatreds of humanity would turn to love." (Confucius)

"If your wife is small, stoop down and whisper in her ear." (Talmud)

"Three things ease the heart from sorrow : water, green grass and the beauty of women." (Indian)

With the sole exception of the sublime sayings of the founders and prophets of the great religions, many of which have become proverbial, the proverb is unique and unsurpassed as an echo of the thoughts of ancient man, veritable "Little Gospels" or "Daughters of Daily Experience", with contents of gold, charity and humanity, infinite riches in a little room.

"What flowers are to gardens, spices to food, gems to a garment, and stars to heaven, such are proverbs interwoven in speech." (Hebrew)

SELWYN GURNEY CHAMPION

"RACIAL PROVERBS"* -A REVIEW

Dr. Champion defines a proverb as "a racial aphorism which has been, or still is, in common use, conveying advice or counsel, invariably camouflaged figuratively, disguised in metaphor or allegory".

One nation does not hesitate to import from another a word or a phrase, should it satisfy the purpose. For example, such popular sayings as : "Call a spade a spade!" "Speak no ill of the dead!" and "Those whom the gods love die young" can be traced to Greek sources. "Where one gets identity of phrasing", remarks Dr. Champion, "it may suggest borrowing, but it does not necessarily mean that the fundamental idea was borrowed, but merely the clothing of the idea may have been taken as more suitable, ornamental or apt."

The world's proverb literature is very ancient but even more astounding than its antiquity is its volume. The combined proverbs of only a few of the European countries run into over two millions. Dr. Champion has selected, with infinite patience, twenty-six thousand of the best, drawn from a hundred and eighty-six languages and dialects, with an extraordinary variety of theme. He has prefixed the collection with proverbs about proverbs :—

"Old sayings contain no lies." (Basque)

"As the people, so the proverb." (Scottish)

"Time passes away, but sayings remain." (Hindi)

There is often a quirk in the 1368 Chinese proverbs which enhances their charm. "Men love their own compositions and other men's wives"; "Almonds come to those who have no teeth."

What strikes one in the Indian proverbs is their practicality tinged with an agreeable personal intimacy. And their conception is essentially rustic, as is their wit. "Give a loan and make an enemy" (Hindustani); "He who has a good friend has no need of a mirror" (Malayalam); "Many turn saints for their stomach's sake." (Hindi)

We might multiply indefinitely such examples. Dr. Champion has made every page as fascinating as a fairy-tale ; we are staggered at his industry and delighted with his powers as a connoisseur.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

* By SELWYN GURNEY CHAMPION, M.D. (George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., London. 35*s*.)

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

WAYS OF KNOWLEDGE*

For twenty-five centuries at least there have been two main ways of knowledge known to men, the way of intuition and the way of physical learning.

The latter, which was the way of Aristotle and Democritus, proceeds from observation to experiment, from the statement of a theory to its verification by repeated tests designed to find that rule of cause and effect which shall include all apparent exceptions. In doing this the scientist endeavours to keep his mind free from prejudice, or, since that is an impossible task, no two men being born alike, as free as is humanly possible. The ideal in front of the theorist is always that of the simplest hypothesis which will explain all the facts, although with our still primitive knowledge of the physical world that ideal is often far to seek. For instance, Charles Darwin's simplest hypothesis as to the means of evolution, "the survival of the fittest", has long since been shown inadequate to cover all the facts. This is the way of science, but it is only its methods of verification that deserve that name, because theory must always play its part in the process, and all the truly illuminating theories that have marked our progress on the road to "exact knowledge" have derived from intuitions.

One reason for this is that the mind of man is incapable of *pure induction*, of thinking back from effect to cause unaided by the promptings of phenomenal data. No doubt the average scientist would furiously deny this statement and maintain that the way of science is no other way than this. That, however, is due to a misconception of the mental process involved. What actually happens is a series of intuitions or guesses at the cause, and their subsequent verification by an *a priori* process of reasoning. Having seen the anthropoid apes, we are able to deduce man. But if every trace of the simian species had been destroyed before man began to speculate on his primitive ancestry, he could never by an effort of pure induction have inferred his descent from the animal kingdom. The gap in that case would have been too great for him to bridge. Or, to take another instance, from the postulate that one and one make two we have built up the whole vast structure of mathematics. But if we had not known the nature of "one", we could never have inferred it from the study of "two". Man's mind is constructive, additive, *a priori*. If it had been the reverse, he would have been able to infer the nature of God without putting all the evidence of His existence to the test of observation and experience.

* *Background to Modern Science.* Ten Lectures, edited by JOSEPH NEEDHAM and WALTER PAGEL. (Cambridge University Press. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The first way of knowledge, the way of Plato, is by inspiration and is in no case inductive, although like the reasoning of science it may often wear that appearance. The discussion of whence that inspiration comes is too controversial to be entered upon here. For though we may know it in ourselves with a certainty that surpasses all the proofs of science, that is a way of knowing that cannot be passed on from one person to another, and our single means of demonstration is through the example of our lives, such demonstrations as were made by Gautama and Jesus, for example. Nevertheless, though we may not know its source, the validity of intuition through inspiration is a phenomenon so abundantly recognised in the history of civilisation that the most hidebound materialist has to acknowledge it.

Let us now consider two passages from the *Background to Modern Science*. The first is found in the essay "From Aristotle to Galileo" by Sir William C. Dampier: "As long as Aristotelian ideas held, the problem of knowledge did not arise. The physical world was described--confusedly and inaccurately it is true but still described---in humanist ideas, so that explanations, such as they were, appeared in terms natural to human minds." The second quotation, from the "History of Radioactivity" by the late Lord Rutherford, runs: "It is characteristic of science that discoveries are rarely made except when people's minds are ready for them." These two excerpts say the same thing, which is that as the present race of mankind, speaking in terms of the last twenty-five centuries, increases in spiritual receptivity, knowledge is *communicated* to it up to the point of the agent's ability to understand.

And any one who reads with an understanding mind the collection of essays now under notice, cannot fail to realise how exceedingly frequent have been the communications that have found some kind of expression in the past ninety years. In that short space of time the scientific conceptions of biology and physics have not so much been revolutionised as sprung newly into being. To the scientists of the first half of the nineteenth century, the present theories of the living cell not less than those of atomic physics would be incomprehensible. And we cannot blame the tedious researches and tests of the scientific worker for slowly preparing, by argument and demonstration, those minds who are ready to receive it for the new knowledge that is still to come. The way of science is slow and very liable to error, but on the whole it does a useful work in breaking up old habits of thought in the world at large. Much of its teaching has been false, and, until the last few years, foolishly materialistic. But at the present time there is a rapidly increasing tendency to re-admit God into the universe, a tendency most evident among the finest intellects of the present day.

Let us assume then that the uses of this second way of knowledge have been in the opening up of the ground, a ploughing and harrowing that will presently permit the seed

to shoot, and let us glance at one particular instance of the first way. Almost exactly half a century ago was published the work we know as *The Secret Doctrine*. In that work there are many things that are beyond the understanding of any but the adept. They may be read and appreciated by the intelligence, but their true significance is hidden from those who have not yet attained to that spiritual knowledge which is of another order from that of the intellect. They spring from the great well of wisdom whence come all those communications that we translate, often incorrectly and always incompletely, into human terms.

But beside these truths that are hidden from the intellect, there are many plain statements of scientific fact that fifty years ago would have been derided by contemporary scientists. For instance, in those days the atom was conceived as being the ultimate constituent of matter and itself a solid substance, only such visionaries as Sir William Crookes and Leibnitz having some inkling of the atom's true nature. Now in *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, Part III, chap. XV) will be found the whole conception of this ultimate base of matter as an active energy, a vibration, the conception to which modern science has been slowly driven by fifty years of the hardest, most intensive thinking on record in the whole history of man's enquiry into the nature of the universe.

Before making any further comment on that, however, let us take another and in some ways a simpler example. Writing in the middle 'eighties, Madame Blavatsky said, that "Natural Selection... 'Selection, *as a Power*', is in reality a pure myth; especially when resorted to as an explanation of the origin of species.. Of itself, 'it' *can produce nothing*, and only operates on the rough material presented to 'it'.... Beyond the secondary aspects of organic evolution, a deeper principle has to be sought for. The materialist's 'spontaneous variations', and '*accidental* divergencies' are self-contradictory terms in a universe of 'Matter, Force and NECESSITY'." (Vol. II, p. 648. Original italics)

Now biological science has not yet reached *all* the implications conveyed in this one short passage (which should be read in its proper context), but—though "communications" in this relation have been rarer than those in physics in the course of the past generation—every fresh discovery has tended to the same conclusion. For example, the phenomenon that has recently engaged workers in this field is the study of "mutations", which have been shown to arise spontaneously in the genes, which produce varieties that most astonishingly breed true, and—final wonder from the scientific point of view—which have in certain forms of insect life (especially the fruit-fly) been stimulated by the use of X-rays.

Here then, mentioning two only out of the many instances,[1] we find in *The Secret Doctrine* matters of what we call scientific fact, truly known and understood half a century

[1] See also the comments on the nature of the nebulæ (*Ibid.*, Vol. I, Part III, chap. XIII) and on the pineal eye. (Vol. II, pp. 289-301)

before science, after having jeered at the method of inspiration, has by its own road tediously reached a few essentials of the same conclusions. It can never perfectly attain them, because so much of the wisdom that embraces all factual knowledge is forever beyond any conceivable test that could be applied by the scientific method. Indeed, the more farsighted and honest among scientific workers have always acknowledged that physical science is incapable of dealing with first causes, its sole interest being confined to presentational effects. But it does serve, in its own limited halting way, to educate the primitive mind for the reception of the wider knowledge.

Thus, in effect, the two ways of knowledge are shown to be but one. In the first way the communication is made directly, and sometimes, as in the case here illustrated, so fully that it is generations ahead of general world understanding. In the second, the communication is intermittent and incomplete, stray beams of illuminating knowledge being received by intellectual genius and afterwards collated and put to the slow test of experimental proof. So it is that the Logos, the Word made flesh, manifests itself in space-time, through a glass darkly, proceeding inevitably, however slowly by our measure of duration, to the achievement of a perfection as yet beyond our knowing.

J. D. BERESFORD

Transcendental Magic. By ELIPHAS LEVI. Translated by A. E. WAITE. (Rider and Co., London. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Alphonse Louis Constant, who adopted as his pen-name Eliphas Lévi Zahed (a translation of the same name from French into Hebrew), wrote a number of books on magic, symbols and cognate subjects between about 1850 and 1865. The two volumes which have been combined to form the present work are *The Doctrine of Transcendental Magic,* first published in 1855, and *The Ritual of Transcendental Magic,* which appeared in the following year. Constant was a brilliant young man whose opinions seem to have become too independent for a continued career in the Roman Church.

The *Doctrine* and the *Ritual* contain twenty-two chapters each, corresponding closely each to each. For example, chapter XIII of the *Ritual* contains precise instructions for performing evocations, while chapter XIII of the *Doctrine* is devoted to the theory of evocations and an account of how the author first practised an evocation—of Apollonius of Tyana—of the physical sensations which accompanied it and the strong after-effect upon his mind. On the ground that he both saw and felt the figure distinctly he affirms the real efficacy of magical ceremonies. At the same time he says he is not so unserious as to believe that he really evoked, saw and touched the great Apollonius. In his view, what is evoked on such occasions is the "memories" left in the Astral Light or the "common reservoir of universal magnetism"—a vague phrase typical of Eliphas Lévi. The same Agent, he says, makes our tables talk. Yet, a page further on, his vision of Apollonius is regarded by Lévi as solely the voluntary dream of a waking man. On hundreds of points the author contradicts himself like this, without apparently noticing that he is doing so. He does,

however, warn the reader against the practice of evocation as destructive and dangerous—if habitual, neither moral nor physical health could withstand it.

His theory of the soul and the after-death state he appears to adopt from "what the masters have written on their visions and intuitions in what they term the light of glory". After death the Divine Spirit ascends and leaves two corpses below—the first inert, the second "still animated by the universal movement of the soul of the world", destined to die slowly, absorbed by the astral forces which produced it. The first is upon earth, terrestrial and elementary, the other is in the atmosphere, "aerial and sidereal". If a man has lived well, the astral body (presumably another name for the same aerial corpse) evaporates like a pure incense; if he has lived in sin his astral body holds him prisoner, while it still seeks the objects of its passions and wishes to return to life. Then it torments the dreams of young girls, bathes in spilt blood, floats about the places of former pleasure, watches over its buried treasures, is pursued by monstrous visions of its former vices, attempts to escape by entering the bodies of the living—until it weakens and dissolves.

In the *Ritual* Lévi says there are two kinds of Necromancy: that of light—evocation by prayer, pentacle and perfumes—and that of darkness, by blood, imprecations and sacrilege. He advises only the first (notwithstanding the warning above-mentioned, by which he ought to advise neither) and says, "It is certain that the images of the dead do appear to the magnetised persons who evoke them", adding, "It is certain also that they never reveal any of the mysteries of the life beyond." "They are beheld as they still exist in the memories of those who knew them"—but what rational person could call this beholding?—and "as their reflections have left them impressed on the astral light".

The chapters relating to symbols follow the same vague and self-contradictory style.

On the first reading I resolved to set aside the numerous footnotes in which the learned and capable translator shows by quotations from Lévi's other works how he contradicted himself a hundred times, a fact which his undoubted literary brilliance might hide from the uncritical. But I could not convince myself that Lévi was really a man of knowledge on the subjects of which he writes, and that, as was possible, his object was to lead the enquirer to the threshold of occult attainment and leave him there to will and dare and be silent. Still, he was obviously not a fraud, but rather one whose mind was so ebullient that it could rejoice in the first plausible interpretation that occurred to it on any subject, forget shortly afterwards that it had done so, and be open and ready for the next, and so eloquent that it could be captivated by the cadences of its own words and unconsciously prefer them to the harsher voice of logic.

ERNEST WOOD

The True India. By C. F. ANDREWS. (Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

There is a fairly well-authenticated story of a firm of publishers who accepted a novel of Egyptian life written by a lady. The book implied deep and intimate knowledge of ancient and modern Egypt. When sending the author the first proofs, the publishers wrote asking if it were her intention that the book should have a dedication. And they were somewhat disconcerted when the lady replied saying she wished to dedicate her novel "To the Memory of Ten Glorious Days spent in the Land of the Nile".

One is reminded of this story when reading Mr. C. F. Andrews's book on India, for, having spent thirty-five years in the East—living in close contact with Indians during the whole of that period—he writes with authority when he denounces the sensational books written by authors who had spent only a few months in India—books which, most unfortunately, have had a world-wide circulation, and are still regarded by the ignorant as "standard works".

If Mr. Andrews's book did no more than reveal the "Glaring Misstatements" in these sensational works, it would deserve a permanent place in the literature of modern India.

But it does much more than this. Without trying to evade grim facts and crucial problems, it ranges The Best side by side with The Worst. And it gives, therefore, an intimate, moving, balanced account of the India he has seen, known, and loved.

For many readers—and certainly for one—his chapter on "Village India" (with its insistence on the fact that the moral foundation of Indian society, which has remained stable through the centuries, rests upon the immemorial village tradition, "which is one of the permanent things in a world of constant changes") and his chapters on The Joint Family; Caste in India; Child Marriage; The Depressed Classes; The Poverty of India etc. must, surely, "unmask falsehood and bring truth to light". And, by so doing, remedy to some extent the incalculable harm caused by sensational and partisan accounts of one of the most amazing countries in the world.

Surely—surely to-day—for any country to belittle, to deride, to distort the customs, traditions and religions of another is comparable only with a member of a leper colony who spends his time jeering at his fellows.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

The Dynasts and the Post-War Age in Poetry. A Study in Modern Ideas. By AMIYA CHAKRAVARTY. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The dominant problem in modern poetry, writes Mr. Chakravarty at the beginning of this interesting book, "is the problem of self-consciousness". That must be so, since it is the problem of modern life. Mankind has found a hard truth in the old proverb that "ignorance is bliss". But it has found also that once ignorance is lost, it must become wise or perish. At least the more perceptive amongst it have discovered that and of these Hardy was outstandingly one. Mr. Chakravarty has therefore done well to recall attention to what was Hardy's greatest work.

The Dynasts was not merely an epic of the Napoleonic age. It was also, as he says, a "drama of modern civilization on trial", a drama at once mythopœic and analytical in character, which was unrolled by a poet in whose imagination the qualities of compassion and impartial reason were painfully balanced. Mr. Chakravarty accepts perhaps too readily Hardy's own claim that his alleged "pessimism" was in truth only "questionings" in the exploration of reality. In the struggle of faith to re-establish itself under the full scrutiny of consciousness, which is the real struggle underlying all other struggles to-day, Hardy's consciousness of the too appar-

ent evil in life was so much stronger than his faith in its essential good that he tended to see nothing behind it but a mindless, even a malignantly mindless, will. But in *The Dynasts* through the Spirits that overlook the human scene from the over-world he was able to express five different degrees of vision which lie between cynicism and the pity that longs to believe in the ultimate triumph of love. And he ended his drama with a chorus that hailed the possibility of "consciousness the Will informing, till It fashion all things fair".

Mr. Chakravarty has analysed clearly the conflict between the conscious and unconscious which *The Dynasts* unrolls on such a vast scale with Napoleon at its centre, "the bondman of the Unconscious masquerading as a free spirit". His subsequent study of modern verse is rather fragmentary, but his book is full of insight into the basic problem of to-day, including that of war.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

The Individual and the Group. By B. K. MALLIK, M.A., D.SC. (Allen and Unwin, London. 6s.)

This is a carefully written study, made from the philosophical angle, of the Hindu-Mohammedan conflict in India. Convinced that its character cannot be interpreted adequately in either purely sociological or purely religious terms, the author presents it to us as a particular example of a struggle which is taking place both in Europe and in the East between a type of consciousness for which individualism is the fundamental social reality and a type which finds its fulfilment in the life of the group—the second represented of course by Hinduism.

The thesis is carefully worked out and abounds in valuable suggestions. It is, however, somewhat disappointing to find that in spite of the close familiarity with Western ideas acquired by Mr. Mallik during his brilliant career at Oxford his understanding of the Occidental world-view remains singularly incomplete. He can see in our obstinate individualism only the source of the divisive antagonisms which have reduced Europe to its present disastrous state. But although it is incontestably true that in its less elevated aspects individualism makes only for mutual frustration and unresolved conflicts, it is also true that it results in the development of all sorts of qualities of a valuable type which are notoriously lacking in Oriental civilization. And of such qualities Mr. Mallik has nothing to say.

Thus, while one must agree unreservedly that the Hindu's deep sense of the significance of harmonious human association and his willingness to preserve it at all costs by avoiding resistance and contention are indicative of a high type of spiritual vision, it is also true that an achieved unity possesses significance only to the degree that the individuals whom it embraces have become distinctly and uniquely themselves. And that process of individualisation would appear to be as incompletely accomplished in the East as is the complementary process of synthesis in the West. This, again, is evidently closely connected with the fact that the religion of the Asiatic denies the world as persistently and unequivocally as that of the European accepts it. As Mr. Mallik recognizes, without apparent misgivings, Hinduism regards "historical" existence as relatively unreal—no more than a necessary pre-condition of ultimate liberation. The West, on the contrary, thinks of it as possessed of meaning and worth—with the consequence that, in spite of all his shortcomings, the European can bring his spiritual forces to a focus on the material plane in a way that the Indian cannot.

However, the author of this interesting study promises to develop his ideas on this important problem in a forthcoming philosophical study, and we may be sure that he will then clear up any uncertainties left in our minds by the present work.

LAWRENCE HYDE

We Crucify! By RONALD GURNER. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 5*s*.)

This remarkable book, presenting the life of Jesus in the novel form of extracts from the minutes of the Sanhedrin, the supreme court of justice of the Jews, is the result of an educational experiment with boys of about seventeen years of age.

It is not of interest solely to those concerned with education; it is also a lively contribution to the literature that seeks to bring religion into more direct contact with life and reality to-day. Here we have a reconstruction of momentous past events seen from the angle of those present at the time. Jesus is no longer a shadowy figure, but is seen, through orthodox Jewish eyes, as a disturber of the peace.

The minutes of the meetings are full of human interest, and the various Jews, all professional men, such as doctors and lawyers as well as priests, are portrayed with a shrewdness that gives added vitality to the narrative. Gradually we are led to see and to feel the remarkable personality of Jesus, as He impinges upon the lives of the various characters.

Some might question the possibility of planning and executing such a task as this without falling into errors of taste. Indeed it is often difficult to write about a sacred figure from the point of view of His contemporaries without sacrificing somewhat the attitude of reverence. Happily the author is well aware of this particular danger, both in writing and in the actual experiment in which the boys acted the different Jewish characters, and in his introduction he gives his views on the matter. It would seem that he has succeeded extremely well in creating such an original piece of work without giving offence.

For many, perhaps, the chief value of such a book as this, which gives, in outline, the main facts of Christianity, is that it is written by one who says that "For those who follow other gods I have equal respect. I only ask sincerity."

ELIZABETH CROSS

The Clue to History. By JOHN MACMURRAY. (Student Christian Movement Press, London. 7*s*. 6*d*.)

Professor Macmurray is the kind of writer who is illuminating rather than satisfying. He makes brilliant speculations in every subject he touches but is apt to close the vista he himself has opened with a logical synthesis which too often appears arbitrary and "worked". Here, for instance, he is looking at history as the struggle of many generations and peoples to realise or to evade the intention of Christ. His sense of the religious core behind so many activities and "platforms" is certain, and it enables him to say some very true things which I do not think have been pointed out before. The explanation of the Stoic creed in its relation to Christianity; the comparison of the Greek Orthodox and the Roman churches; the psycho-analysis of Hitler's Germany and its anti-Semitism—these are perhaps the more outstanding examples of the kind of imaginative thinking which is Macmurray's chief quality.

In them, his spirit is free. Around and about these fine things, however, lies work done under the compulsion to convince. The problem is logically oversimplified. He assumes that the Jews are *the* religious people; that Christianity is their creation; that the splitting of Christianity into a dualism was an effect of the fundamentally irreligious character of the Greeks and Romans; that modern Communism is the achievement of the pure Christian intention; and that therefore Hitler's persecution of the Jews is a genuine recognition of them as the standard-bearers of true religion in a world loath to have it. The chain is too complete. It holds a whole epoch in hiatus by supposing that the development of organised Christianity under the death of Rome was no more than a perversion of religion by a natur-

ally irreligious people. The mistake there is to pin a category to a whole race. You then get an identification of race and category, so that in the end Macmurray is very nearly pushed into the necessity of proclaiming Judaism as the one religion because the Jews are the one religious people. Surely the most cursory glance at Eastern history should spare us that conclusion.

Nevertheless, this book succeeds in stimulating the historical imagination and must give to all its readers something of that delicate sense of consequence between thought and action which its author possesses to so fine a degree. It shows us a portion of our past, which we have regarded as accidentally broken up into periods and phases, as a single great wave of religious life. That is a continuum which must some day be generally perceived.

JACK COMMON

The Art of the Play. By HERMON OULD. (Pitman and Sons, London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Hermon Ould is a playwright of distinction. What is more important, he is an experimenter in dramatic forms and a writer with something to say. These things give him authority to write such a book as this. Most books which purport to explain the playwright's art are the work of people who cannot write plays; for there is no aphorism truer than Bernard Shaw's remark: "He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches." But here is an exception.

Yet what is important is not so much the instructional part of the book—an explanation of general principles and a wealth of examples. (This, it will be remembered, was the method made classic by William Archer). The value is, preëminently, in its critical dicta.

The reason for this is not far to seek. A playwright can fool the public. That, indeed, might be said to be his business. He can fool the critics. That is a necessity of his livelihood. But he cannot fool another playwright. And neither the commercially successful hack-writer nor the present idols of a gaggle of amateur highbrows have succeeded in fooling Mr. Ould.

The work of Auden and Isherwood, for instance, is, he sees, even at its best "pervaded by an inescapable flavour of amateurishness". And though he thinks that "it is a far cry from the undergraduate humour and half-baked political dogmatism of *The Dance of Death* to *The Ascent of F. 6*—which he praises, in my opinion, far too highly—he is not unaware of the fundamental faults of the authors even in his generous appraisement of their better work. And he sums it up with a warning "against a dilettante attitude towards the theatre. Dabbling pleases nobody but the dabblers, and not them for long."

In his estimate of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, he draws attention to the factor in its popular success which has been largely overlooked—that it was supported mainly by a public more interested in religion than in the theatre—and his comparison of it with Claudel's *L'Annonce Faite à Marie* is an instructive piece of criticism. Another comparison which remains in the memory is his perception of the essential difference between the method of Chekhov and that of Shaw's "Chekhovian" *Heartbreak House.*

The book is one of the "Theatre and Stage" series. It fulfils adequately the purpose for which it was written. But the main reaction of the book on at least one reader was to wish that some literate newspaper-proprietor would read it and immediately engage Mr. Ould as dramatic critic with liberty to say what he liked about the contemporary stage. That would give the English theatre a tonic which might well revive it from the coma into which the doses of rubbish administered by the venal hacks who are dignified by the name of 'critics' have drugged it for so long.

H. ROSS WILLIAMSON

The Origin and Character of the Bible. By J. T. SUNDERLAND, M.A., D.D. (Ramananda Chatterjee, Calcutta, Rs. 2/-)

It is not surprising that this remarkable book has passed through eight editions. The present is a reprint of the eighth edition which was revised and brought up to date by Prof. C. R. Bowen of Chicago and published in 1936. Its great popularity is due not to the fact that it establishes new conclusions or makes arresting discoveries but that it gathers together in concise, easily understandable form and without fear or favour the results of modern scholarship in regard to the history and validity of the books of the Bible. The attitude that the author brings to bear on the subject is refreshing in its freedom from orthodoxy and convention. He writes like one intensely religious and deeply reverent but at the same time imbued with a truly historical and scientific spirit. His acquaintance with other sacred books helps him to view the Bible as one amongst many scriptures and to study it not as possessing an exclusive monopoly of all religious revelation but merely as revealing the growth and development of religion amongst a section of the human family. Accordingly there is no effort on his part to cover up primitive religious ideas or low moral standards, when found in the Bible. He sees in them the same early forms of religion and morality as characterise also other religions in their earlier stages. But these, far from detracting from the Bible, make it all the more full of life and human interest.

If a note of criticism is to be struck it is merely that the author exhibits in one or two places the weakness of thinking the sacred book of his own religion superior to any other. After describing the "unsurpassed" worth of the Bible on the moral plane, he goes on to add in regard to the spiritual side "it is not too much to say that the world has produced no book which has proved itself equally powerful, as a help and inspirer of men here". (p. 280) Comparisons are odious, and those who have been brought up on spiritual food obtained from other sacred books will naturally find their scriptures more in harmony with their own spiritual make-up and therefore more inspiring and helpful.

The book is invaluable, contains a mine of information, and should be studied by every lover of religion, whether Christian or non-Christian.

BHARATAN KUMARAPPA

The Republic of Children. By LESLIE PAUL (Allen and Unwin, Ltd. London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

This book is sub-titled "a handbook for teachers of working-class children" and is certainly an extraordinarily complete and competent guide to those who feel called upon to help with the vital work of organising children's leisure time, including the methods of camping.

It is, however, far more than this title suggests. In addition to a careful survey of the growth of the Woodcraft Folk, the first organisation for children that is truly international and peace-loving (and the first organisation that is working *for* the child rather than making use *of* the child), it gives a critical survey of such other important movements as the Boy Scouts, Girl Guides etc. contrasting their successful use of symbols and glamour and their emphasis on unquestioning obedience for a patriotic end, with the same efforts by the Woodcraft Folk to use the appeal of camping, badges and so on and yet develop an independent unselfishness that transcends nationalism and works for a humanly better world now.

This book is remarkable for its restraint and remarkable for its shocking revelations. It will do little to improve British prestige in the matter of child care, revealing, as it does, the appalling gaps in our educational ladder, the alarming attitude of *laissez faire* in the matter of nursery schools, and the low standard of public health. Truly, after reading that 70% of the school children are suffering from dental decay (a result

of malnutrition) we may expect to receive missionaries from those countries who put the welfare of children before the value of armaments.

These revelations occur in the chapters devoted to the position of the child in modern society, and give full and detailed figures concerning health, types of schools available, playing fields, the avenues open to the child on leaving school, working conditions and so on. For any one who is alive to the seriousness of the problems involved, problems of unemployment, juvenile delinquency and misdirection of energy, to mention only a few of the facts touched upon, this careful study should not be missed.

Beyond the closely written history of the organisation for working-class children with which the book is mainly concerned, there is sufficient of interest to all who have any concern with children or young people. One is surprised to find so much material well compressed and justly evaluated, concerning so many different topics which affect the child. For instance the section on Play, with the different theories of its meaning and value, will be useful to all, and even specialists will find some new and provocative ideas here.

Although its value as a handbook is clear, one feels that the emphasis on this practical utility is unfortunate. It is of far greater importance as an introduction to the child as a citizen of the world, a world which only the child can lead to peace.

ELIZABETH CROSS

Emerson: His Muse and Message. By V. RAMAKRISHNA RAO. (University of Calcutta.)

Dr. Rao prefaces his study of Emerson with the statement that "more is to be gained from him by the pursuit of sympathetic study than lost by the abjuration of superior criticism". But this might safely be said of the study of any great writer, with the proviso that criticism need not be superior and that sympathy without a leavening of criticism can hardly fail to be featureless. Uncritical laudation is, indeed, the chief defect of his book, and it is reflected in its style as well as in its substance, in such sentences, for example, as—"the happy harmony of his sweet, simple syllabic strains bears mystic messages of elevated emotion and entranced imagination".

Such sentences carry little meaning, and Dr. Rao's sincere appreciation of Emerson finds expression too often in gracious platitude. But every defect, as Emerson himself noted, has its quality, and in lavishing his sympathy in particular upon Emerson's poetry Dr. Rao has called loving attention to a side of his subject which has been too much neglected. He recognises, of course, that Emerson was essentially a poetic genius in all he wrote, that his essays were the expression of a spiritual imagination and his verse the songs of a seer. But believing that the wisdom of the essays is packed into the poems, he has devoted two-thirds of his book to a detailed study of them and of what they reveal of Emerson's conception of art, nature, the individual, love and religion. His treatment is too merely descriptive to break new critical ground, but it is comprehensive and enriched by liberal quotation. Characteristically he frequently stresses the affinity between Emerson and Wordsworth, but says little of their differences, which are more significant. Emerson's rare spirit was imperfectly grounded in the common earth to which Wordsworth was attached by ties which proved eventually too strong. And a true evaluation of Emerson's achievement as philosopher and poet demands critical insight into this defect. Dr. Rao who rightly sees in Emerson an Indian born out of his clime is too sympathetic to question the basis of his transcendentalism, but he loves its superstructure wisely, if too well.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

CORRESPONDENCE

LITERARY CENSORSHIP

With undoubtedly the best of intentions, Estelle H. Ries—in the February ARYAN PATH—has signed her name to some most pernicious doctrine: a rigid censorship over the literature of the world. She apparently would adopt the policy, always felt necessary by dictators, of permitting only those things to be said or written that tended to bend the thought of mankind into the curvature of her own bias. She would like, in fact, to establish a twentieth-century inquisition, but instead of having it ruled by the Catholic hierarchy, would govern it, presumably, by a group selected because they held more or less her own views of how things should be. These views may be the highest and best in the world, but once she has set up such a board of censors, what is to insure that these beneficent views will be maintained throughout the years to come?

She would have writers "give readers what they should have, or at least refrain from giving them what they should not have". She neglects to tell us, however, who is to say what it is the readers should have and not have, or how this is to be discovered. She would have writers licensed, and the qualifications for licence "should include an ethical and constructive attitude toward human relations, an educational awareness and a social conscience". Would this ethical attitude be that of the Roman Church, of the new German Aryan Church, of Theosophy, or of what? Would the constructive attitude toward human relations be that held by the Russian Communist party, by the Italian Fascists, or by the German Nazis? What is completely overlooked here is that people—with all honesty—hold widely divergent views on these matters. The salvation of humanity lies in allowing them all to express what they honestly feel, and then to let each reader judge for himself.

Writers, she feels, should recognize an obligation not to give "perverted values, false interpretations and inflamed passions". By and large, however, authors do attempt not to give perverted values and false interpretations; they try to give and interpret things as they see them. Regardless of what their opinions are, however, there will always be many who feel that their way is perverted, and that their interpretation of values is false. She forgets that in the ultimate analysis the only light that can illumine our path comes from within ourselves. The opinions and sayings of others must be sifted through our own understanding.

Part of her error, I believe, springs from an overestimation of the power of writers. Writers are merely the mouthpieces of the world. They have grown up in our midst, and for the most part take their opinions from our own mental atmosphere. They would like to think, perhaps, that they lead, but history has amply proved that they only follow and express what has recently been, or is now being, thought. A writer who writes what the world is not in sympathy with will not be read. Whether they have influence or not however, the worst thing we could do would be to place a censorship over them. At the best, if they had no influence at all, it would be harmless except to us who force our will on them, and to them who are subjected to it. At the worst, if they were extremely influential, it would be setting up an organization that sooner or later would come under vicious control, and lead to the complete undoing of mankind.

PHILIP CHAPIN JONES

ENDS AND SAYINGS

In the intense political upheaval from which Europe is suffering, the progress of ideas (which are the real forces creating the world of tomorrow) is being overlooked. If we consider only the follies of martially-minded leaders and the response they call forth in the way of war-like preparations by others, we cannot help despairing of Western civilization and dreading the rivers of blood in which millions will be drowned. By means of war or internal revolution in more than one territory, or some other upheaval, the storm must break. A change in the order of life in Europe is due; it cannot be averted. But what form will that change take?

Lovers of spiritual culture, most of whom are also lovers of ancient Indian culture, are labouring to present ideas which would enable men to shape the New World according to the principles of Soul-Science and spiritual altruism. Brahma-Vidya, Gnosis or Theosophy, offers a way of life to the individual, but further it offers Knowledge for the construction of a new polity on spiritual foundations. In these pages we have repeatedly shown how powerful and potent are the teachings of the ancient sages, which can be applied in a practical manner in the building of an International State in which national cultures would play their parts to the greater glory of peace and progress. That this can be done is once again brought home to all by Sir S. Radhakrishnan in his latest volume *Eastern Religions and Western Thought*. We merely draw attention to it here; a proper review of the volume will appear later. Sir Radhakrishnan has rendered a real service to the entire Western world in marshalling together those vital truths of India's immemorial philosophy which can be used in the practical task of building a new civilization. He has also rendered a service to his own countrymen, especially to those of them who are enamoured of Occidental modes of life and labour.

Sir Radhakrishnan believes that it is necessary "to touch the Soul of mankind" in order to build "a world community", "a co-operative commonwealth". He writes:

> To this great work of creating a new pattern of living, some of the fundamental insights of Eastern religions, especially Hinduism and Buddhism, seem to be particularly relevant, and an attempt is made in these lectures to indicate them.
>
> All signs indicate that Mysticism is likely to be the religion of the future.

Sir Radhakrishnan has certainly made a most valuable contribution towards humanity's attempt "to live together and understand one another".

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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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POETS WHO WERE SAINTS

The nation is fortunate whose poets are men of spiritual vision, who are not content with experiments in prosody or with the "self-expression" of the modernist versifier. In India from very ancient times many of the leading writers have been men deeply religious in the true sense. Such were the mediæval poet-saints who produced some of the earliest, as they remain the best, of the writings in Marathi, an Indian language spoken to-day by over twenty millions in Central Western India.

The greatest name among them all is that of Dnyaneshwar, the inspirer and the pattern of those who came after him—a thirteenth-century youth of such rare poetic gifts and such depth of philosophical insight as to constitute him a standing challenge to those who reject the idea of reincarnation for the human soul. Dying at about the age of twenty, Dnyaneshwar left two immortal masterpieces which have given æsthetic delight and spiritual solace to millions—an original work, the *Amritanubhav*, perhaps the more subtle and profound of the two, and Dnyaneshwar's interpretation of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, popularly known as the *Dnyaneshwari*, a spiritual classic which is paid almost divine honours in Maharashtra as "The Great Book". Madame H. P. Blavatsky referred to it in *The Voice of the Silence* as "that king of mystic works", and quoted from it more than once.

Professor Madhav Damodar Altekar is an ardent enthusiast for the aspect of Indian culture represented by the poet-saints of Maharashtra about whom he writes in the following article. He looks upon Dnyaneshwar as an Advaitist, a follower of Shankara, who possessed large tolerance. His range is vast and his writings, like those of all great spiritual teachers, hold inspiration and instruction alike for the simplest mind and for the subtlest, most,

metaphysically inclined intellect.

The saints of Maharashtra have had a great effect upon Indian history, directly in the influence of the seventeenth-century Ramdas upon the Maharashtrian hero, Shivaji, whose spiritual preceptor he was, and indirectly and of far wider import, in the influence of their teachings on the character of the masses. They were all men of breadth of outlook, ignoring narrow distinctions of creed and caste and devoting themselves to enlightening the common people. Eminently practical men, they did not advocate running away from life but the doing of duty wherever one finds oneself. They preached that complete freedom is complete self-control, victory over one's instincts and desires. Truly, as Professor Altekar declares, "the civilisation of man is measured by his progress along the lines laid down by this proposition."

THE SAINT-POETS OF MAHARASHTRA

Marathi Literature is rich in what may be called spiritual poetry; it is even believed by some that the old poets, who were rather saints than poets, neglected this world in order to be perfectly happy in the next. One school of thought holds that excepting Ramdas, an eminent saint of Shivaji's time who was the spiritual preceptor of that great Maratha hero, none of the old Marathi poets taught anything useful to national progress or to worldly success. In opposition to this stands the verdict of the late Mahadev Govind Ranade, by common consent the most profound thinker of nineteenth-century India; he held that the success of Shivaji was made possible by the pioneer work of the great saint-poets of Maharashtra from Mukundraj and Dnyaneshwar to Tukaram and Ramdas and that, but for the inspiration these poets supplied and the mentality they created, there would have been no political revolution in the Deccan. Most of the early Maratha poets were men of saintly character who devoted all their life and energies to the service of the poor, the downtrodden and the ignorant. These early saint-poets undoubtedly moved on a spiritual plane, but they were not unmindful of the millions who have to tread the earth, fight their daily battles and earn their daily bread. In fact, it was to succour these that they wrote their works and also preached occasionally. They hated all hypocrisy and they inculcated a love for industrious habits, cleanliness, mental as well as physical, and a heroic spirit that should stand adamant against the most frightening calamities. In fairness to our own intellectual honesty, we must study them properly and find out what they stood for and what they achieved.

One great achievement reveals their democratic spirit and their concern for the common man—their determination to work for the masses and not to serve the interests of one class only. They wrote in Marathi, the speech of the ordinary people, at a time when writing in Marathi was looked down upon, and some of them

wrote in such beautiful Marathi that even the finest Sanskrit compositions were surpassed. Dnyaneshwar, the greatest among them all, deliberately stated that the *Vedas* served only for the higher classes, but that the *Bhagwat Geeta* was for every one, and that he wrote in Marathi because he wanted all —including Shudras, women and the ignorant—to know what is in the *Geeta* and the *Vedas*. Eknath, three hundred years after Dnyaneshwar, proclaimed the same message. Though his times were not so difficult as the latter's, he was persecuted by the so-called orthodox of his day. To write for all, to make even the highest knowledge available to all without distinctions of caste or sex, station or occupation—that was the spirit in which the earlier great works in Marathi were composed. Marathi has been a democratic language from its very birth. Mukundraj lived a hundred years earlier than Dnyaneshwar, who flourished in the thirteenth century for, alas, only two decades, though the maturity of his wonderful work the *Dnyaneshwari* and of his still more wonderful book called *Amritanubhav* makes us ask how such a brief life could pour forth such experience and such wisdom. Dnyaneshwar said that he would write in such a style that his words would compete with nectar itself, and those who have read the *Dnyaneshwari* will bear out the fact that the great poet-philosopher did not overstate his claim. Mukundraj, a hundred years earlier, wrote the *Viveksindhu*, and though it is doubtful if his original language is preserved in the copies that we read to-day, it is certain that he wrote in a simple style. Dnyaneshwar used all the technique of the art of poetry to make his works as charming to read as they were sound in their philosophy of life.

Both Mukundraj and Dnyaneshwar followed the Adwait doctrine of the great Sankaracharya, but in raising man to spiritual heights they did not forget that he is made of flesh and bone and that he has to live this life. Mukundraj, in describing a true disciple and a true preceptor, condemned hypocrisy in outspoken terms and censured men who in order to make worldly gains pretend that they are spiritually great. But in the *Dnyaneshwari*, or *Bhavarthdipika*, as Dnyaneshwar's wonderful work is also called, we get precepts both about how to live in this world and how to secure the greatest eternal bliss. Dnyaneshwar described the varieties of fools and knaves that we meet in this world, though—kind-hearted and broad-minded as he was—he looked upon all knaves as fools. What he had written Ramdas amplified four centuries later, in a more popular but much less poetic style. Dnyaneshwar asked men to do everything efficiently and cheerfully—"Whatever you do, do it beautifully" was his message—while Ramdas explained the necessity for carrying on one's family life in an upright and determined manner. Dnyaneshwar, in his *Amritanubhav* or *Anubhavamrit*, soars to heights of thought that are difficult to understand except for intelligent and persistent students and explains how perfect joy can be attained even in this life. In fact, the *Mukti* or the *Moksha* described in his

philosophy, which as said is the same doctrine as that of Sankaracharya, is *Jeevanmukti* or the release in this life from all grief and temptation.

Just as the saint-poets wrote for the masses, they worked in a number of directions to raise their level of life. The temple at Pandharpur, which even now lakhs of devotees visit every year, became the shrine of a God who was democratic and who could be seen and worshipped by all, irrespective of caste or station or occupation in life. The *Dnyaneshwari* became the Bible of this new spiritual centre of Maharashtra. These saint-poets were believers in one ultimate Power, but they did not mind the worship of individual gods as a means to the attainment of the ultimate truth. They were firm Adwaitwadins but they were not intolerant. True reformers that they were, and workers for the masses, they possessed an abundance of toleration. That is not to be taken as indicating slackness of principle. But they understood that before you could obtain the pure gold of principle, you must dig into the dust of concrete worship and varieties of worship.

The greatest names among these saint-poets of Maharashtra are Dnyaneshwar, Namdev, Eknath and Tukaram. The first two belonged to the thirteenth century, Eknath to the sixteenth, and Tukaram to the seventeenth. But before we refer to them individually, we might note an important characteristic of that glorious age in Marathi literature. We find that among the writers of those times there were people not only of different castes but of different communities as well, and they all sat together and treated each other with a reverence and in a spirit of equality that deserves to be imitated by the present generation. We have among the poets of those days men and women, Brahmins and non-Brahmins, the last group including the so-called untouchables. And there is no doubt about the sincerity with which they wrote and preached. They were strong men and women who had battled with their desires and had conquered them—the greatest victory for any one—and they did not believe in sickly sentimentality. They were very humane, but they never forgave the wicked, whom they would punish with a strong hand. They preached non-violence, but Tukaram said in one of his lines that if a scorpion entered the house of God, one must kill it. They were men and women of great common sense, and they knew and preached that in order to ensure non-violence unless you can reform the violent you must destroy them. "The protection of the good and the destruction of the wicked"—these two planks of a sound philosophy have been handed down from the *Bhagwat Geeta*, and the Marathi saint-poets followed that precept. A man may be good, they taught, but there are bad people who will not allow him to be good, and he must battle with them.

So the charge that these great writers inculcated timidity and flight from the world is a libel, arising probably out of ignorance. They did not ask people to give up this life—they clearly stated that the way men dealt with their *Sansar* makes them fit or unfit for *paramarth*. Do the duty that lies nearest, they preached, do it

well, and then you will be fit to perform higher and ever higher duties. It will thus be seen that they taught a very valuable philosophy of day-to-day conduct, and though their ultimate goal was to attain spiritual heights, they never believed or preached that that could be done by neglecting one's ordinary duties or by doing them inefficiently or grudgingly. In days when Western ideas of nationalism were unknown in India, this teaching was really national education.

They interpreted freedom as victory over oneself, over one's instincts and desires, and they described complete self-control as complete freedom. Even after half a century of the new psychology, this proposition must stand supreme as the test of everything that is good and beautiful. The civilisation of man is measured by his progress along the lines laid down by this proposition, and let us remember that the Maratha saint-poets never hesitated to lay it down with vigour and with insistence. All this thought-current has revealed itself in the later Marathi literature. When we study the Marathi poets carefully, we realise that Dnyaneshwar stands behind them as their inspirer and their standard. The tributes paid to him by them are as affectionate as they are sincere and true.

Namdev was a sweet poet ; he himself communed with God and his *abhangas* are delicious to read. But such was the sturdy thought of that day that when he was examined by some one to test his spiritual worth, the verdict given was that he was not perfect, because he was still entangled in the concrete and was not able to grasp the abstract.

Eknath was a family man of some wealth and was a voluminous writer. He has written a long book on the eleventh part of the *Bhagwat Puran* —a part devoted mainly to philosophic discussion. In the course of discussing high themes, Eknath gives sound advice on many matters of everyday interest. He made a name for being kind to the depressed classes and for being absolutely free from feelings of anger. He edited and published the *Dnyaneshwari* and was evidently a very great and courageous man. His works do not attain to the poetic heights of the *Dnyaneswari*, but occasionally they remind one of the author of that wonderful book.

Tukaram was a Bania by profession and a peasant by birth, while Namdev was a tailor. Tukaram wrote a Marathi that is all his own. His *abhangas* are repeated in every Marathi-speaking household. His power of phrase-making was marvellous. He was fearless, as they all were, and like them all he did not mind giving you a bitter pill if he thought that it would cure you of your malady. Courage was their chief virtue, and they spoke the truth even when the truth was unpalatable. These great authors are venerated wherever Marathi is spoken, and there is no doubt that their works have given a peculiar status to Marathi literature.

The story of Dnyaneshwar is very eventful. His father Vithalpant, a resident of Paithan, was going about as a pilgrim, when in his wanderings he came to Alandi near Poona, where he met a gentleman who gave

him his daughter in marriage. Some time after his marriage, however, Vithalpant grew tired of this life and wanted to seek spiritual truth. So one day he left his wife to go to Benares. There he called upon a famous Sanyasin and became his disciple, himself entering the fourth ashram. But he concealed from his guru the fact that he had a wife. A few years later the Guru, while on a pilgrimage, happened to visit Alandi, where he met the sorrowing wife of his disciple. When he heard the full story he took compassion on her ; he went back to Benares and ordered his disciple to return to his wife and to carry out the responsibilities that he had undertaken. So Vithalpant again became a Grihastha, a householder, and in course of time he had four children. Nivritti was the name of the eldest boy, Dynaneshwar of the second, Sopan of the third, and the youngest child, a daughter, was called Muktabai. The four children became famous in the history of Maharashtra as the spiritual quartet. All of them died while quite young, but during their short span of life they made a great name for themselves, and in Marathi-speaking households their names are as venerated as those of Rama and Krishna. When Vithalpant wished to perform the thread ceremony of the eldest boy, Nivritti, fresh trouble arose. The pundits of the day objected that the children were the children of a sanyasin who had no business to have any children, and that therefore they had no caste, certainly not the caste of Brahmins, and thus the thread ceremony could not be performed. It appears that at this shock Vithalpant again grew tired of life and left on a pilgrimage from which he never returned. The poor children, abandoned by their parents and scorned by public opinion, had to face life alone, and they faced it bravely and cheerfully. They even discussed matters with the pundits, who were surprised at their knowledge and their fine conduct. The children, now in their early teens, decided to renounce the worldly life and to devote themselves to yoga and to spiritual pursuits and to remove ignorance from people's minds. Nivritti, the eldest boy, became their guru, and they set forth upon their mission. Probably this single-handed struggle against an adverse public opinion and the attempt to establish themselves as normal persons taught the young people many things and they got more experience in a few years than most people acquire in a long life. Dnyaneshwar is credited with having performed many a miracle, but there could not be a greater miracle than his wonderful *Dnyaneshwari* and his still more wonderful *Amritanubhav*. The literary merit of these works is of the highest order and their philosophy and spiritual quality have given solace to millions. Even Muktabai, the youngest of the children, was a great adept in wisdom and in spiritual attainments and has left a few *abhangas*.

Namdev was a contemporary of Dnyaneshwar who lived a long life. There is controversy as to whether there were other Namdevs who lived in Dnyaneshwar's time, and there appears to be sufficient evidence to uphold the theory that there were.

Be that as it may, the thirteenth century Namdev has left some very delicious *abhangas* that describe his intense love for Vitthal, and his is probably the highest kind of spiritual poetry to be met with in any literature. From a man who was practically a dacoit he developed into a great devotee; while perhaps this phenomenon of conversion has given colour and glamour to his poetry, it has blunted the edge of pure Dnyan and caused him to follow a personal and therefore a concrete God in contradistinction to Dnyaneshwar, who realised the highest spiritual stage where God and devotee become one and undivided.

Eknath was a Brahmin of great reading and knowledge and a man who understood life. His heart was full of the milk of human kindness and he restated the Adwait doctrine once more and preached to the people, teaching them to be wise and fearless. The example of Eknath proves that the Maratha saint-poets were in no way opposed to participation in life or to entering the *Sansar*. All that they insisted upon was that even *Sansar* should be carried on in a particular frame of mind, and when that is done, *Sansar* itself becomes *moksha*. All that one has to do is to develop that frame of mind by gradual study, by certain spiritual exercises, by yoga, or by *bhakti*—devotion, which always meant an attitude to every one which proved that one thought of others as one thought of oneself, or, to put it in technical terms, one must see God in everything.

Then we come to Tukaram, who was also born in a well-to-do family, but who, when left to his own devices, failed in business. Then a terrible famine came and before his eyes he saw his wife and children die of hunger. He tasted the bitterness of life to the full, and all misery. This was probably responsible for his death in the early forties. His second wife is reported to have been a very irascible woman, but we must remember that she had to support a family while her husband was earning practically nothing. Tukaram devoted all his time to preaching through his *abhangas*. He had the power to express his ideas in most potent words that are sometimes like powerful drugs. He could also render high ideas from the *Upanishads* in the simplest and yet the most telling Marathi. When and where he studied them one cannot imagine, but there is no doubt that his study of the *Mahabharat*, the *Ramayan*, the *Upanishads* and the Vedant philosophy was intensive. He said that he and his like (that is, the saint-poets) had to do all this because they had to protect the good and expose and punish the wicked and the malicious. He asked people to take a long view of things and not to be entirely absorbed in the affairs of the moment. He even used slang in warning the people, for adequate expression was his object, and he did not mind using an expressive word even when that word was not favoured by what may be called polite society.

In this connection, it may be mentioned also that neither Dnyaneshwar nor Eknath minced his words. They all spoke the truth and spoke it without fear or favour. The common

quality of those spiritual masters was their fearlessness, and they imparted that virtue to the people of their time. What is called the double standard of conduct of modern educated people in this country or elsewhere was condemned by those great masters. "You should fall at the feet of those who act what they preach", proclaimed Tukaram. "The capital of the good is compassion", he said elsewhere. "Be alone, concentrate and purify your mind", was still another piece of advice that he gave. And thus Dnyaneshwar, Namdev, Eknath and Tukaram are beacon-lights on the great road from misery to happiness, from mental slavery to complete *moksha*.

The name of Ramdas may be added to this galaxy. He was a contemporary of Tukaram. As the preceptor of Shivaji, he was concerned with the actual politics of the day, but the stamp on his thought is undoubtedly that of Dnyaneshwar.

Apart from these, there were several writers, less known perhaps but holding the same views, who belonged to the same school and preached the same gospel of "seeing God in everything", truly a gospel of equality and fraternity and of liberty as well, but of liberty based on the sound foundation of self-control. "The extinction of the desires and victory over the senses", that was the technique of those teachers. They made Pandharpur the centre of a new practical religion, a religion in which the edge of caste feeling was blunted, a religion which could be adopted by every man and by every woman without the distinction of community or class, a religion which laid down a definite doctrine but which possessed the spirit of tolerance. It was undoubtedly a school of *bhakti*—but it is the glory of the saint-poets of Maharashtra that their bhakti was peculiarly free from the deification of the physical and from the chaos into which several bhakti schools fell on account of confused thinking.

The bhakti school, in several places, degenerated into one kind of sensualism or another, and that was perhaps due to the circumstance that a mistaken puritanism forbade everything to human beings as human beings and allowed everything to gods. This led also to the development of a false conception of God. The saint-poets of Maharashtra saved the Marathi-speaking population from this double degeneration. They did not object to the use of symbols, but they insisted that symbols were no more than symbols. Sex-madness was never a part of the bhakti that was preached and practised by the Maratha saint-poets, and it should be remembered that they were not afraid of being purists. They taught a sturdy bhakti, and they laid down that bhakti must always manifest itself in the day-to-day conduct of man. The technique of bhakti without right conduct, the outward show of bhakti without readiness to treat every one just as you would treat yourself, was not accepted by those saint-poets as meritorious. Mad behaviour or even wicked behaviour was never accepted as an attribute of a man who had realised and experienced the highest spiritual state. By giving all the fruits of his own actions to others, he would be free from the bondage of karma, but that never meant that he should

or would indulge in wrong action. He must act wisely and be a model to others. Dnyaneshwar had the supreme gift of expressing great principles in unequivocal language, and the others followed his lead.

It is interesting to contemplate that great company of those days, men and women coming together to spread the gospel of right action and right knowledge, and to see how Marathi Literature was enriched not only by the educated and so-called high-class people, but by all classes and types. There were shopkeepers and barbers, shoeblacks and carpenters, even maid servants who contributed to the great movement. Namdev had a maid servant, Janabai, who occupied an eminent place in that great company and who left some sweet *abhangas*. Maharashtra was roused by these writers ; it was made to see things as they are ; and the awakening, as Ranade says, was indeed but the preparation for the great political work that Shivaji accomplished in the seventeenth century. *The saint-poets of Maharashtra realised that certain institutions of the Hindus blocked their unity, blocked the solidarity which is the supreme need of every community, and they tried to remedy this by raising the spiritual values to a place above the social values.* In modern times we may try other devices, but that does not lessen the importance of the service which these great souls rendered. They left a beautiful and inspiring literature—they have also left excellent examples for us to follow. They hated injustice and inhumanity and they were never selfish. In fact, the complete absence of *Ahamkar* or egoism, the absence even of the feeling that you are free to indulge in *Ahamkar*, was the key to their supreme spiritual loftiness. Their philosophic idealism is their greatest legacy. The *jeevanmukta*, or the person who is free from all bondage even during his lifetime, has been described by them, and particularly by Dnyaneshwar and Eknath, in a marvellous manner, and remains as an ideal for every one to aspire to. Eknath in an inspired moment wrote of the death of Krishna that he was not afraid to live and not afraid to die—but that though he was above life and death he did not want to live just for the sake of living and thus he departed as soon as he had completed his life-work. And Dnyaneshwar said that his Guru had raised him to such a state of bliss that he was able in his turn to give this joy to others. Let us pause and contemplate that level they had reached and try to understand their teachings.

M. D. ALTEKAR

PROPAGANDA AS LITERATURE

[Humbert Wolfe is both a poet and a novelist and our readers will recollect his article on "The Hard-hearted Moderns" in THE ARYAN PATH for February 1939.—EDS.]

For centuries there has been a sharp distinction between propaganda and all sorts of literature. It has been maintained that the moment a work of art has any purpose other than to snatch something out of the flux and hold it fast, it stultifies itself. The difference between a railway engine of the most perfect stream-line type and a picture by Monet is quite simply that the second has the authority of its personal and irrevocable statement, while the first is dominated by the purpose for which it was constructed and therefore lacks all authority. While this view predominated, it was possible to dismiss from serious consideration the didactic in literature as well as that type of writing which was intended to distort men's minds or opinions.

It was by no means denied to authors to state their views, presumably with the object of influencing opinion, but those views had importance only if they conformed primarily to the rules of their Art; thus Milton did not write a worse sonnet because he protested against the massacres in Piedmont, and probably Dr. Johnson's best piece of prose was his personal rebuke to Lord Chesterfield.

The existence of satire depends to a great extent upon its value in destroying the abuses against which it is aimed. But in fact this is only an incidental, and the major triumph of the great satirists consists not so much in the success of their invective as in the truth of their art to their own inner impulse. This point, therefore, in all critical opinion, appeared to have been finally settled. Since the war, however, we have discovered in three or four domains, political, economic and now artistic, that our settled opinions have to be reconsidered if not abandoned. Who, for example, could have foretold that the greater a nation's apparent bankruptcy, the greater its wealth? Who could have guessed that a comparatively poor nation could abolish unemployment and have an actual shortage of labour, while two of the richest nations in history appear to find it impossible to solve the same problem? Who in the world of politics could have believed that a quarter way through the twentieth century vast populations would have been prepared to surrender their opinions, their fortunes and their lives to outside direction, not merely without murmur, but apparently with devoted gladness? And finally, who could have dreamed that in three great countries of the world the whole creative intellect would be mobilised with the objects of battering all individuality to death in their own citizens and of creating in the rest of the world an attitude hitherto rendered possible only by conquests either in the military field or in the field of human imagination?

All these events and tendencies, which before the war of 1914-1918 would have been regarded as fantastic impossibilities, have now imposed themselves upon us. It is for economists and statesmen to work out the meaning, effect and ultimate results upon the world's sanity and peace of the first two. It is for the world of letters to consider what, if any, fundamental change has been introduced into the critical approach to Art and into its real meaning by the regimentation of men's minds in this respect. We are forced, if we are to reach any conclusion of value on this issue, to examine facts in the first place and then to consider whether they have disposed of previous theories. No metaphysical doctrine, whether cognitive or æsthetic, can have any value unless it meets and explains the obvious. In this connection the obvious is that for some ten years in Russia, Italy and Germany the Arts have been under national control and direction. As with the material resources so with the intellectual resources, everything in the country is, as far as is humanly possible, being directed to the one end of securing the absolute mastery of the State, and through this, in theory, the happiness of individual citizens.

Let us first examine the facts as regards the Press. In all countries in the world the Press at all times has been compelled to pay some regard to the wishes of the established Government. The liberty for which Wilkes fought in Great Britain was, even at its most absolute, limited by the possible intervention of the State if it felt that an individual paper was seriously prejudicing the National interest. Subject to this reservation, in most of the European countries the pre-war Press had a very considerable liberty. That liberty ranged from an almost complete freedom of expression in England and France to one rather less in Germany and considerably less in Czarist Russia. But even in pre-war Germany radical criticisms of the Government of the day and even of the Kaiser were permitted, as was illustrated, for example, in the case of the celebrated "Daily Telegraph" interview.

At this time there was the clearest distinction between journalism and eternalism in literature. There was no concerted relation between the impact of the Press on the popular mind and of literature and art on the same mind or absence of mind. On the contrary, at certain periods literature prided itself on having no possible connection with what were called politics. The era of Art for Art's sake implied a determination to turn away from everything that was happening in the world and to concentrate on something that was not happening in one's own mind.

At this period, therefore, it was perfectly possible to say that in general the political outlook as expressed in journals, whether in England or any other European country, had no connection with literature. No attempts were being made to influence men's minds permanently or to change the quality of their blood. The authority that the Press attempted to assume was no more than that of a lion-tamer in the cage with the unwieldy objects of his whip. As soon as the cage door was slammed behind him, he expected them to resume

their savage liberty of action. Literature, on the other hand, has through the ages had authority over men's minds of a permanent and metabolic character. Every time that a perfect work of Art has been achieved, it is certain that an alteration has followed in men's outlook, not only in the time and place where the work was produced, but down the ages in all times and places. If we take an example upon this head, we shall see that the history of the Western world has been definitely affected by Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. He interpreted a whole side of human emotion in terms which imposed themselves for centuries, and, by imposing themselves, definitely moulded the minds and actions of those subject to their changing spell.

That, as I say, was the clear pre-war distinction as between the daily Press and literature, which did not count time. Now let us see what has happened with the Press. It is possible to claim, perhaps not too insistently, that the Press in what are called the democratic countries is on the whole still free from regimentation. Admittedly there are influences at work which syndicate opinions, but these are often of a financial character and do not necessarily imply a single point of view. Indeed, rival groups of financiers controlling different organs of the Press, even if they use them for their own purposes, will be using them in opposition and therefore failing to produce the concentrated effect of a centrally controlled journalism.

In the totalitarian countries, however, there is no pretence that the Press is permitted any individual liberty of opinion. The private proprietorship has been ruthlessly changed or destroyed and editors with views unacceptable to the prevailing Government have been dismissed, their places being taken by Civil Servants. This is not, in itself, a novelty, because at many times in the world's history steps have been taken to control opinion. What is a novelty is the degree which this complete subjection of opinion has obtained. It is in fact so marked a difference that it is now possible to consider the Press of Germany and Italy as a sort of musical (or unmusical) instrument upon which the Governments can play. It is true that there are individual styles in the expression of opinion, and that the performers do not always reach the same degree of venomous excellence, either in attack or defence. But, in spite of variations, to a dispassionate observer it would appear as though the journalists in these countries are so many keys, white or black, which are being struck to produce the rhythms and tunes desired either to encourage their fellow countrymen or to discourage the citizens of other countries.

It is to be observed in this connection that in Russia in the early days of the revolution there emerged what was described as mass-poetry and mass-literature. It was suggested that individuality even in creation was contrary to the proletarian theory. One distinguished post-revolution poet in Russia published poems in a volume with some such title as "A Million", or "A Thousand". He meant by this

that he was the instrument through which a large number of otherwise inarticulate persons were expressing themselves.

At the time the theory, like some others evolved in those days in Russia, was exciting, but appeared to be no more than a sixth-form ecstasy. Those who took that view were profoundly wrong. The theory contained the seeds of the whole propaganda movement, which in Germany and Italy has become one of the most potent influences over men's minds. What has happened is that the Russian theory has been carried many degrees further. The State itself, as representing the total mind of the country, is using individuals as part of a titanic form of literary expression. It is no longer a question of one man or one newspaper stating a point of view and thus beginning to change men's opinions. From end to end of the country a huge continuous symphony is being composed and, what is more, being played by an enormous orchestra under single continuous direction.

This is not merely a startling political phenomenon. It goes deeper and suggests a change in the fundamentals of art ; because the complete regimentation of all artistic expression does not end with the Press. It is obvious that in fiction and the theatre the same rigid rules apply to native production as in the case of the Press. It is unthinkable, for example, that there would be the faintest hope of any play on a democratic basis being presented in Germany. Here again, the same relentless pressure produces a series of writers who, without losing their literary powers, become subordinated to an impulse outside themselves. In other words, in their case for the Muse is substituted the figure of the State. Accordingly the Arts range themselves automatically side by side with the Press as forming a part of the same instrumental attack on the human mind.

This extends even to the plastic arts. In Germany, what is known as degenerate art has been fiercely attacked by the Chief of that State, who is alleged, like the Kaiser before him, to have certain artistic pretensions. It is not, however, on the score primarily of art that certain pictures and types of pictures have been banned. It is because the spirit which they profess does not accord with that increasingly imposed on all other forms of creative expression. In architecture too everything which is built is built to symbolise the domination of the State and therefore of the huge over the individual and the small and private.

Nothing is left untouched. And to our astonishment we are presented with a new order (or disorder) of art. It is easy, of course, to say that all this regimentation is entirely sterile, and that in the long centuries which are the sole judge of true art it will be nothing but a rapidly disappearing stain. Those who are opposed to such direction may hope this, but it is by no means certain that their hope will be justified by events.

In H. G. Wells's *When the Sleeper Wakes*, a world is pictured where literature as such is more or less dead and is replaced by talking machines and by small living theatres which anybody can turn on at will.

Literature and art as we understand them have almost been forgotten, and no practitioner whom we should recognise as such is to be found anywhere on the surface of the globe. There is, as always in Mr. Wells's prophecy, a seed of devastating truth. He did not, of course, guess by what means literature and art as they are now understood would be eliminated, but is it not possible that the developments not only in Italy and Germany but in Russia also indicate that something which was not known in Greece, in Rome or in the Middle Ages is now coming to pass?

This paper is in no sense a political argument, and therefore it is open to the writer to enquire dispassionately whether in fact the substitution of the mass for the individual is a practical and permanent possibility? If we can assume a growing community both of action and thought and an increasing elimination of individuality, then surely we may be driven to expect a literary expression less and less representative of individual ideas and more and more reflecting a nation's attitude as unresistingly as a lake reflects the clouds that float above it. If this be so, then, from the first crude idea expressed in Russia, we might expect to see art on the scale of that mountain sculpture in the United States which occupies a substantial part of a range. It will be conceivable that the great artists of the future will be the lineal successors of Herr Goebbels and whoever may be the Directors of Propaganda in Russia and Italy. This man, in his Government office with a large and competent staff, will in fact be writing books, plays and music on a vast scale, using the whole national mind and will as his material. In the same way, he would be directing painters, sculptors and architects, using them as almost unconscious servants of their appointed destiny. Increasingly, a situation not unlike that envisaged in Mr. Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* will be achieved. In that world mass-consciousness will have its mass-representative in all the arts. The old criterion will no longer be applicable. It will not be a question whether pure beauty has been attained. The question will be whether human happiness, as understood in the new world, is advanced by this or that artistic development. In a word, art will step down from its pedestal and become as much a part of life as eating and drinking. Nobody would be able to escape from it and no individual would be able to alter its direction.

Let nobody think that this is said by way of satire or extravagance. It is a far from unreasonable inference from what is happening all about us. We are not entitled to assume that the continental manifestations of today are necessarily transitory or hysterical. We may be seeing in them a real departure from previous ideas of civilization. If that is so, it is wise that we should consider their possible effect on the future of art, and this is precisely what I have attempted to do in these scattered notes.

HUMBERT WOLFE

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

SCIENTIST—PHILANTHROPIST—CHRISTIAN

[Why should THE ARYAN PATH print this chronicle of the homely day of an unassuming Negro scientist? Because the subject of Miss B. B. Walcott's reverent tribute illustrates so well the power of a high motive to sustain and to ennoble life. The man who lives his life with an uplifted purpose and a consecrated aim makes the world his debtor. Such men ennoble whatever creed they profess, but they are the product of none; they are of the fellowship of all who are engaged in the true service of humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, condition or organization.—EDS.]

Dr. George W. Carver is known for his development of more than three hundred products from the peanut, and for his hundred odd products from the sweet potato. Many who have made the pilgrimage to Tuskegee to see the marvels of its creative chemist know also that Dr. Carver has run the gamut of shades and tints in the colour stains, varnishes and paints which he has made from lumps of clay dug from the roadsides and the fields of Alabama.

Some know that he has never accepted money for the hundreds of scientific problems that he has solved in his laboratory for pharmacists, physicians, manufacturers, farmers, dairymen, florists, gardeners, dietitians; others have heard that he has accepted no money from the hundreds of infantile paralysis victims whom he has helped through his peanut-oil treatment for the residual effects of that baffling malady; a few have learned that the surest and quickest way to lose Dr. Carver's sympathetic interest in a project is to discuss it from the money angle. But to every one who has heard of him at all, it is evident that here is a man who is something more than "just another scientist" or "just another idealist".

What manner of man is this "wizard of Tuskegee", who, though he has no interest in the commercial development of his products, is neither a lazy workman nor a short-sighted dawdler; who, though he refuses money for his services, is neither an impractical dreamer nor an egocentric popularity seeker? Wherein lies the secret of his power, a power that for more than forty years has commanded the interest of scientists and laymen from all over the world?

Dr. George W. Carver, seventy-six-year-old Negro creative research chemist, is, with the exception of President F. D. Patterson, easily the busiest man at Tuskegee Institute. His day begins at 4-30 a.m. with a period of communion and meditation in his rooms and often in the woods. At 6-30 he is at his small round table in the Institute Cafeteria. At seven he is on his way to his office and laboratory in the Agriculture Building at the other end of the Campus.

Only in recent months has Dr. Carver accepted a "lift" as he

swings along the road, a newspaper parcel in one hand and an ordinary paper or shoestring shopping-bag swinging in the other. The newspaper parcel contains, maybe, soil from an Alabama farm that is producing diseased cabbage, or broom straw from Florida, or celery waste from Louisiana, or pecan shells from Georgia ; it may be walnut leaves from California or a section of tree trunk from Australia ; it may be cashew nuts from Liberia, or gourds from South America. These are but a few of the thousands of specimens sent to Dr. Carver to be analyzed, classified, synthesized or recommended.

The letters in the shopping-bag have been carefully read the night before and the answers tucked away in a special compartment of his mind. Promptly at 8 o'clock he begins to dictate answers to 75, 90, often more than 100 letters from the shopping-bag.

By the time the dictation is out of the way it is 9-30 or 9-45 and Dr. Carver's assistant has come in to bring the result of some experimentation with the soy-bean. For ten or fifteen minutes they chat with the enthusiasm of two schoolboys ; then Dr. Carver throws his arm affectionately over young Austin Curtis's shoulder and they start for the laboratory.

They are interrupted at the door by a group of visitors : missionaries from Rhodesia perhaps, school teachers from Ohio, newspaper men from England, an industrialist from Mississippi, scientists from India, farmers from Alabama or business men from California. After a cordial greeting and a few words, Dr. Carver escapes into his laboratory, leaving the well-informed, enthusiastic younger scientist to answer their many questions concerning Dr. Carver and their laboratories. At 10-30 the flour-sack apron is folded across a chair. Then, his coat over his arm if the weather is warm, the peanut wizard, carrying a handful of string and two or three diseased twigs, starts for his apartment at the other end of the campus, stopping at the Post Office for his mail. He makes slow time, for he is stopped every few steps to exchange greetings with students, teachers, children and passing tourists.

Once in his room, letters that require immediate attention are placed with his cap ; the remainder are put in a shoe-box to await attention after supper. Now a half-hour for recreation. The bits of string are rolled into balls and added to scores like them in a shoe-box. What looks like a picture frame bristling with nails is taken from a shelf and a ball of varicoloured rags is drawn from a box. Dr. Carver threads the picture frame as one threads a loom; then with a shuttle fashioned from a toothbrush handle he goes over and under ; in less than twenty-five minutes his long, deft fingers take off a gay little woven square and place it with others later to be put together for a warm counterpane bright enough to bring cheer into the drabbest cabin and cheap enough for the poorest family.

Twenty-five minutes to twelve : the diseased twigs now come in for attention. Two heavy books hold the

scientist's attention until five minutes to twelve. Then he is off to the cafeteria and his plain wholesome fare.

Half or three-quarters of an hour later Dr. Carver is on his way back to work. Apron on, he checks experiments in the laboratory, then settles down to dictate answers for urgent letters and then several pages for an article requested by a Southern newspaper. After dictation comes an hour of conference and work with Mr. Curtis in the laboratory. While the flour-sack apron is being folded away and the office closed, Dr. Carver and his assistant talk of fungi and soil.

The talk continues as the two enter the little green coupé and drive down a country road to inspect a tree or a field or to gather plant specimens before going to Dr. Carver's apartment. The aged scientist waves good-bye and calls final instructions as Mr. Curtis drives off to the new Carver greenhouse and the experimental garden plot.

Then Dr. Carver starts to work; a strange plant from Oregon to be identified; a tree disease to be classified; a substitute to be found for an expensive imported drug being used by a drug manufacturer; two infantile paralysis sufferers to be treated; a piece of croker sack to be washed and dyed to be made into a beautiful wall-hanging; a shirt to be mended; and some new water colours (made by Mr. Curtis from osage orange and coffee grounds) urging the artist Carver's magic brush to turn them into lovely landscapes.

All too soon the clock chimes quarter to five—time to go to the dining-hall. By a quarter past Dr. Carver has finished his simple supper and is back in his room awaiting an infantile paralysis patient. The patient gone, there is an hour's visit with Mr. Curtis. The older man talks of his hopes and plans for the perpetuation of the work to which he has given his life; he reads from the Bible verses that have been his shield and buckler through the years; he brings out priceless manuscripts of which the world has not yet heard; the young scientist who has been chosen to carry on his work listens reverently.

Then the day's mail is drawn out. Mr. Curtis slits the envelopes and wrappers. Dr. Carver reads aloud several letters to discuss them with his assistant. Soon the latter says good-night, cautioning Dr. Carver not to sit up too late.

"This has been a pretty easy day. I think I'll stay up a half-hour later than usual."

At ten o'clock his light is out. The busiest man in Tuskegee ends what he calls an "easy day".

If one asks him about his power, or his ability or his knowledge, he looks toward his questioner, but appears to see through and beyond to some far distant point while he replies, thoughtfully shaking his head:—

"'I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord.' I have no power, I am simply an instrument. Whatever I do, it is simply the Great Creator working through me. I, George Carver, do not amount to anything, unless I am in tune with the Great Creator. He has put all these things—the roots and the herbs

and the grasses—here for us to use ; they are here for us—for you and me, if we only keep in tune with Him—to hear. ' Acknowledge Him in all thy ways and He will direct thy paths.' Where some people make their mistake is to think the Creator is going to do it all. They are wrong —the Great Creator simply points the way, it is left for us to work out the means to reach the goal. To do that we must have vision, for ' where there is no vision the people perish '."

If there is any secret to Dr. Carver's power, we find it embodied in those words of his—implicit faith, hard work and vision. Indeed, the quotations cited are the very bone and marrow of Dr. Carver's philosophy of life.

During my life I have met three people whose spirituality was so potent as to make me feel that here indeed was one who walked with God. Dr. Carver is one of those persons. The other two were the late Dean Edward Increase Bosworth of Oberlin, Ohio, and Charles F. Andrews, the English scholar who has lived and worked many years in India with that country's magnificent poet Rabindranath Tagore.

B. B. WALCOTT

I unveiled the mystery of the Self
And disclosed its wondrous secret.
My being was an unfinished statue,
Uncomely, worthless, good for nothing.
Love chiselled me : I became a man
And gained knowledge of the nature of the universe.
I have seen the movement of the sinews of the sky,
And the blood coursing in the veins of the moon.
Many a night I wept for Man's sake
That I might tear the veil from Life's mysteries,
And extract the secret of Life's constitution
From the laboratory of phenomena.

MUHAMMAD IQBAL

THE PANTHEISTIC PATH

A PERSONAL APPROACH

[John Stewart Collis is the author of *The Poetic Approach to Reality* and other books. Here he examines the implications of Pantheism, using Madame Blavatsky's definition of Pantheism.

Madame Blavatsky does not say that the earth is mere shadow : the implication is that the shadow is a symbol—the symbol of illusion. Madame Blavatsky's conception of the philosophical doctrine of Maya is not the commonplace one. We append to the article a few extracts which will show Mr. Collis and others like him what Theosophy teaches.—EDS.]

In her admirable question-and-answer book, *The Key to Theosophy*, Madame Blavatsky allows the Enquirer to ask—" I once heard one of your members remarking that Universal Deity, being everywhere, was in vessels of dishonour as well as in those of honour, and, therefore, was present in every atom of my cigar ash ! Is this not rank blasphemy ? " To which the Theosophist replies, " I do not think so, as simple logic can hardly be regarded as blasphemy. Were we to exclude the Omnipresent Principle from one single mathematical point of the universe, or from a particle of matter occupying any conceivable space, could we still regard it as infinite ? "

What is the central point of the religious problem to-day ? I would say it is this : that while the modern mind now experiences intellectual discomfort in conceiving of an external God, while it cannot visualise such a thing, it nevertheless realises that God must be retained in some shape or form. This modern mind does not find that it can fall back purely and simply upon Nature, upon Pan, and allow that mystery to be the absolute. It would prefer to retain the THEOS. Thus Pantheism is found by many to be satisfactory, since the Deity is retained and attached to the visible universe and at the same time relieved of anthropomorphicality. That happens to be my own approach, though how far it can be considered satisfactory for every one is a matter of opinion ; for to reach the goal this way calls for certain *a priori* personal inclinations. It may be useful if I give my own account of what I mean by Pantheism or what Pantheism signifies by experience for me.

As I was born before the death of Queen Victoria my theological itinerary can be guessed in advance. First the child's acceptance of the Elderly Gentleman with an actual face, beard and long forehead, existing " up above " somewhere—as taught by my parents according to the fashion of the day. He even had a Son. Then at eighteen the inevitable rejection of that God and of that Son, the period of agnosticism or atheism, the turning away from religion altogether.

Many people remain in this state permanently, though when they become respectable householders they embrace a loosely conceived form of piety. There are those who find that

the initial pleasure which came with agnosticism soon dies out and a dejected emptiness follows—in which state of mind they write confused and confusing books about it. There are those who, at this period, enter the Roman Catholic Church. There are those in whom such a tension is created by these problems that they are compensated by the mystic experience—the complete experience of bliss and illumination and apprehension of unity.

These are some of the well-known paths taken after the stage of scepticism and rejection. There is another path which seems to me as satisfactory as the complete mystic experience—and less dangerous. That is the quiet mystic experience, the quiet religious experience of Nature worship. This Way can hardly be chosen intellectually by any one ; it depends upon *a priori* inclinations. It was my Way, and I followed it blindly owing to the inherent faculty I possessed of being moved by Nature. Modern civilization, while making love of nature stronger amongst a few, certainly militates against the use of that source of inspiration by the many.

Nature has been my stand-by on all critical occasions. When in 1918 I was training in various Army Camps while still a few months under killable age, I found that the only subject talked about was sex. After parade every one went in search of girls. I was too green. Instead I sought out trees and quiet spots, where I received immediate restoration. Nature has never shone down upon me so brightly as in those days ; never have trees seemed so wonderful as when to the musketry squad they were merely " Prominent Objects " to be fired at ; never have meadows made so beautiful a picture for me as when I could compare them with the extraordinary academy of drawings on the lavatory walls of the barracks.

At one time I was on the verge of becoming ordained. I went to a theological college. It then became clear that I was in the wrong place and barking up the wrong tree. The season was October—one of the most beautiful I have ever known. Every afternoon I went far out into the country till I reached a special lane, a special field, and a special wood. There I came to my decision not to be a clergyman. Nature lifted me up into an ecstasy and an apprehension : theology had dragged me down into despair and confusion. I took with me each day Norman Gale's *Country Lyrics*. I read over and over again lines which I must quote in remembrance and gratitude :—

> We stood upon the forehead of the hills,
> And lifted up our hearts in prayer ;
> And as we halted, reverent,
> Me seemed that Nature o'er us bent,
> That she did bid us sup
> From bread she gave and from her cup.
> There at her large communion did we feast,
> Herself the Substance and herself the Priest.

That was one of the most vital and even dramatic experiences of my life, and I hold those hours in loving memory. Nature was then, as always, the rock upon which I have built my church.

But I did not really become aware of this until many years had passed. I mean that I did not know that my

simple experience of Beauty would prove to be my rock-bottom creed. I was far too intellectual to understand that the recognition of beauty *is* salvation. For years I dwelt in the valley of the shadow of intellectualism. I passed into that dreary place and it certainly seemed to me at one time that there was no way out. I fought the intellectual problems—the problem of evil, the nature of God, His geographical position, the meaning of life—until I was exhausted. I could not pass the monster. "Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, 'I am void of fear in this matter; prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul.'" Yet I was not slain and I did pass through. For even in that valley I was continually sustained by beauty, and one day the great idea alighted upon my mind that Beauty was Truth—and I knew that my search was over and that not I but Apollyon was slain.

To put the matter more plainly—since the above cannot be understood save by those who have no need to read it—the beauty exhibited by nature at last came to me as a signal, a sign, a promise, an answer, an intimation of ultimate harmony and purpose in the universe. I found myself satisfied that fundamentally there was nothing to worry about—and I said farewell to argument.

I therefore call myself a Wordsworthian—that is, a follower of the true Wordsworth, the poetic Wordsworth, not the timid and mentally confused one. I follow the poet who felt glad messages of affirmation rising up within him in the presence of the mountain, the sounding cataract, and the deep and gloomy wood. His highest experiences such as are expressed in *Tintern Abbey* I have not had and do not now need. I remain on the humbler plain of the *Prelude* in which we find the greatest of all apostrophes ever raised to the brightness of the Promise that is written in characters of beauty across the earth.

That is what I mean by Pantheism, and what Pantheism signifies for me. These signals of beauty cause me to believe in, to quote Madame Blavatsky again from the same *Key to Theosophy*, "a Universal Divine Principle, the root of ALL, from which all proceeds". That is as far as I go. Madame Blavatsky goes further and deeper. She does not see the earth as a sign but as a shadow. Objective and material nature she calls an "evanescent illusion". "When we speak of the Deity", she says, "and make it identical, hence coeval, with Nature, the eternal and uncreate nature is meant, and not your aggregate of flitting shadows and finite unrealities." As all things proceed from the invisible to the visible, from the unknown to the known, from the infinite to the finite, it is no doubt truer to call the earth an illusion and a shadow of Ultimate Reality; and those gifted beings who can hear the voice of the silence and feel at one with things unseen have no need of outward signs. That is Pantheism in a complete and final form. My own approach here may not be accurately described as Pantheism in its complete sense, and Wordsworthianism might be a better word for it. My

chief aim, however, has been to try to give a clear idea of what Pantheism signifies to me, even though I may be using the term in a narrow sense.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

MAYA OR ILLUSION

[So great a confusion prevails among students of philosophy, and misunderstanding is so general among the ordinary people about the doctrine of Maya, treated in an able and interesting way in the above article, that we think it useful to cull and collate a few highly pertinent and illuminating thoughts presented in *The Secret Doctrine* of H. P. Blavatsky, first published in 1888.—EDS.]

The Universe is called, with everything in it, MAYA, because all is temporary therein, from the ephemeral life of a fire-fly to that of the Sun. Compared to the eternal immutability of the ONE, and the changelessness of that Principle, the Universe, with its evanescent ever-changing forms, must be necessarily, in the mind of a philosopher, no better than a will-o'-the-wisp. Yet, the Universe is real enough to the conscious beings in it, which are as unreal as it is itself.—I. 274.

All that which *is*, emanates from the ABSOLUTE, which, from this qualification alone, stands as the one and only reality—hence, everything extraneous to this Absolute, the generative and causative Element, *must* be an illusion, most undeniably. But this is only so from the purely metaphysical view. A man who regards himself as mentally sane, and is so regarded by his neighbours, calls the visions of an *insane* brother—whose hallucinations make *the victim either happy or supremely wretched*, as the case may be—illusions and fancies likewise. But, where is that madman for whom the hideous shadows in his deranged mind, his *illusions*, are not, for the time being, as actual and as real as the things which his physician or keeper may see? Everything is relative in this Universe, everything is an illusion. But the experience of any plane is an actuality for the percipient being, whose consciousness is on that plane; though the said experience, regarded from the purely metaphysical standpoint, may be conceived to have no objective reality.—I. 295-6.

Maya or illusion is an element which enters into all finite things, for everything that exists has only a relative, not an absolute, reality, since the appearance which the hidden noumenon assumes for any observer depends upon his power of cognition. To the untrained eye of the savage, a painting is at first an unmeaning confusion of streaks and daubs of colour, while an educated eye sees instantly a face or a landscape. Nothing is permanent except the one hidden absolute existence which contains in itself the noumena of all realities. The existences belonging to every plane of being, up to the highest Dhyan-Chohans are, in degree, of the nature of shadows cast by a magic lantern on a colourless screen; but all things are relatively real, for the cogniser is also a reflection, and the things cognised are therefore as real to him as himself. Whatever reality things possess must be looked for in them before or after they have passed like a flash through the material world; but we cannot cognise any such existence directly, so long as we have sense-instruments which bring only material existence into the field of our consciousness. Whatever plane our consciousness may be acting in, both we and the things belonging to that plane

are, for the time being, our only realities. As we rise in the scale of development we perceive that during the stages through which we have passed we mistook shadows for realities, and the upward progress of the Ego is a series of progressive awakenings, each advance bringing with it the idea that now, at last, we have reached "reality"; but only when we shall have reached the absolute Consciousness, and blended our own with it, shall we be free from the delusions produced by Maya.—I. 39-40.

Matter existing apart from perception is a mere abstraction.... In strict accuracy—to avoid confusion and misconception—the term "Matter" ought to be applied to the aggregate of objects of possible perception, and "Substance" to *noumena*; for inasmuch as the phenomena of *our* plane are the creation of the perceiving Ego—the modifications of its own subjectivity—all the "states of matter representing the aggregate of perceived objects" can have but a relative and purely phenomenal existence for the children of our plane.... This does not necessarily lead to the conclusion that it is the same on all other planes.... The co-operation of the two [Cosmic Substance and Cosmic Ideation] on the planes of their septenary differentiation results in a septenary aggregate of phenomena which are likewise non-existent *per se*, though concrete realities for the Entities of whose experience they form a part, in the same manner as the rocks and rivers around us are real from the stand-point of a physicist, though unreal illusions of sense from that of the metaphysician. It would be an error to say, or even conceive such a thing. From the standpoint of the highest metaphysics, the whole Universe, gods included, is an illusion; but the illusion of him who is in himself an illusion differs on every plane of consciousness; and we have no more right to dogmatise about the possible nature of the perceptive faculties of an Ego on, say, the sixth plane, than we have to identify our perceptions with, or make them a standard for, those of an ant, in *its* mode of consciousness. The pure object apart from consciousness is unknown to us, while living on the plane of our three-dimensional World; as we know only the mental states it excites in the perceiving Ego. And, so long as the contrast of Subject and Object endures —to wit, as long as we enjoy our five senses and no more, and do not know how to divorce our all-perceiving *Ego* (the Higher Self) from the thraldom of these senses—so long will it be impossible for the *personal* Ego to break through the barrier which separates it from a knowledge of *things in themselves* (*or Substance*). That Ego, progressing in an arc of ascending subjectivity, must exhaust the experience of every plane. But not till the Unit is merged in the ALL, whether on this or any other plane, and Subject and Object alike vanish in the absolute negation of the Nirvanic State (negation, again, only *from our plane*), is scaled that peak of Omniscience—the Knowledge of things-in-themselves; and the solution of the yet more awful riddle approached, before which even the highest Dhyan Chohan must bow in silence and ignorance—the unspeakable mystery of that which is called by the Vedantins, the PARABRAHMAM.—I. 329-30.

Esoteric philosophy, teaching an *objective* Idealism—though it regards the objective Universe and all in it as *Maya*, temporary illusion—draws a practical distinction between collective illusion, *Mahamaya*, from the purely metaphysical stand-point, and the objective relations in it between various conscious *Egos* so long as this illusion lasts.—I. 631.

H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE ETHICS OF PUNISHMENT

[**Abul Hasanat** is the author of *Crime and Criminal Justice* and writes this article out of long personal experience as Superintendent of Police in Bengal.—EDS.]

The forms of punishment have varied with its objects. Among primitive peoples generally the object was to wreak vengeance upon the offender and to get rid of the culprit who had endangered the public. In one phase and a very prolonged one, suffering and expiation were believed to be the main objects. Only gradually did other objects of punishment come to be recognised, such as restraint and deterrence and later, restitution and reformation.

At the present moment all these come in, in varying proportions, in any idea of punishment, though the views of the various schools of penology differ greatly. The Radical school, which is inspired by extreme humanitarianism, denounces all reaction against criminals except oral persuasion and the strengthening of public sentiment against them. According to it, the object of reformation is best furthered by giving free play to the spontaneous repressive effects of nature to which the offender is exposed through his crime, though some radicals do admit that punishment is a tutelary function of the state. Christ would ask him who was without sin to "cast the first stone". Count Tolstoy's motto was "Resist no evil by evil." Perhaps Mahatma Gandhi's doctrine of *Ahimsa* would also support this school.

The value and the efficacy of punishment can be considered first. Punishment was early justified by transcendental considerations. God or Gods were supposed to be placated by making the sinner and the criminal suffer. After this view weakened, social considerations were urged in justification of punishment.

Two essential ideas are contained in the concept of punishment as an instrument of public justice. (1) It is inflicted by the group in its corporate capacity upon one who is regarded as a member of the same group. The loss of reputation or social degradation which follows a crime is not punishment except where this is deliberately administered by the group in its corporate capacity. (2) It means pain or suffering produced by design and justified by some value that the suffering is assumed to have. Thus the confinement of an insane person is not punishment although it involves suffering. Many of the modern methods of dealing with criminals are not punishment in the above sense of the term and merit the name of "treatment" rather than of punishment.

As to the necessity and the utility of punishment, its supporters urge:—

(1) Punishment serves to liquidate the human urge for retribution. It serves, moreover, to check and control the urge. It is commonly believed that the criminal deserves to suffer. This suffering when imposed by the corporate society becomes the political counterpart of individual or

group revenge. It is implied that if the offender goes unpunished, either or both of two contingencies will follow : the victim will seek individual revenge where he is strong or backed by friends and supporters, or he will be reluctant to offer evidence and the state will be handicapped in dealing with criminals.

A crime stimulates in the victim and in an indeterminate group of other individuals an indignation which tends to express itself in individual hostile acts. But when it is known that corporate action will be taken against the offender and that a fitting punishment will be imposed, the feeling of indignation is relaxed and the desire for revenge disappears.

(2) Punishment is deterrent. In the first case the fear that punishment will follow crime should deter the potential criminal. This is illustrated by the terrible picture drawn of a state of punishment to be experienced by wrongdoers in the supposed world to come. Undoubtedly, a great many men have been and some are still deterred from improper acts by such intimidation. Criminal law is itself a gigantic system of producing virtue by intimidation.

Secondly, when punishment is actually inflicted, it is hoped that the offender will realize that the threat was not a mere empty hoax but something really to befall him and those like him. It deters the man punished because the disagreeable memory is retained.

The psychological basis of this effect is the " avoiding reaction " of all organisms to what has given them pain. Even a child learns to avoid fire after burning its finger once. It is thus hoped that a criminal will remember the punishment he has undergone and avoid the circumstances that occasioned it.

(3) Punishment is reformative. Criminals modify their conduct so that they can successfully avoid the pain. One means for this is reformation, brought about either by creating fear of repetition of the punishment, by creating the conviction that crime does not pay, or by breaking habits that criminals have already formed.

(4) Punishment helps social solidarity. It is asserted that respect for law grows largely out of opposition to those who violate the law. A writer maintains that the significant value in punishment consists in " the legal sentiments, legal conscience, or moral feeling which have been developed in the general public by the administration of the criminal law during previous generations, and which have become so organized that they regulate behaviour spontaneously almost like an instinct ".

We must now consider the other side and examine the limitations of punishment.

(1) Let us consider the retributive structure of punishment first. It must be admitted that we instinctively react indignantly to injuries caused to us, just as any other organism gets infuriated when molested. So far our reaction is natural. If a man hits me, I feel inclined to pay him back. But in the case of human punishment the link between stimulus and punishment is not always established by nature. It is often merely socially determined. When a direct offence against the person is committed, the reaction may be a

natural one. But our superstitions, our customs, our taboos have had a great share in determining what is crime.

We do not live wholly by instincts. Even in the animal kingdom, although in some cases stimulus and response have been nicely adjusted, in many maladjustment has been possible owing to a conditioned or acquired reflex. In certain cases the stimulus *may be a false signal calling forth a response without biological utility.*

Such maladjustment has, in a great many cases, occurred in a socio-cultural reflex. Punishment has a natural retributive basis in part but it has also an artificial structure. So when a crime ceases to be a crime, the social urge for punishment in respect of that crime also loses in intensity till non-expression of the reflex results in inhibition or total extinction. While lunacy was a crime, the lunatic aroused as much indignation as does a criminal at present, but the same society has, in the course of a century or two, changed its attitude entirely for one of sympathetic attention.

Ideas have changed and severity of punishment has ranged from extreme brutality to comparative leniency at the present time. A revolutionary change has taken place in respect of education of children. From the " spare the rod and spoil the child " ideology we have travelled far. It is just possible that the very idea of punishing the adult offender may in time disappear.

(2) The deterrent effect of punishment has some limitations. Psychologists take objection to the practice of scaring children by threats of bogeys and ghosts. Even intimidation by conjuring up pictures of future torment does not find favour with them. The mind in a state of perpetual fear cannot be a healthy mind, any more than can the body about which the possessor remains in constant anxiety be a healthy body.

The hope that offenders will refrain from crime through the " avoiding reaction " to pain already suffered, is not altogether without limitations. The great majority of criminals escape punishment through influence, lack of sure methods of detection, etc. Again, punishment instead of deterring may only develop caution. The criminal thinks not of reformation but of the best means of avoiding punishment.

The criminal is urged by desires and encouraged by the fact that he can take precautions and that in only a microscopic percentage of cases are criminals actually punished. For one in jail there are hundreds outside.

Then, there is the case of the criminal from necessity. The one that commits crime at the pinch of his stomach has hardly time to think of the consequences. Suppose, for example, that a dog is confined in a corner of a room without food and there is food scattered about the room. Could you with a rod in hand prevent him from finding food ? Beat him as much as you like, the poor thing will have to go his way as long as he can move. This may sound like coddling criminals, but I am far from advocating that. There are many arm-chair criminals going unsuspected and there are

others who take and stick to crime by choice, but, finally, there are thousands who are in the tight clutch of circumstances from which they would fain be free but cannot. These are like the confined dog. Some so-called "habitual criminals" are men like these; as the appellation embraces them as well as criminals by choice, it has been increasingly difficult to deal successfully with the class as a whole.

This aspect is often forgotten. Enhanced punishment of habitual offenders is often applied and as often fails to deter offenders. If you scan the fruits of their exploits and the rising scale of punishments inflicted, you will exclaim, "All this for so little!" What is the good of visiting on the recidivist the same punishment which his relapse proves to have been futile in the first instance? What doctor will repeat a course of treatment that has repeatedly proved a failure? In such cases, what is wanted is a change in the mode of treatment rather than the enhancing of a penalty already inflicted.

There are people who think that imprisonment is not distasteful to these fellows and that they are rather attracted by it. I cannot reconcile myself to thinking so. These fallen creatures are human enough to realize that liberty is not to be met with within those walls. Even lower animals when confined feel distinctly uneasy. Perhaps the expectancy of sure food crosses some minds, especially when a morsel outside is difficult to get, but is such a state very creditable to conjecture?

(3) The reformative effects of punishment are extremely limited. The prevention of a specific act by means of punishment does not prove that punishment has promoted the social welfare. The good accomplished thus may be more than offset by general attitudes produced by the punishment. A child may be deterred by punishment from lying, but the punishment may entail other undesirable consequences; he may develop a "fear complex"; he may be alienated and estranged. In like manner, even when a particular crime is successfully prevented (more often it is not), the state may create undesirable attitudes in criminals or in the public, disrespect for law, lack of patriotism, unwillingness to sacrifice for the state, lack of initiative, and in general, a sodden and shiftless character. The most serious consequence of punishment is loss of self-respect. And the offender's self-respect is the basis of all successful efforts for his rehabilitation. The eminent psychologist McDougall writes:—

"Physical punishment is effective as deterrent chiefly because and in so far as it is a mark of the disapprobation of the community. But a man when he has once been convicted and jailed for crime, has lost his regard for social approbation and disapprobation. Such self-respect as he retains no longer feeds upon the esteem of the community at large; rather it turns to satisfy its cravings by demonstration of skill, wit, and boldness in defying the law."

Sutherland states:—

"Reformation means not only a determination to change one's character, but a constructive process of

organizing and reorganizing character. Materials for the construction of character are therefore necessary, and pain does not furnish these materials. One must have stimulations, patterns, suggestions, sentiments, and ideals presented to him. And the individual must develop his definitions and attitude by practice, generally in a slow and gradual manner, in association with other human beings. One must have an appreciation of the values which are conserved by the law, and this can be produced only by assimilating the culture of the group."

I need not refer to other minor evils of punishment. The whole idea that punishment reduces crime is based on hedonism, on the assumption that people regulate their behaviour by calculations of pleasures and pains. Many criminals never consider the penalty; many are psychopathic or feeble-minded. Many, again, act under stress of emotion. Various are the causes of criminality, which fact has led to the formation of the present "multiple factor" theory of crime.

If we turn from the individual to the community and consider the way it has reacted to the criminal, we shall find not only the few values of punishment we have indicated influencing it but an admixture of all sorts of motives, active and passive, of revenge, of inherited prejudice, of vanity, etc., etc. The punishment has been a means of releasing the emotions and using up the propelling forces in an effort to get even with the particular individual who has disturbed the community. It would be far more satisfactory in the long run to use the interests, emotions, and wishes in a more controlled way to produce an eventual modification in the situation.

The old attitude dies hard. Our religious and educational systems and our social codes were full of instances in which our moral indignation invariably took the form of punishment. These sadistic features are fast disappearing. In the field of criminal justice, the procedure of science will slowly but surely replace the idea of punishment with one of "treatment", and the spirit of revenge must be superseded by one of sympathetic interest and a genuine desire to effect real reformation.

ABUL HASANAT

WHAT IS FREEDOM?

[Miss Mary Frere has written two novels, a play and some poems.—EDS.]

The word freedom must surely be on people's lips more than any other word at the present moment. Yet when one asks these same people for a definition, how few can give it!

Many people look upon freedom as a condition under which they can give vent to their particular vices, others, as a means of forwarding their aspirations. To some it is a faith, admitted but not understood, while for others still it has the flavour of a nebulous dream scarcely applicable to the grim reality of their lives. To most it is, at its worst, an untidy phase, or, at its best, a comfortable state of being which demands little of them, little besides keeping the word in their vocabulary, ready to use the minute their personal desires or ambitions are in any danger of frustration. But at its best it is far more important, and at its worst far more dangerous than that.

To go round in circles seems to be a natural tendency of both man and beast. But nature can be both cruel and shortsighted. Freedom is a straight road that finds no place for long in such deviations. And it is not the easy road that so many of its travellers would have one believe. But then these same travellers are often unable to read the signposts, and they may be on quite another road without realising their error.

To wander at will is not freedom if the will is lacking in a sense of direction. It merely leads to self-indulgence, which is one of the worst forms of captivity. *No man is more fatally bound than the man who falls a victim to his own beliefs.* On the other hand, aspirations which can find fulfilment only in an atmosphere of ease are hardly necessary to the world. It is belittling the human race to make circumstances the boundary of man's achievement. For it is in the soul of a man that his existence takes shape.

Then consider the faith in freedom that to many is almost a religion in itself. So blind is their belief that it often becomes the channel through which many adversaries enter, and these same advocates become slaves through not being alert to their danger. Of what use is faith without understanding? Faith will not supply an explanation or a way out, any more than a belief in mathematics will solve a problem.

More remote still is the dream of freedom. Yet what is more cunning than this dream, hovering in the guise of a guardian angel over ignorance and poverty and crime? When the dreamer awakes he may find himself behind prison bars.

Freedom can also be a cloak for a most insidious form of dictatorship, the dictatorship of malice and laziness and selfishness. Malice is more destructive than the sword, for it cuts both ways. Laziness prevents all progress in thought and action. Selfishness puts its followers out of the ranks of the pioneers and creates revolutionists. So it will be realised

Martin Gerhardt. A thought came to me—of his invention—overwork—a breakdown. No—I denied that. He was too athletic. I stepped to the Kamin, where a charred piece of heavy paper had attracted me. I picked it up and held it out to the physician : " The world has lost an invaluable invention, doctor ; not I, perhaps no one will be able to complete it. It was to have been Martin's life's work. He has been working on it incessantly." As the physician took the blackened paper from me, another fragment fell to the floor. Also charred, it obscurely showed the outline of the upper half of a girl's face.

" Will he pull through ?" I queried, anxiously. The doctor hesitated. " Don't know, one chance in a thousand, waiting for his father... blood transfusion." " Let me...", I pleaded. There shone a new ray of light in the old man's eyes. For a moment he looked at me questioningly. Then his arm about my shoulder, to lead me out of the room, he muttered with a sigh of relief : " Let's hurry, son ! " My blood test proved satisfactory and I met the first emergency in saving a life endeared to me. The next morning I woke up somewhat weak but soon found strength in the satisfaction that my sacrifice had not been in vain. While my friend was still in a state of coma which was expected to last for a day or two, there was now hope for his recovery.

There being no more that I could do for Martin or his parents at the time, I departed for America as scheduled—but with wonderment in my heart as to what it was all about and if ever I would get to the bottom of the mystery.

Shortly after my return home I received a letter from my friend advising me that he wished to thank me in person as soon as he was strong enough for the voyage.

Martin Gerhardt arrived in May, and after we had planned a future together, we took a jaunt by motor across country to the Pacific Coast. This journey then brought about a deeper mutual understanding than years of association in everyday life could have done. We travelled as two truly American boys—in a little Ford roadster, laden down with tent, bedding, paraphernalia and provisions. While Martin likened us unto Zigeuners or gypsies at the start, he soon forgot European formalities. Indeed, he enjoyed this unique way of seeing the country, where together we delighted like homing pigeons in our nightly camps by the side of silvery brooks, under the swishing of fragrant trees. Out in the open spaces, away from customary comforts and service, men bare their true characters. By the crackling of camp fires after wearisome days speaks the heart of man to man of the secret and sacred things it holds. And it was in one of these tranquil nights when Martin disclosed to me the saddening experience of his life. When I had questioned him about his last great invention I became aware how at the moment his features changed. Disillusionment, hopelessness, yes, cold indifference were expressed in his gesture to pass the matter up. I understood. Martin had destroyed his plans during that dreadful night, burned

the drawings of all the minute details which even he might not be able to recall. Silent we sat, staring into the camp fire. After a while he spoke in a voice that sounded distant and cold: "The basic principle of my psychology—that unbounded strength is acquired through attunement with the cosmic—was shattered in the first acid test, to transfer and practicably materialize mental force vibrations in life. We may attune with the cosmic and listen to nature to enrich our mental capacity to such an extent that we can exploit and master nature's inanimate material resources, but to become infused with these vibratory forces so profoundly that we may relay them for materialization in another human being—that seems to be a problem—of superhuman strength of mind. I lost mastery....I felt the urge of regeneration, the need of new blood, to help to carry on this tedious work on my invention for the benefit of humanity when my own strength would be declining . . . a son. There was a co-ed, a wholesome, bright, young country woman studying philology; she was to bear that son for me—the son whom I premeditated in faithful attunement with the cosmic—the man whom I had visualized to carry on where I left off." He hesitated as if to check the emotion which had softened his voice while he was speaking of the girl.—"She lost the child.—Disillusioned, I was overcome with despair that faith, the very essence of life, as I then had seen it, should not in concerted action with my cosmic attunement have better demonstrated the force of thought vibrations. Bereft of my belief, the motivating force of my life, I became cognizant of my further uselessness; my soul once more sought the woman whom I loved and who had failed me. Once more I would unfold before her soul the strong mental picture of my work and the vision of our future, for ever then to....perhaps, fade into nothingness ....with me. But the state of coma in which you then found me was not the nothingness I had anticipated—rather, with greater fervour than in consciousness I still would seek in her the vehicle for the execution of all the plans which I had not materialized in life. You brought me back to life and since....I have wondered....if...." He rose to stir the fire, then turned to me and smiled cynically. I could feel for my friend in his disappointment and understand his attitude. I did not agree with his view-point on the workings of faith, for it was clear to me that with his scientifically trained mind he had tried to use faith in something like a scientific formula, subjecting its means and ways of demonstration to the force of the mind. Cautiously I refrained from bringing the subject up again, in the firm belief that in time experience would lead to a proper adjustment.

We continued on our trip, gave little thought to to-morrow and spoke less of the deeper things of life, and when we came to the end of our journey my friend was ready to launch with me into business as we had planned. Fortune then was kind to us and as time went on we became known through several inventions which together we had brought

out. (But despite his untiring efforts Martin Gerhardt was unable to solve the problem of his invention that had confronted him when first we met.)

Nearly thirty years had passed, whilst our business had developed to great proportions and prominence, with branches in various parts of the world, when I visited one of our affiliated factories in Berlin.

As I was resting in my hotel room the evening before my departure, the telephone rang. Nervously a man asked me in broken English for an interview. When I answered him in German that I was not able to see him because I was preparing to leave, the man pleaded with me in such surprising firmness of tone in his own tongue, to grant him just a few minutes regarding an invention which would surely interest me, that I gave way to his emphatic appeal.

It was just before dusk. A purple sky reflected in the tall windows laid a queer haze of colour upon the gold-trimmed, ivory furniture. Grotesque small figures came through the lace curtains, slowly moving over the pale-green rug, the walls and the whole room.

A knock at the door—my caller. As I got up to greet him....was it the light....had my eyesight suddenly failed me?....I was taken aback.—Speechless—as if petrified—I stared at the young man....the very image of Martin Gerhardt of thirty years ago. Embarrassed he made excuses for disturbing me while evidently at rest. I bade him sit down and he immediately presented his business. Still I could not follow his conversation, as he unrolled a drawing before me, because I was so bewildered by his uncanny likeness to my friend Martin Gerhardt in his youth.

The young man pointed out some details on his papers and soon arrested my attention. As he was proceeding with his explanations—suddenly—I grasped the immense idea. Like a revelation unfolded before me the problems of Martin Gerhardt's invention—solved. "Man, where did you get this?" I burst out. But the boy was calm on his own ground. "Worked it out nights, for four years", and firmly he added: "It works and I can prove it by the model....Are you interested?" "Yes, yes, of course", I said, still bewildered, for my mind was now far away in New York seeking Martin Gerhardt. To pick up the thread of conversation I muttered: "Your name is....?" "Gerhard Strefey", he came back quickly, "and I am working for your company here." "Have you shown this to anyone?" I asked eagerly. "No one", he said. "Very well, then, Mr. Strefey, shall we take a look at the working model?"

He lived in a tenement district, where in a small room I should witness the greatest invention in its field, where I saw the incredible feat accomplished wherein my friend Martin had failed. After the demonstration the boy asked me to come to his living quarters and meet his mother, pointing out with pride: "For I owe it all to my mother; she has saved and skimped for me to make this expensive model possible."

His mother, a wholesome German woman of about fifty was busy

preparing the supper table. While somewhat surprised by her son's unexpected company she greeted me heartily and invited me to partake of their simple fare. I accepted because I wanted to talk to both of them to see if now I could get to the bottom of the mystery.

When during the conversation I asked the boy if he would like to go to New York with me, he looked at me in wonderment, then at his mother, and clasping her hand he smiled: "Remember our covenant, Mother?—together all the way.... —May mother go too?" he queried of me with a certain urge. "I'll phone to Mr. Gerhardt", I said businesslike. "He is the president of our company. You know of course that Martin Gerhardt controls your factory here also." "Martin Gerhardt!....Did you say Martin Gerhardt?" asked the young man in unconcealed surprise and then looked questioningly at his mother. Embarrassed for the moment, her face flushed, she met her son's eyes and nodded. Excited, he exclaimed: "You mean Martin Gerhardt of Leipzig?—He is a friend of Mother —they were kids together.—Since childhood I've heard mother speak of him, praise him, make me want to be like him.—Now, I shall meet the man whom I have admired, whom I have idolized." In ecstacy he left the table. "We're going, Mother!" he called, as the door closed behind him. The little lady tried to make excuses for her son's spontaneity: "You will better understand when you know that Gerhard never knew his father; my husband fell in the war eight months before the boy was born. Therefore he clings to the ideal which needs I had built to fill his life and to spur his aspiration. And this ideal was Martin Gerhardt, the man I have adored since youth, but whose life I felt I was not equal to suffice. But I conceived and nourished and bore this boy in the soul-desire to fill the void in my life, to see in him greater still the great man I lost. Never through all the trying years have I lost faith that some day, somehow, my boy would come face to face with the man who is the spiritual cause of his being and of his worthiness. This is the happiest day of my life...." There were tears in her eyes as softly she concluded, "I want you to take the boy to him—alone—they need one another."

When I was phoning that night to New York to give Martin Gerhardt all details of my incredible experience I had to shout at him to stop his countless questions and come to the point if I should bring the boy and the mother too. "Of course, you'll bring her—but by all means.... their boy, my spiritual issue!"

HERMAN MERTEN

ON "THANK YOU"

[J. Vijaya-Tunga is a Singhalese Buddhist who has been resident in London for some years, and is the author of *Glass for My Feet.*—EDS.]

I have been thinking of "Thank you". Nothing is used so much, neither the telephone, nor the revolving door, nor even gas for cooking. A wholesale ban on its use for just one day might have graver results than a General Strike. "Thank you" is one of the first things that strike the Oriental in Europe. The idea is very old and is a familiar one in Asia, but its widespread use to-day is European and is a concomitant of democracy. Even to-day the Duchess will not condescend to say "Thank you" to the footman who holds open a door for her, but even she is constrained to say it to the hotel page who hands her a telegram.

In the feudal East, which, in the popular imagination, is a synonym for politeness—bows and salaams and genuflexions *ad nauseam*—"Thank you" is like radium, precious and strictly measured. One never thanks servants, one never thanks the lower castes for any services rendered and elders never thank youngsters. On the other hand, I knew a Bengali Brahmin pundit who regarded it as a serious lapse if any of his pupils—male or female—failed to rush up to touch his feet the moment they saw him. His memory, so good with Sanskrit syntax, had room to record such lapses and the culprit received some punishment or other, though but a pinprick, in some devious way.

While "Thank you" is European, gratitude is one of the strongest supports of Asian ethics. China's Ancestor Worship is based upon it; the loyalty of the Japanese to his Emperor, as the direct descendant of the Creators, male and female, of Nihon or Nippon, is explained by it; and the Ceremonies for the Dead among all Asiatics are to be traced to it. From time to time my mother dreams of her dead father. She regards the dream as the manifestation of a desire on the part of her parent for a taste of the essence of material needs such as food and drink and clothing. And each time, within a day or two after the dream, she duly gives alms to the Buddhist priests, specifying her reason, and they on accepting the alms convey the "merit" to the dead.

Our sense of gratitude extends to animals and plants, to everything in fact except those fellow human beings who are ordained to serve us. If we are good masters, we help on their Karma, and who knows but that in the next birth they will be our masters and we their servants? But the animals who serve our needs are entitled to our gratitude. So are the elements and all those so-called "inanimate" things —streams and hills and trees. A tree that gives us shade from the sun is to be given our gratitude. The grain and vegetables, which become our

food, likewise deserve our gratitude for having come to seed and to fruition for our benefit.[1]

But the exchange of "Thank you" between man and man is rarer in the East. The little courtesies of everyday life, the little acts of thoughtfulness and of kindness—these we expect either as our due or as an act of merit in the doer—but we do not accord them so much notice as will embarrass the other person. The minimising of one's own importance or of the importance of anything one might do for another, which is characteristic of the Chinese and the Japanese, comes of this attitude. And with all Asiatics there is no returning of thanks for your thanks. At best you try to look your appreciation, and the eyes of the "inscrutable" Oriental can light up with feeling. When a Chinaman says "Tho'-Shé" (Many thanks) or "Shiu-Shé", it is accepted in silence or replied to sometimes by "All right", the equivalent of "Please don't mention it".

In Ceylon I was taught by my parents to say "Stuthi" ("Thank you" in Singhalese) whenever I received any present. This meant a very limited use of "Thank you". "Stuthi" is a fairly current courtesy among the Singhalese, subject to that qualification. The older folk and the priests always say, whenever you do them a kindness, "May you accumulate merit!"

When I first went to India I asked my Mahratta friends what I should say for "Thank you". The question was not one that they had been asked before, and after a prolonged discussion they agreed I should say "*Shabash*", which means "Bravo". It is suitable enough when somebody makes a speech, and is frequently used because everybody in India is either making speeches or listening to them, but you can't say "*Shabash*" to your host's wife after she has served you a fine meal. I muttered it on a few occasions in the early days, but, realising I was doing something idiotic and slightly priggish, I gave it up and got on very well for years afterwards without once saying "Thank you" in Indian.

This attitude of not returning and not expecting thanks is, once it is raised to the level of ethics, highly commendable; it has its roots in the doctrine of detachment which plays so important a part in the Hindu-Buddhist philosophy. When Arjuna, perplexed by Sri Krishna's exhortations to him now to devote himself to Knowledge, now to Action, implored him: "Declare one thing determinately, by which I may attain the highest good", Sri Krishna went on to make himself clear:

> He (the man of perfect understanding and who has control over his senses) has no interest at all in what is done, and none whatever in what is not done, in this world; nor is any interest of his dependent on any being. Therefore always perform action, which must be performed, without attachment. For a man performing action without attachment attains the Supreme.

Again our ethical concepts are responsible for the absence among us

[1] The intimate kinship of Nature, visible and invisible, demands our proper recognition. This is succinctly brought out in *Gita*—III, 10-15. It is said—"He who enjoyeth what hath been given unto him by the Gods and offereth not a portion unto them, is even as a thief."—EDS.

of so many of the superficialities of Western social etiquette. In many instances these have so degenerated as to make people attach importance to the least important things, thus creating for themselves utterly false standards and inducing in themselves a superficiality of nature and a falseness of feeling and of speech, all of which must affect personal character. The second of the five daily precepts of the Buddhist—not to speak untruth—is quite impracticable according to the demands of Western proprieties. Not only does one commit a minor sin oneself but—what is a greater sin—one is involving another in it, when one gets one's secretary to tell the caller: "Sorry, but Mr. Smith is in conference; he cannot see you." Or when one asks one's parlour-maid to say: "I am sorry, Mrs. Smith is not at home." In each case it is a lie, though one which is described as a white lie.

Like all Orientals coming to the West, I was, to begin with, quite impatient at the innumerable "Thank you's" which seemed strewn like sand all along my way from waking time to sleeping. I was annoyed at being thanked for buying a cup of tea. I was impatient at being thanked at every turn for the merest trifles. And the accented thanks, usually from dear old ladies, seemed the insincerest. "Good Lord", thought I, "surely there is a limit to the gamut of accented 'Thank you's'! What would happen if I really did something for them which entitled me to their lasting gratitude? According to the obvious scale, surely they could do no less than give their lives for me."

And the barometric variation of the "Thank you" is most devastating to one's faith in and judgment of one's fellow human beings. It would be most edifying to make a sound record of the crescendo of "Thank you's" when, say, having given a half-crown tip to a cabman, you kept on, adding three more half-crowns at intervals of ten seconds. The reverse process should be recorded too. How it goes down *diminuendo*, ending in scowls, curses and who knows what diabolic incantations at dead of night as the offended one remembers the offence—of omission or commission—in the lonely hours.

After ten years of the democratic West, however, I have come to recognize the place and the purpose of "Thank you" in social intercourse. Further, I am quite ready to take umbrage at silence when the words are expected. In fact, I have dropped acquaintances for the sake of a "Thank you" that was not forthcoming when it was due. For "Thank you" is essentially our recognition of the other person's thoughtfulness or consideration or of his appreciation of us and is to that extent unselfishness. It would be preferable if unselfishness extended to the larger things of life, but better its presence in minute specks than its total absence!

J. VIJAYA-TUNGA

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE MEETING PLACE OF EAST AND WEST*

After reading Radhakrishnan's *Eastern Religions and Western Thought* with a continually mounting enthusiasm for what seemed to me the unimpeachable truths of the message it contains, I paused before sitting down to write to consider another statement I had recently read—the source is of no importance—which warned me that great as is the prevailing power of truth, to read it with an assenting mind is not enough. The quotation is as follows: "Though one man receive inspiration from Me, and write it in a book, yet when it cometh to thee it is indirect inspiration and is not binding upon thee save in so far as My direct inspiration upon thee moveth thee to receive it." I shall have occasion to refer to the implications of that statement in my conclusion, but let us first consider what it is that Radhakrishnan has to say.

One of the dominant themes that runs through these nine correlated essays is the defence of the Hindu religion—which derives directly from the truths of the Ancient Wisdom—against the charge of separation and passivity, of turning the thought inward and proceeding through the rapt contemplation of the Unity to that knowledge of it which leads by absorption into the One to the annihilation of the temporal personality. That indeed is the Way of Wisdom, but for reasons that are all too obvious, it is the way above all others that provokes the criticism of the Western mind. We Europeans, even the few rare spirits who in the face of the great evils that appear to be enveloping us at the present time, still bravely preach and practise their sublime belief in Divine Love, resent and regard as an instance of pure self-seeking (as it is if we consider it as the search for the true self) this ascetic separation from a world that is in such dire need of help. For which reason and, also, it may be, because there is none among us who is capable of following that advanced road, even our most devoted and tolerant religious thinkers impatiently allege this desire for separation from the physical world to be the main object of Hindu practice, an allegation that Radhakrishnan is here concerned to disprove.

His method in most of the essays is that of the scholar, by way of religious history and epistemology. He is well fitted for the post of teacher in this connection, and the first chapter is a reproduction, "slightly revised and expanded", of his Inaugural Lecture delivered at Oxford University in October 1936, on the occasion of his appointment to the newly founded Chair of

**Eastern Religions and Western Thought.* By Sir S. RADHAKRISHNAN. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 15s.)

Eastern Religions and Ethics. He begins with an examination of Greek thought in the period of its highest development, that is to say in the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ, laying stress more particularly on those Socratic dialogues which illustrate the belief that "Human nature is fundamentally good, and the spread of enlightenment will abolish all wrong. Vice is only a miss, an error. We can learn to become good. Virtue is teachable." This is one of the earliest statements in the Western world of this prime essential to all religious beliefs, the adumbration of that concept of the need for universal charity which was later to be so widely preached and so rarely practised by those who professed and called themselves Christians.

From that point onward it is unnecessary here to trace the further development of Western religion to the point at which, so it has been said, Christ has at the present time "a hundred million soldiers", fully armed and prepared to make war not only against those whom they regard as "unbelievers", but with a still more bitter animosity against one another, in the cause of some vaunted dogma that each party considers an essential of salvation. Thus we continue with unabated vigour the greatest civil war in history, a war that has been fought on innumerable battle fields during the past nineteen hundred years.

Nevertheless this very criticism—which must not be attributed in those terms to Radhakrishnan—may display in the critic the same spirit that he himself criticizes; and there is a danger that a too superficial reading of this book may point to the conclusion that the endeavour to present Hinduism as the true source from which all other religions are derived, may in turn present an aspect of sectarianism. This, however, is guarded against up to a point by an insistence upon Hindu toleration which is clearly stated in such a passage as the following, taken from the chapter on "The Meeting of Religions".

> The man of faith, whether he be Hindu or Buddhist, Muslim or Christian, has certainty and yet there is a difference between the two pairs. The attitude of the cultivated Hindu and the Buddhist to other forms of worship is one of sympathy and respect, and not criticism and contempt for their own sake .... Faith for the Hindu does not mean dogmatism.... While full of unquestioning belief the Hindu is at the same time devoid of harsh judgment. It is not historically true that in the knowledge of truth there is of necessity great intolerance.

We may endorse the letter of that statement and wholeheartedly approve the spirit that inspired it, but if we go no further than this, it remains dialectic, an intellectual argument based upon premises that we have not yet examined. And for this reason, however well-founded may be the facts of those last three affirmations, we must go a little further before we are satisfied that Radhakrishnan's claims for Hinduism present anything more than the exposition of a religion which, while it is more inclusive and therefore more tolerant than any other, nevertheless does not completely avoid the errors of dogmatism, even in claiming that it has no dogmas.

For the stages of dogma range in a long series from the simple affirmation of belief in this or that spiritual, intellectual or, alas, physical concept of God down to those more or less logical rules of belief which descend from the sublime to the ridiculous according to the degree of enlightenment found in their teachers. "Whoever will be saved must thus think of the Trinity" is an example of the crystallisation of the inspiration that shines here and there through the writings of Athanasius into a limiting rule of belief, a rule that if submitted to the pragmatic test would condemn Gautama Buddha to the Christian hell.

Speaking broadly, however, dogma does not become pernicious until it delimits the choice of the *way* in which we shall seek Truth. In the *Bhagavadgita*, Krishna says, "In whatever way a man seek Me, in that way will I love him", the four ways explicitly indicated being those of Wisdom, Love, Works and Affliction. This is a promise that avoids intolerance and dogmatism by the latitude of its expression and, more importantly, by its inner nature. Here is no prefiguration of the obstacles to be overcome, only the assurance that if the pilgrim never loses his certainty of that guiding light, he will reach the desired goal at which all roads meet.

The hint of limitation in Radhakrishnan's statement is found in two words. He says that the Hindu is devoid of *harsh* judgment, and that —by implication—in the Hindu's knowledge of truth there is not *great* tolerance, from which qualifications we must infer that the Hindu while avoiding the evil of active judgment extends only a limited tolerance to those who follow another and, as it seems to him, a more devious and uncertain path. Here then, while we applaud the advance toward toleration, we can hardly fail to suspect a finer, possibly an innocuous, shade of dogma. Nevertheless before we make any more definite assertion, we must seek behind the letter for the spirit that can find only a mutilated and imperfect expression in the written or spoken word.

We come with this to what may be regarded as two enunciations, chosen from many others, of the main premise :—

> To find the real self, to exceed his apparent outward self is the greatness of which man alone of all beings is capable.... To inquire into his true self, to live in and from it .. to found the whole life on the power and truth of spirit .... to aspire to a universality through his mind and reason, through his heart and love, through his will and power .... (is) the chief end of man.

Or again :—

> To be inspired in our thoughts by divine knowledge, to be moved in our will by the divine purpose, to mould our emotions into harmony with the divine bliss, to get at the great self of truth, goodness and beauty to which we give the name of God as a spiritual presence, to raise our whole being and life to the divine status, is the ultimate purpose and meaning of human living.

The object, so far as it concerns a temporary expression in this stage of being, is "to unite us mentally, morally and spiritually in a world of fellowship"; and we must add that if this is not the great desire of any

world religion, it stands condemned as failing in that degree to express the spirit of its founder. To which may be added Radhakrishnan's statement: "The efficiency of a religion is to be judged by the development of religious qualities such as the quiet confidence, inner calm, gentleness of the spirit, love of neighbour, mercy to all creation, destruction of tyrannous desires, and the aspiration for spiritual freedom."

In all this, we can find no trace of dogma. If these statements are untrue, there is no truth in any religion. For if any religion is divested of its theological and human embroideries, we shall find these great generative principles as the original fabric. Where religion, as such, errs most grievously is in losing sight of the end by too urgent consideration of the means, so that its followers, as in the Buddhist parable, "become at best blind beggars fighting with one another". At the worst, perhaps, blind beggars questioning the vision of the open-eyed.

Here then, and most clearly in the second quotation, we have a definition that no one who has ever had a sense of divine truth can sincerely reject. Nevertheless it differs in one important particular from the typical Christian statement. In the latter, whether explicitly or implicitly, the attitude demanded of the worshipper is that of looking up to God, addressing Him with prayers, placating Him with penances and ceremonies as if it were in our power to make Him change His mind with regard to this or that detail of our lives. In Radhakrishnan's statement the Absolute is known to be all-wisdom, all-love, all-good, and keeping that thought always in the forefront of his mind, the disciple endeavours to express and transmit to the highest degree of which he is capable the wisdom, love and goodness that comes through his identification with the divine source.

The rest — though, indeed, it forms the body of all religions—is a question of method, the choice of the "way", discipline, the whole technique of the self-training that leads to knowledge of the true self, and the realisation of that self's oneness with God and with every other human being, through the purification of thought. And for us of the West, there remains, whatever may be the road we choose, one absolute essential; we must live in every thought, word and action the urgent faith that is in us. It is not enough to seek, not enough to believe. If we stay there, we shall become the victims of self-deception. Believing must in turn become knowing, and we cannot know until we become that which is the object of our belief. Then it may truly be said that "the pathway and the goal are one", and we shall in the Biblical phrase be "reborn of the Spirit". And however blinded by the illusions of the physical world, every human creature has the potentiality of this "knowing" God, has "a self which has the right to grow in its own way, to find itself, and make its life a full and satisfied image and instrument of its being".

Let me, then, in conclusion return to my opening paragraph, for in that we shall find escape from the

last shadow of dogma, by the understanding, clearly realised in the book under review, that the written or spoken word is binding upon the individual only in so far as he or she recognises in it that direct appeal to the spiritual self which we know as direct inspiration. For if this noble, and in many places inspired, work of Radhakrishnan's be read with a longing to explore the eternal spirit of truth, the earnest seeker will find much that he will be able to know in himself by direct inspiration.

J. D. BERESFORD

Causality and Science. By NALINI KANTA BRAHMA. (Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 6s.)

Professor Nalini Kanta Brahma has made an extremely economical, and on the whole a highly successful effort to cover the problem of causality in terms of science and in terms of metaphysics and to link both facets together. He very properly points out that science ignores all other aspects of the universe but the empirical and the causal, and he shows how even here the conception is inadequate, because science "seeks to explain the whole by means of the parts". Fully alive to the implications of this, the author is particularly good in his chapter on "The Cause as the Absolute" in which he shows how the intuitive imagination which is the essence of what makes a poet is not related in time either to the poet or to the poems: "Here we meet with something very different from what we find in the region of causation." Professor Brahma links this up with the *Bhagavad Gītā* (Chapter IX) which propounds the paradox that the Spirit is the source of all particulars without being the seat of any particular at all. This is the essence of creativity which in itself is pure cause. The truth of *Vivartavāda*, the Professor says, can only be realised when one can raise oneself to the level of the Free Spirit. The particular that comes out of the non-particular, the change that issues out of the changeless "is a mere vivarta, and the magical power that can produce a world of change out of the immeasurable depths of its absolutely unchangeable being is described as Māyā". Thus, so long as the particular can be traced to anything particular, you are in the region of causality; but when you reach the perfectly Free Spirit you are beyond causality. Then you are in the perfect whole, "the Absolute Spirit is experienced, all contradictions are solved, all paradoxes disappear", and it is fully realised that the necessity the intellect feels to posit "the specialisation of the cause in order to explain the specialised effect was an illusion". This is, I think, a fair summing up of an uncommonly interesting little book on an uncommonly difficult subject.

J. S. COLLIS

Who is for Liberty? By HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON. (Michael Joseph, Ltd., London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson's book is one big illuminated question-mark. The searching eyes of the author gaze through the veils which cover Britain's men and institutions, the latter especially, in their capacity as the exponents of democracy in practice. The selection of Britain for this analysis is of particular interest, in view of the prevalent belief that, while liberty lies dead in Berlin and Rome, it still thrives in London. It is well enough known that the totalitarian states have suppressed the free expression of the individual will; what is not so obvious is the democracies' line-up with the forces that increasingly crush the spirit of man and create the psychology of semi-slavery.

The book develops from a question-mark into a bombshell. It unmasks gay-smiling, kindly democracy and reveals it as grim, deadly plutocracy. The Conservative Party is shown as a ruthless instrument for advancing plutocratic interests. The House of Commons is a lever for the same purpose, as well as being the means of deceiving the people into the false belief that they rule themselves; the Crown is not above party politics, as the masses are led to believe, but serves the purpose of the monied classes mainly through its emotional appeal to the electorate. ("Edward VIII's championship of the Left...led directly to his abdication.") Even the Labour Party, dominated by the reactionary T. U. C. leaders, is subservient to the ruling class.

Britain, as painted by Mr. Williamson, does not present a pretty picture. The King gets considerably more than £1,000 a day, while beggars scavenge the dustbins for odd crusts of food in the shadow of Buckingham Palace. Wealth is heaped on a few. Four million people control absolutely the means of livelihood of the other forty-three millions; that is, out of every hundred men, ten enslave ninety. The exploited masses have the vote, which is, in the words of G. K. Chesterton, "about as valuable as a railway ticket when there is a permanent block on the line". The electorate is barred from understanding the real issues, since they get their ideas from the Press and the B. B. C., both of which are organs of the wealthy class. The national newspapers, apparently free, are the mouthpieces of a few millionaires who either own them or control them through the big advertising firms; under plutocratic tyranny the Press inevitably becomes propagandist and falsifies news by applying unscrupulously "every device of misrepresentation and suppression". (*The Times*, if more discreet than the others, "is far more deadly".) Without economic freedom, without the key to understanding, unable to see the truth because of the enormous propaganda machine, the masses use their vote once in a few years as an empty formality.

The writer's views on Fascism, however, seem to me misleading. "Let it be realised that Fascism is one form of Socialism; ... that the Czechoslovakian matter only meant righting a wrong of Versailles—giving back to a Socialist State what was taken from it by an iniquitous capitalist treaty." This book was obviously published before the "Czechoslovakian matter" reached its bitter conclusion. Mr. Williamson has overlooked an important aspect of Fascism, its imperialist aim, which makes it, to my mind, the antithesis of socialism. Moreover, I see in the Fascist system a bold move to rescue capitalism from its present muddle and place it on a reformed, disciplined, warlike basis (involving some sacrifice of profiteering), unhindered by Labour trouble and so strengthened by Governmental resources as to attain, by hook or by crook, world trade domination.

The publishers of *Who is for Liberty?* forecast that the book would "cause a first-class sensation". One wonders if the forces of anti-liberty, which it spears so effectively, will attempt to restrict its circulation by the devious ways the author himself has indicated. Such an

attempt would provide additional proof for one of Mr. Williamson's startling conclusions, but its success would be an immeasurable pity, for this well-written outspoken work should reach every sincere adherent of liberty and social justice.

BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

The Will to Civilization : An Inquiry into the Principles of Historic Change. By JOHN KATZ. (Secker and Warburg, Ltd., London. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Every human being is an historian, amateur or professional ; hence the interpretation of history is likely to vary. Mr. Katz treats the historical process as concerned with the expression of the will to civilization, distinguishing four epochs according to the dominant institution of each period. First comes the clan-epoch, where civilization has yet to come to consciousness ; then the state-epoch which affirms civilization, identifying the state with deity ; the nation-group thus idolised reveals its feet of clay and leaves the individual in despair of all things terrestrial ; hence the third epoch, that of the church, where deity is located in a transcendent world and healthy extravert activity through world-affirmation gives place to mystical introspection through world-negation. From this negative state of bankruptcy, which is the epoch in which we live, we have to progress to the universal commonwealth, where religion will return and civilization will be reaffirmed. Mysticism and metaphysics, according to Mr. Katz, have been the bane of civilization, arresting normal and fruitful activity, hankering after the certitude characteristic of death alone. Civilizations have failed continually, but "civilization does not fail". It does not require the overcoming of dualism of mind and matter. Rationalism asserts that "to retain the dualism, and to abandon all attempts to overcome it, yields the better hypothesis". One should not be led astray by transcendent notions of the good. The good is such "because it is chosen ; it is not chosen because it is good". The view-point is thus one of thoroughgoing empiricism ; "the *a priori* of civilization is the concrete *a priori* ; it is discovered empirically by... observing what one's fellow human beings are doing." Civilization is not the privilege or monopoly of the few ; "all men are civilized because they are men and not animals." In the reaffirmation of such civilization lies our salvation. We have to work towards it, inspired by a true religion, whose spirit is the Acceptance of the Empirical ; and whose essence is faith, the provocation to which is uncertainty.

That religion has tended to fly into the empyrean and has given little concrete stimulus or consolation to man, there is no gainsaying ; and some forms of religion have functioned as narcotics.

Faith, however, though it may be cradled in fear, cannot be nourished on uncertainty ; nor can it find a sufficient basis in either the past achievements or the present futilities of humanity. Religion cannot neglect the empirical as it sometimes has done ; but in accepting the empirical it must also transcend it. Mr. Katz falls short of this realisation ; hence his book, filled with diatribes against philosophy and religion, fails to inspire for all its brilliance. We are told that there can be no metaphysics as a science of totality ; but is this not itself a statement about totality ? We are assured that empiricists, especially the English variety, are revolutionaries ; John Locke is cited in support ; but why did the writer forget Hobbes, who was also English and empiricist, but not revolutionary ? If the good is such because it is chosen, is not religion also good because it was chosen by so many and for so long ? There is a great deal of such slipshod thinking. And the writing, which at times descends to cheap alliteration ("pander to the private pleasure of the privileged") is in places careless ; the upper classes in India do not "send their sons into the world-denying church" ; the Buddha

was not a Brahmin. If the author had been a little less conscious of his cleverness and a little more serious in the pursuit of philosophy, he would have achieved something more worth while. Few will be inclined to concede that the last word has been said in the present volume.

S. S. SURYANARAYANAN

The Critical Examination of the Philosophy of Religion. By SĀDHU ŚĀNTINĀTHA. (Amalner. Available from the Oriental Book Agency, 15 Sukrawar, Poona 2.)

We live in turbulent times : unrest not only in man's social relations but also in the sphere of mind and intellect. There can be no doubt that our growing intellectualism is a great danger to man's inner spiritual being, and that the overdevelopment of mind must act as a cancerous disease on the nobler qualities of the soul. This applies also to the critique of religion. But even this disintegrating activity has good points inasmuch as it has a clearing, although chilling, effect, as long as the chill does not go too deep and numb the very heart. The rationalistic outlook has always had many advocates because here we seem to be on a provable, logically accessible basis. The intellectuals therefore prefer the study of religion to religion itself.

Sādhu Śāntinātha's very thorough and comprehensive work proceeds on this basis. As a critical exposition it deserves every praise. It is indeed a masterpiece reminding one in many ways of the champion of philosophic criticism, Kant. There is hardly one tenet in the Indian systems of philosophy which has escaped his notice and which he does not criticize with frank, keen, forceful judgment.

It would be unfair to say that the author is destructive in his criticism ; he has a positive object in view and reaches positive conclusions even if they appear to be negative. When he says that his philosophical enquiry has resulted in the creation of a sincere rational spirit of "recognising this world as an insoluble mystery", he states a fundamental truth. Moreover, it is this truth alone which brings freedom, by leading us to recognise that our actual limitation implies potential limitlessness and to feel that here the sphere of the "daimonion" begins. The same contention is brought out in the words with which the author concludes his work (Vol. II, p. 1110): "The mystery about the ultimate problems of our knowledge and life must remain a mystery and be recognized as the mystery."

It is stimulating to ponder over the author's able expositions and to accompany him on what he calls his "spiritual journey" which, he says, "I began as a staunch believer and end as an inveterate agnostic or critic." Lack of space forbids giving details, but a brief synopsis of the contents of this work may be useful. Book I presents an exposition of the principal systems as regards their approach to the ascertainment of the true character of Reality, chiefly on the basis of the various theories of causation. Book II gives the critical estimate of these schools of thought.

Among the great variety of subjects and views a few deserve special mention as touching upon actual modern interests. There is the representation of the Naiyāyika-Vaiśeṣika view with the relation of inherence, the discussion of the law of Karma, the analysis of sādhaka, sādhana and sādhya in various schools, the very thorough critique of the law of causality in reference to efficient and material cause, and also that of the concept of Absolute Reality. If we add to these points further helpful illumination on Māya the idea of the Self, the object of Mukti and the doctrine of Avatāra, we have ample proof of this work's being an exhaustive and a highly instructive enquiry into the principles of the philosophy of Religion.

A useful index is added to each volume, and the author has throughout his work referred to authorities on Western philosophy where these are in some way connected with Eastern views.

W. STEDE

Whither Woman? A Critical Study of the Social Life and Thought of the Western Woman. By Y. M. REGE. (The Popular Book Depot, Bombay. Rs. 6 or 10*s.*)

The eye for detail which characterizes work guided by Dr. Ghurye makes this thesis valuable. It does not, however, escape the charge of over-simplification. For example, Mr. Rege assumes that women's position was uniform in all Greek cities, and ascribes the plight of mediæval women to theology. Sometimes an uncritical acceptance of authorities mars this "critical study". Arthur's speech, which contains Tennyson's allegory, is quoted to prove that chivalric love was chaste! A real chivalric court gave the verdict, "One cannot love one's own wife."

The rôle of the prophet does not fit Mr. Rege. He visualizes the revolt of women against monogamy; but, if one graduate girl prefers adultery, thousands prefer marriage. Women used bombs to secure votes, but they now use votes to secure stability. The Acts emancipating women (pp. 100-102) were passed before their enfranchisement. Russian women, like Ibsen's *Lady of the Sea*, being free to choose, are choosing morally.

Mr. Rege, not having read Freud's recent works, cites a theory which Freud has abandoned. Society makes individual development possible. Self-fulfilment is hindered when an effect is separated from the end of conation, as when the pleasure of eating becomes an end in itself. Mr. Rege, regarding sex as an end in itself, recommends contraceptives to facilitate pre-marital and extra-marital experience, and to enable parents to shirk rearing children. The "habits preventive of population" which ruined Rome roused even Malthus to "indignation and disgust".

Ralph Ferris of Detroit, having examined 20,000 cases, found the main cause of marital misery to be the lack of pleasures other than physical. Intellectual activity opens avenues of pleasure; and, as Mr. Rege's figures show, retards fertility. Our nature demands it. Cramping environment breeds the illusion of liberation through free love, just as men hope to remove drunkenness by the free supply of drink and the perpetuation of the environment which generates the craving for drink.

C. NARAYANA MENON

Plato's Academy, the birth of the idea of its rediscovery. Anonymous. (Oxford University Press. 21*s.*)

This fine volume is a tribute to the master-printing of "John Johnson, Printer to the University" (of Oxford). The anonymous author begins in the manner of Goldsmith but is very soon writing in the ecstatic style of a *babu*. Whether or not he really discovered the site of Plato's Academy no reader is likely to find out. Perhaps he discovered it astrally? A doubt is certain to obtrude upon the reader when he finds on page 21 a reference to "that other legend of Atlantis, quoted by Solon, which he heard from the lips of the Saitic priest, as Critias mentions in Plato's Atlanticus". We shall not be able to find in Professor Jowett's bibliography any work by Plato with the title "Atlanticus"; and even the most sympathetic reader will be slightly upset when he finds upon page 34: "Came disillusionment! Three days later the War was declared!"

The book is, nevertheless, a magnificent example of what the "Printers to the University" can achieve: and the paper is so beautiful that it will cause any writer's mouth to water. The drawings which are meant to embellish the text are unlikely to arouse enthusiasm.

This remains: that Mr. John Johnson has produced an example of faultless printing.

CLIFFORD BAX

ENDS AND SAYINGS

Restrain by thy Divine thy lower self.
Restrain by the Eternal the Divine.
Aye, great is he, who is the slayer of desire.
Still greater he, in whom the Self Divine
has slain the very knowledge of desire.
—*The Voice of the Silence*

Every one is aware of his dual nature, but not every one knows how the fight between God and Devil within him is progressing. Ignorance of this vital process is the source of many of the ills our flesh is heir to. But perhaps the greatest harm produced by it is the weakening, one might say almost the disappearance, of the habit of self-examination. There is more than enough moral wisdom in drama and poetry, in novels and essays, which any mortal can make use of; but the very idea of applying such wisdom to one's own being seems to most people fantastic; moreover, men and women who do desire to apply such wisdom to their lives do not know how to make use of it. The applied science of religion exists, but as it is generally unknown, the moral progress of humanity has remained stationary for thousands of years.

The ancient Esoteric Philosophy teaches that science. It states that there are two distinct beings in man — the man who thinks and the man who records as much of the former's thoughts as he is able to assimilate; the latter also records all the impressions which his sensorium brings to him from the entire cosmos. For practical purposes the man who thinks is called the Inner Man, and the recorder the Outer Man, for it is he who contacts the outer world.

In this piece of instruction we come upon two very important lessons concerning self-examination: (1) The Inner Man, the Thinker, who is one with Spirit, is the creator of pure, spiritual thoughts, and can radiate them upon the Outer Man, the Recorder, provided that the latter is not wholly absorbed in the affairs of the world. (2) Absorption in worldly affairs, not necessarily evil in itself, decreases the power of the Inner Man to aid, instruct or inspire the Outer Man. Also when the Outer Recorder is over-busy in receiving, collecting, and collating impressions from without, his own capacity to be influenced by the Inner Thinker decreases. In how many has that faculty not atrophied?

Self-examination, to be really successful, requires that a proper relation be established between the two beings in man, which must be described not as good and evil but as Thinker and Recorder. A conscious but cautious examination of the Outer Man and of his walk in life can be achieved only when there is sufficient light from the Inner Man to penetrate the murky region of desire and selfishness.

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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*

THE ARYAN PATH

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THE WAY OUT

Henry A. Wallace, United States Secretary for the Department of Agriculture, in a paper on "Racial Theories and the Genetic Basis for Democracy", says :—

When a political system fails to give large numbers of men the freedom it has promised, then they are willing to hand over their destiny to another political system. When the existing machinery of peace fails to give them any hope of national prosperity or national dignity, they are ready to try the hazard of war. When education fails to teach them the true nature of things, they will believe fantastic tales of devils and magic. When their normal life fails to give them anything but monotony and drabness they are easily led to express themselves in unhealthy or cruel ways, as by mob violence. And when science fails to furnish effective leadership, men will exalt demagogues, and science will have to bow down to them or keep silent.

This is a very graphic description of what is happening all over the world to-day. The systems of government which have been slowly evolved during the centuries have failed sadly in their purpose, and to-day we are faced with new concepts of government which in practice have brought about the virtual collapse of International Law and the violation of all the decent standards of public morality.

The chaos in which men and nations to-day find themselves groping has unsettled the European mind till it starts at its own shadow. Fear and its grim and inseparable companion, Hatred, hold almost undisputed sway. The situation is only too obvious, but it is necessary to understand how it has come about and how it can be remedied.

Evil has been gathering force in Europe for many centuries. It scored a great victory twenty years ago at Versailles. That a gigantic tactical blunder was made at that time is generally recognized, but that blunder is less generally traced to its root in the spirit of narrow separateness and of vindictiveness which was a negation of human

brotherhood and which sprang from the decline of faith in the eternal verities of life.

The same root has put forth other shoots of evil since Versailles; they have flowered in Abyssinia, in Spain, in China, in Czechoslovakia and in Albania. Men who deplore violence and who love the right have raised an ineffective outcry against the flowers of evil omen, but they have for the most part stood by passively while the advocates of "preparedness", with enthusiastic support from the armament makers, have watered the giant root with their clamour for larger armies, stronger navies, increased air forces and vaster stores of the implements of destruction.

The smoke of battle inevitably rises, soon or late, from the twin fires of fear and hatred roused into active expression; idle armaments represent their potential force which may at any moment be transformed into catastrophic energy. The increasing of armaments brings no corresponding increase in security; rather it lays the train of combustibles ready for any falling spark to ignite. And, if war comes, as come it must and will unless the present attitude of men and nations changes, it will produce no more security for the victors than for the vanquished. The last war did not produce security for any nation. No war ever will.

The present policy may perhaps avert war for a period, but it cannot do so for long. External applications may for a time hold in abeyance the outward manifestation of an organic disease, but no amount of poulticing and fomentations will eradicate a deep-seated ailment, which demands a fundamental inner readjustment. The gigantic armaments of the present day are the very type of the white elephant, the upkeep of which brings to ruin the object of the royal favour. Beating swords into ploughshares is admittedly child's play compared with turning super-dreadnoughts and tanks to any useful purpose, but they might better be scrapped altogether than that their possession should plunge the world into the threatening sea of red disaster.

If the tree of evil, now in vigorous bloom, is allowed to come to full fruition, the result will not be a war as the world has known war—unspeakably dreadful as war has increasingly become. No, what the world has to look forward to, unless the root of evil is effectively attacked, is the precipitation on a continental scale of a *Terreur* worse than that which shook France to its foundations at the close of the eighteenth century, a *Terreur* which Madame Blavatsky has prophesied will, when it comes, affect the whole of Europe.

Fortunately, that drastic *dénouement* is not inevitable. According to the ancient Indian doctrine of *Avataras*, the race-mind is stirred when *adharma* (unrighteousness) waxes strong. There is enough good in the unsophisticated common people to save the world if that good can be brought into expression. The very force of the prevailing evil draws forth that innate righteousness. The force of goodwill exists in the masses of Germany and Italy and Russia, as it does in the masses of Britain, of France and of Poland, but the people in the former states have voluntarily

assumed bonds which hamper the expression of their will to good. And alas, even in the democratic countries, in whom therefore lies the world's chief hope, no leader has so far arisen who is capable of organizing the popular goodwill and directing it to effective expression. In fact, the complaisance of Britain and of France at Munich definitely weakened the democracies and strengthened the hands of the dictators. Also, many forces within the so-called democracies are arrayed against peace: sectarian institutions, local patriotisms, the sense of national or racial or religious superiority.

There are many chapters in the histories of the democracies, especially in their imperialistic phase, which need to be reopened, and even justice must be substituted for the right of might. There can be no lasting peace for the world till justice is done on every continent. The demand for justice for all will not become effective, however, until the futility of the effort to overcome hatred by hatred is recognized, until the perception awakens that all men are brothers and that the good of the human race comes before the good of the French Nation or of the British Empire.

Outside the circle of evil around which European nations are racing like mice in a cage is the freedom of Peace. Any sane nation which knows the password—Human Brotherhood—can break through, can awaken from the nightmare in which all are struggling. How are the European peoples to learn that password, to kindle in themselves such a zeal for justice that it will burn up the tree of evil, root and branch? Where are they to find the altruism that will make natural and inevitable the practice of Universal Brotherhood? Where but in the revival of enlightened Faith which has languished since Christendom rejected Jesus and accepted the church—denominations matter not—with its whitewashing of war and its countless other moral casuistries?

The West can rediscover that true Faith if it repudiates Churchianity and accepts as its guide in life the Sermon on the Mount, as found in the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and the Thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians.

In the article which follows Mr. Claude Houghton shows how European civilization should return to a truer faith, abandoning the false gods it has so long worshipped.

FAITH IN THE FUTURE

Probably nothing reveals a man more clearly than his conception of the familiar. If we knew no more about him than this, we should know much. We should know the "givens" of his thought—the background of his mind. We should know what he regards as natural, normal and inevitable.

This is as true of an age as it is of a man, and it may be instructive therefore to remember certain possibilities which are familiar to-day.

That civilization may be destroyed in the cataclysm of war; that Red revolution may engulf the world; that the present economic structure may collapse into shapeless ruin—all these have become familiar possibilities. They have ceased to be the spectral projections of a nightmare. They no longer seem as remote from actuality as a row of grinning gargoyles. We are accustomed to them. What was once fantastic has become familiar.

The fact that, even a few years ago, these possibilities would have been regarded as delirium by most people is an indication of the road we have travelled, and the rapidity of our descent. It is so dramatic an indication that it would be only too easy to contend that, although collective security has failed, collective insanity has achieved a spectacular success.

What we have to consider here, however, is the effects of the fact that a nightmare has become the normal.

The first, and the greatest, effect is that faith in the future has been destroyed. Once, men instinctively assumed that many of their institutions were permanent. There were certainties in those days. Most people unquestioningly believed in Progress; in the divine right of Property; in the sweet simplicity of three per cent; in a future which would preserve the essential structure of the present. Evolution, not revolution, was their confident creed. Things would change—of course they would change—but only as a result of a broadening from precedent to precedent. In fundamentals, the lives of their children would resemble their own. And, for fortune's favourites, old age would be a leisurely last look round at a world which, on the whole, was a very tolerable affair.

One by one these certainties, and many others, have vanished. The future is no longer a map; it is a vast question-mark. Nothing could illustrate more poignantly the present state of Europe than the fact that, if peace could be assured even for a year, there would be an instant boom on the Stock Exchange. Yesterday's Despair is to-day's Hope. Values alter—when one is living from hand to mouth. A dead rat is treasure trove to a starving man. "The art of our necessities is strange, that can make vile things precious."

A nation might be defined as a faith in the future, for clearly its countless activities are based on the instinctive assumption that they will continue to have relevance to its

hopes, traditions and ideals. Undermine that instinctive assumption, and life becomes meaningless. To what end should one labour, plan, have children? If the world is going to revert to the jungle, only gorillas should worry about a declining birth-rate.

Destroy faith in the future, and a nation ceases to be a nation. It degenerates into a mob—a mob of fear-hunted individuals—for whom the past is a dream and the future an abyss.

Nowadays it is a truism to say that "Recovery depends on a return of confidence". Actually, of course, the phrase implies that the psychological war now raging in Europe has destroyed faith in the future of trade. Lacking stable conditions, enterprise is paralysed. It is not that men have suddenly lost the initiative which accepts normal risks, but they shrink from taking risks of a totally new order. They shrink from *unimaginable* risks. Consequently, no one knows what to do. There are no "givens", no certainties. To-day, it is not "lean-look'd prophets who whisper fearful change". It's every other intelligent man you meet. Inevitably, therefore, fear grips the modern world like an iron frost.

It is fear which has destroyed faith in the future. It is fear which is piling monstrous armaments heavens-high. It is fear which is dehumanizing men. Nothing could be more paradoxical, more pathetic and more revealing than the fact that only in frenzied preparation for war can men glimpse the ghost of Security. We've got to that. Fear is working overtime to create confidence—to ensure a future which, at any rate, will be *recognizable*.

Inevitably, therefore, the secret dread in the hearts of many men is that evil is mighty—and that it will prevail. Everywhere evil seems to be establishing its ascendancy. Everywhere, it seems to trample underfoot everything which denies its supremacy. Its shadow lengthens and deepens over the world. More and more arrogantly it claims that it, and it alone, is Reality. And, as ever, it points to appearances to justify that claim.

The essential, therefore—unless the world is to go down into a welter of destruction—is to *repudiate evil's claim to be reality. To repudiate it instantly and finally, for to accept it, even for a moment, is dangerous.* Once you have sunk your knees and bowed your head, you no longer see what you are worshipping.

It is no new issue which confronts the modern world. It is an old issue—presented in gigantic terms. Evil has mobilized on a scale unprecedented, and is claiming allegiance—on a scale unprecedented. So imposing is its grim array that, to many, there seems no alternative to instant and abject surrender.

One result is that there are two kinds of suffering in the world to-day. There is physical suffering, to an unrealizable extent: and there is spiritual anguish, caused by the dread that everything which denies the omnipotence of evil is no more than a fading dream. This, perhaps, is the reason why all men in whom decency has survived recoil from the possibility of world war. They recoil because they

realize that *victory—no matter on whose banners it lights—will be victory for evil, and only for evil.*

Nevertheless, in a strict sense, there can be no permanent victory for evil. There can be none because evil contains a self-destructive principle. To ally oneself with evil, therefore, is to become subject to the operation of that principle. No matter what the appearance may be—no matter how universal or how overwhelming its triumphs may seem—evil is essentially self-destructive and, paradoxically, it has power only over itself.

Swedenborg's definition of the power of evil still stands. "The evil can do evil, to the evil—only through their evil." It is of the nature of evil endlessly to commit suicide.

It would seem, therefore, that faith in the future will revive if—and only if—men resolutely refuse to be duped by evil's claim to omnipotence. Again, the issue is an old one. Judge by appearances, and evil will seem the sole reality. Judge with a righteous judgment, and it will be revealed as a lie—and the father of them. It may well be that *if we have lost faith in the future, it is because we have served the false—and are now confronted by the unmasked features of the god we have worshipped in deed, not the one we have praised with our lips.*

It is an occult doctrine that evil must be made manifest in order to be recognised for what it is; and in order to be cast off. Lacking manifestation, evil's essential nature remains hidden—with the result that it can masquerade in many forms seductive to our pride, our apathy, or our self-satisfaction. It may even deck itself with the trappings of 'religion'. But, once evil is made manifest—especially on the scale on which it is manifested to-day—it is impossible not to recognize it for what it is. And, by attaining form, evil automatically becomes subject to the operation of its own inherent principle of self-destruction.

It is no new issue, therefore, which challenges mankind to-day. What is new is that the nature of the issue is apparent to all.

We may take comfort from the knowledge that when faith in the future arises in our hearts—and it will arise—it will not be that former vacillating faith which quailed before all that denied it. It will have survived ordeal by fire. It will have emerged triumphant from great tribulation.

Sooner or later faith has to descend into hell. It has to encounter the absence of God. It has to discover that God is revealed as fully by His absence as He is by His presence.

Faith is not faith till it has survived crucifixion.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

GOVERNMENT AND PERSONAL LIBERTY

[Every Indian, politician, reformer, educationist will find this article by the well-known American historian, James Truslow Adams, useful. It has a very practical message for India. Our esteemed contributor emphasises the fact, often brought out in these pages, that our civilization is sorely in need of intellectual freedom. He refers to peoples' dependence on science which certainly is becoming a source of intellectual slavery, for that dependence is blind. Because of their mental laziness people seem to prefer being ordered about by men of science, political dictators or religious popes instead of thinking for themselves, using their rights as citizens, enjoying their soul freedom. It is said that men get the government they deserve; that certainly is the view in the East where Karma is accepted.—EDS.]

To-day, in the Western world at least, there are two totally contrasted theories of the relation of the individual to the state. In the dictator-totalitarian countries the theory held is that the individual exists only in and for the state; whereas in the free or democratic countries the theory is that the state exists only for the benefit of the individual. The implications and effects of these theories are at complete variance. In the first the theory leads to the entire control of the private lives of all citizens by the man or group of men who control the government. There is no such thing as personal liberty if the controlling power decides otherwise. In the second the government is bound not to infringe on certain liberties which the citizens have decided are fundamental. In the one we hear the voice of the dictator; in the other the voice of the people. In this article we are concerned with the question of liberty, but we may note that the presence or absence of liberty may profoundly affect international relations. In the past few years I have lived in or visited thirteen European countries and I receive frequent reports from many of them. It is my profound conviction that the peoples of all of them have a horror and a deep dread of war. Yet Europe is an armed camp living in fear. That fear is of those countries in which, because of destruction of personal liberties, the voice of the people cannot make itself heard. Among the free nations there is no fear of each other, and none of the free nations have engaged in war against one another for over a hundred years. Liberty is thus both a personal and a world question.

How are these personal liberties known and safeguarded? Largely in the form of what we call Bills of Rights, which define what rights the citizens have as against the government. England, which has the longest history as a free nation, is said to have an unwritten constitution, but even in England most of the personal liberties enjoyed are framed in documents from Magna Carta down. Newer nations or those which have altered their forms of government by revolution or otherwise have perforce had to draw up written constitutions covering the entire form of government.

The oldest of these, that of the United States, was drawn up in 1787 and adopted in 1788 with the under-

standing that a Bill of Rights in the form of amendments would be added ; this was done in 1791. The colonists had for a century and a half been, perhaps, the freest people on earth, but they had gradually suffered infringements by the British government on what they believed to be the rights of free men, and the list of rights which they added to their constitution, so that their own government could never infringe them, was largely a result of their practical experience. Most of the individual States had already embodied such Bills in their own local constitutions, but with the Federal form of government there was a fear, justified as has been shown many times, that the central government, though deriving its powers from the people, might try to over-ride the personal freedom of its citizens. On many important occasions it has been shown that the ultimate protection of the individual in his freedom has been the Bill of Rights in the Federal constitution, as interpreted and upheld by the Supreme Court.

The first article of the Bill sets forth what we still consider as fundamental rights, without which a people cannot be free nor a free government carried on. They are that :

> Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof ; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press ; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

We believe that *there cannot be liberty unless men are free to worship, speak, print, and criticize the government, as they choose.* In the Bill there are certain other more specific guarantees which are of great importance, such as :—

> No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner, nor in war time but in a manner prescribed by law... The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated...No person shall be held to answer for a capital or other infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment by a grand jury...Nor be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law ; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation...The accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury...Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

Thus did a free people, who had just gone through a long war to gain their independence, protect themselves against the possibility of oppression by the popular government which they were themselves erecting. The constitution, including these clauses, is the fundamental law of the land. The government consists of three branches, the Executive, Legislative and Judiciary, but to the last belongs the duty of deciding whether any executive act or legislation contravenes the constitution. This explains why, although occasionally objecting to some specific decision by the Courts, the people as a whole have consistently insisted on the absolute political independence and high moral character of the Supreme Court, and why the nation offered such violent opposition to President Roosevelt's

plan to pack the Court by increasing its membership.

Nearly a century and a half has passed since the adoption of the Bill of Rights. America has grown from a population of about 4,000,000 to 130,000,000, embracing almost all the races and religions of the world, all living in harmony. *What has protected us and given us the incentive to go ahead has been the Bill of Rights which guarantees us in the unmolested possession of our persons and property, and gives us the right to worship, think, speak and print as we choose.* These guarantees have made free men and free minds. As we look to-day at such states as Italy, Germany and Russia, in which personal liberty has been crushed out, we realize that, although for the time being they may have powerful military machines, *no nation can remain powerful or great in which there is no spiritual freedom or opportunity for the growth of thought and personality.* The world has always needed the life of the spirit, but because of the nature of modern civilization and its dependence, for good or ill, on science, never before did it so need intellectual freedom. There can be no advance or even stability for a nation of robots driven this way or that at the whim of one man without scope of their own for personal initiative.

We have, however, to consider another aspect of the matter. We have spoken of constitutions, Bills of Rights and the protection of the courts. These, however, are not in themselves sufficient. Conditions alter, and *a constitution must be a living thing.* In one way and another, by legal interpretation, by amendment or usage, it must grow with the people it serves. If it becomes rigid, then the maladjustment between it and the needs of the nation will sooner or later result in a violent revolution instead of in normal growth. We must also remember that peoples differ vastly in their natures, desires and capacities. Some, like the English, have the innate qualities of love of tradition, of compromise, of self-government and of abhorrence of surrendering themselves to the government of one man. Others who perhaps lack these have other qualities. There are some nations who have adopted constitutions but have been unable to work them, either because of circumstances or their own natures. Thus after the World War Germany had a democratic constitution, but now has a Hitler. The South American countries, which are ruled by dictators of one sort and another, all have paper constitutions which nominally provide for a Republican form of government. Had the American or the Canadian Constitutions been adopted a century ago by the South American nations, it does not follow that they would be operating to-day in the southern continent as they do in the two countries of the north.

A constitution is what men make of it. Perhaps President Wilson, both in Mexico and in Europe, made no greater mistake than to believe that the same institutions would function in the same way among all peoples. A turtle cannot wear the crocodile's hide nor the crocodile the turtle's shell. A constitution is not a piece

of paper or a set of rules which can be clamped down on any and every people. In its broadest and real sense it is the natural integument of government which grows out of the natures of the peoples themselves.

Thus also with Bills of Rights and personal liberties. What will serve as guarantees among peoples with a given set of individual and political characteristics will be useless among others. Moreover, the liberties actually desired may vary. To some it would be intolerable not to be able to worship, think and speak as they wished. As the long history of martyrs in thought and religion indicates, they would suffer any torture rather than give up these liberties. To others, on the other hand, they might mean little or nothing. In the late Roman Empire men could be governed with bread and circuses, and even in the great Western democracies of to-day *there is some evidence among the masses that they care more about so called "security" than about liberty.* I do not believe this is yet true of the citizens as a whole, but it is a tendency which must be fought against by those who still prize freedom above all else. It must also be remembered that just as there may be nations at all stages of genuine cultural development, regardless of apparent surface resemblances, so within each nation there are layers of classes at different stages of development.

In considering the problem of India under a new form of government with regard to personal liberty and its preservation, it would be impertinent for me to make specific suggestions. What I would point out is that it would be essential, first, to decide what personal liberties the people consider as necessary for the spiritual, intellectual, political and economic development which they envisage as desirable ; and, second, in attempting to safeguard these liberties they would have to take into consideration the nature, adaptability and sympathy of the people at large for the practical operation of any form of constitution. In my own country, should the people come to care more for being governed than for governing themselves, more for selfishness and ease than freedom, then neither constitution nor courts could save us from ourselves. It is true not only that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" but also that no form of government makes greater demands, morally and intellectually, on its citizens of all classes than does a self-governing democracy. Government cannot be based on a theory or a text. It must be based on the hearts, the wills, the minds and the character of the nation.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THE SCIENCE OF THE FIVE FIRES

[Nolini Kanta Gupta is a well-known Bengali essayist and is the author of *The Coming Race, Towards the Light* and *Yoga of Sri Aurobindo.*

For the student of the Esoteric Philosophy of Theosophy this very rough sketch of the Cycle of Birth—the descent of the soul into the body—will prove of great interest if read in conjunction with those passages in W. Q. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy* (1893) which deal with "the actual physical processes which have to be undergone by the Ego in passing from the unembodied to the embodied state" and "the roads, ways or means of descent from the invisible to the visible plane". He adds :—"As we know that no human body is formed without the union of the sexes, and that the germs of such production are locked up in the sexes and must come from food which is taken into the body, it is obvious that foods have something to do with the reïncarnating of the Ego. Now if the road to reïncarnation leads through certain food and none other, it may be possible that if the Ego gets entangled in food which will not lead to the germ of physical reproduction, a punishment is indicated where Manu says that such and such practices will lead to transmigration, which is then a 'hindrance'."—Eds.]

The Science of the Five Agnis (Fires), as propounded by Pravahan, explains and illustrates the process of the birth of the body, the passage of the soul into earth existence. It describes the advent of the child, the building of the physical form of the human being. The process is conceived of as a sacrifice, the usual symbol with the Vedic Rishis for the expression of their vision and perception of universal processes of Nature, physical and psychological. Here, the child is said to be the final fruit of the sacrifice, the different stages in the process being : (1) Soma, (2) Rain, (3) Food, (4) Semen, (5) Child. Soma means Rasa—physically the principle of water, psychologically the principle of delight—and symbolises and constitutes the very soul and substance of life. Now it is said that these five principles—the fundamental and constituent elements —are born out of the sacrifice, through the oblation or offering to the five Agnis. The first Agni is Heaven or the Sky-God, and by offering to it one's faith and one's ardent desire, one calls into manifestation Soma or Rasa or Water, the basic principle of life. This water is next offered to the second Agni, the Rain God, who sends down Rain. Rain, again, is offered to the third Agni, the Earth, who brings forth Food. Food is, in its turn, offered to the fourth Agni, the Father or Male, who elaborates in himself the generating fluid. Finally, this fluid is offered to the fifth Agni, the Mother or the Female, who delivers the Child.

The biological process, described in what may seem to be crude and mediæval terms, really reflects or echoes a more subtle and psychological process. The images used form perhaps part of the current popular notion about the matter, but the esoteric sense goes beyond the outer symbols. The Sky seems to be the far and tenuous region where the soul rests and awaits its next birth—it is

the region of Soma, the *own Home* of Bliss and Immortality. Now when the time or call comes, the soul stirs and journeys down—that is the Rain. Next, it enters the earth atmosphere and clothes itself with the earth consciousness. Then it waits and calls for the formation of the material body, first by the contribution of the father and then by that of the mother ; when these two unite and the material body is formed, the soul incarnates.

Apart from the question whether the biological phenomenon described is really a symbol and a cloak for another order or reality, and even taking it at its face value, what is to be noted here is the idea of a cosmic cycle, and a cosmic cycle that proceeds through the principle of sacrifice. If it is asked what there is wonderful or particularly spiritual in this rather *naif* description of a very commonplace happening that gives it an honoured place in the *Upanishads,* the answer is that it *is* wonderful to see how the Upanishadic Rishi takes from an event its local, temporal and personal colour and incorporates it in a global movement, a cosmic cycle, as a limb of the Universal Brahman. The *Upanishads* contain passages which a puritanical mentality may perhaps describe as " pornographic " ; these have in fact been put by some on the *Index expurgatorius.* But the ancients saw these matters with other eyes and through another consciousness.

We have, in modern times, a movement towards a more conscious and courageous knowledge of things that were taboo to puritan ages. Not to shut one's eyes to the lower, darker and hidden strands of our nature, but to bring them out into the light of day and to face them is the best way of dealing with such elements, which otherwise, if they are repressed, exert an unhealthy influence on the mind and nature. The Upanishadic view runs on the same lines, but, with the unveiling and the natural—and not merely naturalistic —delineation of these under-worlds (concerning sex and food), it endows them with a perspective *sub specie aeternitatis.* The sexual function, for example, is easily equated to the double movement of ascent and descent that is secreted in nature, or to the combined action of Purusha and Prakriti in the cosmic Play, or again, to the hidden fount of Delight that holds and moves the universe. In this view there is nothing merely secular and profane, but all is woven into the cosmic spiritual whole ; and man is taught to consider and to mould all his movements—of soul and mind and body—in the light and rhythm of that integral Reality [1].

The central secret of this trans-

[1] The secularisation of man's vital functions in modern ages has not been a success. It has made him more egocentric and blatantly hedonistic. From an occult point of view he has in this way subjected himself to the influences of dark and undesirable world-forces, has made an opening, to use an Indian symbolism, for Kali (the Spirit of the Iron Age) to enter into him. The sex-force is an extremely potent agent, but it is extremely fluid and elusive and uncontrollable. It was for this reason that the ancients always sought to give it a proper mould, a right continent, a fixed and definite channel ; the moderns, on the other hand, allow it to run free and play with it recklessly. The result has been, in the life of those born under such circumstances, a growing lack of poise and balance and a corresponding incidence of neurasthenia, hysteria and all abnormal pathological conditions.

figured consciousness lies, as we have already indicated, in the mystic rite or law of Sacrifice. It is the one basic, fundamental, universal Law that upholds and explains the cosmic movement, conformity to which brings to the thrice-bound human being release and freedom. Sacrifice consists essentially of two elements or processes : (1) The offering or self-giving of the lower reality to the higher, and, as a consequence, an answering movement of (2) the descent of the higher into the lower. The lower offered to the higher means the lower sublimated and integrated into the higher ; and the descent of the higher into the lower means the incarnation of the former and the fulfilment of the latter. The *Gita* elaborates the same idea when it says that by Sacrifice men increase the gods and the gods increase men and by so increasing each other they attain the supreme Good. Nothing is, nothing is done for its own sake, for an egocentric satisfaction ; all, even movements relating to food and to sex, should be dedicated to the Cosmic Being—Viswa Purusha—and that alone received which comes from Him.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

PACIFIST MINISTERS OF NORWAY

A number of Norwegian ministers have formed a pacifist group and started their pacifist propaganda. Various voices have been raised against their public work, claiming that these clergymen, in their quality of state officials, cannot rightly fight publicly against any form of war, defensive war included. The peace-loving ministers in their turn declare that all warfare goes against the spirit of Christ, and hence they feel obliged to resist war and to do all they can to eradicate the eventual causes of war. Being accused of law breaking, they answer by publishing a joint statement, consisting of some very salient points ; they feel that they are in conscience bound by the spirit of Christ, and find that the organized mass-killings of modern wars are against the Sermon on the Mount. Further that the Christian Church was an organ of peace until, before the 4th century, it transformed itself into a state church. "We are returning to the original Christian standpoint, as most clearly stated by Origen" and others. And "we opine that the church in largely leaving that standpoint is in part to be blamed for the state of affairs in the world to-day. Hence we absolutely feel ourselves in duty bound to work for the awakening of the church to a recognition of its guilt, and to go forward to gain an uncompromising pacifist standpoint in the spirit of Christ."

These honest words from clergymen sound encouraging in the ears of every seeker of truth. Honest and persevering work to introduce the "original Christian standpoint into the Christian Church" so-called will probably lead these men further than they now are able to foresee. First, a study of the original Christian standpoint will necessarily lead them to the discovery and—as may be hoped—the honest recognition that this standpoint was and is purely Buddhistic.

Oslo, Norway. A. H.

INDUSTRIOUS IDLENESS

[Miss Constance Williams gave up a successful business career in order to devote herself to evolving a true philosophy of life. She uses writing as a means of clarifying her thoughts.—EDS.]

It is one of the greatest failings of our Western civilisation that we do not cultivate the habit of contemplation, of reverie. The whole of our training is based on the assumption that to be busy is to be virtuous. The child or the adult who sits day-dreaming is condemned as a lazy good-for-nothing.

This kind of training has two main results. The first is that we feel guilty if we are still for a moment. We tend to exalt busyness as an ideal in its own right, without pausing to ask what we are achieving or whether our busyness is producing anything worth while.

The second result is an ingrained fear that life is slipping away from us and that we can do nothing to stop it. This means that we spend most of our time in looking forward with horror to old age. Instead of glorying in our youth and living every day to the full, we spoil our present enjoyment by keeping our eyes fixed anxiously on the future. We spend all the glorious, robust days of our youth working ourselves to exhaustion in order to prepare for the last few years, when, truth to tell, the senses are so blunted that very little is needed to produce contentment.

Both results tend to produce unhappiness, yet so ingrained has this insistence on busyness become that we are blind to the possibilities for happiness in the normal everyday world around us.

Country people are, as a general rule, far happier than town people. This is because they have retained the ability to reflect. Nature is all around them, calm and peaceful, pursuing her yearly round slowly and inexorably, and they watch and *think*. But in the town busy screeching machines, man's inventions mirroring his own dreadful restlessness, drown all attempts at quiet contemplation.

For the majority of us, life is a breathless frightened scramble to push as many things as possible into our mind, to acquire knowledge, as we say, in order to be a success in life. Yet so often all we acquire is a miscellaneous collection of unrelated facts. And we are so busy pushing these facts into our mind that we do not give it time to assimilate them.

Surely we should see that the mind is like the stomach; we can't keep on cramming it full without giving it time to digest. And contemplation is the digestion of the mind.

If our mind is going to be something more than just a storeroom, we must meditate on the knowledge we have acquired, turn it over in our mind and see both sides of it, link it up with other ideas, and so produce something new. For that is the essence of genius—the ability to make new associations; to see a connection, a link that other people have missed, between two things or two

ideas.

But to do this we must periodically pass through a phase of inactivity. We may call it lying fallow if we like. Just as a farmer knows his fields must lie fallow from time to time, so has every great thinker, from the earliest times down to the present day, known that he must give his mind a rest periodically if he is to produce good work.

It was Ovid who said, "Leisure nourishes the body, and the mind also is fed thereby; on the other hand, immoderate labour exhausts both."

But this apparent inactivity of the mind is really only the inactivity of one layer of it. The conscious mind may be at rest, but the unconscious is always busy. And the secret of great men is that they know how to use their unconscious mind. When they desire to produce original work on some topic, they supply all the material they can to their mind, knowing it will sink into the unconscious, and then they proceed to "forget" the subject for a week or more. They go away to play, or to bed, or to talk on other things, according to their several dispositions.

And all the while they are playing or sleeping or talking, this unconscious activity of the mind is going on, collating, associating. Then one day they will feel an uncontrollable desire to express themselves either on paper or in the workshop or the laboratory, and that which they produce will be the result of their unconscious thinking.

We all know the expression, "To sleep on a problem". Well, this is the same thing. We think over our problem in all its aspects and are unable to find a solution, and so we go to bed and to sleep—in other words, we leave it to our unconscious mind, for while our conscious mind sleeps, the unconscious is still working.

But by inactivity I do not mean laziness. The lazy person does not think at all. If our unconscious mind is going to be of any help to us, we must give it the material to work upon, that is, we must gather all the information we can about our subject, think all round it, meditate upon it.

But it is useless to flog our brain. Cramming is never successful, and to go on worrying about a problem after our conscious mind has done all that it can is to weary ourselves unnecessarily.

That is why we should never scold a child for day-dreaming. Day-dreaming is a state in which the conscious mind is almost in abeyance, a state very akin to sleep, when the unconscious mind is free to make whatever associations it likes. It is this state, which is very like true contemplation, which usually precedes the most brilliant "brain waves". Therefore day-dreaming, within reason of course, is a valuable habit to acquire in youth, for it results in an ability to free the mind of its conscious conventional *habits* of thinking.

Although this ability to be industriously idle is very rare, we can all cultivate it if we wish. But the majority of people are too busy to have time to think, and some even are busy because they are afraid to think. They use mental *clichés* for their

thought just as they use verbal *clichés* in their speech. This is the true laziness.

Nobody is busier than the person who is always minding other people's business. Yet no one will say that such a person is doing good work in the world. The person who is doing something worth while is far too much occupied with his own affairs to have time to worry about the affairs of other people.

A typical and an all too distressingly common figure in our modern cities is the busy, harassed person whose life is one breathless round of "getting things done" in a limited time. These people are desperately unhappy, yet so great is the power of habit and of inertia that they go on doing the same thing all their lives. Yet if they would only stop and think for a minute they would see that nothing forces them into that worrying busy round of duties but their own blind acceptance of other people's values, their dependence on other people's praise or blame.

We need not be unhappy in this way; we could free ourselves from this unhappiness if we really wanted to. There are financial considerations, I know. But these are greatly exaggerated by most of us. We are surrounded by a number of things we could just as well do without. We are artificial. We are becoming so much the slaves of our own labour-saving devices that we are incapable of managing without them.

Yet still, within reach of all of us, is that quiet life of thought and of contemplation that has been the ideal of all ages. It lies in our mind—yours and mine—this happiness, this contentment, that is worth untold vacuum cleaners and typewriters, adding-machines and printing-presses. None of these will really make our old age the happier, nor will the money of which they are the concrete manifestations.

But a quiet mind, a happy mind, that has experienced *all* of life, that has meditated on its experiences and drawn some useful conclusion from them, that mind will refuse to accept the sort of living that results in the frustration, the irritation, the unacknowledged misery of most "moderns", and it will know a serene old age that the "successful" ones can never hope to achieve.

CONSTANCE WILLIAMS

The actions to be performed are not any and every one. We are not to go on heedlessly and indiscriminately doing everything that is suggested. We must discover what actions ought to be performed by us and do them for that reason and not because of some result we expect to follow.—W. Q. JUDGE

THE USE OF LEISURE

[John Moore after experiencing a period of unemployment entered the career of teaching. His article fails to take into account the most vital factor in the problem of the use of leisure. How can a man determine appropriately the right use of his leisure, if he has no understanding of his own psychological constitution? A clean life and pure morals, an open mind and a desire to develop his personality along the right lines—all are dependent upon his view of himself and of life. If the Soul of man goes out like a flame when the body like the candle is exhausted, then who can blame a man for living sensuously till the night when life becomes extinct for evermore? Or if the Soul's eternal happiness after death is dependent on the word of recommendation spoken by his priest to his God, then surely by means of judicious bribery he can do what he likes. Only the Law of Karma shows the power of responsibility, of right endeavour and of consummate justice. This Law also makes a man realise that he is not a dying *corpus* but a Soul unfolding into immortality.—EDS.]

Man, in those countries which are termed civilised, has been "hoist with his own petard". He has invented and improved machinery to such an extent that to-day he is dominated by his own creature. Machinery has been so perfected that it replaces the men who made it: thousands are unemployed because machines can do their work more rapidly and more cheaply. In short, the "Age of Leisure" is upon a world unprepared for it.

The philosopher-historian Hegel contended that "the lesson of history is that men will not learn the lesson of history". The Industrial Revolution should have revealed the fact that machinery would increase man's leisure. Not heeding the warning, we have instead improved machinery to the verge of perfection and are just coming to realise that we have wrought our own undoing. For the machine, alas, does not help to support those it has displaced.

A dim realisation that the aim of man's work is to have more leisure is reflected in the present demand for forty-hour weeks and for holidays with pay. There are, however, few (if any) people who have been instructed in the use of that leisure. It is strange to reflect that while men are carefully trained in the elements and principles of their jobs, which are frequently distasteful to them, they have few constructive ideas on the use of the leisure which they prize.

Let us try to define a conception of leisure. Call it "slow, deliberate freedom"—for these are the ideas inherent in the conception of leisure. How far, ask yourself, are your own uses of your freedom from work in accordance with deliberateness and avoidance of hurry?

Not all of us have enjoyed the advantages of a classical education and its training, but there are few who cannot appreciate the point of the tag, "*Dulce est desipere in loco*". Although at times a certain degree of frivolity is in the circumstances legitimate, gambling and card-playing along with the other anti-social sociabilities are unlikely to appeal to the whole man in his saner "delibe-

rate" moments.

Social services are striving to alleviate the strain of unemployment by their attempt to give, to those affected, means of using their enforced leisure constructively. Attendance at classes and lectures is not obligatory; nor are absentees in any way victimised. But, as "a sop to Cerberus", the unemployed are offered classes to "keep their skill fresh" or to "train them for ultimate employment". When, ultimately, no employment is forthcoming, such people are likely to feel embittered against those who, though benevolent, failed to see that unemployment might possibly be not merely transitory.

Realising this, authorities should realise likewise that their service may be more effective if that possibility—or probability—is faced. If that attitude were taken, men would realise that their leisure was purely leisure and not necessarily a stepping-stone to further work. In some places this fact is recognised, and employed and unemployed alike enjoy equal facilities in their community-centres. This is all the state does at present towards helping individual choice.

When we come to decide on a proper use of leisure we are likely to meet with difficulties. Before laying down for himself a course of action, the deliberate, thinking man must decide on two points, *viz.*, (1) what will be the probable results of his actions and (2) whether those results will be good. The first is easily answered but the second takes us right away into ethical considerations, few people being able offhand to summarize what their general ethical policy really is.

Most people will admit on reflection that the principle of respect for personality is a good one on which to base action. This principle is more or less visible in the texts of all religions, being expressed in one or another form of words, *e.g.*, for Christians in the Sermon on the Mount. The principle in the various expressions is one and the same, even if there is disagreement on the working out of details of policy.

Setting aside as a waste, rather than a use, of leisure such activities as gambling, we may ask ourselves whether what we do contributes to our own, while not interfering with others', good. In applying this test we shall frequently see that many of our social activities are mere subservience to the herd-instinct. For example, dancing in vitiated air till the early hours of the morning may be defended as healthy exercise. But, while widening our social contacts, it may also prevent us from properly discharging our duties owing to fatigue the next morning. Respect for others may thus bring us to respect ourselves; we may gain true perspective. On the other hand, by moderation, we can realise the value of the exercise.

As free men, we have a right to break from the herd and to follow our own path provided we are not making the mistake of thinking ourselves superior in so doing, but are merely anxious to please ourselves and to harm nobody. If we are sincere we shall in time be left free to our "eccentricity".

So many are the varied activities

open to people as ways of using leisure that it is difficult to classify them. Yet we must be able to do so to some extent before we can select types of activity for our own attention. Those interested in this problem must find stimulating such books as Cicely Hamilton's *Little Arthur's History of the Twentieth Century*, Newman's *Idea of a University*, Bertrand Russell's *Conquest of Happiness* and H. W. Durant's *Problem of Leisure*.

With these for guidance the individual may safely be left to make his choice according to his lights. If we are enlightened by respect for personality, we cannot go far wrong. Errors may surely be forgiven us if we err in all sincerity.

Applying this principle to our hobbies we find that most physical recreations may appeal to the whole man. In a game like golf, for instance, we have intellectual appreciation of the game allied to affection for it with both dominated by the will to play well. The game then may call into play our tripartite personality. But so long as such a game does not contribute to the pool of common good and so long as it frays tempers, it has little real value save as physical exercise.

Too frequently an activity which seems at first glance legitimate proves in the end unprofitable, when we apply the criterion of benefit to our own and others' personality. This seems to suggest that no one activity, but a combination of types of activity, is the solution to our problem of finding a suitable use for our leisure.

We must make a selection from the many and well-nigh unclassifiable activities which Durant calls "the machinery of leisure". Let us discriminate and combine various examples from what, to risk a wide generalisation, seem to be the two main types -the intellectual and the emotional. Obviously the two are interfused at times. There is often overlapping of an intellectual over an emotional type, or *vice versa*.

Reading, study, rambling, research, collecting are examples of the former and are active; cinemas, dances, sport and social activities are emotional and often demand passivity of mind. Happiness may be achieved or, if not comprehended, at least apprehended from a balanced selection of these. The balance will show itself in the man who, while having some creative activity, can relax. He will have a wider outlook and greater tolerance than the man who rides his hobby to death. The man of good will can do little harm if, with an effort to be free of prejudice, he selects according to the principle of nurturing the personality.

Our leisure, if it is to be complementary rather than opposed to work, must be used by the intellect and the emotions directed by the will. The good our leisure does must be judged by the degree of organisation in our striving (conative) life. Many war-time prison-camp suicides were men who, formerly depending on drink and cards for amusement, were left resourceless when suddenly deprived of these. They were not mentally organised. One wonders how many to-day, dependent on spoon-feeding by cinema and propaganda, could find support in their

own mental resources.

It must now be the duty of the philosophers in the modern State to indicate a path towards the solution of the problem—by education, by striving for a "living allowance" for all, by preaching against mindless passivity, by making man the intelligent master of the machine instead of its unthinking servant, by widening the scope of libraries, by cheapening books (which Mr. Wells thinks are too dear), by abolishing the "social premium on idleness", by evolving a new society which knows that the "Labour System" (as Miss Hamilton insists on calling it) is at an end, and by an effort to integrate the will of man to strive for the common good.

Ultimately, the organisation of a man's leisure depends on the individual himself. If the State, the philosopher or civilisation (whichever you will) is helpful, that individual can follow the right path. If he has a goodwill, he will desire to give to rather than to take from the pool of life's resources. By an ethical paradox, the more he gives the more he will gain.

H. Croome justly observes that the real problem of leisure is that of why there is a problem at all; and that the problem cannot be solved alone, being as it is one with the problem of life in society. Admitting this, I do not claim to have said the last word on the subject. Experience teaches, and if this article has perchance suggested ideas to or stimulated thought on this problem among those more versed in the philosophies than myself, I am so far content. "*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

JOHN MOORE

Once grasp the idea that universal causation is not merely present, but past, present and future, and every action on our present plane falls naturally and easily into its true place, and is seen in its true relation to ourselves and to others. Every mean and selfish action sends us backward and not forward, while every noble thought and every unselfish deed are stepping-stones to the higher and more glorious planes of being. If this life were all, then in many respects it would indeed be poor and mean; but regarded as a preparation for the next sphere of existence, it may be used as the golden gate through which we may pass, not selfishly and alone, but in company with our fellows, to the palaces which lie beyond.—*H. P.* BLAVATSKY, *The Key to Theosophy*, p. 199.

THE CHILDLESS MOTHER

[**Fern Mack** narrates her passage from outer dependence to Self-Dependence, which latter came to her through W. Q. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy*, a very able exposition meant for the genuine enquirer.—EDS.]

"As the end to be reached is self-dependence with perfect calmness and clearness, he is from the beginning made to stand alone, and this is for most of us a difficult thing which frequently brings on a kind of despair."

From William Q. Judge's *Echoes from the Orient.*

Although the above statement appears to me (the friend who knew her best, and least) to be a perfect present-day likeness of one whom I shall refer to as "the childless mother", nevertheless I should like, if I may, to present the picture-negative under process of development, believing that the illumined viewpoint of THE ARYAN PATH's readers may prove to differ somewhat from mine, a mere amateur's by comparison.

Even before the so-called age of reason she was what one could call an ordained mother. Her dolls were not something with which she played, but living breathing personalities with whom she lived.

She gave them all of everything she had to give : herself. Which meant that she gave them a slavish devotion in addition to all the other intense feelings that go to make up the generous heart and the imaginative mind of a love-starved child, brought up alone.

At night, when she dropped off to sleep, it was to the hands of her dolls that she clung (although she thought at the time it was they who clung to her hands!), and when she arrived at school age it was to her dolls that she returned when school was over.

She even shared with them the great engulfing fear of her life, which was the fear of death. This fear, like some uninvited guest at the cradle of her birth, had been with her, unwelcomed, since she could remember. To love another as wholeheartedly as she loved her widowed mother and her dolls, and then to have to think of that other as one day dying, was a racking pain almost too sharp to be borne. And to enjoy with such intensity of feeling the simple act of just living—which meant among other delightful things just lying on one's back in the tall backyard grass and watching the changing clouds overhead, or settling oneself in the big swing which after a little effort on one's part would take one soaring through the upper air—and then to have to think of *oneself* as some day dying was almost as bad.

Upon reaching an age when her puritanical but well-intentioned mother considered she had now grown too old for dolls, she was commanded to give them all away to "younger and less fortunate children".

The years since then have brought to her the loss of close friend and of distant mother, but over neither of these deaths did she suffer more

savagely than over that living death of doll distribution.

Those dolls had been the only real confidantes of her childhood years, the only ones with whom she could talk freely and at length without her speech (after the first shy rush of words) faltering and halting. THEY --her dolls—had known about her fear of death : that stalking fear which hovered always in the fertile background of her mind.

After a year of being childless (a year the stark loneliness of which it is better to skip over even in this epistle of utter truth) the ordained mother who was yet but a little girl, and a lost little girl at that, in part refound herself through the persons of May and June, who, although the products of her imagination, were none the less her living daughters and for the next few years her constant companions.

While acknowledging the fact that many lonely children have been known to create imaginative companions, it seems significant to me that in the case of this " childless mother " it was not playmates she created, but daughters !

More years passed, years still governed by her inborn love of children, her painful happiness at the miracle of life and her equally painful unhappiness at the fear of death. Then when she was in her late " teens " it was discovered that she had a serious heart ailment. Once while slowly regaining consciousness after a fainting spell in which it had been necessary to give her oxygen, she heard herself pronounced dead by the attending physician. Wildly she thought : " I must find strength to raise my lids, a finger, to make some movement, because I don't want to die—I—DON'T—WANT—TO —DIE ! ". . . .

A year later when a wonderful opportunity presented itself for her to travel across the States to take up permanent residence in a land famous for its healthy climate, one of the leading heart specialists in the city where she lived advised against it, predicting quick and certain death if she attempted to make the long train journey over the high mountain ranges which she would have to cross. But because she wanted desperately to leave the city of her birth, which ever since the too early parting with her dolls had meant for her great loneliness, she decided to brave the hazardous journey.

It was on the train one night when passing through one of the highest of the mountain ranges that she had her dream : Wherever she looked was Space, great wide vistas of earth and sky which even as she gazed separated out into human forms. Women's forms, with their children near them. When the mothers suddenly merged back into the pulsating background of air and earth and sky, the children were left behind ; they and the girl. As if drawn by some hidden force the children advanced ; some shyly and others timidly, a few proudly and more eagerly to where she stood alone, apart.

And because she had eyes that saw, ears that heard and a heart that understood, they, the children—light and dark, bond and free--children of every class and creed, laid down their

gifts : honest love, simple trust and characters like pure white paper awaiting the writer, Life.

When the children like their mothers before them had blended into the background of their sky and earth, flowers were seen blooming in their place. Flowers of every clime and colour, which from some subconscious need for mental food and spiritual drink grew with faces lifted to receive the sun's light and the rain's caress.

It was then that the watching girl, born into the world with love stored in her great mother-heart, but with no one to give it to, herself became the sun and the rain. As her demanding Ego merged into that of the impersonal Sun and the ministering rain, there breathed forth from the atmosphere concert music, short slow violin forms which were so emotionally eloquent as to make her, years later, wonder if what she had heard could possibly have been Schumann's lost violin concerto.

The dream which was more than a dream ended. She awoke on a pillow wet with her tears. But she held in her soul a conviction that in some mystic, yet probably obscure way, she was one day to be a tangible instrument for some great intangible work that would live on in the lives of others and in the lives of their children's children long after that Death which she so feared had come at last to claim her.

The years succeeding that dream and up to the near present saw her a University student, an office clerk and a librarian, a happy wife (though childless), an active clubwoman, a welfare worker and something of a professional artist; certainly a very busy life. Yet two emotions, her fear of death and her love of children, never ceased to dominate her. Never, that is, until she approached the region of Spiritual consciousness, which happened after she had been living in her present home for a matter of some six years. But I digress--

From that hour on the train when she awoke from the dream that was more than a dream, children of all ages, complexions and social status seemed strangely drawn to her on first acquaintance. Unable to call her "Mother" they asked permission to call her "Aunt". It was as though they knew instinctively of her untold love for them, her infinite understanding of their every mood and her inborn desire to serve unselfishly.

It stands to reason that a woman of studious inclination and limited circumstances, whose hours were crowded with both professional work and household duties, would find at times the constant claims of other women's children most exacting. Yet despite this fact, she never once in all her life gave a child a negative smile, an indifferent ear or a derisive answer.

Many a small chest heaving with sobs has flung itself against her barren breasts, even as many a joyful child wanting to share the miracle of some new toy has come flying straight to her arms. It was as though her arms aching with their weight of emptiness were yet able to hold something that either brought Love closer or held Terror away, according to the child's need.

Careful always never to interfere

in any way with their own mothers' prior rights and privileges, of which she was sensitively aware, she nevertheless had a way of getting the result she sought. Instead of commenting disparagingly on the new guns the boys brought over at Christmas to show her with pride, she quietly brought them books of animal and bird-life which made the taking of defenceless life seem a less sporting thing. She smiled tolerantly upon the red-painted finger nails and the artificial hair waves to which the mothers of the neighbourhood treated their seven to twelve-year-old daughters each Saturday, yet managed at the same time to foster in those children's minds an appreciation for a truer kind of beauty.

Denied the natural mother's privilege of counting calories or starching little garments, she concerned herself with keeping the children's minds healthy, and with starching their young characters by instilling in them a conscious love for honesty, unselfishness and truth.

The militarism of her small boy devotees, the gossip and the snobbishness of some of their sisters —such things caused her real concern.

As accustomed to hearing the song of the meadow-lark as they were to seeing the sky above them, the hearts of certain of her young friends had been blind and deaf to the song's mystic message until she moved into their neighbourhood. Soon, however, in addition to their school drawings, the children were bringing her the first new buds of spring, eager to share with one they knew would thrill with them, the mystery of the unfurling leaf, the colouring of the flower.

With a twisting pain in her heart she silently rebelled at times at being forced to play what seemed at best an impersonal part in the life of other women's children.

She would have liked to experience the physical mother's passive acceptance of child love as something which was her natural right. Instead, she taught the children of friends, of neighbours and of strangers, that the more one gives away the more one has, and that thoughts are of vastly greater importance than things.

I'll admit that to me who knew her best (and least) it appeared at times a stultifying effort. But as a celebrated authoress (since passed on) once wrote of her in quoting from "The Shield of Silence"— "This shall be her reward—the Ideal shall be real to her."

But, living up to one's own aims and ideals is one thing, conquering one's lifelong fear of Death (which you recall was her *other* "legacy of the past to the present") is another. Particularly is this so when one considers the fact that until a few weeks prior to this writing she had read no Theosophical literature whatsoever.

Then she whose every decision, whose almost every act throughout her life had been born of a spiritual past of whose positive existence she knew without knowing how she knew it, came into the possession of W. Q. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy*.

"I have found it!" she breathed after reading the book, the quickening ecstasy of her inward reality

making speech imperative. "I have found the 'lost chord of Christianity', the doctrine of reincarnation!"

Whereupon there followed a moment timeless and unconfused in which she laid aside the book, rose and left the familiar lighted room to go out into the stillness of the night, even as her soul would one day set aside this life, and would leave the familiar body in which it too was housed.

To the stars blinking down from their immeasurable height she said, "We humans are divine souls. Yes, but we are also results. To-day's results of what we have gone through in other lives. To-morrow's results are to-day's Karma. This truth is as accurate as the laws of mathematics."

Thus her soul spoke through her mind, and as it did so, the God in her listened from His eternity.

I KNOW because I was the friend who knew her best (and least) and she was—me.

FERN MACK

Our duty is to keep alive in man his spiritual intuitions. To oppose and counteract—after due investigation and proof of its irrational nature—bigotry in every form, religious, scientific, or social, and *cant* above all, whether as religious sectarianism or as belief in miracles or anything supernatural. What we have to do is to seek to obtain *knowledge* of all the laws of nature, and to diffuse it. To encourage the study of those laws least understood by modern people, the so-called Occult Sciences, *based on the true knowledge of nature* instead of, as at present, on *superstitious beliefs based on blind faith and authority.* Popular folk-lore and traditions, however fanciful at times, when sifted may lead to the discovery of long-lost, but important, secrets of nature. The Society, therefore, aims at pursuing this line of inquiry, in the hope of widening the field of scientific and philosophical observation.—H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Key to Theosophy*, p. 40.

MERCURY ON A HILL

[Laurence Clark "feels drawn to work in the fields of literature in the widest sense and has written poems and plays".—EDS.]

I suppose it was habit as much as anything else which had brought me to the same holiday resort as I had visited for the last twenty years. Indeed, the place was a pleasant one: I think I shall never forget it as I first saw it, the June after my discharge from a European army—the cool, spacious, high mountain valley, musical with torrents; the panorama of pine-clad slopes and swan-white mountains; the grassy knoll in the centre of this valley, open on all sides to the sunbeams, on which stood the simple and sweet-smelling wooden hotel in which I stayed. Coming upon this one evening, soon after the horrors of France, I had indeed felt like "Mercury new-lighted on a Heaven-kissing hill": the place had been to me a shining new country, a symbol of the new post-war world, as yet untrammelled by the confusing stupidities of disorganised mankind, apparently made only for the calm actualisation of sane and human wishes.

But this year things were different. A motor-road had been built up here from the nearest town; there was a red petrol-pump in the village; and cargoes of men and rouged women appeared at regular intervals, extending into these upper regions, previously untarnished, the flaccid culture of the European vales. Motor-horns blared among the age-old rhythms of the native cow-bells; our favourite banks of gentians and eidelweiss were cleared by the tourists. Yet there developed annoyances even more acute than these.

For all of us in the hotel had had our nerves set on edge and sharpened against one another by a series of fruitless quarrels in which we had enmeshed ourselves. In the past, I had generally found that people of different nationalities, owing to a natural curiosity about one another, had in this solitary place entered into pleasant relations. I had met some good friends here. But this year all was changed. There were constant quarrels.

After a few weeks, it had come to such a pass that the few visitors had gathered into four little groups, each of which would have nothing to do with the others. Constant manœuvres, on which they spent all their ingenuity, took place among the groups, each plotting to get the best seats in the sitting-room or dining-room or on the verandah. In earlier years we had never bothered about such trifles; indeed, we had felt it shameful to keep others out of the best places. But this year there was a bitter contest of pride between these four hostile groups; and the contest, inflaming the pride of all still further, rapidly intensified our now considerable animosities. It was as though an explosive atmosphere, almost a visible thing, concocted of the human gases of fear and hatred, had been generated in this little tim-

bered house among the beautiful mountains. One could hardly strike a match to light a cigar without fearing that one had wounded some inflamed grievance in such a way as to lead to that imminent general squabble which would blow up and shatter our whole holiday.

Who had brought us to this *impasse*? I could never become really clear about this. Two old women had been the original squabblers. The rest of us, according to nationality, had taken sides; these two groups, owing to internal differences, had split into four; and so, at an increasing rate, trouble had been brewed among us, until it had come to the present fabulous intensity.

Now, when a European takes a holiday these days, quiet is above all what he wants. Every visitor here wanted quiet; and each was cheated of it by the tangle of intrigue in which he had become embroiled. Thus a sense of universal frustration was added to that of bad temper. No one would now yield to his enemy. The position was a deadlock. It would have been comical, if it had not been so intimately annoying.

One evening, as I was strolling back to the little hotel through this vale which I had once found so wonderful, I decided that I could stay no longer. The hotel had become unbearable to me, and there was nowhere else to stay. It was bitter to me to have to leave the place, which was a chosen arena of my dreams; going away caused me the same pain as I had felt at other times when abandoning some purpose which I had thought to be invaluable, but which had proved in practice to be beyond my powers of realisation. It was an abdication of treasured hopes.

Dark was the evening as I walked back to put my decision into effect. My watch told me there was as yet an hour to go until sundown; but clouds were massed among the mountains; as I approached the tiny wooden hotel, lightning flashed out behind it, jerking it for a moment into a staggering silhouette against the jagged glare. A sickening comparison reminded me of explosions which I had seen in France. This confirmed me in my resolve instantly to leave the place.

Large, loose drops of rain were stinging down onto the mountain turf, as I reached the door of the hotel.

As soon as I entered I heard from upstairs the noise of shouting. I ran towards it—up the staircase, along a corridor, out on to the verandah. Weeks of bad feeling had apparently come to a head. All the visitors were there, vociferating and angry. I gathered that they had been playing jazz-records until the storm came, and that now, while the heavy rain was damaging the gramophone, the groups were quarrelling as to which of them should have the privilege of carrying the machine indoors. There had long been quarrels as to who had the first right to use that dilapidated and dissonant bit of machinery.

A flash of lightning split the gathering gloom. Thunder broke, in a howl of hollow triumph, reverberating round this basin of the mountains, as though the rock quaked and would give way. Then there was a moment's silence, in which we heard the rushing

of the torrent very clearly, before the heavy rain fell once again with a hushing sound.

"Will you excuse me if I light the lamp?"

The frightened group turned about. We had not noticed a quiet, stern man, of indefinite age, who was sitting by the fireplace. We agreed to his request, and in a minute the room was flooded with yellow light.

He gave a reminiscent sigh, and began to talk in an aery voice which tempered what he had to say with a note of peaceful exhilaration, "I was tired of the European cities. They are in such a stupid state of fear, petty jealousy, and useless, because uncreative, patriotism. I was tired of the spectacle of millions caught up in the vicious circle of ill-motived, ill-directed activity. I thought I must come up onto the heights, where certainly I should find the people honest, tolerant and peaceful, possessing that patient wisdom which, as it matures through the years, must slowly re-educate and reconstruct human society. That is how I come to be among you, ladies and gentlemen."

He bowed slightly. For a while nobody spoke. We were conscious of the departing storm, the receding thunder and the last flutters of lightning outside. A certain overcharged electrical atmosphere in the room had also disappeared: suddenly it was unexpectedly pleasant in the golden glow of the lamp.

Conversation sprang up. Our minds met in a consideration of our obsession, the European situation. All joined in. And each in emphasising the unfortunate and ridiculous positions into which each government had been thrust in this disorganised continent, confessed—in terms of a subtle esotericism which the others understood—his or her own idiocy during the past weeks. A mass of accumulated grievance was thus relieved; and by the time we sat down to supper our minds had been so loosened and reconciled to one another that we sat down in an atmosphere of mutual delight, pacific for the first time since we came there.

"But now", a woman was asking, after the meal was over, "how are we in fact to extend this solution of our difficulties, which we have outlined, across a troubled continent, across a war-blackened world?"

"By turning it inside out", said the man. "A simple process. By fashioning the world in accordance with our sane and human wishes, rather than allowing our wishes to be fashioned and distorted and dispersed by an imaginary monster called the world. That is the human function —to overcome the world.

"The world is a subjective formulation. It is a story which we have made up for ourselves, to fulfil our wishes. Bad wishes make a bad world. The world is, to an incredible extent, whatever we choose to make it.

"Man imagines himself to be the product of circumstances. It would be truer to say that his circumstances are the product of himself. At every moment, consciously or unconsciously, we are deciding—accepting, rejecting—apathy and indecision are in themselves a form of deciding. A decided man is never powerless. So it happens, by a profound process

which few Occidentals suspect, that as we in truth wish and imagine and deeply will ourselves to be, so we come to be. We and the world are self-created. In the world, we witness outwardly the cinematograph films which we have ourselves created in the studios of consciousness.

"To your minds, with their admirable and unique power of penetrating and mastering by technique physical and mechanistic processes, inside and outside the human being, these ideas will at first seem fantastic. Yet only through them will you be able to direct your technical achievements to human good. You will say that coal-mines created Newcastle, moist weather created the Lancashire cotton trade, and will give instance after instance to prove that it is material considerations which make humanity what it is in mind and belief. This emphasis of yours upon material phenomena has been a thing of immense value and importance; for through your science you are preparing for a unique achievement by humanity, the technical mastery of the earth, with the abolition of a vast proportion of human toil and the consequent release of billions of human hours for other pursuits. But your emphasis on the material, while it has prepared the way for this possible result, is nevertheless an overemphasis; it will no longer suffice as your world-outlook; unless corrected by a true conception of man's function as a moral, not an entirely instinctive, being, it will lead you to disaster and to the loss of all that you have won. Not only coal made Newcastle; it took men to see the possibilities and to get to work on them. The present time needs, imperatively demands, men to see and work upon *its* possibilities. Otherwise, disaster!

"Through certain ages, I admit, man may be so cramped in his husk of matter that all other considerations seem vague indeed. There has been such an age in Europe—an age full of material work, empty of the necessary directive spiritual activity. It has left its mark—a troubled continent, a war-blackened world, symbols of widespread mental upset. Darwin's *Origin of Species* has been in popular fancy your actual if unofficial Scripture. I repeat, this has left its mark. Man, abdicating from all loftier self-consideration, began to conceive of his destiny in terms of the animal world, to see himself as an animal. Therefore, being self-created, he began in the relations of economic-political life to behave like an animal. The sense of responsibility, man for man, was rejected; each began to use his faculties—so much vaster than those of any beast—not to create a world for humanity to live and grow in, but to prosecute an egotistic 'struggle for existence'. He armed himself against his companions; his state, against its companion-states. Being himself more than an animal, when animal behaviour became his prototype, he became a being more terrible, more callous, more destructive than the most magnificent beast of prey. Machine-guns mowed down men, as machines mow fields of hay. Gas poisoned the atmosphere. To such a pass your beliefs led you. The results are before you. Animals may behave as animals, and the harmony of things will not be disturbed; but

when men behave like animals and use their human powers to this debased end, then race-suicide is the logical sequel.

"So we must now reconsider ourselves. We must no longer infringe the law of our being; for, as recent and impending events remind us, it is stronger then we are; and, if we break it, inevitably it will break us. We must first envisage and believe in the New Order; then it will be achieved. Remember that we and the world are self-created; and then we shall realize that our spiritual intention is all-powerful over matter. Only he who realizes this—that the reality lies in the wish—has been born into freedom and independence; and only he will act effectively. Those who have not realized it are yet held prisoners to material claims and doomed to self-centred and ineffectual antics. Our New Order must incorporate and develop what is valuable in the old. Let us be charitable, devoted to the good of all, harmonious in word and deed, patient, unruffled, profoundly indifferent as to how we fare in temporal disguises; let us place truth before all things; and let us work towards our end constantly, in full and joyful human energy, for what vocation is fairer than ours? New men and women will come to help and to supersede us. They are the new world. Numbers there will only make it richer and more valuable for all. This heritage of technical mastery and of individual spiritual freedom awaits all who choose to claim it, and to free themselves from the stunting shackles of the past."

On that note our talk ended that evening. Before any of us were down for breakfast in the morning, the stranger had already departed. But he had left us fine weather. The spirits of all were released from conflict into creativeness. The world was once more before us like a thing unused. Rain had washed every flower in the valley; the rough streams, filled with fresh water, tumbled their foam under a blue sky; poppies, gentians and crocuses glittered, fanned by a light reviving breeze out of the east. Dew lay like a sheen on the mountain turf, an untrammelled area before us.

The oppressive weather of the evening before now seemed an impossibility; and all breakfasted together on what had once more become a "Heaven-kissing hill".

LAURENCE CLARK

Said the Earth, "Lord of the Shining Face (*the Sun*) my house is empty ....Send thy sons to people this wheel (*Earth*). Thou hast sent thy seven sons to the Lord of Wisdom. Seven times doth He see thee nearer to Himself; seven times more doth He feel thee. Thou hast forbidden Thy servants, the small rings, to catch Thy light and heat, Thy great Bounty to intercept on its passage. Send now to Thy servant the same!"—*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, 27.

GIFTED CHILDREN

THEIR NATURE AND THEIR NEEDS

[G. S. Krishnayya is the Vice-Principal and Professor of Education at the Teachers' College, Kolhapur. He here examines the well-worn problem of the education of nascent geniuses and of freaks. Programmes and curricula are apt to fail unless in their preparation the vitally important doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma are taken into consideration. The unfolding soul is ageless, and true education consists in drawing out the soul's potentialities from within. The polishing of the brain and the training of the sensorium carried out by modern teachers hinder and frustrate the task of the Soul and prevent it from carrying out its duty to its present *persona* or mask. Modern education succeeds in killing more geniuses than it helps to fulfil themselves. H. P. Blavatsky has shown the right way.—EDS.]

There is no more serious source of waste than the neglect of genius in our schools and colleges. Millions are spent on the mediocre, while the gifted child is thwarted by a system evolved to meet the needs of the average mind. Paradoxical though the statement may seem, the most retarded children in our schools are the brightest. They usually receive the least attention—unless Satan finds mischief for these idle brains. These can do from twice to twenty-five times as much work from twice to twenty-five times as well as the dull, and can read three or four times as fast. But the teacher concentrates on the average, and the brilliant child is left to slackness and boredom.

The exceptionally bright child fares no better at home. He receives neither the assistance which a stimulating environment can give nor the sympathetic encouragement so necessary for the natural unfolding of his talents. He is often made conceited and self-conscious, and a strain too great for his physical frame is imposed upon him. He lives a stunted life or develops into a freak. Even amongst exceptionally bright children there are several different types and what is good for one may not be good for another.

Take the children endowed with a good memory. They are usually considered "birth" because they are ahead of other children of the same age and class. They "learn" because they retain the lessons and can reproduce them as a sponge returns the water it has absorbed. Success in school is not altogether an index of mental excellence. A striking memory is not sufficient. Not infrequently very mediocre minds, having a good though mechanical memory, outshine their betters, before the higher types of reasoning are very much in demand. When that time comes they are left helplessly behind. Such children require direction along lines in which their natural endowment will assist them in developing skill, *i.e.*, where routine and mechanical recall are in demand.

Now pass on to a group of undoubted superiority. There are some children whose development is more rapid than that of an ordinary child but who lack striking precocity. They travel as it were in a motor

car while the others ride horseback or plod along on foot. As long as the health and the strength of such children keep pace with their mental advancement, there is nothing to fear. But they should be given the opportunity to learn according to their quickened rate and to execute tasks commensurate with their ability. They need, however, careful observation and skilful handling. At the first sign of tension adjustment becomes absolutely necessary.

Rapid promotion is one way of dealing with special brightness and is a good method when a brilliant child's unusual abilities have not been challenged by ordinary school work. But intellectual maturity is not the sole criterion. Children already younger than their classmates and not very strong should advance at the normal rate, staying out of school, if necessary, part of the time and having the benefit of an enriched course of studies. The child who is head and shoulders above the rest may be encouraged to take part in more activities and thus enrich his experience and develop socially.

Grouping children according to mental capacity is another solution. In one New York Public School one of the fifty boys and girls between eight and eleven picked from the top 10,000 of New York's million schoolchildren may be found working out a complicated chess move, another may be explaining a gyropilot to a third, and other groups may be studying the theory of telephonic communication, radio, the President's gold-buying policy and similar subjects. The regular school work is finished in the morning and the afternoons are free for "research projects" selected by the children. In most schools such pupils would be pushed ahead and would arrive in high school too young for wholesome adjustment with their older classmates; these fifty will reach high school at the normal age but with a fund of knowledge far beyond normal.

A more difficult group is composed of children brilliant in certain directions and dull in others. If such children lose their balance and get out of touch with normal life conditions, their special talents may lead them to anti-social acts. Children of this group need a training which makes all other mental activities focus on their speciality, giving them power along socially constructive lines. Book studies need to be coordinated with their life interest. Under the guidance of wise parents and teachers such children should become social assets, and in later years their specialized efficiency should enable them to make a unique cultural contribution to the world. What they need is re-orientation--mental and emotional. Unless the child's main interest is taken as the starting-point, and he is encouraged to enter the field of learning from that point, he may become averse to study and all-round development and degenerate into a drifter and a narrow-minded egotist, devoid of social purpose and human interest.

In some, special or general excellence is associated with tension. Here you have the genius and the crank, the great leader of men, the prince of commerce, the poet and the philosopher, the musical prodigy and

the genuine artist. The distinction between this group and the previous one depends upon the equipoise of the nervous system and the strength of mental stamina. At any moment of tension one-sidedness can turn into a pathological condition. In individuals of this type sentiment is apt to overpower reason, or there is cleverness untempered by qualities of the heart, or the ego is exaggerated and morbidly sensitive.

There are striking instances of supernormal ability in special lines. Avadhani, a young Hindu from Bombay, is reported to be able to recite on one hearing any poem in any language. A Lithuanian had by heart 2,500 volumes. Niebuhr, the German historian, is said to have restored from memory an account book that had been accidentally burned. Some are endowed with a photographic mind. Not all such prodigies, however, are persons of general mental excellence. Some children who exhibit most prodigious ability in certain well-circumscribed fields are in all others far below normal. Some may be clearly feeble-minded, in which case their special gift, the result of a mechanical process in the brain, has no significance for their intellectual powers. A young man looking distinctly stupid can tell you instantly on what day of the week your birthday would fall this year or on what week-day you were born, if you merely give him the date of your birth. Another can give immediate answers to complex mathematical problems involving long rows of figures. Such persons are merely living calculating machines. There are chess prodigies who can hold their own against veteran experts. These and other types are not unfamiliar in India.

Another class which has supplied us with many outstanding names is composed of those who develop marvellous excellence without losing balance of mind. Genius represents the most brilliant type of this order. Whatever may be the essence of genius, it shows itself in the ease with which work of great importance is performed. Genius is instinct acting on a higher plane. In the genius too there is the mechanical element, more of instinctive impulse than of conscious application, but the difference here is shown in the way in which the genius consciously makes use of his own instinctive endowments for higher purposes. In this class you would put Otto Pöhler of Braunschweig who began to read at the tender age of fifteen months. Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr., of Pittsburg could read when sixteen months old and could keep a diary at two years. She learnt typing at the age of three; at four she wrote stories for newspapers and spoke eight languages; at twelve she was ready for post-graduate work in any university. Macaulay is an illustrious member of the group. He read incessantly at the age of three; at seven he began *A Compendium of Universal History* and at eight he wrote *A Treatise to Convert the Natives of Malabar to Christianity*. Mozart showed remarkable musical ability at three; at four he played minuets and composed short pieces, and at five he performed in public. But he was an impulsive, erratic personality, never balanced, and

was always in want. When he had exhausted his opportunities and nerve force in a spendthrift way, he became morbid and died at the early age of thirty-five. Early manifestations of genius, however, are not incompatible with prolonged and even late development. Francis Galton, the English scientist, before his fifth birthday, wrote in a letter that he could "read any English book, say all the Latin substantives and adjectives and active verbs besides fifty-two lines of Latin poetry". By the age of six he was conversant with the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* and could read French. *Hereditary Genius* appeared in his fiftieth year and *Natural Intelligence* in his sixty-eighth. Haydn, Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Milton, Goethe, Lord Bacon, Locke, Berkeley, Descartes, Spinoza and Kant are all examples of precociousness accompanied by a lengthy process of development. Nevertheless the danger of overtension is always present in men of great original power, and therefore watchful care is a constant requirement, unless there is a virile physical basis for exceptional excellence.

There still rages a lively controversy in regard to nature-nurture contributions to intellect. Heredity plays an important rôle in determining the degree of intelligence a given individual possesses, but often without a favourable environment inherited ability cannot flower. Irregularity in mental growth is sometimes due to variations in wealth and to environment which affect the unfolding of intelligence.

In this connection it is worth while to remember that each child has budding "nascent" periods for the different forms of mental work. We might develop a large number of children to undreamt-of mental alertness and efficiency if we made proper use of these budding interests before they vanished. It must not be forgotten that the school was made for the child and not the child for the school.

Regimented mass instruction may destroy the special talents of individuals. Adjustment of methods to capacities will mean working with the grain of the child's unique possibilities and not against it. No school—and no home—is satisfactorily organised until it makes such provision for every boy and girl as will enable them to work up to the maximum of their capacity. One of the major tasks of our schools is to select and to stimulate those creative minds which constitute a small but highly important fraction of our population. Exceptionally bright children must be educated in a manner fair to them and helpful to the race. From among them come our leaders and builders, our sages and scientists, our prophets and our martyrs—as also our cranks, perverts, felons and destroyers. Much is at stake—for both the individual and the nation. Here is an investment which will pay large dividends.

G. S. KRISHNAYYA

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL DOCTRINES OF CONTEMPORARY EUROPE

To-day, five major doctrines divide and antagonise Europe. That unfortunate fact is the basis of a very useful volume (from whose title that of this article is taken) compiled by Mr. M. Oakeshott and recently published by the Cambridge University Press (10*s.* 6*d.*), with a brief foreword by Professor Ernest Barker. It is a purely documentary work, its simple but valuable plan being to let each of these doctrines —Representative Democracy, Catholicism, Communism, Fascism and National Socialism—speak for itself in "the best available statements, sometimes official, always authoritative, of the more important elements" composing it. The Fascist section, for example, draws on Mussolini and on extracts from Italian Fascist laws, the National Socialist on Hitler, Rosenberg, and Nazi promulgations. Communism is represented by Marx, Engels, Lenin and the 1936 U.S.S.R. Constitution, and Catholicism mainly by Papal Encyclicals 1881-1937. For Democracy, "a tradition of ideas rather than a fully coherent system", we have citations from Lincoln, de Tocqueville, Thomas Paine, Cobbett, T. H. Green and especially John Stuart Mill. In no case do the selections suggest bias, and there is a strict minimum of editorial comment. The value of the compilation for those who would study the theory of any or all of these doctrines should be evident.

Such a study is the purpose of the present article, which bases itself upon rather than reviews Mr. Oakeshott's book. Here are these five doctrines, or at least four of them, dividing not only Europe but a great part of the world both by frontiers and (less markedly) by classes. Catholicism, it is true, stands a little apart from the others as in the main a secondary doctrine, always co-existing, if only on sufferance, with one of the other forms. (Ireland is Catholic, but democratic; Austria, in pre-Nazi days, was Catholic, but Fascist.) But secondary though it may be, its influence is evident, and it has special interest as the only one among the five claiming a specifically theological validation. Certainly all the other four would declare themselves to be universal doctrines which, in the Fascist phrase, "by fulfilling themselves, have significance in the history of the human spirit", but that will seem the same thing only to those who are prepared to identify humanity not with religion in the broader sense but, as in the case of Catholicism, with some particular exclusive theology and ecclesiasticism.

The point is important, for it is the primary contention of this article that so far as these doctrines do

seriously conflict—and only blindness can deny that their mutual enmities to-day threaten European and even world civilisation—they do so principally by reason of their inherent secularity, their lack of a real religious spirit. This applies to Catholicism as much as to any of the others.

This may need some explanation, for it is essential to distinguish between religion and theology or ecclesiasticism, and to clarify that distinction it is further necessary to indicate the fundamental nature of human experience as, at least in our present stage of consciousness, inescapably individualistic. I-know and (let us agree) you-know, but it is a pure figure of speech to assert that we-know other than as two not merely separable but actually separated units. This applies to every sphere of knowledge whatsoever. Your knowledge, whether of God or Man, Heaven or Earth, may be in every way superior to mine, but you cannot make it mine by imposing it upon me; use what means you will, it can become mine only as my capacity for understanding accords with and is equal to yours. Add another fact: that *no* human knowledge is *ever* complete, still less is *any* human statement of it *ever* final. Since no object exists in isolation, complete knowledge of any one thing would comprehend the universe, and not only in time but in eternity: it would be the understanding of God. Human seeing grasps no more than aspects. We may develop mentally and spiritually by constant extension of vision, but even for humanity at its wisest completeness remains infinitely distant. Assume revelation, if you will, and still the vital point remains that the grasp of human consciousness, whatever confronts it, must still be only partial; a pearl before a swine is, to mix one's proverbs, no better than a sow's ear. Heaven may speak, but men will hear deafly and repeat stammeringly.

A Church or a State, therefore, may inherit a tradition, but it has no right to assert an authority, for what it repeats is no more than this or that individual's interpretation of the teaching, and, furthermore, that teaching can have power for us only as we *freely* respond and assent to it. We may (and should) believe that many men, teachings and even institutions are wiser than ourselves, but it is we who must make that act of belief, not they who must impose it upon us. Acceptance, if of wisdom, is a spiritual uplifting; imposition, whatever the wisdom, is spiritual violation, depriving a man of his birthright and the world of his potential unique contribution to its totality. Individual vision is the variant flower upon the stem of life; to destroy it is to destroy the possibility of truth, but with no compensating certainty of destroying error, for not only may the imposed pattern be itself composed of error, but it *becomes* error in denying, by its dogmatic rigidity, what is the very essence of life—its flexibility.

It is theology and ecclesiasticism, not religion, which go hand in hand with dogmatism. Not religion itself perhaps, but the essential outward sign and attitude of religion, is that reverence which is prepared to seek truth everywhere and that humility which never fails to acknowledge, in the face of the

immensity and mystery of the universe, the possibility of error, or the possibility at least that truth for oneself may not be truth for all. The stake and the concentration camp, declarations of the claim to infallibility, are the surest signs of irreligion.

The applicability of all this to the social and political doctrines of contemporary Europe is, unhappily, only too clear. Nevertheless, some aspects must be specially considered.

The central problem of all government is the balance between personal freedom and social control, and by its solution of that problem a state must be judged. Turning to the doctrines in question, two are quite evidently completely and unequivocally authoritarian. Both Fascism and National Socialism seek the utmost limit of personal subordination to what they call the State but what in reality is—let us underline the point again—no more than that group of individuals who have *taken it upon themselves* to speak in the name of the State. Italian Fascism especially makes this identification of the State with the will and being of one single person: "Mussolini is always right." "One thing must be dear to you above all: the life of the Duce." And this man-state claims absolute limiting control over the individual. National Socialism admits the "specially clever individual" as the creative source, but in opposing this individual to "the mass" it, no less than Fascism, asserts its right to impose its mould on all save the aristocratic few who, however chosen, decide what the State shall be and say and do. In each case we have a pyramid of "authority downwards and responsibility upwards". The army is the pattern of all social life and war the supremely noble activity —war whose impulse is intolerance, whose method a crushing discipline and death, and whose aim the triumph of Might in total disregard of any Right.

Russian Communism is commonly placed among the dictatorships, and, it seems, rightly so. But its case is not quite identical, for its theory at least presumes a State which shall be absolutely and militaristically supreme (as under Stalin) only until it "withers away" to leave that ideal world one imagines most democrats also wish for—in effect a harmonious anarchism of free individuals living naturally at peace with one another. The paradox, at any rate for all who believe that the means must condition the end, is hard to swallow. The 1936 U.S.S.R. Constitution promises many "freedoms" on paper, but in practice the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" seems as authoritarian as either Nazism or Fascism. If it is less aggressive internationally, the reasons are economic and geographical rather than ideological; internally, and wherever its influence extends, it is as intolerant as any.

Catholicism may seem a different case. It even encourages individualism—up to a point, that is, and on the "civil" side. But in the things that really matter, the things of the spirit, it is as rigidly authoritarian as the rest. "The civil authority must not be subservient to the advantages of one or of a few,

for it was established for the common good of all", but it *must* on the other hand be subservient to the one or the few who speak in the name of the Catholic Church, for Catholicism specifically denounces the allegedly Godless state which "gives equal rights to all religions" and does not "prefer one religion to the rest". The state, that is, is "clearly bound" to "the public profession of religion", and "not such a religion as each may choose, but that one which God commands, and which by certain and undoubted marks is proved to be the only true one". Yield to the Church its "established rights" and politics may, within that limit, be what they will; refuse those "rights", and even revolution is not forbidden. Catholic freedom is different, it would seem, only in degree and not in kind from Fascist freedom. The final fault and failure is the same—the basically intolerant demand to impose a pattern, to set a limit to human (and therefore spiritual) variety and, together with that, growth.

But it is not only their final fault; it is also immediate, in that it forces them into conflict with each other, in sheer hatred and denial of each other's exclusive claims. Lacking a truly religious humility, an authentic reverence for the other manifestations of universal life which share this mortal planet with them, they cannot but itch to destroy all those who will not bow the head and bend the knee to them. All in common they deem tolerance a weakness when Truth is in question, not having the wit to see that tolerance is Truth's prerequisite.

Are the democracies then, some will ask, really any better? Not the democracies, perhaps, but Democracy, as a theory, certainly offers a wider hope. It knows no Church as such, and regards the State as, broadly speaking, hardly more than a necessary evil, a means of organisation for our social needs, but beyond that point potentially at least a dangerous tyrant. In practice Democracy has often and disastrously fallen short, and in essence for the same reason as these other doctrines—a failure in respect and reverence for other differing personalities and points of view, a willingness to destroy others for material gain—but the aim of its best teachers has always been to release life in its widest variety, to allow it the fullest organic growth, and not, Procrustes-like, to lop its reaching limbs perpetually to fit this narrow bed or that.

But the purpose of this article is not to argue for or against either Democracy or Fascism or any of these doctrines as such. It is not even to suggest that the abolition of one, the retention of another, is desirable for world welfare. One would rather—and this surely is a sound theosophical attitude—retain them all (since every doctrine strong enough to hold and compel even one nation must have much of positive good in it) purged only of their destroying intolerance, their antagonising cruelty, their anti-religious claims to infallibility. Given tolerance, the religious spirit of reverence, we need no longer desiderate mediæval Europe's long-lost "single and

universal conception of man, society and government"; while without tolerance, without reverence, the re-establishment of any such conception, whatever it might be, could mean but a new and larger tyranny. It is the quality, not the form, of human thought and feeling that really matters most.

GEOFFREY WEST

POLITICAL THOUGHT*

The growth of political thought during the twenty-five centuries through which it has developed in our European civilisation, exhibits many diverse aspects of governmental evolution based upon the usages of antiquity. Jacob Burckhardt, quoted on the first page of the book under review, (in the chapter on "The Greek Idea of the State") wrote: "We shall never be rid of antiquity unless or until we become barbarians again." And the principle implied by that statement has been the guide and holdfast of all the more stable governments of which we read in history. When it was temporarily rejected, as, most notably, in the first years of the French Revolution, the return to tradition inevitably followed as soon as the need for the establishment of law and order became urgent.

But as the methods of Government evolved to suit the ever-changing conditions, an increasing number of factors presented themselves to complicate the problem, most prominently those arising from the increase of population and the spread of learning. As a consequence, those laws that are the instruments of government were grafted on the original stock in such bewildering profusion that at times the stock became completely obscured. What that prime basis should be was put in its simplest form by Plato in the *Republic* when he wrote: —" It is most profitable that men should mutually agree neither to inflict injustice nor to suffer it." But in the modern State this mutual agreement has to be decided by an immensely complicated machinery, and upon the sensitiveness and efficiency of that machinery the good health of the State depends.

Now if we take this barest of statements and keep it in mind while reading this book, we shall find that in nine-tenths of it the fundamental principle of government is automatically overlaid by what might be called a system of agglutination. Considerable scholarship has been devoted to the condensation of essentials in describing the growth of Political Thought in ancient Greece and Rome, in the Middle Ages, in the Renaissance, and also in its relation to particular societies in France, Germany, Italy, America and Russia. All of this material may be read with great interest by

* *Political Thought.* By J. P. MAYER, in collaboration with R. H. S. CROSSMAN, P. KECSKEMETI, E. KOHN-BRAMSTEDT and C. J. S. SPRIGGE. With an introduction by R. H. TAWNEY. (J. M. Dent and Sons, London. 18s.)

the scholar or the politician, though whether or not the latter will as a result be better fitted to play his rôle, great or small, in the government of his country is open to question, because in this steady amassing of details our original principle becomes overlaid beyond all recognition.

Returning now to our test, we shall find that our reading has elucidated the means whereby the machinery above referred to has been improved and added to in the course of the past fifteen hundred years, arriving at the presentation of two main, and widely separate types, Totalitarianism and Democracy. Each of these is designed to perform the function whereby a government can give expression to "mutual agreement", in deciding that primary, but now often completely overlooked, condition of equal justice for members of the corporate body, and so can obey the will of the nation. In the first case, that will is expressed by a dictator who is presumed to have an overriding knowledge of what is best for the State and therefore for the members of it. In the second case there is an elaborate and for the most part an inefficient method of reference to the wishes of a majority, or government by consent. Both types are coming into ever greater disrepute.

The reason for the failure of the first type is self-evident, and the true substance of that reason may be found in a quotation from Leibnitz, who in the last half of the seventeenth century lived through conditions that have a curious resemblance to those obtaining at the present time. For he lived his best years between two great wars, the first having left the trail of desolation into which he was born, the second maturing and culminating before his death. He wrote:—

> By shameful submission men's minds will be progressively intimidated and crushed, till they become at last incapable of all feeling. Inured to ill-treatment and habituated to bear it patiently, they will end by regarding it as a fatality which they can do nothing but endure. All will go together down the broad high road to slavery.

The failure of the second type is due most notably to a financial system that precludes the possibility of any mutual agreement among the governed. Wherefore, by way of general summary, we are driven to conclude that civilisation has reached the point at which it must either find a new road or collapse—as so many earlier civilisations have done before it.

But in what direction will the new road lie? We may find a suggestion or two in Mr. Crossman's admirable contribution on "British Political Thought", in which he, almost alone among the contributors, dares to glance beyond scholarship and tradition. In writing of the English political thinkers from Hobbes to Bagehot, for example, he says:—

> Their philosophies differ profoundly, but they all agree in this—that acceptance of traditional forms is not enough, that government is only defensible if it can be justified in terms of human need.

And in his concluding paragraphs he urges the pressing need for undertaking "a radical analysis of the fundamental postulates of our society", ending with the statement: —

> For the first time for many hundreds of years this country is not only without a clear-cut philosophy, but in need

of one.

We need not stay there. The plain truth is that for the first time in the history of civilisation we are facing a great evolutionary crisis. It is not confined to Europe or to the Western hemisphere, but includes all humanity. The signs of its development are of comparatively recent date, and we need not look for them earlier than the last quarter of the eighteenth century. In the last fifty years, however, they have developed, and are still developing, at an ever-quickening speed. The chief indication of this evolutionary crisis, and the only one that concerns us here, is an extension of consciousness. The rationalists and the political thinkers who prefer to look no deeper than the surface will find their account of the process in the development of education and of intercommunication, the latter not only between individuals but also between nations. And there is no space in this article to deal with any other aspect of it. That one, alone, is serious enough.

For what it means is that the whole structure of political tradition founded on antiquity is under criticism by immense numbers of people who have only recently begun to recognise the nature of their chains. What will follow when this mass-thinking takes shape in mass-action throughout the civilised world, must be obvious even to the most conservative of politicians. We may find some kind of precedent in that year of European revolution 1848, but it is only the feeblest foreshadowing of the chaos to come. And there can be no remedy by any tinkering with or adaptation of the present machines of government. The dawn of the great leap forward in human evolution is already breaking. It will lead us through immense disasters to the new world that we of the older generation will never see.

J. D. BERESFORD

With the Swamis in America. By A Western Disciple. (Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati, Almora, Himalayas. As. 12.)

These memoirs, dating from 1898, treat of contacts with several of the disciples of Ramakrishna, who went to the United States as teachers of Vedanta. The book is distinguished by its sincerity and simplicity, as well as by its spiritual perception and freedom from egotism—so rare in autobiographical works.

This Western disciple was initiated into the order of Brahmacharis by Swami Abhedananda in New York City, where he also met Swami Vivekananda. Some years later he joined a group of twelve disciples under the guidance of Swami Turiyananda, and assisted in the formation of the first Vedanta retreat in America—the Shanti Ashram in California. This achievement is described in interesting detail and helpful glimpses are given of the life and teachings of Swami Turiyananda.

E. H. BREWSTER

Spirit and Reality. By NICOLAS BERDYAEV. (Geoffrey Bles, London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

In this book Professor Berdyaev expounds once again his conception of the purified spiritual life as a revelation of Divine humanity. No contemporary philosopher has concentrated as he has done upon the personal reality of truth. It is this which makes him something more than a philosopher in the Western sense of the word. In his opposition both to the mental abstraction and to the mechanised thing he shares in fact the vision of the artist. The "personal" of course, as he conceives it, is utterly distinct from the "individual". In realizing it the conflict set up by acquisitive individualism is resolved. Such personality is always transcending itself in community because it is creatively inspired and can only know itself in a creative relationship both with the divine source of its being and with a world of fellow-beings. For it every object becomes a subject not through being appropriated subjectively but through being experienced as an incarnation of spirit, which is in its essential nature subjective and inward. Similarly the conflict between a monastic and dualistic interpretation of the universe is resolved. The spiritual life is seen to be both dualistic and monastic, to be, in Professor Berdyaev's words, "an interaction, an agency of one upon another" in which the fact of difference is necessary to the realization of unity. To him the mystery of this divinely human relation is implicit in Christ's "Incarnation". But he admits that the Christian revelation is unrecognisable in historical Christianity which has in fact fallen into the very sin of false objectification which destroys the reality of incarnation. On the other hand from the few references he makes to it, he clearly considers the East to have been guilty of the opposite mode of the sin of depersonalization. He admits that Hindu thought has an original greatness of its own, but argues that in the spiritual monism which it embraced "the Ego loses its identity in the Absolute Self" and that consequently "there is no personal spirit in the Hindu spirituality; the personal is general rather than individual". Similarly he describes Buddhism as teaching "a total renunciation of being". Such statements corroborate his admission that Western understanding of Hindu philosophy and Oriental thought is imperfect, chiefly through a failure to examine what such concepts as the Absolute Self or the *Atman* really meant to Eastern thinkers or to distinguish between their different uses of the word "being". Yet the tendency of the East to lose true personality in its quest of the infinitely impersonal has perhaps been as marked as the West's bondage to finite individuality. And to that extent Professor Berdyaev's generalisation is justified. Whether or not, therefore, we share his belief that Christ embodied creative personality as no one before him had done, bringing the spirit home to the very heart of human experience, the mystery of incarnation as he conceives and expounds it is profoundly significant, is indeed the key by which alone mankind can issue from the prison of egoism, whether transcendental or mechanical, in which at present it is going mad. Among the attributes of spirit which he cites are "freedom, meaning, integrity, love, value, an orientation towards the highest Divine world and union with it".

These are all distinctively human attributes, yet in realizing them man at once is and passes beyond himself. And all are contained in the word "creativeness". In this creativeness "*nous*" and "*pneuma*", the rational and the elemental qualities of spirit, are harmonised, and not only is the ego transformed into a true self, but by the power of its inner truth it longs and labours to transform the determined, objective world into a free and creative one. All false efforts at reform, whether individual or social, all tyrannies or enslavements to the merely technical, are, as he shows, failures to realize and act out of the divine human centre. It is by this criterion that he evaluates asceticism and mysticism, that he examines the pro-

blems of evil and suffering, and condemns a bourgeois world as a despiritualised world and the petrified spirituality and ritualistic forms of conventional religion. And in a suggestive last chapter he conceives the nature of the new spirituality which will supersede the present decay of spirit long perverted to selfish human ends.

Whatever bears the symbolical imprint of inhumanity, whether it be a notion of God or a scheme of Communism, denies this new spirituality, in which all the powers and faculties of spirit are concentrated in the human heart. This is not in fact a new conception. It possessed the heart and mind of William Blake, and if it lies in the pure depths of the Christian revelation, it has been realized by mystics of other faiths.

No Western philosopher, however, has grasped its meaning more compellingly than Professor Berdyaev, who is a prophet as well as a philosopher. He has a vision of man reconciled with God, and although his thought is at times difficult or repetitive, his vision of a world redeemed through persons living by the light of creative imagination is an inspiration in this dark hour.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

Talks with Swami Vivekananda. (Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati, Almora, Himalayas.)

These reports of informal conversations with Ramakrishna's leading disciple, who died in 1902, now translated from the original Bengali, are as invigorating as a breeze from the sea. Reading them, it is easy to understand Swami Vivekananda's appeal to the West as well as to India. Here speaks a religious stalwart of deep and one-pointed devotion to his guru, who is at the same time a man of common sense and possessed of indomitable energy.

Swami Vivekananda has no patience with selfish aspirations and holds up the ideal of renunciation. "What is the good of that spiritual practice or realization which does not benefit others?" he demands. And again he declares, "I don't care for Mukti and all that....I am ready to undergo a hundred thousand rebirths to train up a single man." He is ever spurring his followers on to more intense efforts for the common weal. "It will not do merely to listen to great principles", he declares. "You must apply them in the practical field." The quotation, "Arise, awake!" is often on his lips.

> You have well-nigh thrown the country into ruin by crying, 'It is impossible.' 'It is impossible.' What cannot human effort achieve?

The Swami stresses the importance of the education of women and with characteristic vigour he attacks the evil of untouchability, which he calls "Don't-touchism", emphasising the solidarity of mankind.

> There is the one Brahman in all, in them and in me....Unless the blood circulates over the whole body, has any country risen at any time?

To Swami Vivekananda's mind, Western achievements in multiplying material comforts to the accompaniment of increased want and distress constitute no proof of civilisation. He puts forward a different criterion, one of which the world to-day stands in sore need: "The more advanced a society or nation is in spirituality, the more is that society or nation civilised."

Ph. D.

The Spirit of the Brush. Being the Outlook of Chinese Painters on Nature from Eastern Chin to Five Dynasties, A. D. 317-960. Translated by SHIO SAKANISHI, Ph.D. The Wisdom of the East Series. (John Murray, London. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

It is pleasant in days of violence and peril to come upon a little book about old Chinese painters. The Series to which Dr. Sakanishi's book belongs does not admit, unfortunately, of including illustrations; but his work, within its limits, could hardly be more fascinating. The author has assembled—and has admirably translated—a number of essays by old Chinese painters about Chinese painting, and so vivid are the word-pictures in these tiny essays that we can almost see the pictures which the artists had in mind. Dr. Sakanishi, admitting the difficulty of translating old and sometimes corrupt Chinese texts, has wisely done his best for us, leaving all disputation aside.

First, then, we get from these old Chinese painters much the same impression that we get from old Chinese poets: as, for instance, in Arthur Waley's translations and commentaries. They seem to have been men of simple tastes and little worldly ambition. True, there is Li Ch'êng (circa 960 A.D.) who "loved wine, music and chess", and who was reputed not to be able to paint until he had taken wine; but even of him we read that he cared nothing for official honours. By far the most attractive of these long-dead artists is, however, Tsung Ping (375-443 A.D.). Indeed, he was a fit companion for Mr. Waley's great discovery—the tender and charming poet Po-Chu-i.

"Tsung Ping", we read, "with his equally romantic wife, wandered about the mountains and rivers of Wu and Ch'u, and for some time lived in a cottage among the Hêng mountains. In his old age he returned (home) and lamented, 'Now I am old and infirm. I fear I shall no longer be able to roam among the beautiful mountains. Clarifying my mind, I meditate trails and wander about only in my dreams'." He also wrote "As I strum my lute, multitudinous mountains shall stir and echo my songs." Modern artists might profit if they would listen to his remark that "the truth comprises the impression received through the eyes and recognised by the mind". Finally, let us listen to what seem to be the last words of this gentle old mountain-lover. "And so", he said, "by living in leisure, by nourishing the spirit, by cleansing the wine-glass, by playing the lute, and *by contemplating in silence before taking up the brush to paint*, although remaining seated (a charming touch!), I travel to the four corners of the world, never resisting the influence of the heavens and for ever responding to the call of the wild, where the cliffs and peaks rise to soaring heights and the forests are shrouded in clouds that stretch as far as the eye can reach. The virtuous and wise men of ancient times come back to live in my imagination. All interesting things and their significance are revealed to me. What more should I desire? I wish only to nourish my spirit, and if my spirit is nourished, is it not better than anything else I could desire?"

In the principles of Wang Wei, who said, "In painting landscape, the idea should exist before the brush is taken up", we may catch something of the spirit which pervades old Chinese painting. He said, for instance, "Distant mountains cannot be linked to those which are near; distant water cannot be joined to that which is near. At the waist of the mountain, where it is sheltered, one may place temples and small huts. On the bluff or on the sloping banks, it is well to place a small bridge. Where there is a path, there should be trees and forests; where the river-bank comes to an end, there should be a deserted ferry-landing; where the water comes to an end, there should be trees shrouded in haze; where the water is broad, there are travelling sails, where there is a heavy growth of vegetation, there is a human habitation." Have we not, in these words, a Chinese painting?

Painting was regarded, we learn, as

an extension of calligraphy; and the artist seems not to have been looked upon as a man who much differed from the ordinary man. It is also instructive to find that the earliest essayists lay stress upon the moral implications and the verisimilitude of a picture and, in particular, of a portrait. It is comforting, also, to come upon a writer of the ninth century A.D. who laments the decay of art.

There can be no doubt that if we can absorb the philosophy of the Tao we shall have a much better chance of appreciating old Chinese paintings. In a footnote to page 55 the author says: "This comes from the old Chinese concept that Heaven is the spirit, and hence the reality; Earth is the form, and hence the appearance. The Universe is harmonious with these two elements acting against each other." He refers, presumably, to the idea that there is a fundamental duality in and throughout the universe, of which sex is merely one manifestation: that is to say, to the Pair of Opposites which the Japanese call "In" and "Yo" and the Chinese, I think, call "ying" and "yang".

CLIFFORD BAX

The Science of the Self. By BHAGAVAN DAS. (The Indian Book Shop, Benares. Rs. 1/8.)

Sir S. Radhakrishnan, in arranging for a series of writings on contemporary Indian Philosophy, invited the author of this book to contribute his convictions on the ultimate problems of Philosophy and the process of thought by which they were realized. Such is the origin of this work.

The title and sub-title—"(A Search for) The Science of the Self (in) the Principles of Vedanta-Yoga"—seem to us misleading. In so far as Yoga is a science, it is, according to Patanjali, the science of stilling the mind-stuff; while the final realization of the Self, as Hinduism recognizes, comes only when He, the Self, chooses. In the words of the *Kena-Upanishad*:

> There goes neither the eye, nor speech, nor mind; we know It not; nor do we see how to teach one about It. Different It is from all that is known, and It is beyond the unknown as well ... he knows It not, who thinks it is comprehended by him. It is unknown to those who know and known to those who do not know.

Sir S. Radhakrishnan remarks in his *Indian Philosophy*:

> The truth of the Soul is an hypothesis so long as we are at the level of science.

The book begins with an autobiographical account and continues with an examination of world-weariness, world-sympathy and the unity and science of life. Reference is frequently made to "The Logion", the closing lines of a poem written by himself. He says of them that they enclose all such satisfaction, illusory or true, as he has been able to achieve. These lines are:

> Out of the storm rose calm the thought—
> I (am) This not, I (am) This not.

Several pages are devoted to their significance from which we select the following passage.

> ...a posing of the I: then a sup-posing, and im-posing upon it-Self, by the I, of an opposite of it-Self; also an im-posing of it-Self upon that op-posite; thus a composing of the two into one mind-body, psycho-physique; then a deposing of that op-posite; and finally a re-posing, the re-pose, of it-Self in (*Své mahimni*) 'Its own pure ever-undisturbed Greatness', Its Peaceful Eternity and Infinity.

The last three of the seven chapters deal with cognition, desire and action, and contain valuable if familiar analyses which are compared in an interesting manner with long quotations from such Western writers as Bergson and McDougall. The author demonstrates convincingly the underlying principles of life as manifested in many forms. A strong appeal is made for the ancient Hindu sociological conceptions, which included that of the four castes.

The author has given us here what he has found most precious in his search for the truth.

E. H. BREWSTER

Becoming. By FRANK TOWNSHEND. (Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 6s.)

Among fiction-writers rarely is so little real imagination shown as in attempts to forecast the future. Because aeroplanes threaten our present civilisation, therefore 'Things to Come' must be more and more aerial. Because ectogenesis can be achieved with small rodents, 'Brave New World' inhabitants must all be bred in bottles. There is not much to choose between this kind of mind and that of the Generals who conceived the last war in terms of cavalry and may be preparing for the next on trench warfare lines. Mr. Townshend has at least avoided this banality in indicating—not in fictional form—the coming of his "urthman".

Instead of taking some apparently dominant feature of the passing age and extending a future in terms of that, he plainly recognises that in the future, as in the past, the eventual line of advance may prove to be through beings who now appear weaker than the majority of their contemporaries, though possessing gifts that eventually come to dominate when the age is ready for them. The progenitors of the coming race are already among us. "The urthman... came in the persons of founders of religions, sages, philosophers, poets and mystics." Mankind, or rather its dominant majority at present, "is the servant of time"; the urthman "lives in eternity". How, then, is this scattered band of *illuminati* to rise to power? The author is vague as to whether this is to be by the "open conspiracy" in the Wellsian manner, or in the more darkly conspiratorial mode of the Shavian "long-livers". Perhaps the latter, for he sees that the best when it occurs must be the enemy of the good; the urthman "may be assisting in the destruction of a type of being, right for its time, but for which becoming has no further need; the destruction of over-ambitious, over-calculating man... who has chosen the path of degeneration... Throughout evolution destruction has played a great and necessary rôle."

In quality this book is loose and discursive; general statements about the universe are made without either a sufficient survey of the facts or any attempt to combine them in a philosophical system. Nevertheless, it has interest as an essay along lines which "becoming" may well follow—the development among men generally of spiritual and, less importantly, "psychic" sides which, now that the evolution of the five senses has apparently ceased, seem to present obvious media of human advance.

ROSS NICHOLS

Death is not the End. By B. ABDY COLLINS. (G. Bell and Sons Ltd., London. 3s. 6d.)

No one will quarrel with the author's dictum that "the case for survival must be decided here and now by each man according to the dictates of sound common sense". That same common sense, however, refuses to subscribe to his further assertion that the case in question "rests on the great mass of evidence which has been recorded mainly in the last eighty years or so". None the less, the author has performed a most useful work of classification of evidence derived from an examination of the phenomena associated with Spiritualism, and has added instances within his own experience which lend value to the record. In these days of "accident and sudden death", his volume is bound to be widely read. It is regrettable that he has not included H. P. Blavatsky's works in the bibliography; her works still remain authoritative and comprehensive for those whose vision roams further afield than the last 80 years, and a slight perusal of them would have precluded the definition on p. 13 of the etheric body as "the vehicle of spirit, which is the divine principle of life and the centre of moral intuition in man". Survival after death is not necessarily equivalent to immortality as generally understood, and a more detailed analysis of man's nature is requisite for a proper under-

standing of the conditions applicable to any reasonable scheme of immortality of the human soul. The psychical researcher needs to remember that apparitions and phenomena antedate modern spiritualism, and that the problem of the identity of communicating and "materializing" entities requires research into the centuries-old testimony to the existence of the Astral Light.

It is hoped that a future volume in this useful series will be devoted to the special problem of mediumship and its exploitation in the interest of psychical research. It is customary to speak of "sitting for development", as if a medium possessed active powers and were not a passive agent, and little, if anything, is known of the nature and effects of mediumship upon the medium himself.

B. P. HOWELL

Rabindranath Tagore : His Personality and Work. By V. LESNY. Translated by GUY MCKEEVER PHILLIPS. (Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Professor Lesny, an eminent Sanskrit scholar from the University of Prague, is well-qualified to write on the subject of Tagore's work and personality. He has had the singular advantage of considerable personal contact with the poet, having spent some time at Santiniketan. Moreover his intimate knowledge of Sanskrit helped him greatly in his study of Bengali, and he rapidly learnt to speak, read and write in that language. This proved a two-fold advantage; it enabled him to gain accurate information about Tagore from his intimate associates at Santiniketan; and, even more important, he has been able to study and interpret for foreign readers the immense volume of Tagore's works which have never been translated into English.

Professor Lesny begins his study with a clear and concise account of the religious and literary background of Bengal in the first half of the nineteenth century. The various reformist religious movements and their influence on the young Tagore are dealt with in some detail. Against this background the author then traces the development of Tagore's personality and genius through youth and maturity by various stages to the autumn of his life. His method has been to consider the different aspects of the poet's many-sided genius side by side. Thus alongside valuable descriptions of Tagore's poetry, drama and novels, we are given a picture of his interventions on the political scene, of his travels, and of his practical efforts to inculcate his ideals for the people of India. Particularly interesting is the description of the successful experiment at Santiniketan, which is treated with great sympathy and insight.

It might be deduced that the author's attitude towards his subject was one of uncritical adoration. Let it be said that Prof. Lesny's study, though obviously inspired by affection and respect, is, with the limitations consequent upon such a relationship, free from bias. The mighty genius of Tagore makes him a figure of national and international importance, and Prof. Lesny has succeeded in portraying and interpreting this genius in its many forms. This book will delight those who already know and admire the poet's works, while those for whom it is only a beginning will surely be inspired to a closer and deeper study. A word of praise should be added for the uniform excellence of the English translation.

B. J. S.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

The world is becoming divided into two conflicting ideological camps which many be described in general terms as Democratic and Authoritarian. Men live from day to day in a state of almost intolerable tension, while all their constructive and creative instincts are rapidly being requisitioned for the destructive end of War. Mankind has always been divided by its creeds, political or religious, but never before has there been such a marked cleavage between different sections of the human race.

Why has the world failed so completely to achieve any stabilised order? Why have creeds of such violence and ferocity gripped the imaginations of great nations and made them a menace to the peace of the world? An answer to these questions is essayed in two articles we publish in this issue. Mr. J. D. Beresford examines the fundamental concepts of political thought, while Mr. Geoffrey West discusses the various social and political doctrines of contemporary Europe. Both these articles hold much of interest for the thoughtful reader who wishes to trace the reasons underlying the rapid developments of the present. Mr. Geoffrey West does not include in his survey the method of *Satyagraha* or the way of Truth and Non-violence which has been successful to some extent in India, and which has gained many admiring followers in the Occident.

Mr. Beresford quotes Plato in his exposition of the prime basis for a government. "It is most profitable that men should mutually agree neither to inflict injustice nor to suffer it." In the light of this statement we see that almost without exception the present systems of government are sadly lacking. We tend to be so indignant at the terrible injustices that exist in the aggressor states that we forget that they are not the only offenders. It is easy to ignore the fact that we too need to put our house in order. Such creeds as Fascism would never have gained such immense power if the nations who adopted them had not been disillusioned and despairing. It is foolish to believe that they can only be combated by force of arms. The most potent weapons that can be used against them are righteousness and justice. The rest of the world should look first to themselves and make sure that their system of government is surely based on justice. We have to free ourselves from the many false concepts which we have acquired in the course of centuries and go back to first principles. Pure thinking will lead naturally to right action, and just principles will in the end prevail against power that is based only on injustice, fear and armed might.

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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*

THE ARYAN PATH

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ON PRACTISING MYSTICISM

Prof. K. C. Varadachari describes mysticism as "the highest manifestation of spiritual life". The cultivation of mysticism must, therefore, be recommended. The term has been misinterpreted as well as misapplied, as has that other term—Occultism. In reality there is no difference between Mysticism and Occultism, and the inner life of the mystic and the hidden life of the occultist are identical; the perception and power resulting from superior knowledge and the beneficent use made of it are also identical.

Our contributor puts forward three propositions concerning the mystic life; in doing so, we presume, he takes it for granted that the human soul is the eternal pilgrim in the universe of matter and progresses through self-effort aided by the Law of Karma and the process of Reincarnation. The human soul being in essence the same as the Universal Spirit contains within itself all the powers and potencies of the latter. Evolution implies the progressive awakening of the human soul to the realization of its identity with the Universal Spirit—impartite and impersonal. Men of our race and civilization have reached the stage where in the majority reason is the highest faculty. But it is not that clear, pure and compassionate Reason which is Intuition. The three propositions laid down by Prof. Varadachari indicate the effects of this higher development in the individual; but in them are implicit the steps to be taken by anyone who desires to become a mystic-occultist. That such an undertaking is possible, nay more, is desirable is the conviction of every genuine mystic. It is part of his programme of altruistic service to awaken the aspirations of others and encourage in them the practice of soul life. We will, therefore, translate, from that point of view, the three propositions put

forward by our contributor.

(1) Man is an immortal soul, divine in origin and not born in sin. The human soul contains within itself certain potentialities; powers already developed, the highest of which is reason, do not enable man to understand the mystery at the heart of the universe. Man must go beyond mind, which is but an instrument of the Soul, and perceive and use a subtler and higher instrument, which is *Buddhi* of the Esoteric Philosophy, the Pure and Compassionate Reason or Intuition which, in the words of H. P. Blavatsky, "soars above the tardy processes of ratiocinative thought" and "through which direct and certain knowledge is obtainable" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, pp. 1 and 46). The unfolding of this faculty follows only when man has learnt to look upon himself not as a product of matter, like a candle-flame which goes out of existence when the candle is spent, but as an emanation from the Universal Spirit —a ray of the Spiritual Sun. The perception of the indissoluble link between Universal Spirit and the human soul leads to the realization that "I am verily the supreme Brahman."

(2) Man must also learn to rise above the distinctions of body—sex and colour of the skin; above the belief that the religion into which he is born is superior to other creeds; above the superstition that a finer type of blood circulating in his veins makes him socially superior. In place of a narrow nationalistic outlook he must learn to acquire a cosmopolitan and universal view of humanity as one and indivisible.

(3) Because of this knowledge the conscientious treader of the mystic way must learn to render loving service to all mankind, not enslaving the wills of others, but giving them that knowledge which throws light on their path, which enables them to attune themselves to the voice of the silence and ultimately makes them wielders of the secret doctrine.

For this practical work of achieving rebirth the Book of the Golden Precepts belonging to the Esoteric School, from which H. P. Blavatsky selected and translated some fragments "for the daily use of Ḷanoos Disciples", is the best and the most reliable treatise. From it we give below some verses appropriate to the three propositions we have been considering:—

(1) Alas, alas, that all men should possess Alaya, be one with the Great Soul, and that possessing it, Alaya should so little avail them!

Behold how like the moon, reflected in the tranquil waves, Alaya is reflected by the small and by the great, is mirrored in the tiniest atoms, yet fails to reach the heart of all. Alas, that so few men should profit by the gift, the priceless boon of learning truth, the right perception of existing things, the knowledge of the non-existent!

(2) Thou shalt not let thy senses make a playground of thy mind.

Thou shalt not separate thy being from BEING and the rest, but merge the Ocean in the drop, the drop within the Ocean.

So shalt thou be in full accord with all that lives; bear love to men as though they were thy brother-pupils,

disciples of one Teacher, the sons of one sweet mother.

Of teachers there are many ; the MASTER-SOUL is one, Alaya, the Universal Soul. Live in that MASTER as ITS ray in thee. Live in thy fellows as they live in IT.

(3) Let thy Soul lend its ear to every cry of pain like as the lotus bears its heart to drink the morning sun.

Let not the fierce Sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye.

But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain ; nor ever brush it off, until the pain that caused it is removed.

These tears, O thou of heart most merciful, these are the streams that irrigate the fields of charity immortal. 'Tis on such soil that grows the midnight blossom of Buddha, more difficult to find, more rare to view, than is the flower of the Vogay tree.

Now bend thy head and listen well, O Bodhisattva—Compassion speaks and saith : " Can there be bliss when all that lives must suffer ? Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry ? "

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.

MYSTICISM AND REASON

A recent writer on religious thought criticised Mysticism for its blindness. His definition of Mysticism was that it was " cognition without clear understanding ". This misinterpretation is not new. We have the statement of Prof. George Santayana that it is a vegetative stupor: " Mysticism is the most primitive of feelings and only visits formed minds in moments of intellectual arrests and dissolution. " Lytton Strachey considered mysticism as unfit for the ordinary man: " The mystic's creed comes upon the ordinary man in the rigidity of its uncompromising elevation, with a shock which is terrible and almost cruel." Then there is the famous attack of Leonard Woolf upon mysticism as all quackery. Against all these criticisms we have to weigh the emphatic statements and the still more clear and emphatic activities of real mystics.

The tendency of Mysticism is one thing, its principles or content another. What we have to discriminate between is this two-fold nature of mysticism, its phenomena and its real content. On the one hand we have the uncompromising rigidity of the mystic vision, its categorical imperative, an imperative that comes from its being so near a vision and an effect. On the other hand its moral elevation makes its utterances seem supremely indifferent to the actual historical situation. Its creative power in one sense despises the actual

reality of obstruction and in the other sense it is absolutely realistic. This dual nature at once confuses its critics and attracts the worship of its admirers.

It is untrue to say that any one who holds steadfastly to a dogma or who is a devout votary of a belief is a mystic. Even a person's feeling and intense devotion to any cause without any rhyme or reason will not justify us in calling such a person a mystic. It would be an unwarranted identification of the mystic with the fanatic, who produces more heat than light, or rather, to adopt a fine description of fanaticism by Professor Bhattacharyya, produces "heat without Light". Thus Hitler is regarded as a mystic even by such an eminent thinker as Bertrand Russell, being judged seemingly by his fanaticism rather than by his vision, by his frightful emotional outbursts rather than by his thought. Sincerity is not the only criterion in mysticism, or for that matter in anything. Not even the claims of identification of individual ideals with cosmic purpose, as in the case of Hitler at the present time, should be taken to be the real content of mystic life. Not a little of the modern criticism of mysticism owes its origin to this non-analysis of the *content* of true mysticism and to the pre-occupation with outer behaviour signs.

In the most interesting part of *The Two Sources of Morality and Religion*, Henri Bergson claims the mystic to be a moral and religious pioneer.

The ultimate end of mysticism is the establishment of a contact, consequently of a partial coincidence, with the creative effort of which life is a manifestation.

The mystic is one who leads mankind from the *closed* society into the open, from the customary cast-iron morality of the mass of the people into the conscience-morality of high reason and intuition.

The great mystic is to be conceived as an individual being capable of transcending the limitations imposed on the species by its material nature, thus continuing and extending the divine action.

The mystic tries to leap over the forms and the framework of life that have been constructed by man through the long history of his planetary career. Living for the ordinary man consists in adapting himself to his environment ; for the mystic it is the adaptation of the environment to his own inward and spiritual life. The mystic thus makes a supreme demand upon the environment, and, according to Bergson, the passage through the centuries has been indelibly marked by the appearance of such mystics. The mystic's cognition refuses to be the handmaid of practical and immediate interests. It thus cannot be understood by either realists or idealists, though certain mystics who have withdrawn themselves from this supreme moral or social vocation into contemplation might well be called idealistic.

The life of contemplation that the usual type of mystic seeks is indeed due to the presence of the supreme rational element rather than to its lack. Plotinus and Shankara have held that the intellectual or rather the contemplative attitude is the highest mystic attitude. Spinoza too was a God-intoxicated man only

intellectually. The mystic seeks the permanent behind the changing, or rather he seeks the permanent relationships of things amidst or abiding within temporal events.

Prof. Das Gupta in his *Hindu Mysticism* contends that mysticism holds Reality to be super-rational, that it is beyond the rational intellect, that reason cannot understand it. A quite different type of experience, an intuition or *daiva*, or direct cognition alone can make us apprehend reality. Absolutist thinkers like Bradley also claim such a possibility, and of course Bergson has always been the champion of the cause of supra-reason. We have to examine this view carefully. The whole definition seems to deal with the *manner* rather than the *matter* of cognition. Mysticism surely lays stress on the directness of apprehension, without the medium of relational thought. But the truth of mystical experience lies not in its directness but in its *content*, its import, its validity, its universality and its lack of personal uniqueness.

Every mystical experience, singularly enough, reveals at the beginning the *partialitas*-nature of the individual, but this stage yields immediately to the cognition of the intimate and integral if not utterly identical nature of the part with the whole, of the individual with the All (*sarva*). The modes or individuals cannot be thought of apart from the whole, and the life of the All suffuses, sustains and illumines even the darkest corners of individual experience. The mystic from then on becomes an instrument, a receiving station, passive in the hands of the Divine All. Spinoza, the most notable rationalist, and Plato, the most thorough-going realist, both entered into the mystical experience after a rich and full and complete inward process of the realization of the All. Knowledge, as Nietzsche said in one of his most lucid moments, became a powerful affect in their case. This supreme crowning achievement of reason that thinks in terms of the whole and reveals the relationship, abiding and enduring, which is the meaning of the word eternal, between the individual and the All, is a mystical experience of the highest order. The quality of emotion in such an experience would be of the most sublime and could never approach the wild and untutored fanaticism which Professor Bhattacharyya attributes to it in his *Foundations of Living Faith.*

One other significant aspect of the mystical experience is that it leads to a more and more quiescent understanding of reality rather than to vitalistic and regressive manifestations in conduct. It leads to the ever greater apprehension of the welfare and progress of all rather than to nationalistic or racialistic creeds or even to the desire for the mere possession of arbitrary power. The charge of regression in conduct arising from mysticism is untenable. The greatest mystics of all time, Buddha, Shankara, Confucius, Jesus, have been the greatest forces for the peaceful regeneration of the race itself. Their power has been exercised towards peace, and their methods were not by any means dictatorial but only persuasive, as typified at their best by Gandhiji in his doctrine

of Non-violence or *Satyagraha.*

Thus the significant fact emerges that a mystic is a constructive and creative thinker in the interests of the peace, the welfare and the true spiritual and moral progress of all life and not specifically of mankind. The gospel of the true mystic is the antithesis of imperialism and nationalism or racialism. The *satvika-upasana,* the practice of harmony in his moral and spiritual nature, is the true test of a mystic. To confuse this elevated state of mysticism with vegetative stupor, langour and lethargy of soul and thought, or with blind dogmatism and passion, shows an utterly false interpretation of mystic consciousness. The mystic does not aim at the annulment of life any more than he aims at egoistic self-assertion. He is neither a nihilist nor a fanatic.

True mysticism reveals first that it is the realization through discrimination and synthetic reason, which seeks a synoptic vision, which has become inward and sympathetic and which through such a keen exercise of its powers becomes almost direct and immediate *insight.* Such an insight, through its utter consecration to the highest purposes of life, discovers the interrelationships existing between the so-called parts and the whole, which might be called God, Substance, Brahman, the All.

Secondly, it displays the cultural unity of all through a dynamic activity that reveals the fullest qualities of the moral pioneer, who seeks to raise the customary and habit morality of the many to the level of universal truth. "Their revelation, whatever else is to be said about it, makes no claim to be any private truth." The mystic's morality is not solipsistic.

Thirdly, the mystic can never be the sponsor of material or naked power. He is so full of love for all in his realization of his unity with All that he is a worker against aggression and untruth and mere might. Mystics, though apparently solitary and retiring or contemplative beings, are not unsocial. Unlike Nietzschean supermen, who are antisocial, egoistic, aggressive and even parasitic, the mystics seek to live in the interests of society and to promote its growth and welfare. The Hindu as well as some Christian mystics never knew what it was to be antisocial, and growth for them meant a deepening sense of unity and identity with all life.

Mysticism is not superstition; it is the highest manifestation of spiritual life. It is not less mysticism that we need, but more of the true mysticism that comes from a devoted life of thought, thought that succeeds in becoming an 'affect' as Nietzsche said or a 'sensation' as Keats expressed it.

K. C. VARADACHARI

THE NATURE OF VALUE

[Here are three articles which present three distinct points of view on the interesting subject of evaluation.—EDS.]

I.—THE WESTERN VIEW

In his new book *Eastern Religions and Western Thought*[1] Professor Radhakrishnan makes an interesting distinction between kinds or categories of religion. Religions falling into the first category are concerned with the nature of the *object* of religious experience. Is there God, they ask, and if so, what are His nature, His motives in creating the world, His intentions in regard to mankind, and so on? Religions falling into the second category concentrate upon the nature of the religious experience itself. "With the first", he writes, "religion is an attitude of faith and conduct directed to a power without. With the second, it is an experience to which the individual attaches supreme value." The first attitude is broadly that of the West, the second that of the East, of which the Hindu and Buddhist religions are the most eminent examples.

The distinction seems to me to be significant and I propose to apply it to the case of Value. My argument broadly will be as follows: In opposition to the prevailing tendency of Western thinkers, I believe and in various books[2] have endeavoured to maintain that Values are real and objective. Whereas most of my contemporaries are inclined to assert that the expression "This conduct is right" means merely "This is conduct of which 'I' or 'my society' or 'my social class' happen to approve", and that the expression "This is beautiful" means merely "This is what happens to give me a certain kind of pleasurable feeling", I should argue that moral judgments are the expressions of the spirit's recognition of an objective moral law, æsthetic judgments of its response to an objective principle of beauty which is manifested in works of art. But—and this is the point of the article—the Values are for me in fact objective, objective and external; they are not, that is to say, within me, but external to me, and recognized by me as being wholly other than myself. Thus my attitude to Value corresponds to that which Radhakrishnan designates as the typically Western attitude to religion.

With the Indian attitude I am not well acquainted, but I suspect that it conforms to what has been defined as the typically Eastern attitude, that, in other words, for the Eastern mind, Values are the expression of a reality which expresses itself no less in the spiritual activity involved in their recognition, so that it is not merely works of art, right conduct and truth which are valuable, but

[1] Reviewed in our last issue by J. D. Beresford.—EDS.
[2] See especially my *Return to Philosophy* and *Matter, Life and Value*.

also the spirit's response to them in æsthetic contemplation, in moral experience, and in philosophical and religious endeavour. Thus value is within us as well as without and in recognizing what is real we are merely discovering our true selves. Hence, on the Hindu view—if I interpret it rightly—we discern Value as we achieve salvation, by concentrating upon the nature of our experience, it being of course premised that the experience is that of the true and not of the apparent self.

Here I can only give in brief some of the reasons for my own view of Value, throwing its externality, as it were, into relief in the hope that my account may provoke a statement of the view which commends itself to the exponents of the philosophy for which THE ARYAN PATH stands.

I have space here only to glance at a few of the logical and historical considerations. I take an example of logical argument from the realm of morals. If goodness belongs not to things in themselves but to our appreciation of them, then to say "X is good" is not to make a statement about the qualities of X, but is to make a statement about the attitude which some mind or body of minds maintains towards X. To say "X is good" is equivalent to saying that "X is found pleasant", or "is judged expedient", or "is approved of by me or by the society to which I belong", or "is approved of by most human beings".

Now that this is very often all that people do mean when they say of something that it is good is, I think, clear. Thus an Englishman is never at a loss for an argument to show that he is doing his duty, when he wants an excuse for making himself disagreeable. Most of what is called sexual morality, which is kept going by the old for the benefit of the young, is little more than an organised system of calling of sour grapes at pleasures which are denied to the old by their lack of opportunity or charm. But that "This is good" or "This is right" does not always mean the same as "This is pleasant" or "This is expedient" may, I think, be seen if we ask ourselves the question, "How is it, if there is no difference between good on the one hand, and pleasant, right or expedient on the other, that the distinction between them came to be made?" There is not the slightest doubt that in ordinary life we do habitually make this distinction. "This", we say, "is what I should like to do, because it is pleasant; but that is what I ought to do, because it is right." Or we say, "X is a pleasanter companion, but he is not such a good man as Y." If what is good or right is, in the last resort, exhaustively analysable into what is expedient or pleasant or useful, it is impossible to explain how such a distinction came to be made. It seems reasonable, then, to suppose that the words "good" and "right" stand for concepts which we specifically distinguish from those denoted by the words "pleasant", "expedient" and "useful".

The reasons usually advanced in favour of subjectivist theories of Value are derived from the relativity of moral notions. People in all ages have called different actions right, and have bestowed moral approval

upon different qualities and characters. What is more, what they *call* right, what they *approve of* as moral, has a definite and ascertainable relation to non-ethical factors. Thus I may and probably will call right the kind of conduct which, in general, is advantageous to me personally, which conduces to my pleasure, or which assists my survival; or, again, I may and probably will call right the kind of conduct which is advantageous to my class or my country or to the governors of my country; or again, since there is a time-lag before moral notions catch up with social needs, which was *once* advantageous to my class or my country or to the governors of my country, and of which, after centuries of approval by my ancestors, I have an inherited instinct to approve as part of my initial psychological make-up. The conclusion is that, when I say "X is right", I do not mean that X has an objective characteristic of rightness which is independent of my approval; I mean only that a certain person or certain persons approve of it.

These arguments do not, however, establish the conclusion asserted. What they show is that people have always evinced a disposition to *call* some things right, some things good, and some things moral, and that what they will *call* right, what good, what moral, depends upon circumstances. The argument shows, in other words, that circumstances determine people's views about right and good and morality; it does not show that circumstances determine what *is* right and good and moral. Nor, unless we are to suppose that people's views on these matters are views about *nothing*, does it show that there are no such things as right and good and morality for people to have views about. If, indeed, there *were* no such things as right and good and morality, then, in using such expressions as "This is right", "He is good", "That is moral", we should be making meaningless noises.

I take a further consideration from the realm of æsthetics.

By the phrase "a good picture", it is sometimes said, we mean simply one which is appreciated by people of good taste. How, then, are these to be defined? I can think of only one definition; a person of good taste is a person who likes good pictures. We thus find ourselves perambulating the circumference of a vicious circle. A good picture is defined as one which persons of good taste appreciate; persons of good taste are defined as those who appreciate this good picture and others like it. It follows that we cannot establish a standard by which to determine what is beautiful by appealing to persons of alleged good taste. The conclusion seems to be that, if the subjectivist account of values is true and we can assess the value of a picture solely by reference to some person's or body of persons' appreciation of it, the only way to determine which works of art are beautiful is to find out which are the works people actually like; by the same reasoning the greatest work of art will be that which most people like. Thus jazz is greater than Beethoven, pictures of cattle by Scottish lochs are greater than pictures by El

Greco, and the latest gangster film from America is greater drama than the plays of Shakespeare. Nevertheless, this is a conclusion in which nobody believes, since everybody does in fact hold in regard to something, let it be an old house, a view, a garden, a tree, a statue, a picture, a piece of music, that it is *really* beautiful, pretty, nice, elegant—it is a matter of indifference precisely what epithet is used—in some sense in which a crumpled sardine tin on a rubbish heap or the latrine of a slum tenement is not. On this issue I am prepared to trust the insight of mankind; if everybody believes that some things really are more beautiful than others, it is because beauty exists and some things *are* more beautiful than others.

I accordingly deduce that works of art have value in their own right, just as they have shape, weight and colour in their own right, and that they have value independently of the opinion which any mind or body of minds entertains in regard to them. The fact that no mind appreciates them does not then necessarily mean that they have no value, any more than the fact that all minds appreciate them means that they have it. A person of good taste may, on this view, be defined as one who normally succeeds in discerning beauty when it is present, and appreciating it. Taste can, it is obvious, be improved, just as intelligence can be improved, by instruction and training. A man can within limits be trained to see what is beautiful, just as he can be trained to recognize a good character or a right action.

What these arguments tend to show is that goodness and beauty are real and objective. They do not show that they are identical or even that they are connected. I mention the point more particularly in its bearing upon the Indian view, the underlying Monism of which would, I imagine, issue in some sort of union of the values, or, perhaps, in their merging in a reality more ultimate than themselves. On this issue I remain, I am afraid, unrepentantly pluralistic. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty", said Keats. "That is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

I should say that we know nothing of the sort. That 2 and 3 make 5 seems to me to be demonstrably true—if this proposition is not true, then I should like to know what is—but in no sense at all does it seem to me to be beautiful, and my response to it is psychologically different from that which I accord to beauty.

My conceptions of beauty are mainly derived from music. Bach's Double Violin Concerto in D Minor seems to me to be infinitely beautiful, but I cannot conceive what could be meant by calling it true, nor does it seem to me to have any affinity with those moral qualities the recognition of which leads me to use the words "right" and "good".

I turn for a brief glance to the historical reasons for the reality of Values. I should say that the record of the progress of mankind witnesses an advance, an advance not continuous but intermittent, from activities which are purely utilitarian, and because utilitarian in the last resort self-regarding, to those which are disinterested. The law which

initially governed the relations of human beings was that of the jungle. Each man was for himself and the hand of each was against his fellows, with the result that human life, in Hobbes's phrase, was "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short". It is only at a later stage that altruism develops, and men sacrifice themselves for one another, are martyred for ideals, and give their all for a cause. Thus, as evolution proceeds, purely self-regarding actions sometimes give place to actions dictated by the pull of moral obligation. As Socrates would put it, men begin by acting in order to advance their own ends, but they have already reached a stage at which they are sometimes capable of acting disinterestedly in pursuit of the good.

Art again is initially utilitarian. Music was cultivated originally to arouse martial enthusiasm or as an accompaniment for the dance, which was itself, psychologists tell us, an expression of the play impulse. Music is now pursued disinterestedly for its own sake, and men weave tapestries of sound solely in order that they may give concrete expression to the beauty which they have apprehended.

Poetry was invented because it was easy to remember and, because easy to remember, easy to recite; and what the bards recited were the glories of chiefs and kings. It was only later that poetry came to be written for its own sake and ceased, incidentally, to be easy to remember. Painting, again, begins with a representation of objects, but develops until the object becomes incidental, and the painter seeks to trap and convey by means of arrangements of line and colour the essence of significant, that is to say, of beautiful form.

In the realm of truth, science, which began by being utilitarian—the early Egyptians, for example, invented geometry in order that they might mark out their fields—developed into disinterested research. Scientists now explore the nature of the universe simply because they want to know what it is like. Knowledge, in other words, comes to be pursued for its own sake.

Now through all these parallel developments there seems to me to run the same clue, and the clue is the increasing response of the human mind to the fact of value. It would not, I think, be going too far to suggest that the object of evolution —assuming, of course, that we take the evolutionary process seriously— is so to develop and refine the spirit that it may become more fully conscious of the world of value, or, if the phrase be preferred, of the real world.

Now in all that I have said I have sought to represent Value as something other than the recognition of it. The mind of man apprehends Value, I have suggested, but in no sense becomes one with that which it apprehends. There are, I think, two considerations which induce me to lay emphasis on this "otherness". The first is logical, or rather, epistemological. For various reasons connected with the theory of knowledge I hold that the act of knowing is always directed upon something other than itself. Mind, that is to say, cannot ever know itself for

the reason that as known, that is to say, as the object of knowledge, our experience is necessarily different from what it is when it is lived through as an act of knowledge by the knowing subject. If the object of experience is always different from the experience of it, it will follow that the object of æsthetic and moral experience is also different from the experience of it. The object in question is, I have argued, in the case of moral experience, goodness, in the case of æsthetic experience, beauty. It follows, if I am right, that beauty and goodness are not themselves characteristics of or involved in the experiencing of them. Secondly, there is what I suppose I must call an emotional reason. The perfect is for me always identified with the non-human; nor am I able to see how the human spirit, which is fallible and changing, can ever come to participate in the being of or to exhibit the characteristics of that which is perfect and eternal. The human spirit can advance in power and knowledge and spiritual refinement, but it can never emancipate itself from the world of time, change and imperfection without ceasing to be human. Now Value is perfect and timeless; hence though the human spirit may recognize and respond to it, it can have no part in what it recognizes.

C. E. M. JOAD

II.—THE INDIAN VIEW

There are two main questions relating to Value which need consideration. The first is the question of the objectivity of value, the second that of the unity of value.

The Western view of Value is the common-sense view. According to it, Value is essentially objective. Something is valuable because it *is* so, and not because I approve of it. This common-sense view, however, is very partial and in the end untrue. It requires to be supplemented. The objectivity of Value cannot indeed be wholly annulled, but it can be seen to be subordinate to the subjective.

The first thing that we note is the relativity of the Value-concept. This relativity is absent from the notion of being. Whatever has being is independent of my knowing of it. Being is nothing if it is not ***being-in-itself***. I may know it, but my knowing makes no difference to it. At least such is the meaning of true knowledge. It is different with Value. Value cannot ***be-in-itself***. Value is *for me*. It has a necessary reference to an intelligent end or purpose. Something is valuable only in so far as it realizes a certain end of mine. This may be pleasure or some other form of good. But nothing is good or bad and nothing has any value which does not further or obstruct my ends. Indeed, we speak of an end which is good, as though goodness were a character of the end. But this is only metaphorical. It has reference to comparative good. In truth, every end, simply because it is an

end, is a form of good. It satisfies a certain demand or a want, and is in that sense necessarily good. Even a vicious end has negative value. It realizes a good which is really and ultimately no good. We cannot have value without reference to ends. And all ends are essentially subjective.

Does any analysis of our experience indicate the objectivity of Value? Now it is true that all our experience is subject-object experience. But this experience does not have a uniform character. Its character is dependent upon the way the subject functions. The subject functions differently; and the way in which it functions determines the metaphysical status of the object. When I am said to know, the object may be understood to have real being or independent being. When I will, the willed situation, which is the object here, has no being in itself; its being is evidently dependent upon the willing. When I feel, the relationship again is quite different. We maintain that it is this form of relationship which is found in the case of our experience of Value. The felt object is not independent of the feeling of it; it is in indistinguishable unity with the feeling.

We shall take, as an instance, the objects of æsthetic enjoyment. A picture which we regard as beautiful is, objectively speaking, nothing but certain lines and patches of colour. If we were truly impassive or unfeeling subjects, we should merely take note of the given sensible matter as it directly affects our visual organ, or as it may be intellectually interpreted to symbolise certain real or possible objects. We could by no stretch of imagination read into the coloured patches the quality which we call "beauty". This quality is part of the æsthetic *feeling* or the *appreciation* of beauty. Take away from beauty the subjective element of joy, and see whether beauty can survive. It is as little possible as a headache without a feeling of headache. A world in which there was no intelligent being to appreciate beauty or to feel the peculiar joy of the beautiful, would be a world without beauty, and so without æsthetic value.

The same thing is true of music. A sequence of sounds of a certain pitch, timbre, etc., would be no more than a series of peculiar sounds. The untrained mind, as we call it, hears the sounds for what they are. But it derives no pleasure from them. It does not appreciate the music. The trained mind does so, not because it grasps any objective quality of those sounds, but because it feels pleasure, or, as we say, goes into raptures over them. Take away this rapture, and you have taken away the music. The value lies in the feeling of it.

It might now be argued that feeling does not enter into our judgment of moral values. A course of action is moral because it *is* moral. My feeling plays no part. A rule of conduct is right or it is wrong, irrespective of whether I like it or not. My approval seems consequent upon the validity of an objective moral standard.

In this connection, it is important to make a distinction between the epithet "good", and the epithet "right". The epithet "good", which alone indicates value, is of wider sig-

nificance. It is inclusive of what is called "right". It is good to do what is right. The "goodness" of a certain course of action has once again to do with feeling. Unless this is so, we can well ask, "Why should I do what is right? What value has it for me?" This value can only be determined in reference to some satisfaction which I feel. This satisfaction may be the satisfaction of my higher nature. Certainly, I feel unhappy if I do wrong. Does this not indicate the element of feeling in moral valuation?

But let us suppose that feeling plays no part. I must do the right, because it is right, and not because it serves any interest of mine to do it. Even so, are moral values really objective? We contend that the quality of being moral is not the objective quality of any act. We have not merely to examine an act in order to pronounce it moral. An act by itself is neither moral nor immoral. To say that truth-speaking is moral is not like saying that a flower is yellow. The act is moral, not by itself, but only in so far as it has a direct reference to my doing of it. It is what I *ought to do*. A moral judgment is not like a judgment of knowledge. That is moral which I ought to do, and that is immoral which I ought not to do. But if the moral is to be traced back to the "ought" or the categorical imperative, the question naturally arises, "What is the nature of the obligation implied in the ought?" Is it not possible to analyse away this obligation, and to show that the obligation arises because of certain considerations based upon self-interest, expediency, social opinion, custom, etc.? I know of no valid argument in Western philosophy against such a reduction.

The only way to save the substance of morality is no longer to think of it in terms of an external authority such as God, or of an internal authority like conscience or the moral sense. It is wrong to identify morality with set rules of conduct—Thou shalt do this or thou shalt not do that; or again, this course of action is right and that course of action is wrong. All these rules are only partial expressions of one fundamental law. That is the law of freedom. Anything which I do out of perfect freedom is moral. But what I do out of the inner compulsion of desire, which is the only limitation of my freedom, is immoral. This desire or self-interest takes various subtle forms. It must be rejected in all those forms. It is not confined merely to personal happiness. It includes the happiness of the family, the society and the nation. It includes every interest of an individuated self. The universal alone has no self-interest. Rules of conduct are, in the end, man-made. The law of freedom alone is divine. If we follow this law, there can be no restriction upon our acts; nor can there be any injunction to do this act or that. The essential thing is that we do whatever we do out of perfect inner freedom.

If our analysis is correct, there is no act which, as such, is either right or wrong. An act is right or wrong as it is an expression of my freedom or lack of freedom. The seat of moral value is the subject, not the

act done. The act may be by all outward standards wrong, and yet the person who has done it may be internally free. This alone is what matters for morality. Can we, under the circumstances, argue that even moral values are objective?

We have so far seen that the objectivity of Value cannot be maintained. The second question is that of the unity of Value. It is evident that all objections against the unity of Value are based upon empirical considerations. It is argued that we fail to see how truth can be beautiful, or the beautiful can be moral, etc. Poets and mystics have indeed given expression to this unity. But it is not intelligible to the layman.

We admit this. But does it mean anything more than that we do not understand the mystics? No mystic has ever asserted the unity of all Values in an empirical sense. If the unity is real, it is real in some other sense which we might yet seek to understand. What is quite certain is that if we recognise something as A and something else as B we cannot assert that A is B. The unity can only be real in some sense in which the distinction is lost. We cannot proceed from the distinction to the unity. But it is possible to perceive the unity and to perceive the distinction as unsubstantial and unreal and so lost in the unity.

What might be the nature of this unity? Evidently, we cannot construct it by putting different kinds of Value together. What is possible is that truth, as we know it empirically, is not real and ultimate truth; beauty, as we know it, is not real beauty, etc. They are merely partial expressions of a certain ideal which is eternally accomplished; and this ideal is one and the same for all Values. In the realm of the ideal, there are no distinctions. What truly exists is truly free, and its nature is that of pure joy or bliss.

Let us take beauty. What is the ideal of beauty? It is evident that the ideal cannot be objective. Objectively speaking, beauty is necessarily imprisoned in form. But so long as it is so imprisoned, there can always be more and more of it. We cannot stop anywhere and say, "This is the most beautiful object." All that we can perhaps say is that we have not seen anything more beautiful. The ideal of beauty can never be realised under the limitation of form. Beauty expresses itself in form; but the form is in the end inimical to it. Similarly with music. Music can be more and more rapturous. But what is the limit, the ideal? There may be a pure rapture in which all form has evaporated.

The same argument applies to moral values. Virtue is virtue only in so far as some imperfection has been conquered. If we conceived of a being who had no motive for evil, he would have no occasion for virtue. Virtue is entirely human. But for that very reason the ideal of virtue cannot be realised in moral activity. Somehow the imperfection must cease. When, however, this is the case, virtue has become more than virtue. The ideal is beyond good and evil.

The ideal of beauty must transcend all limitations of form in which beauty is ordinarily and humanly expressed. The ideal of

morality must transcend all motives of action in which morality is expressed. The ideal must transcend every empirical limitation. It must be something transcendental and not objective. But if that is so, there can be no room for any distinctions in it. It is at once the highest beauty, the highest morality, and the highest truth. It includes the reality and the substance of all the values. What is lost is the unsubstantial form which divides one kind of value from another kind.

What is the nature of this unity? If it is true, as we have shown to be the case, that all Value is *for* the self, then there can be nothing higher than the self. Everything is dear for the sake of the self. The self is not dear for the sake of anything else besides it. It is of the nature of pure bliss. It thus sums up in its very being all Value. It alone is *Value in itself*, or absolute Value.

We can distinguish in an æsthetic object the qualities which belong to it as an existent and the æsthetic quality which is relative to feeling. Thus value and being fall apart. We can distinguish in the moral act the act as a mere existent and its moral quality which is relative to the freedom of the doer. We cannot distinguish, in the case of the ultimate and the true Self, its being from its bliss. It is the perfect unity of being and value. It is without any distinctions. We read distinctions into it because of our limited standpoint, where distinctions are the rule.

It is said that man is imperfect, while Value belongs to the perfect. Man must recognise Value; he cannot create it or make it. But the perfect cannot be objective. The object stands for limitation, and so for imperfection. The perfect must be unlimited. Hindu thinkers conceive of it as the Highest Self. This Self is the Self of all. The imperfection of man is due to his misconception of the nature of his own true Self. If he sees himself as he truly is, he will become the infinite and the absolute. The Self is the seat of all perfection. Perfection is not to be sought outside in the object, or in some being other than our self. To know the true Self is to realise all the perfection that there is.

G. R. MALKANI

III.—THE THEOSOPHICAL VIEW

Ignoring the less fundamental utilitarian and exchange values of the economic theorist, the philosopher goes to the root of the problem of value and concerns himself with the deeper need of clarifying the concept of its nature as expressed in terms of the true, the beautiful and the good. The two preceding articles present with admirable succinctness the case, on the one hand, for moral, æsthetic and veridical values existing objectively, *i.e.*, independently of their cognizer, and for the plurality or the essential unrelatedness of such values; and, on the other hand, for the subordination of the objective to the subjective element in the determination of value and for the merging of all three types of value in a

transcendent unity.

The Esoteric Philosophy of Theosophy, upholding an objective idealism, not only recognizes the cogency of the arguments put forward by both writers but also points the way to the reconciliation of their contentions. Let us disclaim in advance the imputation, even indirect, of defective vision to either of our learned contributors. Both are right as far as they go, but their pictures are incomplete.

Their reconciliation is possible, in fact, only in the light of the ancient Indian doctrine of *Maya* (Illusion), with its vast ramifications and its still vaster implications. According to that teaching, as set forth in *The Secret Doctrine* by H. P. Blavatsky, the objective universe and all that it contains are *Maya*, because, compared to the eternal immutability of the one boundless and unknowable Principle which is symbolized by absolute, abstract Space, they are all temporary and evanescent, from the ephemeral life of a fire-fly to that of the Sun. The phenomenal, the world of illusion, men and things, is but the reflection and the shadow of the noumenal, the Reality behind the veil of *Mahamaya*, the great Illusion.

Theosophy draws a practical distinction, however, between that *Mahamaya* or collective illusion and the objective relations between the various conscious Egos. The Universe is real enough to the latter, who are as unreal as it is itself.

In addition to the collective illusion to which all common mortals are subject, each man is enveloped by his own Maya, which is real to him. To the madman, for example, the shadows in his deranged mind are as actual and as real, for the time being, as the things which the sane people around him see.

As the element of Maya enters into all finite things, the appearance which the underlying reality assumes for any observer depends upon his power of cognition. It is questionable whether the defenders of the existence of objective values on this plane could point to a single object or action or idea which everybody would concede to be beautiful or good or true. Will the portrait or the landscape which the educated eye recognizes as beautiful mean anything to the untrained eye of the savage but a confusion of streaks and daubs of colour? Similarly, will the standard of right and wrong of the civilized man be any more adequate by the standard of the saint than that of the savage would be in the eyes of the former? Will the fetich-worshipper see any truth in the philosopher's concept of the Indwelling God?

No, the values known to us are but relative values, depending for their sanction upon the response of the perceiver. As new knowledge is acquired and as consciousness unfolds, values on the plane of Maya change. The upward progress of the Ego is described as a "series of progressive awakenings". At each such advance a man recognizes that what he had taken for realities before had been but shadows, but in each case the new "realities" which he perceives are only less shadowy, though he will realize that fact only when the next veil falls from his consciousness.

The pure object apart from con-

sciousness is inconceivable at present to the perceiving Ego, who knows only the mental states which the object excites in him. In this Maya in which we live there are cognizable values, to be sure, but they are only shadows, like the objects to which we attach them, correspondences, so to say, of real values unknowable to us as long as we do not know how to free our consciousness from the thraldom of the senses and to break through the barrier which separates the personal Ego from a knowledge of "things in themselves".

For, although on the plane of relativity values are largely subjective, coloured and to a great extent determined by the reaction of the perceiver, real values do exist, Absolute Values—the immortal aspects of ideas and of objects. Those truly are objective values, values in themselves, as Mr. Joad contends. But on that plane of the Real there is true unity of values, the thesis which Mr. Malkani defends.

Let us take Mr. Joad's own illustration of a statement which is true but to which he denies a moral or an æsthetic quality, *i.e.*, that 2 + 3 = 5. We maintain that this formula has not only an aspect of goodness in its conformity to Law but also a potential of beauty which reflection upon the rôle played by numbers in the differentiation of matter and in the evolution of the manifested universe brings out. The real Science of Numbers, a very different thing from what passes in the world for Numerology, reveals the beauty in rhythmic vibration, from the whirling of the electrons in the atom to the majesty of the ordered march of the spheres.

Order, in fact, is not "Heaven's first law" alone; it may in one sense be said to be Heaven's only law, and to stand on our plane as the symbol of that unity in which all values meet. In one aspect this Order or Harmony is Compassion, the Law of Laws. To the extent that an action, including its motive, subserves the maintenance of the universal harmony, or the restoration of that harmony if it has been disturbed, it is a good action, and is properly described in moral terms as "right". The act which Mr. Malkani describes as done out of perfect freedom, freedom from every desire for benefit from the act for oneself or for any group smaller than the universal, would be such a right action. To the extent that an object of æsthetic appreciation follows the laws of proportion and achieves a balancing of colour, line or tone, to the extent that the visible or audible representation approximates to or realizes a certain harmony with the artist's or the musician's idea, it is a thing of beauty and, in Keats's immortal phrase, "a joy for ever". And what is the true if not the concept of the integral, the all-inclusive Whole in which all of the parts are united in perfect balance and harmonious functioning? Granted that the true in this sense is the ideal, the presently unrealizable, still anything that falls short of this ideal or that contravenes it is so far false because impermanent and of the nature of illusion.

While presently unrealizable by the ordinary man, the *real* values are, however, knowable and are known by Those who have attained human per-

fection. The production of such Cognizers of true values is the culmination of the progressive awakenings which the unfolding consciousness experiences. Their co-operation with Nature implies action in accordance with that full knowledge. They are true philanthropists because they aid others to realize their own inherent perfection.

For each man is Divine and Perfect in essence and in the process of evolution he realizes and expresses more and more that which he is.

Alone the Initiate, rich with the lore acquired by numberless generations of his predecessors, directs the "Eye of Dangma" toward the essence of things in which no Maya can have any influence. (*The Secret Doctrine*, I. 45)

A STUDENT OF THEOSOPHY

The following is extracted from a speech by Shri C. Rajagopalachariar, Prime Minister of Madras, as reported in *The Hindu* :—

Democracy implied that the power of administration should be vested in the hands of a select few. Freedom did not mean licence for everyone to do as he liked. If they wanted to have a feast, they must give a certain amount of freedom to the cooks. The cooks must be given the choice to serve the preparations in the order and in the manner which they felt to be convenient. People would have to sit before the leaves and the cooks would serve them all one by one. They would have to submit themselves to that amount of discipline. If they became impatient and began to ask why the cooks should have so much power, the whole feast would end in a fiasco and they would have to go without food.

Self-government implied discipline and willing submission to the exercise of authority by a select few. If every one wanted to exercise power in the name of liberty, there would be chaos. If they had at any time entertained the idea that the Congress Government would mean power in the hands of all, they were wrong. At that rate they might not be able to reach their goal. There must be unity and there should also be discipline. Power could pass from one set of people to another set ; it could not pass into the hands of all people. The latter case would mean chaos..... Freedom of speech and freedom of association were possible only if people submitted themselves to be regulated and controlled. Otherwise the result would be disorder. Discipline was, thus, an important factor of freedom. Now they had themselves to exercise that power which prevented disorder. To govern themselves, they would have to pass orders on themselves.

Their differences would disappear only if they practised unity (said the Premier). They should get into the habit of liking one another and trusting one another. It would be difficult in the beginning to acquire that habit. But when the habit was established, there would be happiness. In the past, India had a message for the rest of the world. Knowledge went from this country to other countries. India taught *dharma* to them. In the recent past also, India had a lesson to teach to the world. While in other countries the way of freedom was stained with blood, India, under the guidance of Mahatma Gandhi, demonstrated that there was a peaceful and non-violent way of attaining freedom. India would again show to the world how Hindus, Muslims and Christians could live together peacefully, free to worship differently and yet united by a common purpose.

THE STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION OF NATURE

A PRACTICAL APPROACH TO MYSTICISM FOR THE WESTERN MIND

[Fully aware that modern education encourages superficial and inattentive habits of thought, **Elizabeth Pearl Cross**, herself an educationist of Great Britain, suggests in this article a practical remedy. She recommends deliberate and regular exercises, taking Nature's objective garment as the field for attentive and concentrated study. This, if seriously undertaken, will lead to an evaluation of the subjective significance of all things and phenomena. We agree with her view that Nature's impersonal beauty calms the wandering mind and heals the disturbed emotions. Furthermore, the true mystic sees in every phenomenon but the objective symbol of a spiritual truth and learns thus to read the Book of Nature correctly. For that reason does *Light on the Path* contain such injunctions as : "Regard earnestly all the life that surrounds you." "Inquire of the earth, the air, and the water, of the secrets they hold for you."—EDS.]

To-day, perhaps more than ever, the Western world, over-industrialised and divorced from fundamental rhythms, is lacking in that spiritual depth which alone can give true calm and meaning to the individual life. Everywhere people are finding this surface-living unsatisfying, but do not know how to achieve the contact with spiritual truth and power that they need.

There is little real knowledge or possibility of harmony with the realities of nature, with the growing and harvesting of food, with the alternations of the seasons or the cycles of the heavens. The individual's own instinctive life (shared with beast and plant) is often necessarily frustrated through the demands of a mechanised society. Thus we have an innate sense of unfulfilment, a cutting off from the main stem of life, demonstrating itself in the neuroses and general lack of poised calm that seem to be the hall-mark of present-day Western civilisation.

Many feel this lack of harmony, this loss of contact with the greater creative mind of the universe. They seek help in many ways, from the various Churches, from different religious movements, from political parties, or, in despair, they try to distract themselves still further with constant amusements that serve only to make their condition worse. In the knowledge of their own spiritual poverty they do their best to avoid self-examination, and by constant distractions they try to evade the truth.

Others, realizing that true happiness cannot be achieved by any adult mind without the refreshment that comes through the exercise of the whole personality (particularly the exercise of the highest powers with the consequent refreshment from the unseen), make an attempt to cultivate spiritual insight. Many try to follow different schools of mysticism, both Eastern and Western, and some succeed to a certain degree. These are

the fortunate ones, with whom I am not now concerned. I wish to make some effort to help those who have tried and have been discouraged through lack of success, or who have not even had the courage to try.

It is generally agreed by many eminent thinkers that contemplation is the beginning, and may be the end, of our attempts to grow in harmony with the highest powers. Contemplation, by its very nature needing concentration, true attention, a shutting out of the external world, is of incredible difficulty to the normal Western mind. The average individual is accustomed to a wide field of consciousness, to giving slight and momentary attention to many things at once, with frequent shiftings of attention. Much of our noisy and mechanical civilisation demands this shallow but wide attention. Take driving a car, for instance, in a big city. The driver is paying some attention to the machine, some to the traffic, some to the signals of the policeman, and some to the conversation of his passenger. In almost all daily life this same shallow, divided attention is general. Deeper thought, accurate concentration on one object, even in the external world, let alone concentration on one *thought*, is practically impossible. From birth upwards the Western child has been gradually weaned from single-mindedness. His play has been interrupted, his home-lessons done to the accompaniment of wireless or conversation, and he has become more and more incapable of depth of thought.

Thus it is that only people of exceptional ability usually succeed in achieving spiritual depth, and very many more are discouraged by their lack of success. Many thinkers advocate short periods of concentration on some simple object, held in thought, as a means by which the mind may be calmed and trained. This seemingly simple exercise is in reality too difficult for the majority of us. We need re-education before we can reach such a level.

It seems that this re-education, in its small way an approach to mysticism, may come through the study and contemplation of Nature. We have to realize the limitations of the adult Western mind, and work from the wide and shallow field of consciousness, with its capacity for appreciating the external world, in order gradually to reduce the focus of attention until it is possible to contemplate a thought without external stimulus.

Most people can be led to take a certain pleasure in natural phenomena, from an interest in the movement of animals and birds to the general beauty of plant and landscape. This pleasure may help to fix the attention and form a starting-point for contemplation. The suggestions about to be given can, naturally, be modified according to individual needs, but they have been found helpful and encouraging to those who desire to free themselves from the limitations of their own daily life but are not able to understand or achieve very much as yet.

I (*a*) Take a short walk, each day if possible, with the firm idea of paying attention only to natural phenomena. This precludes any thoughts about personal affairs, and demands that all the interest and attention be

given to the outward forms of trees (colour of leaves, texture of bark etc.), the behaviour of birds, the shape of the clouds and so on. This gives a wide and somewhat shallow field of consciousness, as has been usual, and asks for no creative thought. All that is required is attention to the world of nature that is living in harmony.

(*b*) Each morning contemplate one natural object (for preference a tree or a long-living plant) and concentrate on its external appearance for a few moments. Always have the same object if it is at all possible.

II (*a*) Later, after the first exercise has become possible without strain or alternately with the first exercise, take a short walk in which natural objects are noted with attention, but with a main thought held throughout. For example, in Spring the thought might well be one of *Renewal* or *Rebirth*. Each object that claimed the attention should be linked up, by an act of conscious thought, with the main theme. The mind should be allowed to penetrate through the external appearances (an advance on exercise I). Thus green grass gives more than colour and texture ; it means an awakening from the earth, an offering of food to the world ; it is a symbol of the virtue of the sun.

(*b*) The contemplation of the one object, for a few moments, may also now go beyond the external. The tree may evoke a thought of strength or patience or tranquillity. With the physical eye fixed on the object, it may now be found that some reflections of peculiar value may make their way into the mind that is receptive. This "listening" attitude marks a great advance on the way to true contemplation.

III Some may find help and considerable peace in the method of "identification". The old self may be put aside, as it were, and the whole being imagined as a part of nature. The body is no longer the harassed individual, but a channel for the vital forces of life, at one with the animals and plants, growing and being renewed through the powers of wind, sunlight and rain. It may be possible to identify the self, momentarily, with a rugged tree, a swift bird, a calm landscape ; to feel and grow supple, strong, recharged with vitality.

Many people have found immense help in the contemplation of a tree. Some are able to gain more by studying the matter scientifically, in order that they may have a fund of conscious knowledge concerning the activities of plant life, while others find that a store of poetic or philosophical information is more stimulating to fresh contemplation. A tree is extremely rich in symbolism, having been chosen to figure in almost all mythologies and religions, and can supply many subjects for thought : strength, fruitfulness, shelter, to name only a few.

After some practice in these avenues of approach, the individual may begin to feel an inner rhythm of life. This often takes the form of a consciousness of activity, followed by a dormant period when fresh power is flowing in. Later it may be found that the individual will be able to rely more and more on mental vision, when, from a starting-point of some remembered sight, he will be able to

fix the mind on the inner reality of its meaning. For the average European, however, with his practical external bias, the general contemplation of nature on the lines indicated will go far in aiding calm peacefulness and greater depth of spiritual insight.

Many will find much to criticise in the foregoing suggestions which seem to lay so much emphasis on the external world, whereas true mysticism seeks to set free the powers within. These criticisms are quite justified, but it may be put forward in extenuation that we are offering only an approach, a gradual weaning away from the external, a re-education, in which simple success may encourage greater efforts on the path.

ELIZABETH PEARL CROSS

The term "God"—unless referring to the Unknown Deity or *Absoluteness*, which can hardly be supposed *acting* in any way—has always meant in ancient philosophies the collectivity of the working and intelligent Forces in nature. The word "Forest" is singular, yet it is the term to express the idea of thousands or even millions of trees of different kinds. Materialists have the option of saying "Nature", or still better—"Law geometrizes" if they so prefer. But in the days of Plato, the average reader would hardly have understood the metaphysical distinction and real meaning. The truth, however, of Nature ever "geometrizing" is easily ascertained. Here is an instance: Heat is the modification of the motions or particles of matter. Now, it is a physical and mechanical law that particles or bodies in motion on themselves assume a spheroidal form—this, from a globular planet down to a drop of rain. Observe the snowflakes, which along with crystals exhibit to you all the geometrical forms existing in nature. As soon as motion ceases, the spheroidal shape alters; or, as Tyndall tells us, it becomes a flat drop, then the drop forms an equilateral triangle, a hexagon and so on. In observing the breaking up of ice-particles in a large mass, through which he passed heat rays, he observed that the first shape the particles assumed was triangular or pyramidal, then cubical and finally hexagonal, &c. Thus, even modern physical science corroborates Plato and justifies his proposition.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

SHELLEY AND GANDHIJI

[Shri V. A. Thiagarajan of Mysore is writing a book on Shelley. In our following issues we shall publish a series of three studies on this great poet by an American author.—EDS.]

Shelley writes in "A Philosophical View of Reform" that the people of India should not pride themselves on their knowledge of Rousseau and Hume, but should turn to the deeper aspects of their own culture. He remarks, "The thing to be sought is that they should, as they would if they were free, attain to a system of arts and literature of their own." The poet has anticipated the course of events by a century. We who are in the midst of the Indian Renaissance have come to learn that we can raise the superstructure of our thought only on the foundations of our ancient culture. The Indian Renaissance therefore marks a return to the culture of the *Upanishads*. Just as Shelley's view of life can be traced back to Plato, or forward to the exponents of idealism in the recent past, so also the Indian view of life can be traced either to the Eastern prototypes of Plato, the seers of the *Upanishads*, or to the living exponents of our ancient culture. Just as the Himalayas culminate in Everest, so also we have in Gandhi the culmination of the vision of the *rishis* of the past. This will explain to us the large measure of agreement in thought that we find between Shelley and the thinkers of India, especially Gandhiji.

To Shelley, Nature is our living environment. Although he is aware of the beauty of Nature, as every artist is, for him Nature becomes a symbol of the creative activity of the One Spirit that animates all. Love is the name he gives to the spiritual unity that binds all life. To him, Deity is the highest expression of this love which is Reality. His political philosophy and his economic ideals are merely applications of the law of love.

To the seers of the *Upanishads*, as to Shelley, Nature is the manifestation of a living Spirit. The *Swetaswatara Upanishad* says that the One distributes Himself in the many in order to bring out His hidden purpose. The *Isavasyam* says that everything is pervaded by the Lord. The *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* points out that he who perceives only apparent diversity experiences death after death. Among our living philosopher-mystics this sense of spiritual unity is brought out by Babu Bhagavan Das who writes, " Nature—God's Nature- Nature's God is a breakless continuum." Gandhi, our modern saint, similarly points out that behind the magnificent and kaleidoscopic variety of Nature there is an unmistakable unity of purpose, design and form.

If the world is a spiritual unity, we can perceive it only by following the law of love. According to Shelley, love is the irrefragable law of our lives. He traces all pain, sorrow and discord to the violation of this law. Gandhiji similarly points out that we are all bound by the law of love. He

regards love as the centripetal force that binds society as surely as the law of gravity binds the atoms of the earth. He also points out that our knowledge of Deity is in exact proportion to our making love a live force in society.

Shelley points out that Deity ever remains the unapproachable. The immanent does not exhaust the possibilities of the transcendent. This corresponds closely with the Indian view of God. When Deity is described in the *Purushasuktha* as having a thousand heads, or when the *Gita* catalogues the entire cosmos as the true form of God, we have the immanent held out to our vision. That is why God is again referred to as the supreme Meditator and the supreme Meditation. But the dwellers in the *Thapovana* point out by a simile that comes naturally to them that just as one finds cattle by their footprints, so also one finds God by His footprint in the human soul; and that just as the sun is not sullied by earth-born clouds, so also God is not sullied by human defects. When they say that three-fourths of God is in heaven and only one-fourth on earth, they hold before us the transcendent ideal of Deity.

Shelley desires that we should seek God by looking into ourselves "through the veil and the bar of things that seem and are". To the sages of India meditation and internal purification become the means by which man approximates to the divine. To Gandhiji God is truth and love. Prayer becomes, according to this point of view, not a wearying of the gods for more, but meditation and spiritual attunement. Gandhiji points out that the individual as well as the world is the manifestation of a single supreme Spirit, and that there is no break between man and Nature.

If, as Shelley says in "Julian and Maddalo", "there is one road to peace and that is truth", let us see whither this road will lead us in politics and economics. Both Gandhiji and Shelley consider that politics without religion are a snare. While Shelley is an introvert, in Gandhiji we have a proper balance between the introvert and the extrovert. That is why in him action and meditation go together. Gandhi is a *Karmayogi*, but his point of view is identical with that of Shelley who is a *Dhyanayogi*. If everything is enveloped by the Lord, there is no place for the enemy. The *Upanishads* say, "Verily a second person is a rival. He who knows this has no rival." It follows that the enemy lies in our imperfect comprehension of ourselves. In the words of the *Upanishads*, "We suffer from ourselves, none else compels, none else compels."

Both Shelley and Gandhiji desire that the political liberation of man shall be gained by an appeal to the moral nature of the enemy. The enemy then becomes our friend, and the good that we seek becomes our common good.

Gandhi's insistence on purity of motives in politics is based on his spiritual outlook on life. He appeals only to truth and to non-violence, for he considers that an angry man is unfit to be entrusted with his own, much less with others' freedom. Love, self-purification and intellectual resistance to evil become the means of realizing a better social order. In

Shelley's *Prometheus* we have the true ideal of a *satyagrahi*. The essence of *satyagraha* lies in advancing a noble cause by cheerfully suffering for it. Gandhi says, "Love ever suffers, never resents, never revenges itself."

It may be urged that Shelley's Prometheus is a god, and that he has only to play a waiting game with Zeus. To raise such an objection is to forget the true nature of the self. The self is not a bundle of impulses or a group of atoms. The self is what it includes. Shelley's *Prometheus* is collective man only because he is "one soul of many a soul". Thus Gandhi says, "Those who believe in the soul know that the soul never dies. The souls of the living as well as of the dead are all one." That is why *satyagraha* resolves itself into soul force. The *satyagrahi* does not trouble himself about the fruit of action. To him full effort is full victory. He repeats to himself the words of Yagnavalkya to Maitrei, "Lo, verily, not for love of all is all dear, but for love of the soul is all dear."

If it is possible to spiritualise politics, it is equally possible to spiritualise economics. Shelley considers the attainment of economic equality as the greatest task before civilisation, but he desires that this equality shall be gained by love and not by force. Gandhiji similarly points out that the *Isa Upanishad* admits of even a communistic interpretation. He, in common with Shelley, requires each man to consider himself in relation to his property as the trustee of the public. The equality that is gained by violence argues a materialistic and a pluralistic outlook on life, and a denial of Deity. As an economist, Gandhiji takes his stand on the Upanishadic precept that we should learn self-control, be generous, and have compassion on men and on animals. He points out that God, of Himself, seeks the heart of him who serves his fellow men.

We see in Gandhiji one of the physicians of our Iron Age. He has brought to a sick world the pure gold of practical idealism, and has made it potable. He says, "For me, the road to salvation lies through incessant toil in the service of my country, and therethrough of humanity. I want to identify myself with everything that lives. Thus in the language of the *Gita* I want to live at peace with both friend and foe." Such men as he are among the guardians of humanity. He stands in the same class as men like Plato. Gandhi as the authentic voice of India speaks of the fundamental unity of humanity, "for all is one though we seem many". If in the dawn of the Indian Renaissance we turn to Shelley or to any other European writer for light, it is not because we accept at its face value the need for the white man's burden. Nor do we claim omniscience either. We have all to learn from each other in joy and in sorrow. Let us salute all the major prophets of humanity, and associate with them the names of Shelley and Gandhiji. The one is the authentic voice of England, the other that of India. They have shown us how we can ennoble our lives by following truth, peace and non-violence which alone will triumph in the end.

V. A. THIAGARAJAN

THE UPANISHADS AND MODERN THOUGHT

[Miss K. W. Wild, M.A., is the author of *Intuition*, reviewed in THE ARYAN PATH for August 1938 by Sri Krishna Prem.—EDS.]

In 1937 an Indian scholar and an Irish poet combined to make accessible to English readers some of the time-honoured wisdom of the East, by translating a number of the Upanishads.[1]

As my sense was charmed by the rhythmic prose of W. B. Yeats when I first read the little book, my mind was no less charmed by the matter, for the reliability of which (having no Sanskrit myself) I had to put my faith in the integrity and competence of Purohit Swami. I was amazed at the extent to which the ideas of the Upanishads fitted in with, cast fresh light on and modified the ideas I had been assimilating from twentieth-century thinkers.

It is true, no doubt, that the translators chose with some deliberation those of the ancient books most likely to appeal at the present time. It is also true, I feel convinced, that in the present epoch there is a steady tendency from Western to Eastern modes of thought, and that a careful observer will note how, in many unexpected places, in many creeks and inlets, the Eastern main is indeed slowly flooding in.

At the first reading it was the poet who made the greater appeal: "May peace, and peace, and peace be everywhere." These are not words which will easily be banished from the mind's ear. From the matter I felt a certain alienation because of the absence of what we are so accustomed to look for -- system, classification, logic. Not that these are really absent from the Upanishads; there seems indeed to be a very real educative system based on Descartes' dictum: "Proceed from the simple to the less simple." And classification there is too, but of a kind that lacks the familiar grading and mutual exclusiveness and exhaustiveness of scientific classification, and resembles to a distracting degree the apparently wanton divisions of the *Arabian Nights*; as when, for instance, we are told: "Out of spirit came air; out of air, wind; out of wind, fire; out of fire, water; out of water, earth; out of earth, vegetation; out of vegetation, food; out of food, man." We feel that the world has wobbled on its axis and things have got mixed.

A second reading, however, brought two considerations. First, that the grouping was not so illogical as had at first appeared, but grew in rationality as one considered and read the commentary with greater care. But, more to the point came the realization that the mode of attaining wisdom is so different in the East and West that my ignorance or thoughtlessness was driving me to expect a method of approach which, in this realm of thought, could bear but

[1] *The Ten Principal Upanishads* -- put into English by Shree Purohit Swami and W. B. Yeats. Reviewed in THE ARYAN PATH for October 1937 by Shri D. S. Sarma.—EDS.

barren fruit. In the West, and particularly in modern times, we are so busy learning—all our lives often —that there is neither time nor desire for meditation. We are given, or give, our conclusions put "just so", neatly arranged and with immediate appeal: conclusion must follow from premise; effect from cause; residue from subtraction; and a whole from the summation of its parts.

But that is not the only way of informing and developing the mind. Concentration and meditation were the Eastern modes. Then a man arrived at his own conclusions (modified and corrected, it is true, by the almost inevitable *guru*, but still his own). What need of classification when any one sentence could yield tens and hundreds of implications; when by meditation on one word, one fact, the universe might be mastered? "Flower in the crannied wall" was a reality in the East hundreds of years ago. It did not seem to matter very much from what point the start was made; in the end, if the meditator persevered, nothing need be hidden from his mind. And how full of admirable jumping-off grounds the Upanishads are! We turn the leaves and, one after another, phrases and sentences leap to our eyes. In our Western restlessness we long to take each one as a text and preach, or as a theme for essay or monograph; but the wise men of the East preferred to meditate on and enjoy such microcosms as these which I select from about fifty that I made a note of :—

To doubt Spirit is to live in terror.
The finest quality of the food we swallow rises up as mind.
With faith man thinks; faithless he cannot think.
Who in man's body wishes, sleeps, dreams, enjoys?
The passionate never learn.

Such meditation he is able to enjoy because of his training in concentration. To such an extent is this followed that concentration itself comes to be considered of value quite apart from its object; indeed the most trivial of objects is often chosen in order to make command over will and mind the more complete. We in the West concentrate, truly; almost any work worth doing demands it, but it is to us strictly a means, not an end, and a means which, apart from its actual use in particular cases, is so little valued that we do not trouble to cultivate it except indirectly. The average man, then, whose natural gift of concentration is high, achieves; while the greater genius, whose feebler power of concentration has not been developed, fails. Our foolish Western saying that "genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains" declares our weakness, or, perhaps, our strength; for there are, after all, two sides to the question.

But alluring as are these bright humming-birds of wisdom, it was not in them that I chiefly felt the strong attraction of the Upanishads, but rather in the way these books of wisdom in part, and even in the whole, developed from a slightly different angle the ideas which seemed to me to be some of the more interesting among modern philosophical theories.

One or two of these I should like to develop. But not the most obvious; not, therefore, the mysticism which has always found a place in Western thought from the time of the

Greeks with Pythagoras and Plato (who perhaps themselves derived it from the East) and since the advent of the great religions, originally Eastern, of Mohamet and Christ.

Neither will I deal with magic, which, whether in the study of yoga or psychic phenomena or the cults and practices of primitive peoples such as the South Sea Islanders, is absorbing at the present time many curious and able intellects.

Nor, again, must I be tempted to moralise on the part taken in religious and philosophical discussion and inquiry by the women in the Upanishads and that denied to them only a little while ago by one of our own most honoured universities.

Neither will I linger over the interesting subject of Illusion, for the matter that I find most interesting of all and which I should like to work out in a little more detail is the correspondence between many of the teachings of the Upanishads and Whitehead's *Philosophy of Organism*.

One of the charms of Whitehead's *Philosophy of Organism* is that it fits itself into or at least makes more acceptable so many other philosophies. Of these that of the Upanishads is one. The selection made by Purohit Swami and W. B. Yeats both opens and closes with these words, I had almost said, with this incantation: "That is perfect. This is perfect. Perfect comes from perfect. Take perfect from perfect the remainder is perfect."

This, in an epigram, is the doctrine of any 'Absolute' school of thought. I do not know whether Professor Whitehead would care to have his philosophy so described, but his theory of a universe mutually interdependent in all its parts and so forming a perfect though constantly changing whole will bear such an interpretation.

Though, to Whitehead, every item (event) is indissolubly knit to every other, the creative force, or soul, or essence, allows of an infinite possibility of change. A perfect whole on the one hand and omnipotent creativity and so infinite possibility on the other. To me this seems the most fascinating of doctrines. It bears out Spinoza's feelings which we find expressed for him in the Upanishads :

> It lives through all that lives, hearing through the ear, thinking through the mind, speaking through the tongue, seeing through the eye.....Life falls from Self as shadow falls from man. Life and Self are interwoven, but Life comes into the body that the desires of the mind may be satisfied.

The whole *Philosophy of Organism* seems to me to be contained in the following extract :—

> He wanted every form, for He wanted to show Himself ; as a magician He appears in many forms. He masters hundreds and thousands of powers. He is in these powers ; these millions of powers ; these innumerable powers. He is Spirit ; without antecedent, without precedent ; without inside ; without outside ; omnipresent ; omniscient.

It is true that Whitehead would mean by 'He' *creativity*, but he certainly would not object to the capital 'H'.

And how could the energy of Whitehead's doctrines be better expressed than by Angiras :—

> It is the undying blazing Spirit, that seed of all seeds, wherein lay hidden the world and all its creatures. It is life,

speed, mind, reality, immortality. It is there to be struck. Strike it, my Son!

Do but change 'Spirit' into 'creativity' and Whitehead is speaking.

In the same way we feel the Spirit of his doctrine of the Eternal expressed when the seer exclaims: "Lord fill me with intelligence that I may grasp immortality."

Whitehead's theory of 'prehensions', or the mutual influence of all events, suggests something of Spirit or intelligence throughout the universe rather than their limitation to man or animals, and in this sense his 'creativity' may be described as 'will' and elucidated, or at any rate expounded, in the words of Sanatkumār :—

Everything is founded on 'will', everything forms will; everything lives on will. Heaven and earth will; wind and air will; water and light will; rain wills because water and light will; speed wills because life wills; actions will because speech wills; world wills because actions will; everything wills because world wills. Such is will. Worship will.

The negative aspect, too, of Whitehead's reading of the universe, its unfulfilled possibilities, finds Hindu expression :—

If a man leaves this kingdom without knowing that he owns the kingdom of Self (creativity), that Self is of no service to him; it remains like the unread Vedas, or a deed not done.

And the modern philosopher's insistence on the eternal opposites in Being in spite of, even as an aspect of, its perfection is expressed in his own mood in the words :—

Spirit has two aspects: measurable and unmeasurable; mortal, immortal; stable, unstable; graspable, ungraspable.

It must be clear from the above comparisons that I do not suppose that Whitehead's *Philosophy of Organism* was anticipated by the Hindu sages, only that their wisdom, read in the light of his, makes both glow with a clearer meaning.

Who sees through the eye, *knowing that He sees*, is Self, the eye an instrument whereby He sees; Who smells through the nose, knowing that He smells, is Self, the nose an instrument whereby He smells; Who speaks through the tongue, knowing that He speaks, is Self, the tongue an instrument whereby He speaks; Who hears through the ear, knowing that He hears, is Self, the ear an instrument whereby He hears; Who thinks through the mind, knowing that He thinks, is Self, the mind an instrument whereby He thinks. He looks through the mind's eye, his spiritual eye; in that eye Heaven is made and all desires arise.

The endless patience of the East!

One is amazed at the power of truth. However diverse the doctrines, a sincere following of them leads the most opposite to much the same conclusions. The Upanishads give wider meaning to the most modern of twentieth-century studies, and reiterate eternal desires:

"May peace, and peace, and peace be everywhere."

K. W. WILD

THE ETHICS OF CONSCRIPTION

[We comment in "Ends & Sayings" upon this article by **George Godwin** who has just finished the writing of a book which is an official history of Queen Mary College, University of London.—EDS.]

For the man who thinks at all conscription involves a tremendous moral problem; for it brings him face to face with a clash between fundamental religious doctrine and the claims of the State—backed, to his bewilderment, by the State Church.

I write, of course, as a citizen of a country, nominally at least, Christian. And I find that to get this article written at all I shall have to depart from custom and introduce a personal note.

I was reared in the faith of the Church of England; in what is known as the Evangelical school, I was taught that Christ was the Son of God, miraculously conceived and as miraculously restored after death to His Father.

Further, I was taught that the way of life taught by Christ was that ordained by His Father; that His Commandments were God's commands to human beings.

One of those Commandments, of course, tells us not to take human life: *Thou shalt not kill.*

Quite aside from the circumstance that the majority of human beings have a natural repugnance to the idea of taking the life of a fellow, this Commandment possessed for me a very great force. When I say that having called a brother a fool I suffered torments because my nurse reminded me that: *He who calls his brother a fool is in danger of Hell fire*, my reactions to the Ten Commandments can be imagined.

I was ten when the Boer War broke out. That was after an earlier childhood largely made enjoyable by a collection of toy soldiers and the war games of the nursery floor. I was, of course, too young to see any incongruity in the behaviour of adults who made me repeat nightly a prayer to a God of Love; who took me to a Church where, every Sunday, I had to repeat the Ten Commandments, and then proceeded to give me a toy cannon to play with.

I suppose that by 1899 I was quite prepared for the acceptance of the British indictment of Krueger and the wave of hatred against the Boers which swept over England then. My elder brothers departed for that war firmly believing themselves to be heroes, and they returned (I am now convinced) wiser and sadder men.

At my Public School I went through the Officers' Training Corps. I found it tedious, but with compensations, and its war implications were not so apparent as its play value. There was one boy who had received exemption. He represented my first encounter with the moral issue. He was despised, but not persecuted; in which, I reckon, he was fairly fortunate.

I now knew that there were people who felt very strongly about the O. T. C. and thought a little about it myself.

By later adolescence my reading had taken me to Tolstoi, to Maurice, one of the first of the Christian Socialists, and to others who were preachers of love and abominators of war. Most of all the Russian coloured my far too receptive mind. I felt that he had the root of truth in him ; and when he told me that all men should perform bread labour he won me completely.

By twenty-two I was married and earning my bread by the sweat of my brow in the forests of British Columbia. There, living in that simple milieu, I felt that I could see, reduced to a size suited to my simple mind, issues that had been confused in the complex civilization of my native country.

I saw that love of money without work made for social inequalities ; that much that I had been taught as a child was poisonous and pernicious. (Now, if you want to *get on*—and you *do* want to *get on* etc.) I saw that cruelty and greed, coupled with lack of imagination, were the major causes of unhappiness and human suffering.

When the Great War broke out I was already a father. I was convinced that war was never justified, and if ever a man could, hand on heart, have pleaded a conscientious objection, I was that man.

Yet I went.

I went because, very simply, I examined my heart in the solitude of the forest—the forest that was the first temple—and I realized that the only man who can take that stand is the man of impeccable life. What the conscientious objector should be asked is not : " Do you really believe that you must obey this Commandment ? " but : " Do you apply the same high standard to the other less inconvenient nine ? "

I found that I had been guilty of breaking several of the commandments and that I had become generally dirtied by life to the extent, at least, that to take suddenly so high and fine a stand seemed hypocritical. If I pleaded a conscience, I saw, it would be because I loathed the idea of war : it would be, as the psychologists put it, a rationalization.

So I went, and during the next four years, and for more than a year after the end of hostilities, I had ample time to ponder the problem involved. Was it right to force any man to do what I had done of my own volition ?

I came to the conclusion that it was not. I am still of that opinion. Whether, at the behest of the magistrates—our militant bishops' way of justifying wars from which they themselves claim exemption—it can ever be right to force a man to take human life, is the issue involved.

I consider it a plain issue and I have stated my own belief, namely, that before this point is reached, the rights of the community over the individual have reached their limits. The State cannot override God, and God's command, according to the State religion of this country at least, is definite and beyond the chicanery of episcopal special pleading.

As every man is forced to do today, I ponder this, the central problem of the human race to-day. How is war to be overcome ? How are countries that desire war and who wage it to be countered by a force

that shall be superior to physical resistance and the mass murder of the modern battle-field?

The erudite will confound my personal solution and as like as not regard it as absurd. The game of war, as I see it, is a survival from the childhood of mankind—from that period in our history which I lived out as an individual on my nursery floor.

So long as force is countered by force; so long as killing is sanctified by the State, with the backing of the priests, wars are inevitable. We shall have to be braver than we are when we arm ourselves against our fellows: we shall, indeed, have to be brave enough to *disarm*. There is no greater or more damnable lie abroad in the world to-day than that which has it that the best way to preserve peace is to prepare for war. *Sooner or later*, some nation has to prove its heroism by laying down its arms. The alternative to this, the application of Christ's law—"Put up your sword"—is the inevitable total destruction of civilization; the decimation of the race and a regression to the Dark Ages.

So much, then, for how one citizen regards conscription and its claim to override Christian teaching—and the teaching of most of the great sages of the world. There remain other considerations, other doubts that creep into the mind, I must believe, of the most omnivorous reader of Jingo literature. I refer to the specious claims made in justification of war. In the Boer War the young and the old alike shared a simple belief in the righteousness of the British cause in South Africa. To-day, where will you find a single apologist for our conduct then?

During the Great War we were fighting for democracy. I confess I believed in that and blush to recall it. And to-day? To-day we are fighting or are about to fight an ideology. Dear! dear!

I will not deal here with the numerous other aspects of the subject which will, no doubt, have passed through the reader's mind: the profit that is made from armaments and the secret rôle played by great international groups. But they fill my own mind with deepest suspicion. I recall how, giving evidence before a court of enquiry, a director of a great armaments firm remarked: "I never got any harm from a gun", a statement that I, for one, readily accept. But I have battlefield memories that turn a knife in my heart when men so declare their inhumanity.

So we come back to our point of departure, for conscription is the learning of war and, more, the forcing of such learning upon all who can bear arms.

That is why I do not believe in it.

No earthly claim can override divine law.

But let that man who takes this stand look well into his own heart first; there is not but one Commandment: there are ten.

GEORGE GODWIN

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE INFLUENCE OF ISLAM*

[Faiz B. Tyabji, himself a cultured Muslim, here reviews an important publication.—EDS.]

Such personality as a reviewer can lay claim to must presumably be of too tenuous a nature to permit the luxury of an apology. Were any such privilege available, its function in the present instance would be to state that Professor Hitti's work is so concentrated and so well documented that a reviewer, unless himself a specialist, must be singularly bold who would undertake to pronounce opinions on the work without careful consideration extending over a prolonged period.

The volume presents the story of the Arabians and the Arabic speaking people from the earliest times to the Ottoman conquests of the early sixteenth century. Though independent research into every part of this wide field is not claimed, the narrative is based to all appearance on what must be recognized as first-hand authorities. All unnecessary statements are scrupulously avoided. The text of the book is consequently concentrated and perhaps not always easy to read at a stretch, though it is instructive throughout and in most parts absorbingly interesting. But in any case, readers who have any interest in or any occasion to seek information regarding Muslim history will find the volume a serviceable and reliable book of reference. Information can be obtained on the main trends of the political history of Islam and on Arabic literature, architecture, society, education, political institutions, fine arts, civilization and culture generally—information not confined to one period or territory: Arabia, Spain, Afghanistan, Egypt, Sicily are all represented. India as a whole came under the effective influence of Islam a little later than the end of the period covered by the work. But certain territories like the Punjab and Sind came into contact with Islam in the initial stages of its history, and the book under review contains appropriate reference to these countries.

The reader is first furnished with a preliminary survey of the pre-Islamic age in Arabia, including accounts of the Arabs as Semites and of the peninsula of Arabia as the cradle of the Semitic race, its inhabitants, its climate, its fauna and its internal political conditions, as well as its relations with Egypt and other surrounding countries, its wars, its language and its poetry. Then follow comparatively short but by no means inadequate accounts of the Prophet of Islam and his life, of the teachings of the *Koran*, of Islam as a religion and as a force of conquest, expansion and colonization. These matters naturally lead to expositions of the administration of the newly founded states by the followers of the newly established religion. Information may be obtained on empires or civilizations, schools of learning or of scientific research, which in popular imagination are symbolized in the glory and mysterious attraction of a single personality such as Haroon-al Rashid, Saladin, Chingiz Khan, Hulagu Taimurlane or Mahmood-e-Ghaznavi, or in the fame of one supreme architectural effort like Alhambra, or in names that hardly any one is unacquainted with but which are hardly more than names to the great majority, Averroes (Abu-al-Wahid Muhammad bin Ahmed bin Rashid), Avicenna (Ibn Sina), Umar Khayyam. Some may pause over the many words of Arabic origin like "admiral" current in English and other European languages which for the ear that can hear are

* *History of the Arabs.* By PHILIP K. HITTI, Professor of Semitic Literature, Princeton University. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. 31*s*, 6*d*.)

accompanied by echoes of long past history ; others may be attracted by tales of old romance represented by names such as Leila. The treatment of all these matters is admirable in its sense of proportion and in the confidence begotten of knowledge based on reliable authorities.

It seems inevitable with human activities that there should be division and internal disunion amongst those who take part in great human movements. Islam is no exception. Dissension permeated Islam almost from the first, but for several centuries it did not prevent its marvellous expansion. Expansion took place indeed with unparalleled rapidity. To trace the inner springs of these dissensions is a task fascinating from the historical aspect, requiring the most delicate appreciation of character and human tendencies and acumen in the weighing of evidence.

The attention of all who are interested in the history of Islam is arrested, while thinking Muslims are touched to the quick, whenever the subject of the dissensions in Islam is under discussion. The contemplation of these dissensions is truly tragic from the larger aspect of human capacities and weakness. They present to our sight the subjects of this dynamic force, the religion of Islam, so divided amongst themselves that some of its greatest and ablest agents win nothing but vituperation from (in some instances) the entire body of Muslims, or (in others) from large sections of them. In part this is easy to understand. When Islam suddenly overspread the lives of a considerable portion of mankind, bringing with its expansion great wealth and power to its main agents and all those who accepted it, it was inevitable that ambitious men bent on the acquisition of the good things of this world should have been alert in seizing the opportunity of satisfying their cravings under the cloak of religion. But it must be observed to the credit of mankind that during such epochs others arise—fewer perhaps but still not negligible in numbers—whose eyes are turned to the spiritual aspects of the new force more yearningly than to the worldly gain that accompanies the march of events. The majority of people are, however, neither exclusively of the one kind nor of the other. They are swayed in turn, as the wind blows, by the attractions of worldly good and spiritual welfare. When worldly-minded people are in the ascendant, the majority of mankind become worldly-minded. When a Prophet arises and teaches, explains, exhorts, allures or warns, the spiritual parts of their nature begin to function sometimes feverishly. Here again the history of Islam is no exception. It exemplifies all these tendencies.

Bearing these human characteristics in mind, we must allow that it would be an achievement worthy of the greatest historian if the character of men and events in the history of Islam were considered and weighed with unbiased mind, and an exposition full and complete in every detail were presented. But the work would in that case extend over many volumes and be no unworthy fruit of a noble lifetime. The present work is on a different scale and serves another purpose. Nevertheless, when an author with the equipment of Professor Hitti undertakes the writing of even a comparatively short history such as the present, expectations are raised of finding therein detached views on matters steeped in bitter, unending, senseless controversy amongst the Muslims themselves. With reference to the Prophet himself and many of the greater personalities, the opinions expressed in this work are carefully balanced, and there is much to indicate such preliminary consideration as gains the confidence of the reader. But in a great number of other cases, particularly where there have been sectional controversies amongst the Muslims, an apparent absence of anything to show that the subject has secured such balanced and scrupulous examination must be reluctantly admitted. The presentation of a great character in history based solely on the account of his admirers or of his detractors is full of perils. To take an example, Hannibal's character drawn entirely in accord with the Roman estimate would be admitted

by all students of history to be manifestly inadequate and defective. In his case, as there are no accounts extant by the Carthaginians, the inevitable errors, exaggerations and misconceptions in the Roman narratives must in many respects be conjectures. But in cases where Muslims have divided into two opposite camps, we often have presentations from both sides. Had there existed contemporary and subsequent accounts and estimates of Hannibal and Scipio from the Carthaginian side as well as the Roman, the two pictures would have differed as much as black from white. The historian's task, then, would have been not merely to determine whether the one or the other view, taken as a whole, was the more correct, or the less likely to be erroneous, and to adopt and present that view bodily as the true one, but also to examine each aspect of life or character, each incident that had been the subject of differences. In the result a decision would probably have been reached corresponding in every detail neither to the one presentation nor the other. The controversies within Islam have apparently still to be dealt with in this manner. It may be said with great deference and diffidence that this excellent history does not create the feeling that the views of the minorities have been sufficiently considered. In such matters, not to sympathize is emphatically not to understand. It is true that sympathy is difficult where the view adopted is distorted, one-sided and grotesque. Those who have failed to succeed—the minority—are apt in their bitterness to adopt views that are distorted, just as those who have won are apt to be arrogant, impatient and intolerant. But it is the historian's task to sympathize with each in turn in order to bring out the genesis of each view, and then to determine how far, if at all, each represents the truth and how far it must modify the view presented by the other side. May one not surmise that such a critical examination would reveal new possibilities for arriving at more human and realistic estimates of some of the great names in Islamic history? Again, speaking with the greatest deference, it seems as if Prof. Hitti has been too apt to accept the most obvious presentation without considering the views of those who, it may be, are eager controversialists rather than judges, but whose partisan views must be considered if the whole truth is to be discovered. May one venture to suggest too that Prof. Hitti has been too little sympathetic with the spiritual aspirations in the case of the lesser names of the history of Islam?

These and similar omissions are perhaps a necessary sacrifice when so much information is compressed in such a small space. The excellent index, the numerous illustrations and other aids contained in the volume make it suitable for constant reference as well as for consecutive reading.

FAIZ B. TYABJI

THE JEWISH PROBLEM

I

Know This of Race. By CEDRIC DOVER. (Secker & Warburg, Ltd., London. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Twenty years after the "Palestine Problem" was created (as the result of pledges given to Jews and Arabs alike), a fresh policy for its settlement is now being offered. But the "Palestine Problem" is a world problem; and it will not be solved by supplying Hitlerism with a scapegoat.

The recent tragic events in Germany, with their inevitable repercussions elsewhere, are grappled with by Cedric Dover who has made a special study of them. His book, "addressed mainly to ordinary folk", is also one for the serious student. Within the narrow compass of

little more than a hundred pages is covered a wide sweep. Anti-Semitism and the myths with which half the world is being duped are here exposed in pungent fashion.

In his chapter on "Race", the author points out that racial problems are largely connected with blood tests. But while there is such a thing as transfusion, there is also confusion. This is apt to be experienced in efforts to establish paternity. Owing, however, to our lack of precise knowledge, there is still a great deal of loose talk about "blood purity". This quality is difficult to define, since no one—either Aryan or Jewish—is absolutely "pure". In the same way, the expression a "Semitic race" is a misnomer. Those held to belong to it have, in the course of time, sprung from a dozen others, with different languages, customs and culture.

Notwithstanding the Third Reich's metaphysical status of Aryanism, a race is nothing more than a division of species. As to what is, and what is not, a species, the concepts and conclusions of biologists differ. As Walt Whitman says, "a vast similitude interlocks us all"; and, despite their claims to be regarded as such, Germans are not pure Nordic. While they have a strong infiltration, they also suggest an admixture of something else.

Mr. Dover contends that, if history is to be trusted, the technique of race-purification was not started by the Jews. For the contention that other nations had a hand in the process, he gives chapter and verse. Altogether, a thoughtful and worth-while book, and one with an "appeal".

HORACE WYNDHAM

II

History of the Jews (A New Edition). By PAUL GOODMAN. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 5s.)

This is the seventh edition of Mr. Goodman's authoritative work, covering the period from Abraham of Ur to the present time.

After Abraham's death his descendants settled in Egypt, becoming so numerous as to be a menace to the Pharaoh, who enslaved them. Their Exodus occurred about 1220 B.C. The Jewish religion, founded on the Torah (Law) of Moses, was monotheistic. The rule of the patriarchs was succeeded by that of judges, kings and prophets.

David, second king of the Jews, was both warrior and poet. He conquered Jerusalem, making it his capital. Though David is credited with the authorship of the Psalms, many were probably composed by Akhnaton (Amenhotep IV) of Egypt, who introduced monotheism into Egypt and was therefore known as "the heretic king".

At Solomon's death, the country was divided into two kingdoms, Judah and Israel, Judah surviving until 586 B.C., when Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, conquered it and destroyed Jerusalem.

After the prophets came Jesus of Nazareth, crucified by the Jews. This fact may explain, though it does not excuse, their ceaseless persecution by the "Christian" Church.

In A.D. 200 Jewish teaching was incorporated in the *Talmud*, which recorded the Jews' religious and intellectual life from the time of the Babylonian captivity.

During the atrocious persecutions of the Crusades, Jews were actually charged with using the blood of Christian children in their Passover ritual! Their character, vitiated by ceaseless oppression, began to deteriorate and from 1540 onwards there was a succession of Jewish claimants to Messiahship.

In the sixteenth century the Polish Jews were practically exterminated by Cossacks, whilst from 1290 Jews were proscribed from England, until in 1655 Manasseh ben Israel came from Holland to intercede with Cromwell for their readmittance.

From 1905 until the Revolution in 1917, Jews were cruelly maltreated and massacred in Russia, whilst from the time of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870-71 anti-Semitism was rampant in

France—culminating in the terrible *Affaire Dreyfus*.

But in spite of every effort throughout the centuries to break their body and their spirit, the Jews' amazing vitality and genius have preserved them, and directly persecution ceased they swiftly rose to "place and power". Heine, the German poet, Disraeli, Ottoleigh, a Jewish general commanding the Italian army, Luzzatti, Prime Minister of Italy, Léon Blum, Socialist Prime Minister of France, and the Rothschilds are only a few examples.

And now comes a recrudescence of atrocities which we hoped were dead for ever, excused on the assumption that all Jews are lower in culture and moral development than Germans who claim the title of Aryans.

The book is timely, and provides a profoundly moving and infinitely sad story of the unremitting, fanatical persecution of a great people, bravely and nobly endured.

R. E. BRUCE

Buddhism, Its Doctrines and Its Methods. By ALEXANDRA DAVID-NEEL. Translated by H. N. M. Hardy and Bernard Miall. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, London. 6s.)

This attractively got-up book is an authorized translation of Madame David-Neel's work in French. Mme. David-Neel writes effectively for the ordinary reader. Her interpretations, though authoritative, are in a number of instances personal and give to a book of this type a definite charm. The authoress herself is a practising Buddhist, and her collaboration with Lama Yongden stamps the present volume with what may be called the expert touch.

The reviewer found the volume particularly helpful where the authoress successfully attempts to clear up certain misconceptions in the popular mind, and especially in the West, about Buddhism. She writes :—

> It is difficult to find in any European language a word which is a correct translation of the term *sannyasin*. The things represented by it do not exist in the West, and India seems to have the monopoly of it.....The rejection of the *sannyasin* differs completely from the "renunciation" of the Christian monk.

This explanation is followed by a brief but lucid account of the Buddha's search for spiritual illumination.

The chapter on the basis of the Buddhist Doctrine is a masterpiece of compression of the manifold tenets of the religion. The pages dealing with the "Eightfold Path" form stimulating reading for all interested in the control of the mind. This is one of the most exhaustive chapters in the book, and deservedly so, for it is on personal conduct that Buddhism lays so much stress.

Karman is another topic fairly fully discussed ; and in presenting the orthodox views with force and conviction, the authoress has not denied the reader a passing acquaintance with heterodox beliefs in the Buddhistic world. "Be your own torch and your refuge", a saying by Buddha, and the Tibetan Tantric rule, "No one can guide thee but thyself" form appropriate conclusions to this chapter.

In the seventh and final chapter on Nirvana, Mme. David-Neel is at her best. "As a rule", she asserts, "the various conceptions of Nirvana which are current in the West are very far removed from those accepted by Buddhists." The usual Western notion that Nirvana consists in the annihilation of the soul after death, she points out, is totally erroneous. After showing what it is not, she discusses many beliefs Buddhists themselves hold as to what Nirvana is. Among many authoritative definitions given, Chandrakirti's may be quoted here : "The essence of Nirvana consists simply in the suppression of all the constructions of our fertile imagination." The appendices contain gems of Buddhist wisdom.

R. RAMASWAMI

Beware Familiar Spirits. By JOHN MULHOLLAND. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.)

The Mystic Light: The Script of Harzael-Harzrael. By WALTER H. DUDLEY and R. ALBERT FISHER. (Rider and Co., London. 15s.)

Bridging Two Worlds. By WALLIS MANSFORD. Vol. III. (Rider and Co., London. 5s.)

The reviewer repeats fervently the title of the first of these three books as she emerges half-asphyxiated from their unwholesome atmosphere. The course of Spiritism is strewn with moral wrecks. Its history during the last century would make sorry reading enough if Mr. Mulholland had contented himself with the facts, but his account is less than fair. He is as sceptical of the genuineness of most mediumistic phenomena as the most uncompromising materialist could desire, but in his role of prosecuting attorney he introduces prejudicial and unprovable reports such as no court would admit to its records. Some statements it is difficult to characterise otherwise than as idle if not deliberately malicious gossip, *e.g.*, the gratuitous slur upon Madame Blavatsky. Ignoring her reiterated warnings against mediumship, he repeats this irresponsible gossip against the defenceless dead:

> I have heard, but cannot verify, a story that Mme. Blavatsky had been a medium professionally in Brooklyn, New York, before founding the Theosophical Society. She definitely had lived in Brooklyn and her writings contain many references to mediums and their phenomena.

They do indeed—and an illuminating exposition of all the genuine phenomena of the séance-room which Mr. Mulholland's sweeping denunciation of frauds leaves wholly unexplained. If Mr. Mulholland implies that writing about mediums points to the writer's being one, he certainly lays himself open to a *tu quoque* retort. His bit of libel, which would be actionable if its victim were living and which he does well to admit he cannot verify, falls to the ground of its own absurdity.

The Mystic Light claims to be "inspirationally scribed and diagramed" by the first author and "interpreted and adapted to earthly comprehension" by the second. The unsympathetic reviewer is fairly warned in advance:

> To those who read herein and love not the words of the Writing—
> Let them close the book and turn away their eyes,
> And remember them not until *their* time appointed,
> That neither heaven, nor the earth, be offended.

Truth demands the risk. The reviewer loves not the words of the Writing, nor its grandiose quasi-scriptural style, nor its strained symbols nor its general fuzziness of concept. Why must "inspirational" writing of this type rush into word-coining without a philological background and perpetrate such monstrosities as "soulic interpretation", "human mentation", "starried footsteps" and "spiralic ways"? The inspirer's ideas of astronomy seem no less remarkable.

Mr. Wallis Mansford is a high-minded and an amiable soul, with a fondness for dead poets which mediums have convinced him is reciprocated. In this third book he describes his contact with the "Spirits" of Omar Khayyam and Fitzgerald, Shelley, Keats and Oscar Wilde. There are interesting side-lights (from *this* side) on these poets and some fine quotations from their works, but nothing worth recording from the dead. The poets' own post-mortem fame and Mr. Mansford's pilgrimages to places associated with each in his lifetime seem to interest them chiefly. "Shelley" makes a feeble joke about "the three H's" in his life, "H for Horsham, where he was born, H for Harriet, the name of his first wife, and H for Hurricane that caused his death". How are the mighty fallen!

Such a book renders a disservice to a world that needs assurance of true progressive immortality. The impression on the discriminating reader must be reactionary. Better, a thousand times, annihilation than an eternity of such

inanity ! But it should be apparent that whatever the communicating entity may be it is *not* the great soul that it impersonates.

E. M. H.

Politics in the World State. By A. G. F. MACHIN. (The World State Volunteers, Oxford.)

The recent acts of aggression in Central Europe and the consequent feeling of individual and national insecurity would naturally cause thinking minds to dwell upon possible new ways and methods of reforming the governance of human affairs. Mr. Machin's book elaborates his profound conviction that the only remedy for the present-day chaos in world politics is to recognise a higher, spiritual, and perhaps divine leadership ; it contains the practical suggestion that an international volunteer police force should be established and entrusted with the task of fighting all obstructions to the peace and progress of humanity. The failure of the League of Nations and the breakdown of collective security make one naturally sceptical about the efficacy of such ideal remedies. When Mahatma Gandhi, the other day, gave a message of peace to the world, suggesting that the Prime Minister of England should propose to the democratic powers simultaneous disarmament in order to disarm Hitler, it sounded like a voice coming from another world. This book, written in the usual pacifist style, exposes the fallacies of the doctrines of force and aggression. Present-day events conspire to challenge the ideals of humanity, but ideals possess objective and transcendent validity. The value of Mr. Machin's book lies in its forceful affirmation of faith in the ideals of freedom and justice.

D. G. LONDHE

The Mystic Way. By RAYMUND ANDREA. (No. 2, The Modern Mystic's Library, King, Littlewood and King, Ltd., London. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This book is an excellent guide to the student of practical mysticism. It gives a detailed account of the various stages of the mystic's way to his goal, such as meditation, contemplation, the dark night of the soul, the final awakening and the culminating illumination.

The growing indifference to organised religion and to the churches should not be interpreted as a sign of the advance of scientific materialism. It is the sign of the deepening spirituality which points out that religion is primarily the spiritual experience of the individual. The special contribution of Indian Philosophy to the world's thought is the affirmation of the reality of the Spirit and the possibility of the realization of that by every human being. Mysticism is the core of religion and the inward essence of spiritual life.

Mysticism is the future hope of religion, and guarantees the self-certifying nature of religious experience. It is opposed to *Naturalism* which categorically denies the existence of Deity. It is surprising to find the great Christian theologians contending that Christian mysticism is life-affirming and ethical, while Eastern mysticism is life-negating and unethical. The concept of *jīvanmukti* points out that the mystic loves to create and find the City of God on earth. In the face of facts it is not fair to contend that Eastern mysticism is unethical. The spiritual aspirant begins with a good life and ends in a godly life. The good life is indispensable to the godly life, but is not in itself the godly life.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

Civil Journey. By STORM JAMESON. (Cassel and Company, Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Civil Journey takes the reader through the journeyings of Miss Jameson's mind, and how refreshing indeed it is! Most of the pieces—the book consists of the author's reflections on a number of subjects—are presented in chronological order " so that they mark the stages of a mind, my mind ". The outstanding feature of the volume is its frankness, and it makes its appearance at a most opportune moment in the struggle for democratic and individual freedom against the forces of a different ideology, by whatever name it may be known.

The chapters on "Patriotism", "Defence of Freedom" and "Twilight of Reason" give us valuable glimpses into Miss Jameson's mind. She advises all who call themselves writers not to forsake the cause of freedom at this critical hour: "I am amazed that any artist should choose at this moment to apply for leave of absence." The compulsion which some European States impose on accredited writers to praise what they do not approve is deservedly condemned.

The enthusiasm of Miss Jameson (who, by the way, is at present President of the P. E. N. Club in London) for the cause of freedom is such that she once convened a distinguished company of writers to prepare a book exposing the horrors of modern war. This type of work is all the more necessary when war is being praised by such men as Mussolini, who is quoted as claiming that nothing but war can bring out the best in a man. Alongside this must be given the view of distinguished generals, who consider there is nothing chivalrous in modern war; the weapons military science has forged make of war an inhuman massacre. To her searching analysis of the flaws in the reasoning adopted by totalitarian States, she adds an intimate knowledge of many features, both good and bad, in the lives of the people affected by Fascist regimes. How democratic ideals in Germany were shattered beyond hope is portrayed in the chapter, "The Youngest Brother". "Democracy in Germany died by default."

In another set of chapters relating to the domain of the novel Miss Jameson makes penetrating observations on current trends. She is sure that fiction as written in the past has hardly a chance in the coming years, because popular taste is all in favour of stark realism. " More and more the finest minds will reject fiction, and will write directly of what they have felt and known." She quotes the instances of E. Blunden and S. Sassoon, two of the finest and most creative of modern minds, who do not write fiction.

" The Craft of the Novelist " offers suggestions on what in Miss Jameson's view should be the guiding principle of the writer. "To be judged complete, a novel must give an account of the whole and the activities which relate him to his fellows." A writer's ability to succeed is determined by his capacity to live in the widest sense of the term; "his craft is truly his capacity for living." The earnest student of the novel will find in Miss Jameson's comparison of American and English fiction very stimulating material. To those who are interested in developing the proletarian novel she offers the advice that the best start is to collect and publish unimpeachable data for the use of some future genius. These cameos should be free from all such sentiment as vitiates most outbursts by amateur observers of slum life and should be clean cut as a documentary film. In "Novels and Novelists ", the reader will find some examples of masterly fiction reviewing, including a review of a book by Somerset Maugham.

A third set of chapters, if a reviewer may thus split up the author's chronological arrangement, relate to the hard facts of life, and to how the author considers life should be lived. She admits having lived too much in the future and neglected the present. "I learn, though slowly, not to leave myself naked to the weather moods of those I live with. My weak need to be approved—a child afraid of the incomprehensible

anger of others—grows less with each time I ignore it. I learn patience, too." "Technique of Living" is as much a confession as a stimulant.

Though it is easier to describe water than genius, the nature of genius seems to involve "an extreme sensitivity to the sounds, sights and hidden essential forms of all life". Those who are clamouring for the debasing of the standards of learning and culture will receive a shock on reading Miss Jameson's criticism of the present educational system: "It makes no attempt to train the taste and sensibility which would reject commercialised fiction, vicious press stunts and the rest." "A man trained to use his mind will—use it", she concludes.

In "Patriotism" she does not mind admitting to the reader that she is a Little Englander unashamed and would love her country without any of its possessions. What she is more particular about is a square deal for all Englanders in this age of plenty and enlightenment.

Throughout the book runs an undercurrent, the author calls it her obsession, against war. Most people may condemn the "conscientious objector" as a queer fish, but one has to read Miss Jameson to understand the fire of her hate against war—the cause of which goes deeper than the fact that she lost a brother needlessly in the last war and may lose her son in a future war.

R. RAMASWAMI

Browning and Modern Thought. By DALLAS KENMARE. (Williams & Norgate, Ltd., London. 6s.)

In the fifty years since his death Browning has been much misjudged by his critics who have valued his idealism at a discount and labelled him Victorian. But this view is wrong. For Browning's realization of the Absolute Truth that there is one mind common to all individual men, one cosmic principle, one conscience permeating the universe, lifts him above time and place. Mr. Dallas Kenmare refutes these critics:

> Entirely free of Victorian delicacy, and because he was a profoundly religious man, he feared no aspect of truth and recorded his perceptions of evil and sin as honestly as his perceptions of beauty. Only the impure fear truth; the saint faces vice undismayed, seeing with the eye of compassion. On this count alone it would be difficult to label Browning Victorian.

As a poet of courage and love, a staunch fighter in the cause of truth and humanity, Browning has a special significance at the present time when a courageous and constructive approach to our problems is all that is needed. In the world of to-day peace cannot come by Communism and Fascism but only by Love and Christianity as they were expounded by Browning. As Mr. Dallas Kenmare says:

> The Christian would be the first to agree that we are far from the Kingdom of Heaven, but no bloody revolution can save the world..... The first Christians, having all things common, living in fellowship, in obedience to the command to love their neighbours as themselves, understood the only way to social salvation.

If this divine vision were to dawn upon men all over the world as it dawned upon Browning, all feelings of antipathy and hatred, all prejudices of caste and colour would soon be dissolved in the purity of its flame, and brotherly relations, so essential for world peace, established among the people of the world.

Browning and Modern Thought is a timely publication and Browning's inspired voice is the trumpet call to the world to-day.

> "Hold on, hope hard in the subtle thing
> That's spirit."

C. N. ZUTSHI

The Rise of a Pagan State. By A. MORGAN YOUNG. (Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

In this book we are offered a sketch of Japan's history set against a mythological and religious background. The tone cannot be said to be friendly.

In the presentation of the religious ideas of the Japanese, Shinto naturally receives most attention. The statement that "Shinto is destitute of moral ideas" is hardly supported by a Rescript to the Japanese Army and Navy in which men are asked to be kind, courteous, brave and frugal, inspired by fidelity and integrity.... "anything can be achieved by a true heart". Presumably this Rescript is based on Shinto morality.

Buddhism is considered as having but slight influence on Japanese thought and life. One rather suspected this, in view of recent horrors in China. Mr. Young has an appreciation of orthodox Buddhism, though in such a book as this his references to it are few. Zen is said to influence Japan more profoundly, and the author considers that it has contributed to her artistic and social life that "enthusiasm for beauty which is Japan's greatest contribution to the world's culture". But it is not fair to say that the ineffable doctrines of Zen are supported by a "farrago of unedifying anecdotes".

The book will be appreciated by the ordinary reader (outside Japan!) rather than by the student. The tone of unfriendliness is not wise, even from the standpoint of practical politics; still less wise from the standpoint of Universal Brotherhood. I have before me a copy of the London *Daily Telegraph* in which it is stated that "brains and ability are slowly conquering militarism in Japan....Sanity in public life" is returning. Japan has a great future before her, and the present unhappy phase in her movement towards fulfilment will yield to those loftier ideals more truly hers, as soon as a whole world (blind with materialism and thus in conflict) hears once again the recall to the luminous teachings of the Buddha and the Christ.

E. V. HAYES

The Sum of Things. By SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND. (John Murray, London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

In these days of progressive insanity when the tramp of soldiers' feet grows louder and louder in the capitals of the most highly civilised countries of the world, and the best brains of those countries are concentrated on the production of new and more diabolical methods of mass destruction, this book with its sanity, its profound depths and its message will not come amiss.

In this, his autobiography, Sir Francis Younghusband gives us his "last impression of the sum of all things". It is not an autobiography in the ordinary sense of that word, but is in a broader sense an autobiography of the soul—a recapitulation "of all that I had been thinking about, writing about, speaking about for many years". In the final summing up he arrives at the conclusion that "when all is weighed in the balance it is Happiness that will count—not Power, nor even Wisdom, but just Happiness, the last end as well as the original begetter of love".

This is the exposition not of a hedonist who has lived and found pleasure in the transient things of life, but of a man with a mellow brain—one of the mellowest of our times—who has discovered that idyllic happiness can be attained if we set about attaining it in the right way. Sir Francis Younghusband's approach is religious, but he is not the credulous clergyman in the pulpit enunciating beliefs that he has received, and is content to receive, 'on trust'. He is the philosopher who sees a 'corrective spiritual sympathy' in all religions, and understands that any seeming imperfections in any of them are the odds and ends we have added.

ENVER KUREISHI

The Gita—A Critique. By P. NARASIMHAM, M.A., L.T. (Huxley Press, Madras. Rs. 2-8.)

Since the interest in India and abroad in the teachings of the *Bhagavad-Gita* took concrete shape, countless volumes, booklets, and pamphlets have appeared on the doctrines of the delightfully delusive dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna, so that the traditional teachings embodied in classic commentaries have been practically lost sight of or ignored. Compromises in philosophic interpretation being detrimental to truth-determination, I welcome Prof. P. Narasimham's view of the *Gita* which is frankly revolutionary in the sense that it does not hesitate to reject tradition, as such rejection is deemed necessary. The *Gita*-episode is *not historically true.* The value of the *Gita* lies entirely in the Upanishadic citations it contains. The whole episode is artificial. The real problem of Arjuna, why he should kill his kith and kin is *not answered at all.* The aim of the *Gita* is to prepare us to gain a proper perspective and make us fit to tread the Higher Path of Real Life.

While in the past perfectly foolish and childish comparisons have been drawn between the *Gita* and the Bible, the *Gita* and Kant and so forth, Prof. Narasimham has indeed done well in restricting himself to a running interpretation. Prof. Narasimham is convinced that Arjuna's problem has not been solved and that his question has not been answered. May I ask what answer Prof. Narasimham himself would give? One striking feature that has been uniformly missed by all modernists is that Arjuna at any rate felt that his doubts had vanished, and fought to the finish. If Arjuna was convinced he should fight, does it matter that others in 1939 are not convinced? Critics of to-day and a host of others who talk glibly about the *Gita* are all arm-chair philosophers. They are emphatically *not fighters* in the sense that Arjuna was a fighter. They do not stand on the battlefield. They talk of the *Gita* in drawing-rooms. Prof. Narasimham's book is thought-provoking. I cannot admit however that it has answered the question of Arjuna.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

CORRESPONDENCE

CHRISTIANITY AND WAR

I

Mr. Leslie J. Belton, in THE ARYAN PATH for April 1939, has stated, "Already the Christian Church has ceased to dominate Europe." He may, or may not, deplore that fact; but he and others are justified in concluding from it that the Christian Church has need now to defend itself against any and every kind of attack. In no way, however, is it reasonable to conclude that the spiritual permanence, or the immortality, of Christ can require any defence that has not true spiritual force and prompting behind it.

There is comfort in the truth that strong men entangled in nets may yet be freed by even such insignificant creatures as mice, which are capable of gnawing a way to freedom for them. The cords which are disabling the churches run criss-cross; they consist of the dissensions which through the ages have spread among their congregations. It is essential to keep in mind the fact that spiritual differences are responsible for this material splitting up of the Church into a number of churches which have different rituals and even fundamentally differing creeds. No one church, by itself, can at present establish its claim to be "The Church of Christ".

That very many Christian churchmen

are unsuccessful imitators of Christ requires no verbal demonstration in view of the facts which are abundantly evident. None the less, as a fact, does Christ remain Christ for all who would try to follow him and his example.

In his lifetime to those who opposed him and eventually caused him to be crucified, Christ never counselled, countenanced, or offered physical resistance. The only force that he believed has power to triumph over evil is the force of the Spirit.

The killing of men by their fellows constitutes an age-old crime. Christ's judgment on those who slew Him was, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Could the spirit of Mercy be more completely exemplified?

Religion, which is a "binding again", is plainly the true and only remedy for the disruption of the Christian Church, and willing Christian spirits are the sole necessity for its consummation.

Such a reunion of many Christian churchmen would, moreover, prove a real step towards the material progress of civilization, through the power of the united religious forces of Christian men.

The ocean of Religion that is Love needs the tributaries of every flood of religion that flows towards the ultimate harmonious Oneness.

T. H. WORGAN.

Peterculter,
Aberdeen.

II

It is quite possible that the usefulness of THE ARYAN PATH may be limited if the first two articles in the June issue are allowed to pass without comment. It is my purpose to deal with them together, for in both of them I can read the emotion "prejudice". But from the two novels by L. A. G. Strong that I have read I know that he would not like such a charge to be made against him.

In his article on "The Failure of the Christian Churches" he is strongly of the opinion that the failure lies in the prevention of war, and, so far as he is concerned, he has confined himself, quite fairly, to the thesis laid down for him. But the question arises, "Was it quite fair to print such a thesis in a magazine which makes copious use of the maxims of other great religions and which is printed in the East?" Are we to deduce from this article, for instance, that Buddhism has proved a glowing success, when it is remembered that one of the greatest Buddhist countries in the world has for some years been killing men, women and children without a declaration of war, and not with the sword only but by every fiendish means that could be invented? Are we to gather that the Sudra's lot has been such a glorious one under Hinduism or Brahmanism with that doctrine of the Evil Powers which teaches that his shadow defiles the person and food of the high-born? It is futile to talk, as you do in the first article, of the Karma of Europe. If there is any reality in the idea of Karma, surely retribution will be as terrible for India and Japan. The authors of both the articles I refer to have ignored, perhaps not intentionally, the obverse side of the shield, and this, unfortunately, too often happens in our thinking.

I have in my possession a book called *The Practice of Yoga.* It was printed in Madras, and to those who wish sincerely to transform their lives to higher ways of thinking, it is invaluable. But I had to burst out laughing when reading page 116 where the author discusses the ways of killing out desires. He goes on:

> A vegetarian goes to England to prosecute his studies. By mixing with people who take meat, he begins to taste meat. It gives him pain, distaste, nausea to start with. He continues taking for some days, for some weeks. Then he likes meat heartily. In six months he can take 4 lbs. of raw meat at one stroke and becomes an inveterate meat eater.

Let me say that even if a man did not die after such beastly gluttony, such things are not done here, and anyone trying to do such a thing would be shunned by his fellows. But this incident

shows how prejudice can influence even the best intentioned people, and because his intentions were good, I shall not name the Swami who wrote the book.

But the point is that not only Christianity but all the great religions are either dead or dying, and War has nothing to do with it ; war is not a cause, it is an effect, and while the whole world, East as well as West, continues in its present way of thinking, War will always be ; and though its incidence is cruel and ruthless, its aftermath is, to a certain extent, beneficent and healing.

Every religion has failed because of human greed ; the desire to obtain money by fair means or foul, and the power and luxury and all that money means. This greed brings the sword into the domestic home and the international arena, and unfortunately this canker has assailed most strongly the priestly castes of both the East and West. For in both hemispheres the priest never tires of teaching the superstition that money given to him is given to God. In order to support the argument both Temple and Church make unjust and untrue claims that they are responsible for most of the public beneficial services, such as hospitals, better conditions of work, etc., when in fact they have opposed reform. How anyone can believe that by giving to a priest they give to God passes my comprehension, and were I able to fulfil the fantastic rôle of a universal dictator, my first three actions would be : (1) to destroy every church and temple ; (2) to print copies of the Bible, the Koran, Talmud and Upanishads and deliver them free to the appropriate households ; (3) to compel every person to give a part of his earnings to some charitable institution.

The best way to get rid of war, the best way to make any religion an experience to be known rather than a pretty collection of fables to be believed, is to get rid of commerce with its competition and all the cruelty this competition implies ; transmute commerce from a greed to an altruism and the world will be Elysium ; there will be no failure of any religion that teaches such a creed, and war will be forgotten. But for our present shortcomings, East and West and West and East are equally culpable.

H. R. C. MONTANI

Southport,
Lancashire.

[We fully agree with our correspondent that war is an effect and that all religious creeds, and not only Christianity, have contributed to its causes. Christianity was stressed by us as we were commenting on Mr. L. A. G. Strong's article, and, moreover, at the present hour, Christendom claims for itself the privilege of being the centre of civilization. We also agree with our correspondent's view that all creeds are dead or dying. His words bring to mind what Mme. H. P. Blavatsky wrote in 1877:—

"Be this as it may, *the religion of the ancients is the religion of the future.* A few centuries more, and there will linger no sectarian beliefs in either of the great religions of humanity. Brahmanism and Buddhism, Christianity and Mahometanism will all disappear before the mighty rush of *facts.* 'I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh', writes the prophet Joel. 'Verily I say unto you.... greater works than these shall you do', promises Jesus. But this can only come to pass when the world returns to the grand religion of the past; the *knowledge* of those majestic systems which preceded, by far, Brahmanism, and even the primitive monotheism of the ancient Chaldeans. Meanwhile, we must remember the direct effects of the revealed mystery. The only means by which the wise priests of old could impress upon the grosser senses of the multitudes the idea of the Omnipotency of the Creative *will* or FIRST CAUSE ; namely, the divine animation of inert matter, the soul infused into it by the potential will of man, the microcosmic image of the great Architect, and the transportation of ponderous objects through space and material obstacles."—EDS.]

ENDS AND SAYINGS

Elsewhere we publish an article by George Godwin on "The Ethics of Conscription" which while presenting a personal point of view also involves an important principle. The issue raised by him concerns the extent to which the state is morally entitled to dictate to any one of its citizens a course of action which goes against his own free-will. Conscription forces a citizen to do something to which in thought and desire he may be opposed and against which he feels justified in pitting his own free-will. The same problem, but from an altogether different angle, is raised when people oppose the wholesome efforts of the state to introduce reforms which are irksome to some citizens; the Bombay Government, for example, experienced strong opposition from some people whose vision was so befogged that they could not see that alcohol is a poison and who fought against the governmental effort to make Bombay an area of total abstainers. Between liberty and license the pendulum of human life swings. Unless an individual possesses sufficient philosophy, which means *self*-knowledge, he cannot help being swayed on the one hand by his passions and their expression, license, and on the other by his moral aspirations which rest on the liberty of the Soul. A licentious person cares nothing for the good of his neighbour; a liberty-loving individual is a philanthropist who sacrifices himself in behalf of all bondmen. The former is an anarchist, the latter an altruist.

Mr. Godwin stresses another idea: when a person is violent and uses the force of fury in a dozen different directions in his own daily life, is he truly and righteously conscientious in opposing the law of conscription imposed by the state—in his particular case by a government in whose election he himself had a share? But the line of thought which we want to stress is this: are the Democracies, which are conscripting hands, heads and hearts to fight for the cause of liberty and against the anarchical actions of the totalitarian states, themselves free from the taints of tyrannical autocracy? Unless a man sees his own weaknesses he cannot overcome them; when he identifies himself with his defects he becomes deluded; when he is blind to his delusion he is afflicted with the delusion of delusions. What is true of individuals is true of nations. Have we unmistakable signs that Britain, France and the U.S.A. have seen the error of their methods of government in the past? The Democracies do not desire a new war, but are they prepared to forego the loot of previous wars? The Democracies have had excellent opportunities for two decades to bring about the conditions necessary for a world state, founded on peace. By the pooling of resources, physical, moral and intellectual, the age of plenty would have ushered in an era of real progress, had the victors in the last war been less savage and more sagacious. The savagery of the victorious nations aroused

savagery in the vanquished states. Unless the Democracies purge themselves of Hitlerian tendencies in their own constitutions, real victory will never be achieved and real peace will never dawn. The great Mahābhārata War was undertaken by the Pandavas to right a wrong which the Kauravas embodied in themselves, and under no less a leader than Krishna who warned the anarchical Duryodhana not to be the cause of the impending carnage. And carnage there was! The destruction of a civilization ensued through the destruction of its governing caste.

At the end of the *Mahābhārata* in the "Swargarohanika Parva" there is a story which has a moral for the soldiers of to-day. It is narrated that when the eldest of the Pandavas, Yudhishthira, entered heaven, he was shocked to find his enemy the evil-minded Duryodhana there—"endued with prosperity and seated on an excellent seat". Beholding the prosperity of his erstwhile enemy, on whom all looked as the very embodiment of evil, Yudhishthira "became suddenly filled with rage". He did not "desire to share regions of felicity with Duryodhana". Narada's instruction that in "heaven all enmities cease" found no response in Yudhishthira's heart. "That is heaven where those brothers of mine are. This, in my opinion, is not heaven." Then Narada conducted him to where his brothers and friends were—it was hell, and there he said he would stay. Mahadeva, the Lord of the Gods, approached Yudhishthira and said: "Thou shouldst not yield to wrath. Let the fever of thy heart be dispelled. Hell has to be experienced because in kings both good and bad inhere. You deceived Drona in the matter of his son and so you have experienced your own hell. Similarly, Bhima and Arjuna and Draupadi having sinned have had to experience hell." Even the victors suffer hell for their weaknesses as the vanquished enjoy heaven for whatever virtue they possess. Only by purging themselves of their own sins do nations, as individuals, gain the peace necessary for progress. "The Pandavas and the Kauravas when freed from human wrath enjoyed each his celestial state of unalloyed peace and bliss." So goes the *Mahābhārata* allegory.

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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*

THE ARYAN PATH

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THE FEAR OF DEATH

Preparations for protection against war atrocities are being carried on on an immense scale in London, Paris and elsewhere. Millions of rupees are being spent and time and energy bestowed in devising ways and means of saving lives—and war means loss of bodies by the million! If thought-energy and imagination were used with equal zest and care for preparations which would ensure peace itself, and if the same amount of money were given to support peace plans, a better and more orderly world would emerge.

Among the preparations some are detrimental to health, physical and psychical; others are superstitions, even though they be sponsored by men of science. But our purpose is not to call attention to this or that item of protective preparation, but to the fact of that preparation itself.

Why are people so afraid of dying? We know that there are those who do not fear death, but even they want to prolong the life of the body as much as possible. Why? A wrong philosophy and a faulty understanding of the human constitution are responsible for the fear of death, as also for the prolongation, by fair means or foul, of bodily existence. Over half a century ago, an Oriental Rishi said:

> As we find the world now, whether Christian, Mussulman, or Pagan, justice is disregarded and honour and mercy both flung to the winds. How are we to deal with that curse known as the "struggle of life", which is the real and most prolific parent of most woes and sorrows and all crimes? Why has that struggle become the almost universal scheme of the universe? We answer, because no religion, with the exception of Buddhism, has hitherto taught a practical contempt for the earthly life, while each of them, always with that one solitary exception, has through its hells and damnations inculcated the greatest dread of death.....
>
> Teach the people to see that life on this earth, even the happiest, is but a

burden and delusion, that it is but our own Karma, the cause producing the effect, that is our own judge, our saviour in future lives, and the great struggle for life will soon lose its intensity.

The false doctrine of Christian theology is greatly responsible for the dread of death: no educated Christian believes that all Christians go to heaven and all heathens to hell, any more than he believes in the debasing doctrine that man is born in iniquity and sin. From that crass and foolish blind-belief men and women in their thousands have gone to the other extreme, also of blind-belief, that man is his corpus and that its death leaves behind nothing but a disintegrating carcass. If man comes into existence at the birth of his body and dies at its death, then naturally all means to keep it alive become fair and can be justified. But the ancient Aryan teaching of Karma shows that man the Soul is the Thinker, who never was not and will never cease to be. As thinker he comes "into this world of conditioned existence, drawing together the five senses and the mind in order that he may obtain a body and leave it again", to quote the teaching of the ancient *Bhagavad-Gita*. Successive lives on earth become a necessity for that Thinker: in one single incarnation, even of threescore years and ten, there is no possibility of learning everything about the universe of matter; where is the time even for sowing the seeds necessary for all experiences, let alone for harvesting the full and complete crop of perfection in one life only?

Moreover, Man, the Thinker, has the function of raising the lower kingdoms of Nature, through which he himself learns so much. Under the Law of Interdependence he gives to them in compensation for what he receives from them; involving himself in the kingdom of material forms, he gains the faculty of precision and also aids in the evolution of those forms. The way in which he handles and treats them will produce his hindrances and opportunities in a succeeding life; his limitations in this incarnation are self-made, as are his possibilities for fresh and further achievements. Karma is the Law of Justice which does not reward or punish but always offers opportunities through its adjustments, though these opportunities may take the form of rewards which please or punishments which agonize. Thus Karmic justice is the greatest mercy.

Men and women, if they perceived that they were not the bodies but the Thinkers dwelling in them, would not only lose the fear of death; more, they would not consent to befoul their bodies merely to keep these alive for a few years longer. The constituents of the body—know them as life-atoms—which we use to-day have formed the bodies of our past lives, and we, as Thinkers, will find them again in future incarnations. This is the real basis of the much misunderstood Hindu doctrine of men reborn as animals. Evolution is proceeding in two circles: soul, the Thinker, is the real man, and having attained that stage by self-effort in the past he remains man and does not become an animal. In body, on earth, he gathers knowledge through joy as through sorrow, and in disembodied existence—which is entire-

ly subjective and meditative—he garners earth experiences, thus building in his own consciousness added strength and power, moral as well as mental. Then he returns, attracted by those life-atoms referred to above. The second circle is traced by those life-atoms also called *tanhaic* elementals, which are left behind by the Thinker ere he falls into the subjective state of dream-meditation. These elemental lives—gross and sensuous and therefore unfit to form the basis for the Thinker's ideation—are automatically attracted to forms in the lower kingdoms, especially the animal, and this migration has been spoken of as incarnation into animal forms. They gain their own experience while the Thinker is meditating; these await him on the threshold of rebirth, and become constituents of his new personality, including the body of flesh and blood. However difficult, and even bizarre, it may appear, patient and careful examination will convince any judicious man of its reasonableness. We debase the body because we do not look upon it as a holy of holies in which Man, the Thinker, is dwelling and meditating. A proper understanding of Reincarnation and Karma will not only deprive death of its terror, but will also give man the courage to face the sorrows of earthly life, "to welcome each rebuff", "to learn, nor account the pang". Progress will be endowed with a new meaning, life with a divine purpose, civilization will no more be a matter of securing material comfort and economic sufficiency, but of attaining moral order and spiritual dignity. Profoundly inspiring are the words of Master Krishna who taught his disciple Arjuna on the battle field of Kurukshetra, in the midst of the flying arrows. He did not say: "Be inoculated with all the sera. Get your gas-mask ready. Is somebody prepared to give his blood to Arjuna?" and the like. No, He said:

> Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;
> Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
> Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit for ever;
> Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems!

And to show that spirit embodies itself not aimlessly but with a purpose, which, as shown above, is dual and which is carried out by repeated births in the world of matter; that Death, analogous to sleep, is but a state in which rest and recuperation take place; Krishna taught Arjuna—remember on the battle field—the inspiring truth:—

> Nay, but as when one layeth
> His worn-out robes away,
> And, taking new ones, sayeth,
> "These will I wear to-day!"
> So putteth by the spirit
> Lightly its garb of flesh,
> And passeth to inherit
> A residence afresh.

The above was written long before the great excitement which prevails in Europe to-day.—26th August, 1939.

WHITMAN TO-DAY

[Early last June the 120th anniversary of Walt Whitman's birth was celebrated. On that day the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C., broke all precedents and had an exhibition exclusively devoted to his poetry. Several other honours have been rendered in his country to the "Good Gray Poet", making this a Whitman year. He who was called "a New York tough" and upon whom abuse was poured has now come to be considered as the author of the Declaration of Independence for American Letters and as the poet who gave a "grand, sane, towering" America to the world. In this thoughtful article **Hugh I'A. Fausset** brings out the contrast and duality evinced by this unconventional American writer, this practical altruist who loved his fellow-beings and rejoiced in spending himself in their service.—EDS.]

Thoreau said of Whitman that he *was* democracy. But the remark was evoked by a personal contact with the man which impressed him so favourably that he was no longer disturbed by "any brag or egoism in his book". The distinction between the man Whitman and what he wrote is important and has a considerable bearing on the judgment both of those of his own generation who hailed him as a seer and of some latter-day critics who dismiss him as a fraud. The former experienced the healing radiations of the man; the latter see only the elements of deception and self-display in the writer. A true estimate of him has to take account of both these aspects. Obviously the man and the writer cannot be separated. The latter was an expression of the former. But it is arguable that Whitman more completely realized his gospel of democracy in his physical person than in the impersonations of *Leaves of Grass*. Many outside the hospitals where he tended the wounded so devotedly during the Civil War have testified to the powerful benignity of his presence, to the atmosphere of purity, too, which emanated from him whatever his surroundings. In one of his early notebooks he wrote of a quality in some persons which unbound the hearts of all the people they met. "To them they respond perhaps for the first time in their lives—now they have ease—now they take holiday....they can be themselves—they can expose their secret failings and crimes." That was the kind of man he aspired to be, a man to whom people would open their leaves as to a spring sun. And years later he issued the same invitation in the opening lines of one of his most challenged poems, "To A Common Prostitute":—

> Be composed—be at ease with me—I am Walt Whitman, liberal and lusty as Nature,
> Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you.

There is no doubt that a magnetic sun did shine through him and warmed and tranquillised those who received its rays. He was a channel for a spiritual virtue which his severest critics overlook, but which was of more creative value than their intellectual superiority. Yet they are right in saying that he was a divided man, at once simple on one

level of his nature and complex on another. He himself was well aware of

> The vehement struggle so fierce for unity in one's-self.

And the key to what is unsatisfying in his gospel of comradeship and delusive in his celebration of the ego is to be found in his failure ever to resolve this struggle truly in the depths of himself. He hoped to do this by being passively hospitable to everything however contradictory.

> Do I contradict myself?
> Very well then I contradict myself,
> (I am large, I contain multitudes.)

A capacity for including opposites and reconciling them in the unity of imagination is, indeed, the mark of a true seer as it is of a great artist. But Whitman for the most part included without reconciling. The contradictions remained; the multitudes of thoughts and things which he drew into the boundless current of his verse were never organically related except as units in a loose sequence. And this was because there was no deep creative centre in himself. The faculties of passive experience and of active intelligence in him were in curious conflict.

The virtue which he radiated as a man was a quality of his physical being. It was not merely that he enjoyed perfect physical health. He had the secret of so relaxing his body that he lost all sense of separation, while around him spread "the peace and knowledge that pass all the argument of the earth". In this experience he realised his greatest happiness, and so it is not surprising that his aim should have been "to sing, and sing, to the full, the ecstasy of simple physiological Being". But unity can be experienced on different levels of man's being and can only be complete when it is experienced on all levels at once. In his effort to achieve this man is impelled to sacrifice, if need be, even physical health for creative ends, to endure the tension of consciousness that mind and body may together become spiritualized. Whitman valued his bodily well-being too much to enter deeply into this struggle. And so, despite his exceptional sensitiveness to the radiations of life in things and the fact that his body was in touch with some deep fount of magnetic power and peace, so that his skin even in middle age was soft and fresh as a child's, his mind was very imperfectly illuminated. No one with an ear at all sensitive to spiritual truth can fail in reading *Leaves of Grass* to be jarred frequently by the false note with which he celebrates his ego, exemplified at its most extreme in such lines as

> I dote on myself, there is that lot of me and all so luscious.

And the egoism is the more ambiguous because it is a perverse expression of the truth that each self is innately divine. Whitman never tired of proclaiming this, and that by virtue of its divinity his Ego made "holy whatever I touch or am touch'd from". But he never suggested that such a spiritual realization of life cost anything to achieve. It was enough to loaf and invite the soul and to mix genially with "powerful uneducated persons". And though we must sympathise with his rejection of all morbid preoccupation with sin and with Puritan

repressions and inhibitions, he merely evaded a basic fact of human experience when he disregarded the tragic struggle which every man has to sustain who would spiritualize his natural impulse. Life for Whitman was an "Open Road" that stretched to infinite horizons and offered an endless series of comradely contacts. He never pictured it as being also a difficult ascent, upon which man might discover not so much a limitless freedom to roam as the concentrated freedom of a continual arrival.

It was this integrity which he was trying to define when he wrote that neither pride nor sympathy "can stretch too far while it stretches in company with the other". As in so many of his statements he had glimpsed here a profound truth, nothing less than the marriage in perfect being of the active and passive principles, and that to affirm the self truly is also to surrender it. Such is the condition of a true integrity in which pride is wholly innocent of arrogance and humility of subservience. The self is utterly assured because it is utterly devoted. But in Whitman the two principles were never brought into satisfying creative relation. He had a measureless physical sympathy with men and things, with life on its elemental and little differentiated level. And in expanding this sympathy he indulged the feminine side of his nature. Such feeling, however, indulged to excess meant a loss of personal identity and to correct it he was driven to assert his ego falsely and even to lay claim to a full-blooded masculinity which existed only in his mind. As a result the cosmic self which he proclaimed in his verse spoke often in tones of arrogance or betrayed a Narcissine taint. It was the impersonation of a mind imperfectly rooted in being. On the other hand, his feeling tended to flow diffusely over things, at best bathing them in a genial radiance, but seldom entering into them and informing them from within with a meaning by which they ceased to be things and became symbols of reality, reflecting the divine order and coherence of beauty.

To realize this order in which the outer world is recreated in the self and the self continually replenished through communion with the non-self demands an intensity and a singleness of being which it was not in Whitman's nature to achieve. As a writer he chose the easier path of declamation, of celebrating and dilating his ego, and of investing the material world with an aura of universality. And in the measure that he failed to marry the infinite and the finite in an imaginative act and by so doing to free his ego from the weight of mere things or the harassment of mere thoughts, he found his highest ideal in death. In praise of it, of "the low and delicious word death", with all it spelt to him of dissolution into an elemental infinite, he wrote his finest poetry. He felt it so poignantly because to him it meant the return to the Great Mother of a child who had never really grown up. And it is this immaturity in Whitman, this inability to grow through and beyond the realm of physical sensation to that of spiritual self-hood which prejudiced his message as a mystic

and as the prophet of democracy.

Many have separated falsely the natural and the spiritual, but it is no less an error to identify them indiscriminately. In doing so Whitman proclaimed the basic equality of all men and women and practised the comradeship he preached, but was almost blind to the real spiritual distinctions which, unlike the artificial ones of wealth or of rank, do not divide human society but enrich it. And for the same reason he assumed far too easily that ordinary men and women by merely expressing their natural impulse could form a creative community. True democracy, as we have begun to learn, costs more than this. A new world of brotherhood can be born only of new men and women who have cast off the old Adam and won enlightenment of will and of mind. In them nature will be renewed and fulfilled on a higher level. As a mystic Whitman, despite his experiences of at-onement with life and the undoubted virtue which he derived from them and communicated to others, had, judging by his writings, a very partially illuminated consciousness. This did not prevent him from declaring much that is vital and liberating. There is, too, a lasting value in his unwearied wonder at things, in his capacity for simple happiness and for being at home with simple people, and in his large acceptance, patience and imperturbability. In all these qualities he was a true mystic as he was a true democrat. And of the elemental nature which he evoked, of the great movements of men in which he delighted to merge, and of the death which allured him as into the arms of love, he was a true poet. But to mankind struggling in the grip of consciousness and feeling itself impotent in the conflict of its higher and lower nature, he has no clear message to give, and even at times seems to invite it to evade what must be lived through at any cost.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

In the light of the preceding article it is interesting to turn back to an essay by the famous English critic Edmund Gosse and to find what he has to say about this enigmatic but colourful personality. In 1885 Gosse visited Whitman in New Jersey and eight years later he recorded his impressions of his visit together with general observations on Whitman's poetic powers.

We print below an extract from the essay. It contains an interesting theory which does much to explain the widely divergent views of Whitman's critics :—

"Therefore I propound a theory. It is this, that there is no real Walt Whitman, that is to say, that he cannot be taken as any other figure in literature is taken, as an entity of positive value and defined characteristics ... Whitman is mere *bathybius* ; he is literature in the condition of protoplasm—an intellectual organism so simple that it takes the instant impression of whatever mood approaches it. Hence the critic who touches Whitman is immediately confronted with his own image stamped upon that viscid and tenacious surface. He finds, not what Whitman has to give, but what he himself has brought. And when, in quite another mood, he comes again to Whitman, he finds that other self of his own stamped upon the provoking protoplasm."

THE PROBLEM OF HEREDITY
TWO VIEWS

I.—THE MECHANISM OF HEREDITY

[The second of these two articles carries forward the explanation offered by ancient Theosophy on the subject of Heredity; the position reached by modern science up-to-date is described in the first article by **Waldemar Kaempffert**, Science Editor of *The New York Times*.—EDS.]

Two hands and two feet, each with five fingers or toes. Forearms and forelegs, each with two bones. One nose, two eyes and two ears. A spinal column. Two lungs, a heart, a system of veins and arteries through which blood is pumped. And then a brain and a nervous system. Compare yourself thus dismembered with your forefathers. They were similarly equipped. How does it happen that you resemble them so closely? Ask yourself such questions and you ask yourself about the processes of inheriting both your physical and your mental characteristics.

Until a scientific foundation for biology was laid, it was thought that cabbages and kings transmitted themselves as whole collections. Human beings were like those highly compressed Chinese paper flowers that open in water. To-day it is known that the characteristics of living things are as separate as the stones, cornices, windows and doors of a house, though blended to produce an individuality. A science of genetics has sprung up, a science that deals with heredity and that seeks to explain why plants and animals both resemble their parents and depart a little from them. It is still a sketchy science which raises more questions than it answers. Yet, such as it is, it gives us a coarse picture of a mechanism and suggests many theories which may or may not be true. To explain how this science of genetics or heredity arose we must of necessity go back to Darwin. Given heredity and change, we have evolution.

At about the time that Darwin was developing his theory of natural selection, the Augustinian Abbot, Gregor Mendel, was crossing edible peas under control in his garden. In 1865 he formulated his now famous law of inheritance. Unfortunately he presented his results in a paper read before an obscure society in Brünn, Austria. Had it come to the notice of English biologists possibly Darwin might have modified his conception of species as well as his views on natural selection. De Vries in Holland, Correns in Germany and Tschermak in Austria rediscovered Mendel's laws of heredity at the beginning of this century and thus started the mutation theory on its course.

They are simple enough—these laws of heredity as they were framed by Mendel, de Vries and the other early experimenters. Given a set of physical characteristics in two parents (tallness, shortness, hair colour, eye colour and the like), it

is possible to predict what the offspring will be in the next generation. After that Mendel and de Vries could predict nothing and had to rely on a mathematical treatment of chance, which in turn indicated how many plants or animals would have the characteristics studied but not the individuals that actually would possess them. Sports or mutants obeyed precisely the same laws as normal organisms—a powerful argument in favour of the mutation theory.

A tremendous forward leap was taken. It looked as if Weismann might be right after all—old Weismann who had preached that the germ-plasm is the all-important factor or, in other words, that the germ cells are the product not of the body in which they are found but of the germ cells of the previous generation. With the acceptance of the mutation theory the explanation of evolution had been guided into new fields. But what made the germ plasm change again and again so that out of some primitive tree-climbing mammal both the ape and man evolved?

Within the cells Weismann and others saw little bodies now called "chromosomes"—literally "colour bodies"—because they can be easily stained and thus made visible under the microscope. Fanciful properties were attributed to them. Montgomery and Sutton pointed out the parallel between the behaviour of the chromosomes and the factors of heredity that obey the laws of Mendel. Dr. Thomas H. Morgan and his associates were thereupon able to reveal how these factors are arranged within the chromosomes. With the inspiration of genius he decided to experiment with the now famous *Drosophila melanogaster*, a fruit fly that breeds a new generation every nine days. In a single year he could study twenty-five generations or the equivalent of five hundred years of human family life. If germ plasm, especially the chromosomes in cells, could be modified, fruit flies would tell the story in their aberrations from their ancestors. With a patience buoyed only by the stimulus of a great idea, Morgan bred flies by the million and kept a carefully indexed *Almanach de Gotha* of their children and their children's children. Few human families are as sure of their ancestors as he is of his fruit flies' progenitors. He and his school examined over 20,000,000 flies and found about 400 mutants that bred true. To-day about 600 such mutants of fruit flies are known.

Out of this work came a momentous discovery. The chromosomes in the cell are always definite in number for each species of animal or plant—8 for the fruit-fly, 14 for the garden and sweet pea, 42 for wheat, 54 for the monkey, 48 for man. Note that these are all even numbers. Can it be that the chromosomes are paired, so that one half belong to the male and the other half to the female? The experiments left no doubt that this is indeed the case.

By classifying his fly mutants Morgan found that they fell into four groups. Note the number. Half of eight—the number of Drosophila's chromosomes. Morgan asked himself: Do the four groups correspond to the four male and the four female chromosomes? They did. Hence

the chromosomes must be bundles in which the actual characteristics of heredity were packed. In fact Morgan became so skilful that he could predict what would happen when fruit flies were mated. For instance, if a fly with a black body and twisted wings was crossed with a normal fly, the grandchildren that happened to have black bodies also had twisted wings. The pedigrees of millions of flies left no doubt about this. Always there were these linkage groups, and always the number of groups equalled half the number of chromosomes. There was no need to call in a mathematician to figure out how many flies of certain linked attributes there would be in the grandchildren. Morgan could predict correctly ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

But why did the law fail in the hundredth case? The answer was Morgan's greatest contribution to biology. Obviously something must have interfered in the grandchildren with the normal process whereby male and female chromosomes were linked. Morgan made one of those imaginative inductions that place him among the great in science. He assumed that the chromosomes are not the final units of heredity. Like the atom, which is composed of electrons, they might be composed of smaller entities—so small, in fact, that they could not be seen in any microscope. He imagined these entities strung like beads in a straight line within the chromosomes. "Genes" the invisible beads are called. There must be from 2,000 to 2,500 of them, each different from every other in a string, each playing its own distinctive rôle in the highly complicated economy of the cell. He assumed that the genes of the male chromosome exactly matched the genes of the female. Thus the genes that control wing shape in one chromosome lie opposite the corresponding genes in the other chromosome. So with the matching genes that determine eye colour, length of hair and the hundreds of other attributes of a fruit fly. Genes crossed over from one chromosome to the other, the children receiving genes from both mothers and fathers. Since the dominant characteristics are thus inherited, the children may be indistinguishable from their parents. But interbreed the children and the effect of the original mating becomes apparent. Again there is an interchange of genes, with the result that the grandchildren are not all absolutely like their grandfathers or absolutely like their garndmothers. A few of the grandchildren will combine attributes of the grandfather and grandmother—the eccentric one per cent. This is true for characteristics which are linked or carried by different chromosomes. Since chromosomes are assorted and there is such a phenomenon as crossing-over, a grandchild is rarely a replica of any ancestor.

Morgan could see exactly how far from one end of a given chromosome lies the power of an unborn fly to inherit wings of a peculiar shape, even though he could never hope to see the genes themselves. Yet, despite this and other proofs that genes and chromosomes are as real as atoms in molecules, it was sheer inference, although the inference of genius.

Not yet had it been proved by some definitive experiment other than breeding that by modifying the genes in some way, changing them directly and violently, new mutants of fruit flies would arise.

There now began ingenious efforts by many biologists to jolt the genes —change their constitution and their arrangement. It seemed at first as hard as changing mercury into gold. The experimenters tried everything—drugging, poisoning, intoxication, anæsthetizing, bright illumination, utter darkness, suffocation, whirling in centrifugal machines, mechanical shaking, mutilation, heating, chilling, parching, overfeeding. In vain. The cell always resisted. Then Dr. H. J. Muller decided to adopt the methods of the atomic physicists. If, he reasoned, X-rays can tear an electron from an atom and thus convert it into so very excited a bit of matter that it glows, what if they were turned on the genes?

The result was startling. What actually happened is not yet clear. Apparently the genes were either changed chemically or shifted out of their places—perhaps both. Instead of 400 mutants in 20,000,000 Muller got 150 times as many. He had accelerated the evolutionary process 15,000 per cent. And what monstrosities! Flies with eyes that bulged, flies with eyes that were sunken; flies with purple, white, green, brown and yellow eyes, flies with hair that was curly, ruffled, parted, fine, coarse; flies that were bald; flies with extra legs or antennæ or no legs or antennæ; flies with wings of every conceivable shape or with virtually no wings at all; big flies and little flies; active flies and sluggish flies; sterile flies and fertile flies. What had happened? "The roots of life—the genes—had indeed been struck and had yielded" in the words of Muller. Could there be any doubt after this that genes exist—that Morgan's divination was right? Or that the method whereby the differences that distinguish one generation of organisms from its predecessors are inherited is at last revealed? Or that differences in genes do arise suddenly to bring about large variations?

Muller has suggested that natural radiation may be in part responsible for the evolution of life, but only in part. Radium and other radiactive substances in the earth pouring out gamma rays which are more powerful than X-rays, cosmic rays which come from outer space and which are in turn more powerful than gamma rays —surely these must have their effect on germ cells. "It can...scarcely be denied that in this factor we have found at least one of the natural causes of mutation and hence of evolution" is Muller's conclusion. But there must be other forces at work, as Dr. Muller himself has insisted. Natural radiation alone cannot account for the universal mutation rate in aged seeds.

We are now at the rock-bottom of life—the gene. What is it? A bit of matter, but matter endowed with what we call life. Yet a chemical machine, in Morgan's opinion. "All the evidence that we possess at present indicates that only those particular chemical substances that are characteristic of each species can make the organism what it is", he says. How did these substances

come together? Through accident or design? How is it that they manage to change and perpetuate themselves, whereas iron, gold and other matter remains on the whole what it is?

It is clear to Morgan and his school that the gene must henceforth be regarded as a complex chemical compound. Not until its chemistry is fathomed, not until the changes that take place when it is bombarded by X-rays or affected by other agencies are known, can biologists hope to throw light on the processes of heredity and evolution. "Acquired characters", "use inheritance", "survival of the fit", "struggle for existence"—these have an imposing ring, but they explain nothing. By giving names to mysterious activities we thought we understood them. We were only romancing in a scientific fashion in an attempt to explain the infinite variety and beauty of nature.

Suppose the biochemist does delve deeper into the chemical mysteries of chromosomes and genes—what then? We are still left with old puzzles. For instance, there are two types of cells—germ cells and body or somatic cells. The germ cells transmit the units of heredity from one generation to the next. But how does it happen that the germ cells develop spontaneously as they do? They seem to say "grow a hand here, a nose there, a brain in the head" and the designated organs appear in the designated places. The germ cells never make the mistake of causing an ear to appear in the hand or a brain in the abdomen. Why? No answer can be given.

There also remain questions about mentality and emotion to answer. The mind is not a function of the brain, as, for example, hearing is a function of the ear or seeing of the eye, though we could not think without brains. The most crass of material psychologists recognize that mind is something that can be developed as strength is developed in muscles. Even if we could follow the process of thinking and responding to the beauty of nature to the uttermost brain cell, we would not know what mind is. Yet there can be no doubt that brain cells have everything to do with thinking.

Can man take his destiny in his hands, and by controlling heredity make use of his latent mental powers more effectively? No doubt something can be done by applying the methods of the scientific plant and animal breeder. We need some billions of brain cells with entirely new functions. But the acquisition of these is a matter of evolution. Our successors may have these brain cells. If so, our yearnings, premonitions, intuitions will be more highly developed. But if that superhuman successor of ours, with his differently organized brain, is to come, he must pass through us, just as we passed through all the life that preceded us in the sense that it had to be created before we could appear by the process of evolution.

WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

II.—HEREDITY EXPLAINED

That something more than matter is operative in heredity has been suspected now and again by the more intuitional among modern scientists, those who dream better and bolder dreams than the rest, such, for example, as Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, F.R.S., who twenty years ago (*Current Opinion*, February 1919) questioned whether protoplasm is merely a chemical compound and concluded that "there must be some superior, at least widely different, agency at work than one of a purely chemical character, something which transcends chemical operations". Mr. Kaempffert's article, however, is an excellent summary of the present-day position of orthodox biochemistry on the problems of heredity.

Mr. Kaempffert admits that the scientific theory leaves unsolved, among other puzzles, the question of how the germ cells which transmit the units of heredity from one generation to the next develop unerringly the designated organs in the designated places. And, as he points out, even deeper delving into the chemical mysteries of the germ cell with its chromosomes and the mysterious factors within the latter, called "genes", will not solve this problem. Nor, he might have added, would the delineation of any number of genes throw the slightest light upon the cause and the nature of their power to transmit characteristics.

Modern science can never solve the problems of embryology as long as it ignores consciousness as the governing factor in the process, the purposive creative intelligence within and behind matter, which alone can reconcile genetic heredity with the constant evolutionary change seen in nature. The stupendous complexities and marvels of the human body in particular defy the formula of "variability of type" apart from the supervisory presence of a quasi-intelligent impulse. "Spontaneous variations" or "accidental divergences" anywhere in a universe governed by law would be irreconcilable anomalies. Trying to elucidate the problems of heredity by referring even physical traits to particles of inert matter or to chemical activity alone is as vain as trying to explain the action of a locomotive while leaving out the steam. The parts of the locomotive and their geometrical and dynamic relationships may be described in the most elaborate detail, but to what avail if what makes the machinery move is left out of account?

There is nothing in the Theosophical explanation which negates the fact established by science—that the characteristics of a "new" being have a definite relation to the arrangements of the genes within the chromosomes. But Theosophy stands squarely opposed to the materialistic assumption that basic character is due to a mechanical arrangement of blind molecules. The reverse, Theosophy affirms, is the case. The plasmic formations studied in genetics are instrumental, not causal. Life is not a fleeting chemical activity but the striving of a permanent *conscious* Force for self-realization.

The Theosophical explanation of

heredity, briefly summarized, is that there is one Life, Consciousness or Spirit underlying all forms of matter, animate or " inanimate ", and that progressive intelligence is the fulcrum of all evolution in form and in character. Descent into materiality and re-ascent into spirituality is the description of the cyclic pilgrimage of consciousness, of which Darwinian evolution takes up the study only at its midway point. The physical evolves gradually from the spiritual, the mental and the psychic.

Madame Blavatsky pronounces almost correct and in harmony with the teaching of the ancient Aryans the Weismann theory of the germinal cell not having its genesis at all in the body of the parent but proceeding directly from the ancestral germinal cell passed from father to son during long generations, that one infinitesimal cell, out of millions of others at work in the formation of the human body, determining the correct image of the future man. And Theosophy would add that the unknown, invisible influence which radiates from that focus in the incipient embryo, differentiating the cells as it proceeds, absolute master of its materials and of the future form, is a spiritual potency in the individual soul, the Ego. The latter carries in the hidden layers of his consciousness the pictures of the past which become the patterns of the future. Drawn by his affinities, he enters the environment most akin to his nature, with those of qualities best attuned to his own. By the power of imagination which, science to the contrary notwithstanding, does not depend upon a physical brain, the Ego forms the pattern for his bodily vehicle.

This explanation applies *mutatis mutandis* to the lower kingdoms, in which the ocean of consciousness has not divided into its constituent drops, for the radical unity of all Nature and of the evolutionary plan is a fundamental tenet of Theosophy.

There *can be no objective* form on Earth (nor in the Universe either), without its astral prototype being first formed in Space. From Phidias down to the humblest workman in the ceramic art—a sculptor has had to create first of all a model in his mind, then sketch it in one and two dimensional lines, and then only can he reproduce it in a three dimensional or objective figure. And if human mind is a living demonstration of such successive stages in the process of evolution—how can it be otherwise when NATURE'S MIND and creative powers are concerned? (*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 660, footnote)

That pattern of finer than physical matter is called in Theosophical terminology the astral body, on the belief in, and the demonstration of the independent existence of which, Madame Blavatsky declared, depends the whole issue of the quarrel between the profane and the esoteric sciences. On that gradually developing model the physical molecules arrange themselves. This guiding ethereal pattern not only explains as nothing else can the process of formation of the human fœtus but also it furnishes the clue to how it is that the seed produces always its own kind and that all sentient beings bring forth their like. For animals, vegetables and minerals all have their ethereal doubles.

The fact that Nature has followed a fundamental unity of structural plan in fashioning her creatures does not preclude a distinctive primitive

germ from which each of these kingdoms has developed. At the root of the evolutionary process are the workings of the subconscious intelligence pervading matter, ultimately traceable to a reflection of the Divine Wisdom, or of that of the conscious Divine Powers who are the active manifestations of the One Supreme Energy and the embodiments of those manifestations of the ONE LAW which we know as "the laws of Nature". For Theosophy denies that evolution is a blind or automatic process, affirming that, on the contrary, the universe is worked and guided from within outward by endless Hierarchies of sentient beings, agents of the fundamental Law inherent in the whole. Among these there are "designers" or "builders", centres of creative power for every root or parent species of the host of forms of vegetable and animal life.

In the *creation* of new species, departing sometimes very widely from the Parent stock, as in the great variety of the *genus Felis*—like the lynx, the tiger, the cat, etc.—it is the "designers" who direct the new evolution by adding to, or depriving the species of certain appendages, either needed or becoming useless in the new environments. Thus, when we say that *Nature* provides for every animal and plant, whether large or small, we speak correctly. For, it is those terrestrial spirits of Nature, who form the aggregated Nature. (*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 732)

The law of action and reaction, of cause and effect, under which all evolution proceeds, assumes, in its bearing upon man, the aspect of Karma or moral retribution and "in the case of *human* incarnations the law of Karma, racial or individual, overrides the subordinate tendencies of 'Heredity', its servant". (*Ibid.*, II, 178)

A simple mathematical calculation shows that the number of any individual's ancestors a comparatively few generations ago was equal to the entire population of the earth. The incarnating Ego has an almost infinite number of physical traits in his ancestral stream. From among them he selects, not self-consciously and deliberately at the time of coming into incarnation but in terms of electric and magnetic affinities previously formed, and in that selection he emphasizes some traits and neglects others.

The physical body is influenced chiefly by the astral or model body, the superphysical transmitter of heredity; and the astral body in turn is influenced by the soul, the moral self, which is the carrier of the individual's own heredity from past lives. Good or bad, all mental and moral characteristics are inheritances from a man's own past and not from his parents. They are brought over as mental deposits within the internal basis of consciousness. When the Egoic pattern seeks corporification, however, it is modified by parental thought and by race thought and also by the living sentient points of which the physical body is composed, as these rush to unite with the returning Ego in a new, yet old, personal nature.

Occultism teaches that—(*a*) the life-atoms of our (*Prâna*) life-principle are never entirely lost when a man dies. That the atoms best impregnated with the life-principle (an independent, eternal, conscious factor) are partially transmitted from father to

son by heredity, and partially are drawn once more together and become the animating principle of the new body in every new incarnation of the Monads. Because (*b*), as the *individual* Soul is ever the same, so are the atoms of the lower principles (body, its astral, or *life double*, etc.), drawn as they are by affinity and Karmic law always to the same individuality in a series of various bodies. (*Ibid.*, II. 671-2)

Given the indwelling energy of the permanent conscious Force, striving for self-realization, and the progressively developing pattern of superphysical matter, pre-existent and mental in nature, still the process by which the concretion of physical matter within the astral matrix takes place cannot be understood if those "elemental lives" are left out of account. The physical body of man as of every other creature is shaped by the lowest terrestrial lives, through physical, chemical and physiological evolution. These "lives" are the "genii" described by Hermes Trismegistus as "present in our nerves, our marrow, our veins, our arteries, and *our very brain-substance*....at the moment when each of us receives life and being he is taken in charge by the genii (Elementals [belonging to one or other of the great elements, Fire, Air, Water, Earth and Ether]) who preside over births". They are among the "designers" and "builders" previously mentioned.

In a note of reasonable length it is hardly possible to convey any adequate idea of the wealth of information on evolution and hereditary transmission—the subjects are inextricably intertwined—which is contained in *The Secret Doctrine*. A broad outline has been attempted, but it has not been possible even to touch upon some points. We may only refer in passing, for example, to the important rôle of electricity—quite unsuspected by modern science—in the impression of ideas upon matter, which opens up a whole new line of thought.

Madame Blavatsky wrote in 1888 that the two chief difficulties of the science of embryology, namely, what are the forces at work in the formation of the fœtus, and the *cause* of hereditary transmission, would never be solved until the Theosophical theories were accepted. Certainly Mr. Kaempffert's article makes it plain that science has not yet approached the solution of either of these perplexing questions. Are there to-day scientists sufficiently open-minded to give a hearing to the explanation of those problems accepted by the ancient scientists and restated by their modern heir, Theosophy?

A STUDENT OF THEOSOPHY

MORALITY AND RELIGION

BERGSON'S THEORY

[This interesting essay on the philosophy of Bergson disposes of the usual argument against the great French philosopher, namely, that he looks upon man "only as a biological entity". The writer is **Hugo Bergmann**, Professor of Philosophy in the Hebrew University, Jerusalem, who himself remains puzzled; for he cannot explain what to him is an inconsistency, the theory that "absolute morality is produced by a *betrayal* by man of his natural obligations ..." We suggest that the only possible reconciliation of this apparent paradox lies in the realization that man is both a God and an animal, "a beam of light immaculate within, a form of clay material upon the lower surface". Evolution for man consists precisely in the overcoming of the law of the beast, and, through the control of mere animal instincts, the realization and expression of the law of the Spirit, which is that of Compassion Absolute.—EDS.]

When Henri Bergson became world-famous about twenty-five years ago, and the leaders of philosophical public opinion began to discuss his views, many of his critics argued that in his philosophy there was no room left to the individual as such for his anxieties and requirements; that it was impossible to build upon Bergson's basic thoughts either ethics or metaphysics. The eternal questions which each generation asks anew remain, so to speak, outside his attention. He sees the world only as a biological process: a great current of creative energy, which is the substance of the world, is precipitated into matter to wrest from it what it can. This current of vital energy, coming from an unknown source, when rushing through matter divides itself into two main lines, evolves in two divergent directions. At the extremity of these two lines lie instinct and intelligence. The culminating points of the evolution are the hymenopterous insects such as ants and bees on the one hand, and man on the other, representing respectively instinct and intelligence. Instinct is intuitive, intelligence considered and reasoned. Instinct performs at one stroke, by the very simplicity of one act, things which seem very complicated and difficult to intelligence. Ants and bees solve, so to speak, the most complicated questions without even feeling the difficulties of the problem. They do it in a somnambulant state; they resemble the sleep-walker who walks safely alongside a precipice without feeling the danger. A man awake could not walk this way: he would become dizzy and fall because he reflects and reasons. Man as an intelligent being sees the difficulty, because he distinguishes a multitude of elements and functions which have to be co-ordinated to reach the aim. But to the instinct the work of organisation is a simple act like the making of a footprint, which instantly causes a myriad grains of sand to cohere and form a pattern. Human intelligence has not this directness and simplicity of the instinct. Man uses means and tools in order to reach his aim; his mind is versatile and elastic; he

knows many roads towards his goal and chooses among them, while instinct sees only one direct way or, to put it more accurately, does not see the way at all, but goes ahead and acts. A bee builds its cell or hive. *We* see many possible ways of building it and admire the fact that the bee chooses the simplest and the most expedient. But the somnambulary instinct of the bee does not see the variety of possibilities; he acts in one direct stroke.

Both these two ways in which the vital impetus of creative energy has developed have advantages and disadvantages. Intelligence is not so direct and certain as instinct, but it is flexible and able to adapt itself to different situations.

That Bergson treated man in a certain way as a peculiar species of animal was the essence of the criticism brought forward against him by philosophers who endeavoured to show that there was no place in his system for ethics or religion. Bergson himself, it is true, did not touch upon these questions in his books. Only recently he published a book dedicated to these problems—*The Two Sources of Morality and Religion.* I want to examine the question of whether he succeeded in this book in establishing ethics and religion on the suppositions of his teaching.

Now there is one point to which I would like to draw your attention from the first. The argument against Bergson is that he sees man only as a biological entity. But Bergson succeeded in showing through his system that man himself can lift himself above the command of "bios", of life, that he can circumvent the intention of nature and thus become a human being. Man has outwitted nature. Nature, for example, intended that man should beget man endlessly; she took the most minute precautions to ensure the preservation of the species by the multiplication of individuals; hence she had not foreseen, when bestowing intelligence upon us, that intelligence would at once find a way of divorcing the sexual act from its consequences, and, as Bergson puts it, that man might refrain from reaping without foregoing the pleasure of sowing. This example shows that intelligence, which was from the first destined to be a servant of physical life in the same way that instinct is, freed itself from this bondage. Man betrayed nature, and Bergson makes use of this betrayal in order to free his own system from the bondage of a purely biological aspect and to add to his system a higher type of ethics and metaphysics which is not quite in harmony with the fundamentals or, at least, does not derive from them. By betraying the command of physical life we fulfil a higher order: we create morals and religion.

There are, according to Bergson, two kinds of morals and of religion, one born of biological necessities and one born through this revolution against the order of life. This differentiation is the most interesting point in Bergson's new system. From the biological point of view human society resembles the hive and the ant-hill. There is a social instinct which unites the elements of human society by invisible ties.

Vainly do we try to imagine an individual cut off from all social life. Robinson Crusoe on his island remains in contact with other men, for the manufactured goods which he saved from the wreck and without which he could not have survived kept him within the bounds of civilization and consequently within those of society. He drew energy from the society to which he remained attached. Bergson mentions Kipling's Forest Officer in *Many Inventions* alone in his bungalow in the heart of the Indian wilderness, who dresses every evening for dinner to preserve his self-respect in his isolation. Connection with society and obedience to its commands are a biological necessity for the individual. But the morals emanating from this necessity are confined to a *closed society*. Our societies resemble in this respect the ant-hill or the bee-hive. Their essential characteristic is to include a certain number of individuals and to exclude others. Nature in making man a social animal intended that this solidarity should be very close. The social instinct which is the basis of social obligations always has in view a closed society, however large; it is not concerned with humanity. The group should be closely united, but between group and group there should be virtual hostility. Between the group, however big, and humanity lies the whole distance from the finite to the infinite. From the purely biological point of view, the attachment to an open society, to humanity as a whole, is an act of treason.

But we have already seen that man is a traitor to the commands of physical life. Of all the creatures that live in society, man alone can swerve from the social line designed by life. He can do it by giving way to selfish preoccupations—no bee or ant could do it; he can do it by a leap forward from the closed society to *open* society. I say a leap. It is not by expanding our narrower feelings that we can embrace humanity. A new creative effort is necessary to create a new, an absolute morality. In all times there have arisen exceptional individual men who have created this morality *against* the biological morality of the closed society. It is a difference in kind, and not merely in degree, between the biological morality with which we have been dealing up to now and this absolute morality. Biological morals spring up from necessities of life; their generality consists in the universal acceptance of a law ordained by nature. They can be reduced to impersonal formulæ. The *absolute* morality, on the contrary, is incarnate in a person who dares to leap from the known and familiar, the closed society, into the unknown universal humanity. The generality of this absolute morality consists in a common imitation of a model, a great moral personality. Bergson recalls the tone and accents of the Prophets of Israel. It is their voice we hear when a great injustice has been done and condoned. From the depths of the centuries they raise their protest. They imparted to justice the violently imperative character which it has kept and which it has since stamped on a substance grown infinitely more extensive. But these

extensions did not occur spontaneously either. On each one of them a competent historian could put a proper name. Each step in the development from the closed to the open society was a creation, and indeed the door will ever stand open to fresh creations.

Whereas natural obligation is a propulsive force of nature, complete and perfect morality has the effect of an appeal of a great master. We all, at those momentous hours when our usual maxims of conduct prescribed by the ethics of closed society strike us as inadequate, wonder what such and such an one whom we recognize as a model personality would have expected of us under the circumstances. That is why it is comparatively easy to formulate the first morality imposed by nature itself, but not the second which is the expression of a living personality.

The passage from the closed society to the open is due to Judaism and Christianity ; it has not been brought about by mere philosophy. Philosophers have skirted around it, touched it and yet missed it. Plato certainly includes the idea of man among the transcendent ideas. From this it was but one step to the idea that all men as human beings were of equal worth and that the common essence conferred on them the same fundamental rights. But the step was not taken by Plato ; slavery was not condemned. Foreigners, being barbarians, could claim no right. The leap was made by Judaism and Christianity out of a new feeling, which burst open the boundaries of the closed society.

But the " clan moral " of the closed society continued. We need only think of what happens in time of war. Murder and pillage and perfidy, cheating and lying, not only become lawful but are actually considered praiseworthy. Would this be possible, would the transformation take place so easily and so generally, if there were not deep within our soul the principle of the closed society, of the biological morality overruling the feeble beginnings of a higher morality ? This new anti-biological morality is only in its beginnings.

In the same manner as Bergson thus discerns two kinds of morality, so he discerns two kinds of religion. There is a biological or, as Bergson puts it, a static religion, as there is the biological morality of the closed society. What is the biological function of religion ? Bergson reminds us that it is towards an expression of intelligence that the vital impulse of the vertebrate tends, man being the culminating point of this development. But intelligence is a dangerous gift. What would happen to human society if the individual under the influence of his intelligence would cease to perform the duties of society imposed on him by nature ? Society must first of all be able to maintain itself. And here again is the great danger of a revolt of human intelligence. It is connected with man's ***knowledge about death***. Animals do not know that they must die ; they do not realize that they are bound to die a natural death if they do not die a violent one. But man knows he will die. All other living creatures, clinging to life, are simply carried along by its

impetus. But with human intelligence reflection also appears.

The thought of death must slow down in man the movement of life. The certainty of death arising at the same time as reflection runs counter to nature's intention. Nature, then, looks as if she is going to stumble over this obstacle of intelligence. But she recovers herself at once. To the idea of inevitable death she opposes the image of a continuation of life after death. This idea, flung by her into the field of intelligence where the idea of death has just become installed, straightens everything out again. Religion in this biological sense is a defensive reaction of nature against the representation by intelligence of the inevitability of death.

If intelligence, as we have just seen, now threatens to break up the will to live and to beget children, who will be, as man premeditates, children of death, there must be a counterpoise, at these points, to intelligence. That is the rôle of the *myth-making faculty* which Bergson ascribes to religion. Since intelligence works on representation, this faculty will call up imaginary representations which will hold their own against the representations of a sad and intolerable reality and will succeed, through the agency of intelligence itself, in counteracting the work of intelligence. This is the task of the myth-making faculty of religion. It brings added strength to the individual, it strengthens his will to live and to preserve the species by the multiplication of individuals. At a point when there was a danger that man would outwit nature through his intelligence, nature finds a way to outwit man's intelligence through his myth-making faculty.

Its rôle is to elaborate that religion we have been considering, a *religion with a pure biological function.* Bergson calls it static religion—a very inappropriate terminology. He says himself that he would call it natural religion if that term were not already used in another sense. It is a natural religion in the sense that it is a defensive reaction of nature against what might be depressing for the individual and might disintegrate society, when the exercise of intelligence revealed the certainty of death. Precisely because intelligence is a successful creation of nature no less than is instinct in the other line of the development of life, it could not be posited without an accompanying tendency to eliminate any obstacle to the production of its full effect. Religion in its function of a static biological religion restores the balance by its myth about a life after death, brings peace and counteracts the elements of disquiet and weakness entailed in the application of intelligence to life. The unrest of intelligence and the myth-making faculty of religion counteract and nullify each other. As a result of this natural function, man surrounds himself with phantasmic beings of his own creation, living a life akin to his own on a higher plane, but bound up with his own life, beings which are helpful, consoling, comforting.

This explanation of religion is not new, as Bergson himself takes pains to declare. But it is a mistake to believe that such biological requirements as these are able to explain

the whole phenomenon of religion. Beyond biological or static religion there is what Bergson calls dynamic religion, the religion of the mystic. Bergson explains it in the following way : The substance of the world, the great current of creative energy which created the world in its different lines of development, is precipitated into matter, but is at the same time stopped by matter, growing stiff and torpid within the husks and shells of matter, if I may use the expression common to Jewish mystics. Bergson does not know the Jewish mystics' theory of the "klipah", the "husk", as resistant to the sparks of the Holy Ghost spread in the world, but he comes very near to it. The results of this process of stiffening the current of creative energy are the species and individuals created. The vital impetus—*élan vital*—and matter are thus complementary aspects of creation, life owing its subdivisions into distinct beings to the matter it traverses. The potentialities which life, or the vital impetus, bears within it, realize as much as the spatiality of the matter which displays them permits. Our planet was, in Bergson's view, ill-adapted to favour life's impetus. The original impulsion had therefore to split into divergent lines of evolutionary progress—instinct and intelligence. But can we rise above ourselves sufficiently to discover the current of life beyond the boundaries imposed on it by matter, beyond the splitting caused through the pressure of spatiality ? Bergson in his previous works sought the way to the unity beyond the dualism of instinct and intelligence through reflection and reasoning only. Now he thinks that he has found the way to the source of energy and life through *direct experience*. It is the experience of the mystic, the experience of dynamic as opposed to static religion which shows the way. Mysticism to Bergson is far more than a mere fervent faith or an imaginative form such as traditional religion is capable of assuming in passionate souls. *Dynamic religion* or mysticism, while assimilating as much as it can from static and traditional religion, turning to the latter for confirmation and borrowing its language, still possesses an original content, drawn straight from the very well-spring of religion, nay, of life itself. Mystic experience is to Bergson a continuation of the reasoning which led him to the doctrine of the vital impetus as the essence of the world. The final state of the mystic soul, a state of unmixed joy, lying beyond pleasure and pain, is the identification of the individual soul with the source of life, the "vital impetus", a participation of man in the divine essence.

Dynamic religion is the victory of the source of life over the individual stiffened form it took in materializing into matter. The mystic is carried to the roots of his being, and thus to the very principle of life itself. To him the universe is the mere visible and tangible aspect of the creative emotion or, as Bergson puts it now in the language of religion, the visible and tangible aspect of love and of the need of loving. The universe is the appearance of living creatures in which the creative emotion finds its complement on our

earth and probably on other planets. Creation appears to the mystic as God undertaking to create that He may have, beside Himself, beings worthy of his love. The mystic finds the way to associate and unite himself with this creative love.

But are we allowed to trust to the experience of the mystic without being able to verify for ourselves his individual experience? Is it not alleged that these experiences of the mystics are exceptional and cannot be verified by the ordinary man? Bergson replies: It is by no means certain that a scientific experiment or an observation recorded by science can always be repeated or verified. In the days when Central Africa was a *terra incognita*, geography trusted to the account of one single explorer, if his honesty and competence seemed to be above suspicion. The route of Livingstone's journeys appeared for a long time on the maps and atlases. It is true that verification was potentially, if not actually, feasible and that other travellers could go, see and verify if they liked. But the mystic too has gone on a journey that others can potentially, if not actually, undertake; and those who are actually capable of doing so are at least as many as those who possess the daring and the energy of a Stanley setting out to find Livingstone. Further, besides the souls capable of following the mystic way to the very end, there are many who go at least part of the way and take a few steps, either by an effort of will or from a natural disposition, and all those generally agree among themselves. The path followed is the same, even admitting that the stopping-places by the way are at different intervals. It has in any case the same terminal point. In the descriptions of the final state we find the same expressions, the same image, the same comparisons, although the authors are generally unknown to each other.

That is Bergson's way to an absolute, dynamic religion.

I have analysed Bergson's theory of morality and religion as objectively as possible. May I add a few words of criticism? I return to the question raised at the beginning. If we look upon man as a biological creature only, as a sort of animal—and it makes no difference from a fundamental point of view if it is an animal endowed with instinct like the bee or with intelligence like man—are a morality and a religion possible? The interesting point in Bergson's theory is that absolute morality is produced by a *betrayal* by man of his natural obligations confined to a closed society. It is, so to speak, an inconsistency of nature which produces the absolute morality. I wonder if this inconsistency is due to nature or to Bergson's own system. I am not sure whether man betrayed nature while leaping from the closed to the open society or whether Bergson betrayed his system while building a higher store of an absolute and even an anti-biological system of ethics on a conception of man as a purely biological creature. Bergson's new system shows that his starting-point was too narrow. We cannot understand the morality of man with his imperative will, his determination to change the world, as long as we conceive of man

as an animal, even as the culminating development of animals. A biological conception of man has surely great merits and may open for us new gates of understanding of the behaviour of man; but it cannot serve as a basis for a morality when only through a "betrayal" can the way of development be found from the *homo sapiens* as a species of animal to man as directed by morals and religion.

And as for Bergson's theory of religion, its culmination is the mystic's self-identification with the energy that creates the world. Now here again we find in man a potentiality never found in an animal. Bergson himself admits: "No doubt we are here going beyond the conclusions we reached in *Creative Evolution.*" It is true he adds: "We wanted to keep as close as possible to facts. We stated nothing that could not in time be confirmed by the tests of biology." But, I would ask, is not Bergson's explanation of the experience of the mystic identical with the words of the serpent in Genesis: "You will be like God"? And does not such a conception of man as potentially identical with God necessitate a thorough *revision* of a philosophy which saw man only as the culminating point of the development of animals?

HUGO BERGMANN

Why is it the European assumes that he and his civilization are superior to anything in the Orient? Through ignorance chiefly, and then through confidence in the artillery. (There is more in it than that, but not much more than factory organisation.)

H. M. TOMLINSON

THE HUMAN AURA

[The writer, **Major Harding de Fonblanque Cox, LL.B.,** describes in the following article, extracted from his forthcoming book *Fringes of Philosophy*, his own psychic experience and relates it to that described in *The Sunday Express* some years ago by Mr. William Gerhardi. Mr. Gerhardi narrated how he was, on five occasions, objectively conscious while his physical body lay asleep and how he was able to travel a little in the vicinity of where it lay. Such an experience can be understood rationally only when the existence of the *linga sarira* or astral body is admitted. We refer interested readers to an article "Ghosts and Astral Bodies" in *The Theosophical Movement*, Vol. V, p. 37.—EDS.]

On the 21st of October 1934 there appeared in a popular Sunday paper an article by William Gerhardi which immediately enchained my earnest attention. For the weird experiences which the writer therein recounts have a distinct bearing upon what I take to be rare, if not abnormal, inflictions which, from time to time and at irregular intervals, have befallen me and which none of my friends who are supposed to be possessed of erudite professional knowledge in the fields of medicine, therapeutics, biology and physical and psychical investigations, have been able to identify and account for—much less to diagnose.

The nearest a certain highly placed physician of the Harley Street brand could approach to a solution—in the least degree satisfactory to my own estimate of the trouble—was to suggest that the phenomena attending these attacks seemed to point to a minor form of *catalepsy* · (which might be described as "pseudo-catalepsy")—in the same way that a certain form of dyspepsia which produces symptoms of heart trouble is sometimes alluded to as "pseudo-angina".

I must also premise that Gerhardi's allusion to ***his*** experiences as being *supernatural* "leaves me cold"! *Supernormal* they—like my own—undoubtedly are; but I see no reason why the axioms of "Cause and Effect" should be abandoned just because no lucid explanation of the phenomena is immediately available.

Well, here is an epitome of my own symptoms and sensations:—

I have been afflicted—for many years past—with a form of inertia suggestive of "sleepy-sickness", which obtrudes itself whenever I take up a book or a newspaper with the intention of enjoying the "story" or the information which either affords; no matter how interested in the context of either I may be at the outset, I cannot continue to read more than a page or two of the one or a full column of the other without suddenly passing into a deep sleep; generally dreaming vividly, but sometimes having no subsequent memory of any subconscious activity which may have supervened.

As a rule I wake up automatically, or am aroused by some demonstration that takes place in the vicinity of my unsought siesta.

In either case, my return to consciousness is instantaneous. At once I am in possession of my full faculties, without any reactions of

drowsiness or headache. But it is not always so!

From time to time—and at long intervals—I wake up, or *imagine* that *I have done so*! I get up to fetch a book or a paper, to write a letter, or even with the intention of leaving the room. The intention is never carried into effect.

In the first or the second case I find, on returning to the chair or sofa upon which I had yielded to the seductions of a persistent "Morpheus", that I had not *in fact moved from it*, nor have I in my hand the newspaper or other object which I had intended to fetch when, as I had imagined, I arose from the said chair or sofa upon which, to my intense amazement, I now find I am still prone and inert.

My eyes are open: I look at the clock and note the time. A club friend, or waiter, or—when at home —one of my family, comes in, looks at me and, being benignly reluctant to wake me up, passes on without comment and leaves the room.

Again I rise—or imagine that I do so—and again I *find that I have not moved an inch.* If reclining at full length on a sofa or in an armchair with my feet on another one or on a high stool, I can see my feet. I attempt to move them to the ground, and am confident that I have done so; but no, there they are! They have not stirred the fraction of an inch. If my feet have not been originally in a raised position, but if my hands are resting on the arms of the chair, a similar attempt to move them meets with a similar result. Now I am growing anxious! I am determined to wake up normally, so I concentrate strenuously upon the endeavour to do so!

This mental strain is *exceedingly distressing.* At intervals I essay to repeat my endeavours to regain control over my physical powers of action; but in vain!

Then I bethink me that if I allow myself to fall back into peaceful slumber, I shall, in due course, wake up automatically and normally. Easier "thought" than done!

Then, all of a sudden, there is some diversion: I am spoken to or there is a noise, such as the slamming of a door, and *instantaneously* I am fully awake! I spring to my feet easily and without any trace of my erstwhile abnormal inertia, or any unpleasant reactionary or nervous sensations whatever.

Now although Gerhardi's experiences, as meticulously described in the article to which I have alluded, are infinitely more startling and far-reaching than those which I have described, I feel confident that there is a distinct connection between their respective origins, import and developments, and that mine can be regarded as *undeveloped* phenomena which, in Gerhardi's case, have provided such startling revelations.

For the moment, leaving his description of the strange bodily exaltation whereby he was able to *see himself asleep* whilst being conscious of occupying a separate and ethereal position remote therefrom, I would "ear-mark" the fact that though his imagined physical movements and my own were practically identical, Gerhardi, in the state which he emphatically states was *not a*

dream or the phantasmagoria of ordinary subconscious demonstrations, *was able to pass out of the room* where his physical "corpus" lay—or was "*pushed through*" a door (which he could not himself open) by some hidden and irresistible force. I, in *my* "pseudo-cataleptic" state (if such it can be called), *have never passed from the room* in which my abnormal slumber takes place, and, although I am able to see my feet or my legs in a cataleptic or paralytic state of complete inertia, I have never been able to gaze upon the *whole* of my body whilst in thrall of the infliction—as Gerhardi professes to have done.

Nevertheless it is possible that when I am thus temporarily "paralysed" it may be my "Aura" (or Astral Entity) which leaves the inert flesh and essays to carry out some unspoken mental desire, such as the fetching of a newspaper from a remote corner of the room.

Now if I were to find, on regaining my normal activity, an evening paper at my feet which was not there before I fell asleep, such would afford a most intriguing subject for occult speculation; for it would undoubtedly suggest that whilst I lay inert and only semi-conscious, my "Aura" had actually fetched the paper and, after bringing it to its fleshly "alter ego", had dropped it and had gazed upon the latter.

But there is no profit or satisfaction in bringing "ifs" and "ands" into such considerations as are toward. No such paper was there!

At times (but very infrequently) I have dreamed that I was looking at my own corporeal form dead or asleep; but when I awaken I never for a moment imagine that it was anything but a rather eerie dream; moreover, I recall that during its unfolding I was quite unaware that the occurrence denoted anything out of the ordinary; so that all the time I felt quite complacent.

The very unpleasant habit (if "habit" it be, and not some inherent physical or cerebral weakness) of unwillingly and unwittingly falling asleep whilst reading or writing is, evidently, hereditary, for my father was similarly afflicted; which fact provided his loving relations, singly and collectively, with food for unseemly mirth. An evening came when he *failed to awaken*, and our mirth was drowned in tears.

Gerhardi says that so positive is he that these visitations, which he has suffered on more than one occasion, are not dreams or anything like dreams that "If the whole world united in telling me that it *was* a dream, I would remain unconvinced!" This is a declaration of hidebound certitude (which I can readily understand and endorse) in connection with my own abnormal obsessions; though the latter are far less amazing and mystifying in their details than are his.

There is no question of my experiences in this direction being prompted by reading Gerhardi's amazing screed, for the simple but all-sufficient reason that they "came upon" me, and were duly registered, long *before his article appeared.* In fact, although I am unable to recall the exact date of the first occasion of their occurrence, it must have

been when I was in my "thirties"; nor can I, with any approximate accuracy, even guess at the spaces of time which elapsed between attacks. I only know that such were exceedingly irregular, a hiatus of several years often intervening in some cases; whereas, in others, the recurrences followed comparatively closely upon each other's elusive trail.

By the end of 1933 I had had only one such during that year, and that was in August; since then, I have been immune; but I am not inclined to indulge in the traditional triumphant requiem of assuming Brer Fox's demise "with a whoop" before I am quit of the "arboreus shades" of the covert! (Pray pardon the sporting metaphor of a one-time M.F.H.)

Like myself, Gerhardi was greatly struck by Gerald Heard's most interesting article in the same paper (the fifth of a series entitled "What Happens When You Die") which had been published during the foregoing September.

The account of how the "aura" of dying creatures of various grades of evolutionary processes was unexpectedly revealed by photography—at the moment when the last "electron" to leave the cell to which it had been attached "exploded", annotating the complete severance of "Life" (Soul) and the exact fraction of a moment when Death was thus fully established, though to all appearances it had taken place an inestimable but infinitesimal space of time prior to such "explosion"—reveals an amazing advance in scientific, psychological and physical investigation.

It will be remembered by all who have read Gerald Heard's enthralling revelations (and those who have *not* most certainly should lose no time in remedying the omission) that quite unexpectedly (to be exact, in 14 cases out of 50), contemporaneously with the "explosion" of the said electron there appeared in the misty vacuum, which had been purposely prepared, a nebulous, yet easily recognisable simulacrum or aura of the dead body that lay immediately beneath it, from which the last spark of life had just departed.

The natural and inevitable conclusion was therefore arrived at that "an astral body" or "Aura" pertains to all living creatures which death releases from their mortal coils and, incidentally, that it is due to the Law of Cause and Effect and therefore, though supernormal, not supernatural.

HARDING DE FONBLANQUE COX

STUDIES IN SHELLEY

I.—HIS BACKGROUND

[This is the first of a series of three articles by **Miss Katherine Merrill,** a teacher by profession and a citizen of the United States, on Shelley, "poet, prophet and philosopher". In it she draws the picture of the influences at work upon Shelley and the age he lived in—influences both outer and inner. The latter Miss Merrill examines in the light of Theosophy, of which she is a student. The second article deals with Shelley's poetry and the third considers his prose.—EDS.]

"The World is my country. To do good is my religion", declared Thomas Paine, fearless presenter of the Rights of Man. A large group of men during the half century around the crucial year of 1775 held shares in Paine's country and religion. Of this group the English poet Shelley was an eager disciple and honorable member. With the others, too, a victim. Decried and almost exiled legally from his family and birth-land, he proved the universality of his nature through the breadth and depth of his work. Says a perceptive writer * :—

> The world he created was not for him alone, but for the whole human race. The banquet of beauty was spread that all men, like a band of brothers, might participate...For his subjectivity was purely social; in this, as in much else, Shelley was a pure Platonist....He took the whole of humanity into his embrace. He was humanity-intoxicated. His gospel of love knew no difference of race, creed or talent.

Plato was an Initiate into the Mysteries of Greece, which were expressions of the ancient Wisdom-Religion of India; and he taught many of the ideas that again prevailed in the Western world a century and a half ago—prevailed in a measure because of the very study of Plato himself. Indeed, the writer of the comment just cited unconsciously placed Shelley in the van of the late eighteenth-century section of the great world-movement known as Theosophical. Little acquainted with his fellow-travellers on that path, pathetically ignorant of his and their relation to Those behind the scene, and utterly unaware of the real nature and positive operation of the Influence constantly shed upon men, Shelley was, nevertheless, able to "bear his part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there all new successions (him as others) to the forms they wear". (Shelley, *Adonais*, Stanza XLIII.

This brief passage, although Shelley did not know it, tells the whole story of evolution as taught by Theosophy—each individual carrying his own share, while the great unitive unfolding Power moulds the whole of Nature through countless forms and the experiences which these bring into harmony with Itself.

To view Shelley in the light of the Esoteric Philosophy it is necessary to glean what few hints one may of the process in

* P. M. BUCK, *Social Forces in Modern Literature*, pp. 219, 243.

him of reincarnation. Not to recall that his period was part of the fifteen-hundred-year-cycle of reappearance for old Greeks, Platonists and Neo-Platonists, is to fail to see the real nature of the collective higher human spirit of the time. And to reject this element of interpretation for the individual man might leave one blind to the original expression in Shelley himself of the important ideas set forth by various European philosophers, especially the French and the English, just preceding him. For even a study of his school period, though to be found only in fragmentary records, shows that he was not to be merely a borrower of the prevalent philosophy. Rather, it is judicious and indeed unavoidable to account for the exalted fervour and power of his production—to account, for example, for the noteworthy passage just quoted from *Adonais*—by recognizing that he was an additional and largely an independent expounder of what came to him, not only through the thinkers just before him, but also through egoic transmission from his own past.

True, indeed, Shelley did not have an intelligent familiarity with reincarnation as a doctrine, yet even in boyhood he was deeply concerned with the two aspects of it he could know about. The Before Birth and the After Death even then beat upon his heart, driving him to pursue "hopes of high talk with the departed dead". And preëxistence was a concept he met with in Plato as well as in Wordsworth. The mere title of Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality from the Recollections of Early Childhood*, falling like a bright star into the darkness of usual English thought, was enough to make Shelley meditate on his own experience and its mysteries. Such puzzled notions as he could reach, such brooding efforts, and his reading of Plato, led to a remarkable incident in his later youth at Oxford. Meeting a young mother with her infant, he suddenly cried :

"Will your baby tell us anything about preëxistence, madam?"

"He cannot speak", said the mother seriously.

"...but, surely, the babe can speak if he will. He cannot have forgotten entirely the use of speech in so short a time..." Shelley sighed deeply. "How provokingly close are these new-born babes!...but it is none the less certain, notwithstanding the cunning attempts to conceal the truth, that all knowledge is reminiscence."

"We call *reminiscence* the *memory of the soul*", says H. P. Blavatsky.

And it is *this* memory which gives the assurance to almost every human being, whether he understands it or not, of his having lived before and having to live again.

Reincarnation accounts also, of course, for many of the otherwise hardly explainable weaknesses in Shelley's nature and follies in his outward life. Biographers patiently record these without any real perception of their bearing. A student of the Wisdom-Religion recognizes them as the working of *skandhaic* remains, or karmic results of previous action, and yet he may not find them of special interest; because too extraordinary proofs are given by this Ego of its past victories and spiritual attainments. The egoic

overflow of these achievements into the activities of the known incarnation is perceived by theosophic receptivity as a fact, though common sense prevents more than a bare statement of it. Yet, even so, it is an electric torch on the road of the commentator, explaining several further facts; namely, that this poet's work—which was ended by death when he was only thirty years old—manifests very wide experience in life and soul; that, therefore, it has a corresponding range of philosophic and historic values; and, further, that it nevertheless centres all in a single supreme humanitarian ideal. A variety of noble earth-lives gives such a result. Nothing else can.

Though the inner egoic breadth can be only dimly sensed, the outer range, that of his known life, may be more fully traced. It is possible to state some of these philosophic and historic values—to indicate partly what in the immediate past reached a literary focus in the output of Shelley.

The eighteenth century in Europe was a time of decaying idols and reappearing ideals. The social standards and the political methods of the Bourbon monarchs dominated Europe in general, though England remained measurably free from them. The French monarchical tastes and policies contained, through their inherent selfishness, the germs of a rapid down-growth in France into dissolution of the existing order. The great idol called the Divine Right of Kings began to be condemned early in the century and throughout its middle years was openly repudiated by social philosophers. Repudiation of divine rights in monarchy was accompanied by attacks on many other firmly established idols in both church and state. The mind of the mid-century was full of political and religious agitation. Destructive and creative processes went on together. Thought was indeed struggling to be free; and in such conditions the Theosophical Movement is ever active and effective. With it are necessarily associated its great Inspirers and Guardians, the Adepts of the East.

At that time, the Adept most active and important in the West was known in his personality as the Comte de St. Germain. He was prominent both as a scientist and a statesman. He and a few associate Adepts worked among rulers and upper classes in several countries and received much attention; but the general mind was too fast shut to permit an effective transfer of influence from the Great Lodge except to individuals. The aim of the Adepts was twofold—to instil into the rising political and religious thought the feeling and purpose of Brotherhood; to make the world wiser and happier; and to guide the awakening scientific intellect to reach beyond the material envelope of Nature into the realms, untouched by science, of the astral-physical, the psychic and the spiritual. Statements published by H. P. Blavatsky give proof of both these aims. Also, St. Germain "prophesied before" the French Kings and the Queen.

What could those prophesies have concerned except the coming of the now-called French Revolution?

What in general could have been the messages of such an Adept to the rulers and chiefs of the Western world except pleas for more sane, broad, humane efforts and methods in every department of life? And in later times, when pleas and inspiration had proved largely ineffective, what could his messages have become but statements and warnings of the certain devastation, unless they, rulers and chiefs, quickly dropped their policies of royal and national selfishness, transformed their motives by genuine untheoretical recognition of the value of every human being—unless they learned more of the true inner nature of man, and perceived their own duties as servitors of all mankind. In America, indeed, under the leadership of several great statesmen, the Adept impulsions met with some worthy response in the formation of the Republic of the United States. But in Europe not one of those rulers directly appealed to by the Adepts proved capable of following in a large way the guidance offered, and the European world reeled on into its debauch of destruction and anarchy.

Yet, even there, the Influence of the Great Lodge could not be wasted. It bore a rich harvest in the works of some metaphysical philosophers and also of several French and English writers concerned with important practical questions of government, religion and politics. The leaders of thought in France were the well-known three—Voltaire, Diderot and Rousseau. These three men were all materialists, yet they were all ardent liberals and philanthropists, all denouncers of governmental tyranny and especially of religious intolerance, bigotry and fanaticism. Rousseau, like the others, applied in many directions his purpose "to set all the powers of his soul to smash the fetters of opinion". Diderot exclaimed :—

> The tyranny of the priest and the monarch is written all over the history of the world. Religious enthusiasm drives men mad with hatred and can do no good to morals...The Christian God, as developed by theologians, is a fiend...the terrible ravages religion has caused and will cause...the most violent (inter) national hatreds...in the same country divisions rarely suppressed without the shedding of blood...in society and the family the most lasting hatreds.

Voltaire made his fight concrete and dramatic. For example, in a supposed vision a spirit, showing him vast heaps of human remains, thus answers his wonder :—

> "These are the bones of the Christians who have cut one another's throats over metaphysical disputes. They are divided into several mounds of four centuries each. A single mound would have reached way up to heaven."
>
> "What!", I cried, "brothers have treated their brothers thus,—and I have the misfortune to belong to this brotherhood!"
>
> "Here", said the spirit, "are the remains of twelve million Americans killed in their native land because they had not been baptised."

In England also there were recipients of influence from Adepts. Chief among these was Thomas Paine. Paine may have been aided by the French writings, but he had within himself and his national thought-inheritance vigorous impulses of liberalism, and needed little more to lift him into openness to the Adepts' influence. He found his

place of action among the English Colonies in America, and made there his great contribution to liberty. It is well to observe a few instances of Paine's political sanity. In the *Declaration of the Rights of Man* he states :—

> Men are born, and always continue, free and equal in respect of their rights... these rights are liberty, property, security, and resistance of oppression. The nation is essentially the source of all sovereignty...The law ought to prohibit only actions hurtful to society....No man ought to be molested on account of his opinions, not even... his religious opinions, provided his avowal of them does not disturb the public order established by the law.

Paine's writings and his political services are placed by theosophists among the results of the eighteenth-century activity of the Great Lodge.

Another important English expression of liberal thought was Godwin's *Inquiry into the Principles of Political Justice.* Godwin was a lesser soul than Paine, yet he too was altruistic enough to receive from the same Source, and he gave valuable service. His book was largely a compendium of previous English and French radical philosophy. It became to younger men a Living Voice. On Shelley, particularly, it was influential. To Godwin, "monarchy is a species of government unavoidably corrupt". Perfectibility of the race was one of his tenets; that if men will raise their acts above injustice and impropriety to others, vice will disappear; all men will follow the principles of pure reason, seeing for themselves that violence is deplorable, and that calm discussion is the only means necessary to bring desired changes.

Contemporary with these thinkers in France and England, there was also a notable group of philosophers in Germany. They were not concerned with practical government, but rather with lofty metaphysics, including the system of Plotinus and other neo-Platonists. This revival, too, was an effect of Adept influence collateral with the French and English politico-religious philosophy. Among Englishmen, Coleridge particularly was akin to these men; and he did much, especially through talk, to spread the influence of the German idealists. Shelley may have owed to this reworking of Platonism more than has been realized.

Much indeed has been said about Shelley's debt in the way of subject-matter, especially to Godwin. It is undeniable that he was a borrower—from many sources, in fact; but not by any means because his own cruse was empty of oil. Rather, he knew intuitively the value of using the light of his predecessors. Besides, he did not allow his borrowed lamps to grow dim through lack of polishing. The debt to Godwin's book was indeed great, yet in his use of it Shelley added as much as he took. Nor must one fail to see that his most characteristic and fruitful topics, namely, the natural liberty of man, the natural freedom from injustice, the necessary struggle to regain this natural inherent right, and man's final victory in that struggle—these, too, found an unusual development even in his early boyhood. As a child of ten at his first boarding-school, the prevalence of fagging aroused in Shelley a strong

instinctive outflaming opposition. This boyish form of domineering and brutality fired him to be what he always remained—an ardent defender of all who underwent persecution. He grew to feel himself a sensitive register of the sufferings of others. "Me—who am as a nerve o'er which do creep the else unfelt oppressions of this earth", he exclaimed through a character in *Julian and Maddalo*. And in the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, VI, he showed that while still a child he had risen from an experience of school torture to an exalted dedication of himself to the service of "some unseen Power", which is the "Spirit of Beauty", of "Love, Hope", an "awful Loveliness".

These passages, expressive of his early life, give ample evidence, if any is needed, of his inherent independence in consciousness throughout his lifelong battle for liberty. Even when, as a schoolboy, he first came across Godwin's *Political Justice*, he was not finding a guidebook so much as a confirmation. His boy's philosophizing was suddenly confronted, as it were, by phases of itself in maturity. Moreover, though then accepting the book without noticing its flaws, Shelley promptly and greatly modified within himself its doctrines. For into the cool dispassion and entire dependence on reason characteristic of Godwin, Shelley poured his own fiery enthusiasm and exalted faith. To this he quickly added a profound recognition of Love as the chief redemptive power. In later youth, too, he proved his independence of spirit by publicly challenging the justice of the court sentence against the printer of Paine's *Age of Reason;* and himself distributed as far as he could Paine's *Declaration of the Rights of Man.* At that same time he was working in Ireland for Irish freedom. All this was done against rather than with the advice of Godwin and other friends. The only fair conclusion seems to be that his devotion to liberty and his persistent revolt against tyranny in government and religion were intuitive and self-born in Shelley's own nature. He was far less a disciple than a co-worker, a colleague and an ardent practitioner. Godwin codified the French philosophy. Shelley enacted it in daily life and embodied it in his poetry.

Can a theosophist, willing to see the working of higher natural laws, accustomed to seek causes behind effects, contemplate the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in the West and yet reject the thought that the Adepts found and used all these men as natural though partially obstructed channels for Their impartations of Wisdom and Compassion to the World? All that the West could then bear—far more than it has yet assimilated—was actually given it by those eighteenth-century Adepts and their spokesmen.

KATHERINE MERRILL

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

INDIAN LOGICIANS

A STUDY IN INDIAN AND WESTERN PHILOSOPHIZING *

It is one of the merits of Professor Chatterjee's admirable book that he enriches his account of the Nyāya Theory of Knowledge with continuous references to parallel systems in Western philosophy. It may, then, be helpful if, instead of describing his book in detail, since it is largely concerned with technical problems of interest only to professional philosophers, I say something about the characteristic differences between Indian and modern Western philosophies which his argument continually throws into relief.

Indian philosophy belongs traditionally to what I should call the heroic school of philosophizing. Affirming the primacy of mind or spirit in the universe, it affirms, too, that the problems of knowledge and existence can be successfully tackled by the unaided activities of mind and intuition, by reflection, meditation, and speculation. The typical Indian philosopher encloses himself in his study—or should I say his monastery, or even his temple?—reflects upon the universe and, setting his speculative reason to work, proceeds to prove what the universe must of necessity be. He does not at any point—I am summarizing here a familiar Western criticism of the heroic method—feel under an obligation to check the results of his reasoning by taking a look at the universe and seeing what it demonstrably is; he does not, that is to say, make it his business to supplement and verify his conclusions by the methods of science. When what he has proved that the universe must of necessity be is at variance with what sense observation and scientific experiment show that it demonstrably is, his general conclusion seems to have been, so much the worse for sense observation and science!

Proceeding along these lines Indian philosophers have with impressive unanimity reached certain common and distinctive conclusions. The universe, they have affirmed, is fundamentally mind or spirit. Reality is a unity; it has, that is to say, the characteristics of a system rather than of an aggregate, and the components of that system are not independent entities existing each in isolation from the rest, but expressions of a fundamental reality which is immanent in them. The human soul is such an expression, and a particularly direct one, being in its fundamental nature continuous with the reality of the universe which informs it. Thus Indian philosophies are typically idealist and monist.

Against this way of thinking the modern West brings certain important criticisms. Indian systems, Western thinkers have affirmed, are in origin nothing but the organized expres-

* *The Nyāya Theory of Knowledge.* By S. C. CHATTERJEE. (University of Calcutta.)

sions of wish fulfilments : the mind prescribes to the universe what it must be instead of taking the trouble to find out by observation and experiment what it is, and it does this because what it demonstrably is, a collection without uniformity and a sequence without purpose, is intolerable to the spirit of man demanding comfort and reassurance in the light of his obvious insignificance in an alien universe. Hence it is no accident that the fundamental nature of things, as Indian philosophers conceive it, should be altogether more congenial than the obvious facts ; should be more friendly to our aspirations and more conformable to our wishes, and enshrine at the heart of things a principle which is akin to the human. Indian philosophies, in short, are rationalizations of our wishes rather than products of our reason. As Professor Chatterjee puts it, " the charge is often heard against Indian philosophy that its theories are not based on logical reasoning but on religious authority and, therefore, they are dogmatic rather than critical ".

Modern Western philosophies, on the other hand, have been pluralistic in metaphysics and logical in method. They have been willing to take their problems one by one and to suggest tentative solutions of isolated questions ; they have not, that is to say, sought to erect systems and they have not contended that their conclusions were absolute. It is not necessary, they would affirm, to have a complete theory of the universe in order to reach fruitful results in regard to particular parts of it ; for if the universe is neither a unity nor a system, there *is* no complete theory of it. A further characteristic of modern Western philosophy is the elaboration of a new technique, the technique of analysis followed by mathematical logic. In the light of this technique many of the problems traditionally studied by philosophers, such as, for example, those relating to the nature of being, the continuity of the self and the categories of Identity and Diversity, are seen to be meaningless, and the conclusions which the heroic schools have reached in regard to them nonsensical.

Now the significance of the Nyāya Theory of Knowledge as expounded by Professor Chatterjee lies in its implied refutation of these charges. The Nyāya Theory is realist and not idealist. It holds that the mind is in direct contact with an external world, and that " knowledge is the presentation of an object as what it really is ". It asserts with the Western realists the correspondence theory of truth according to which " the truth of knowledge consists in its correspondence to real facts ", and it anticipates Western pragmatists by its assertion that " the test of truth lies in its pragmatic value ", that is, in the usefulness of beliefs which are " true " regarded as aids to practical living. So far from taking consciousness to be a necessary and fundamental characteristic of all that is, it holds that even the individual soul " is not essentially conscious, but has the quality of consciousness when it comes into relation with external objects through the senses ". Finally, it has perfected an elaborate logical technique in the course of the application of which many of the

problems which to-day concern Western philosophers, for example those raised by the denotation of words, are fruitfully discussed, and many of the conclusions of the contemporary school of Logical Positivism anticipated.

The significance of all this lies, I say, in its rebuttal of the charge that Indian philosophy is always moral and religious rather than logical and critical, an expression of unconscious wishes rather than a conclusion of reason. As Professor Chatterjee justly contends, " the Nyāya applies the method of logical criticism to solve the problems of life and reality. It is by means of a sound logic that it tries to ascertain the truth and defend it against hostile criticism. Many of the contributions of this logic are of great value even at the present day."

Professor Chatterjee's book, which is full, thorough and clear, is a model of philosophical writing and can be confidently recommended to those who wish to acquaint themselves with the doctrines of this important Indian school. There is, however, one matter which rather puzzles me. On the last page but one Professor Chatterjee, who throughout the book has scrupulously kept his own beliefs in the background, tells us what they are. They are uncompromisingly idealist. He believes in a transcendent self and in the fundamental reality of knowledge ; he holds, that is to say, that the distinctions between mind and body, life and matter, are distinctions made within the concrete whole of knowledge which transcends them. He believes also that the world is a system..... Here, one would have said, is a good Hegelian, and so, I make no doubt, he is. Why, then, does he devote so much learning to the exposition of the tenets of a school of philosophy which must appear to him to be fundamentally mistaken ? Is not this, from his point of view, a waste of the riches of scholarship ?

C. E. M. JOAD

MOSES THE EGYPTIAN

Any work by the eminent Austrian exponent of psychology, Sigmund Freud, must inevitably cause a sensation. The theories which he has propounded are still the basis for violent controversy among rival schools of thought, and anything from his pen must be awaited with interest by supporters and opponents alike. His latest work *Moses and Monotheism** has already been acclaimed by reviewers as startling and novel. Professor Freud has developed the theory that the Hebrew patriarch Moses was not a Jew but an Egyptian who led the Jews out of Egypt and imposed a new monotheistic religion on them, that the Jews ultimately rebelled against his rule and reverting to a Canaanitish Baal-worship killed Moses. From this, Freud goes on to develop a general theory of monotheism which links up with the conclusions he drew twenty-five years ago in *Totem and Taboo.*

The various implications of the theory are too far-reaching to be treated in the scope of a short article. The question

* *Moses and Monotheism.* Published by the Hogarth Press and the Institute of Psycho-Analysis, 8s. 6d.

with which we wish to deal here is that of Moses' origin, and we shall seek to show that the theory put forward by Professor Freud is not after all so novel and revolutionary. Students of Theosophy will be aware that Madame Blavatsky accepted the fact of Moses' Egyptian origin and that she made many references to it in her various works. Professor Freud maintains a complete silence concerning this authority, which is surprising in view of the fact that both *The Secret Doctrine* and *Isis Unveiled* contain much corroborating evidence for several of his theories. On the other hand there are several important questions over which Madame Blavatsky differs considerably from the theories held by Freud. It will therefore prove valuable to consider the arguments contained in *Moses and Monotheism* in the light of certain passages from the writings of H. P. Blavatsky.

It is generally accepted that the account of the Exodus as contained in the Hexateuch—that is, the five books of Moses together with the book of Joshua —was not written until at least several hundred years later. Some scholars consider that the first version was composed in the time of King David. Madame Blavatsky attributes the writing of the account to the prophet Ezra. Whatever the actual date may be, it is evident that in the period which elapsed before the Hexateuch was completed the original facts of the Exodus must have been overlaid and obscured by different traditions and that the final account must have been composed as much to conform with the Jewish religion as it then existed as to preserve the original story. There is a profound dualism running through the Hexateuch which bears witness to two divergent forces in the early history of the Hebrew religion. Professor Freud's theory is an attempt to account for the early monotheism which was taught by Moses and which later re-emerged as the principal foundation of the Jewish faith. It is necessary to keep in mind this relatively late compilation of the Hexateuch when considering the question of the significance of Moses.

Very briefly Freud's theory is developed as follows. The name Moses is Egyptian in origin, 'mose' being simply the Egyptian for 'child' and being frequently used as an abbreviation for longer names of which it formed a part. This fact has been recognized by several historians, who have, however, left the matter there. Freud follows up this point by examining the story of the birth of Moses. He points out that around all great figures in remote ages myths have been woven. The story of Moses bears a certain resemblance to the myths surrounding other semi-legendary figures such as Romulus, but it differs in one important detail. Whereas it is a common feature of many myths for the hero to be born the son of a royal house but for various reasons to be cast out at birth, saved by some humble person and brought up in lowly surroundings, only to come into his own later, Moses reverses the usual process. The Biblical account describes him as a son of a Jewish family, who is brought up by Pharaoh's daughter as her own child. Instead of descending, Moses ascends in the social scale. Freud argues that this divergence from the usual form of myth, which is inexplicable if Moses was a Jew, can readily be understood if he was an Egyptian. The Jews would naturally seek to transform the great leader of the Exodus into one of their own race, and to do this they would have to give some cogent reason to account for his upbringing in the family of the Pharaoh. Hence the story of the ark in the bulrushes.

But if Moses was an Egyptian of royal or at least noble birth, why should he place himself at the head of an alien race and lead them out of Egypt, at the same time imposing a strict form of monotheism upon them? Freud holds that Moses was a follower of the Pharaoh Ikhnaton who established a new religion in Egypt in the form of a strict monotheism, and that when, after the death of the king, a reaction set in and the new religion was swept away,

Moses tried to preserve the teachings of that religion by allying himself with a foreign people and imposing his religion upon them. He further suggests that this Moses and the Moses of Midian are two separate personalities. The Moses of Midian is the priest of the God Jahve, whom Freud believes to have been a volcano god. The two traditions were combined later, when, according to Freud, a compromise was reached between the exponents of the Jahve religion and those who after the murder of the Egyptian Moses had remained faithful to his religion. The outcome of this compromise was that the god of the Egyptian Moses gradually supplanted Jahve and ultimately became the supreme deity of the Jewish race.

Let us now turn to the evidence furnished by Madame Blavatsky. She leaves no doubt that Moses was an Egyptian by birth. She says that he is mentioned by several old historians as an Egyptian priest (*Isis Unveiled*, I, 555), while in another part of the same work the following significant passage occurs: " .... and if this ex-Egyptian priest must, from theological necessity, be transformed into a Hebrew patriarch, we must insist that the Jewish nation was lifted with that smiling infant out of the bulrushes of Lake Moeris." (II, 216) Further proof that Madame Blavatsky was convinced of the Egyptian origin of Moses will be forthcoming when we consider her other teachings with regard to the leader of the Exodus. As far as the story of Moses' birth and his exposure in the bulrushes is concerned, Madame Blavatsky considers that it is influenced by the story of the Babylonian Sargon. Except for the royal birth of Sargon, the form of the two stories is very similar. Sargon also is placed in an ark of rushes in the river. She deduces that the Moses story was composed by Ezra after the Captivity in Babylon, where he had learnt the myth of Sargon.

We now come to the most important part of Madame Blavatsky's teaching regarding Moses. According to her, Moses was an Initiate of the Esoteric Wisdom of the Egyptians. She mentions him in several places as "learned in the Esoteric Wisdom of Egypt". This fact was admitted in the Acts of the Apostles, while an historian of the standing of Breasted has accepted it without drawing the significant conclusions that can be deduced. We learn from *The Theosophical Glossary* and from a passage in *Isis Unveiled* (I. 25) that Moses learned his wisdom from Batria, the wife of Pharaoh, who was an Initiate herself, and to whom the Jews thus "owe the possession of their prophet".

Now what significance attaches to this teaching? First, if Moses was an Initiate, we have an additional proof of his Egyptian birth. "Did the idea never strike the reader of the *Bible* that an alien born and brought up in a foreign country *could not* and *would not* possibly have been admitted—we will not say to the final initiation, the grandest mystery of all, but even to share the knowledge of the minor priesthood, those who belonged to the *lesser* mysteries?" (*Isis Unveiled*, I. 556)

The second point we have to consider is how far the religion of Ikhnaton can be identified with the Esoteric Wisdom.

Freud points out that Ikhnaton never denied his accession to the Sun Cult of On (Heliopolis). In the two hymns to Aton which are preserved on rock inscriptions, the sun is praised as the creator and preserver of all living things. But Ikhnaton worshipped the sun not as a material object but as a manifestation of Divine Being. This is the theory held by such eminent authorities as Breasted and Erman. Madame Blavatsky tells us (*Isis Unveiled*, II, 305) that Moses "was initiated at Heliopolis, where he was educated". Moreover, she records that Diodorus mentions that the God of Moses was Iao; Iao, she explains, is the name "adopted from the highest antiquity by all who participated in the esoteric knowledge of the priests" and must be distinguished from "his phonetic counterparts, whom we find treated with so little reverence by the Ophites and other Gnostics". (*Isis Unveiled*, II, 301)

It may be equated with Iacchos (Bacchus) of the Greek Mysteries and with Y-ha-ho the sacred Egyptian word which signified "the one eternal and concealed deity" in nature and man (See *Glossary* under Yâho). Now all these names are closely bound up with the Sun. We may conjecture how far the God of Ikhnaton, as interpreted by Freud, can be identified with Iao of the Mysteries. Assuming for the moment that such an identification is possible and bearing in mind that Ikhnaton was branded as a heretic by the Egyptians after his death, it is interesting to observe the following passage from *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 352):—

> When the Theosophists and Occultists say that God is no BEING, for IT is nothing, *No-Thing*, they are more reverential and religiously respectful to the Deity than those who call God a HE, and thus make of Him a gigantic MALE.

Was it this that the Egyptians failed to perceive in the religion of Ikhnaton?

There is one further aspect of Madame Blavatsky's teaching with regard to Moses which should be considered with care, and that is her interpretation of the incident of Midian. The Biblical account describes how Moses fled into Midian and married Zipporah, the daughter of the Midian priest; Freud, it will be remembered, holds that this Moses is a distinct and separate person from the Moses of the Exodus. Madame Blavatsky interprets the incident as an allegory connected with Moses' initiation. The elders of Midian were known in the Bible as great soothsayers and diviners. The priest of Midian of the Biblical account is thus interpreted as the Initiator of Moses, the Egyptian pupil.

> The student must be aware that Jethro is called the "father-in-law" of Moses; not because Moses was really married to one of his seven daughters. Moses was an Initiate, ... and as such an ascetic, a nazar, and could never be married. It is an allegory like everything else. Zipporah (the shining) is one of the personified Occult Sciences given by Revel-Jethro, the Midian priest Initiator, to Moses .... The "well" by which Moses sat down in his flight from the Pharaoh symbolizes the "well of Knowledge". (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 465)

The "well" had a deep significance in the various Mysteries, while the mystic number seven is found in the allegory of Moses in the seven daughters of the priest, who represent the seven occult powers.

The present article does not claim to do more than touch on the fringe of the various significant implications that are contained in these teachings. Further it will be noted that the question of chronology has been completely ignored. So much controversy still rages over the possible date of the Exodus that to introduce the question would have been merely to confuse the main issue, which is simply whether Moses was an Egyptian. It has been demonstrated here how two great thinkers, varying considerably in their approach and methods, have, whatever their differences, reached the same main conclusion.

B. J. SAMUEL

The Mystical Philosophy of Muḥyid Din-Ibnul 'Arabī. By A. E. AFFIFI. (Cambridge University Press. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

With the teaching of Ibn al-'Arabī, known as Al-Shaykh al-Akbar—the Grand Master of Ṣūfism—Islamic mysticism, at first a purely religious movement, developed into a pantheistic system of philosophy. Born at Murcia in Spain in A.D. 1164, Muḥyi al-Dīn Ibn al-'Arabī went as a child to Seville, then the centre of Spanish Ṣūfism. In 1201 he travelled to the East, visiting Egypt, Palestine and Arabia, and finally settled at Damascus, where he died in A.D. 1240.

Ibn al-'Arabī was a prolific writer, and the importance and value of his work has long been realized by Orientalists, but no comprehensive account of his mystical philosophy has been produced until now. Dr. Affifi's work is therefore most welcome.

Ibn al-'Arabī teaches that there is only One Reality in existence, which may be regarded either as the Essence of all phenomena or as the phenomena manifesting that Essence. Reality and Appearance, the One and the Many, are only names for two aspects of the Ultimate Reality—God, Who is both transcendent and immanent. God, he holds, does not create out of non-existence; "creation" means the manifestation of an already existent substance. "The universe is eternal, infinite, and everlasting, because it is the outward expression of the eternal, infinite and everlasting One." The One Reality may be regarded as without attributes, Absolute and Unmanifested, or as God in action, manifested in the universe, Oneness in multiplicity. "The world of Nature", he writes, "consists of many forms in One mirror: nay, One form in diverse mirrors." As all things, then, are attributes of the One, there is no real difference between God and the universe, between the Creator and His creatures.

With his pantheistic monism, Ibn al-'Arabī combines a doctrine of the Perfect Man[1], who combines in himself the creative and creaturely attributes of the One and is represented individually by the prophets and saints, who are "gnostics"—a doctrine which is derived from Neo-Platonism, Manichæism, Gnostic and Christian teaching.

The human soul, Ibn al-'Arabī holds, includes the animal soul and the "rational" soul, which is pure spirit. This latter is essentially identical with Universal Soul but is a "particularisation" of it. Through knowledge of itself the soul comes to know its relation to God and can raise itself again to Universal Soul, but this, as the author makes clear, is not to "become" one with God—the mystic is already one with the Divine—but to *realise* its oneness. The mystical "union" with God, to Ibn al-'Arabī, means a state in which an already existent union is being realised: it is the passing away of the self, when the perfect mystic "recognises both Essence and 'form', but realises their essential unity and the absolute non-existence of the form".

Ibn al-'Arabī is deeply interested in the question of determination and free-will. Man is responsible in the sense that his actions come from himself, whether good or evil—"so let him praise none but himself and blame none but himself"—but these are determined by his own nature and the laws which govern it. Human beings have, therefore, no real choice; they *must* choose what is determined by their own necessary laws.

All evil, in Ibn al-'Arabī's view, is relative; what we call evil is subjective, not objective; all that really exists is good, since all things are manifestations of the Good.

Love finds a predominant place in Ibn al-'Arabī's teaching, for it is Love which underlies all the manifestations of the Divine Reality. The cause of "creation" was the desire of Divine Love to be manifested, and it is love which makes the mystic seek to realize

1. Cf. my *al-Jīlī*, The Apostle of Modern Thought (THE ARYAN PATH, *December*, 1931) where the doctrine of the Perfect Man is more fully discussed.

his essential unity with the Beloved. Love is the cause of the self-manifestation of the One in the many, and it is also the cause of the return of the many to the One—"Love is the working principle in all manifestations of the One, from the highest to the lowest. Through Love, the Whole is bound together and through it the object of creation is realized."

With these words Dr. Affifi closes his book. He is concerned mainly with the principle, but it is to be noted how Ibn al-'Arabī carried this principle into his contacts with his fellowmen. He was a universalist, tolerant of all forms of religion. "I follow the religion of Love", he said, "and wherever Love's camels lead, there is my religion and my faith." Man must live at peace with his fellows, it was not for him to destroy the Divine image, nor to praise or blame actions determined by necessary law. Charity towards, fellowship with others was the first duty of the mystic, for love to man, as well as God, was, in Ibn al-Arabī's opinion, the highest form of worship.

In dealing with Ibn al-'Arabī's sources, Dr. Affifi perhaps lays too little emphasis on his debt to the Sūfī mystics who preceded him, *e.g.*, much of his psychology and epistemology is derived directly from al-Ghazālī. But all students of mysticism will be grateful to the learned author for this clear exposition of a complicated subject and to his publishers for a book most beautifully produced.

MARGARET SMITH

The Kings of Min Zamān. By C. R. ASHBEE. (Oxford University Press. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

In the preface to this book, Mr. Ashbee tells us that "The Englishman and the Moslem who looked beneath the surface found themselves at one, and that they were at work, subconsciously, at a synthesis of Christianity and Islam." As to the kings of Long-ago (Min Zamān), Mr. Ashbee says:—"In the Christian-Moslem synthesis there were plenty to choose from." He mentions the Sultān-al-Kāmil and Akbar, then adds: "Some of our Kings indeed were not even of Min Zamān; but we knew they would become so." He instances Kitchener, Cromer, Milner and Allenby.

This book is a dialogue in verse between the author, "having returned from Palestine", and Mahmoud, "having returned from England", and presumably represents an attempt at that synthesis referred to in the preface.

Whether or not Mr. Ashbee would have discovered what he had to say with greater precision if he had written in prose is an open question. What seems certain, however, is that he mars the effects he wishes to create by the frequent use of such colloquialisms as "Love wins through"—"That English girl of whom you heard me tell"—and "A penny for your thoughts".

The following passage not only enshrines the author's dominant theme, but also represents the higher level of his verse:

> It is your code; let no man rob you of its gold.
> Or any Westerner filch its beauty from you.
> The Kings of Min Zaman are his and yours.
> While as for me and you—
> Both humanists—let us accept as true
> Such truths as Bolshevism
> Or any other shifting faith contains,
> But hold a golden mean, of one thing sure;
> To a wise man whether in life or death
> No ill can come.

Instances of Mr. Ashbee's verse on a lower level could also be given, as for example some stanzas from the section entitled "The Brief Sunset Passes", but it seems best not to quote them.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

Twenty Jātaka Tales. By NOOR INAYAT. (George G. Harrap & Co. Ltd., London. 5s.)

A delightful book admirably suited for young children and beautifully illustrated, in which Buddha's central message of love, compassion and self-sacrifice is the key-note. The author has made an excellent choice from among the Jātaka Tales and has retold them in simple and charming language. Each story can bring to the heart of the child not only entertainment and instruction, but also inspiration. "As we think, so we become." To provide beautiful thoughts for the children to dwell upon is to bring them the opportunity to build noble and generous characters. Through these tales the imagination of the little ones is stirred, their interest held and their innate sense of the unity of all Nature awakened. While the child under seven may respond only to the narrative as such, the older child will also learn to appreciate the embodiment of Compassion, the Law of Laws, as it manifests in flower and beast and man, culminating in the Enlightened One. The book starts with these beautiful words put in the mouth of the Buddha :

"My children, I have not come now among you as your Buddha for the first time; I have come many times before; sometimes as a child among the little children, sometimes among the animals as one of their kind, loving them as I love you now; sometimes in Nature, among the flowers, I traced a way for you and you knew it not."

S.

The Spirit of Indian Civilization. By DHIRENDRANATH ROY. (The University of Calcutta.)

A book on Indian Civilization would always be welcome. But it would be a difficult book to write. There are so many factors that make up a civilization; and Indian Civilization is one of the oldest and the most complex. The writer of this book, however, has greatly simplified his problem. He has not entered into a detailed consideration of any aspect of Indian civilization, but has confined himself to certain very general questions.

The author was a professor of philosophy at Manila. His object in writing this book is to vindicate Hindoo civilization against the unjustified attacks of certain agents of foreign countries. The main conclusion of the book is that Indian civilization is one of the two oldest civilizations of the world that survive to this day, that it is wholly indigenous, that it has an internal vitality enabling it to withstand the onslaught of foreign ideas, that it is inspired by very high ideals of morality and religion, and that its institutions are best suited to the life and the ideals of the people of the land. Indeed the author disclaims any attempt at making a comparative study of civilizations, or at showing that Indian civilization is the best of all civilizations. But he nevertheless seeks to achieve this purpose indirectly. In one place he says:

> The Hindoos are not mere children in the school of civilization. They have far longer and greater experience in it than any other people on earth. Compared with them their Western aggressors are like cultural babies making a lot of noise about the very limited knowledge which they acquired only yesterday and much of which comes originally from the former.....

The book is evidently written by a Hindoo for Hindoos. It cannot convince an outsider or anybody who is not already convinced. The author has not taken a very dispassionate attitude towards the institutions of Hindoo society. He has tended to eulogise everything Hindoo, without caring to see that there might be another point of view. The most orthodox beliefs and practices of Hindoos are defended by him without very good reasons. For him, "the present state of the Indian situation requires the maintenance of an iron faith in India's past, lest in the process of cleaning the house the gold goes with the dust". He naturally therefore finds salvation for India in the tenacity of those sections of the people who cling in

everything to the ancient modes of thought and life.

This kind of argument does not carry us far. Every country and every racial group could argue on similar lines and conclude that its civilization was the best. For did it not express the soul of the people? What we expected was a critical examination of all those elements which constitute the greatness of the Hindoo civilization, and the distinguishing of the permanent from the impermanent in it. Nothing of the sort has been attempted. Neither Hindoo religion nor Hindoo philosophy, which are the most abiding elements of Hindoo civilization, come in for any detailed or critical examination. Instead we have some discussion on such matters as "The sacred Ganges and the Jumna", "New Fetish of Sex Equality", "Bogey of Individuality", "Our Cultural Renegades", etc. There can be two opinions on all these matters. But we are presented here with one opinion only.

What argument the book contains could easily be compressed. Moreover, it is not written in an uniformly good style. There are not a few lapses from good English. Perhaps its chief recommendation is that a conservative-minded Hindoo would find the general trend of the ideas most congenial to his spirit.

G. R. MALKANI

The Origin of the Human Race. By MERTON STARK YEWDALE. (Published by the Author, American Book-Stratford Press, Inc., New York. $ 1.00)

Genealogy is a subject of universal appeal. In this volume Mr. Yewdale traces the physical ancestry of humanity back over a period in comparison with which the oldest family tree is a seedling. For the reader convinced of repeated incarnations as the process of soul growth—a teaching which this book curiously ignores—the latter possesses an interest like that which attaches to one's childhood photograph. For if reincarnation be a fact and the theory which Mr. Yewdale outlines be correct, the life which now animates us once found expression through the forms here described.

For these the author has drawn freely on the ancient "Stanzas of Dzyan", translated in Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* which is largely based upon them. Here are numerous quotations from the latter work; Mr. Yewdale acknowledges his indebtedness to it, "not only as a mine of rich data, but as a source of inspiration". While the citations are not verbally accurate in all cases, this book is in substantial agreement, as far as it goes, with that monumental work and presents additional corroborative evidence for several of the latter's theses, such as the giant stature of early humanity and the hermaphroditism which preceded the differentiation of mankind into sexes.

Hermaphroditism admittedly characterizes the old fauna, and on the grounds of analogy and on that of the existence of one universal law in physical evolution, the presumption of a hermaphrodite form for early humanity is strong. It is substantiated by the presence of the hermaphrodite in the scriptures and the traditions of almost every nation and by the occasional examples of human hermaphroditism to-day.

Mr. Yewdale's claim to differ from *The Secret Doctrine* in holding that the original human hermaphrodite had the outer form of a woman is puzzling. Is it because the generic name "Adam" is applied in *The Secret Doctrine* to the hermaphrodite humanity that Mr. Yewdale assumes Madame Blavatsky's ascription to the hermaphrodites of the outer form of a man?

Mr. Yewdale's original speculation in the chapter entitled "The Four Human Forms" seems a not implausible deduction from his premises, but *The Secret Doctrine* indicates a more fundamental division of humanity.

Whether the scientific world will heed this elaboration of a portion of a work which it has, to its detriment, ignored as a whole, is doubtful, but at least this volume will broaden the mental horizon of the open-minded lay reader.

Ph. D.

Guide to Modern Wickedness. By C. E. M. JOAD. (Faber and Faber Ltd., London. 10s. 6*d*.)

This is an omnibus volume which gives us an engaging blend of autobiography, philosophy and dialectics, hovering round a central theme which may be stated as the problem of the good life under the distracting conditions of the modern world. Dr. Joad is both a prolific and a facile writer, thinks impeccably within the limitations of thought, and compels attention by the force of a style which is clear, supple and incisive. His general attitude should by now be clear enough to all who are interested in the translation of philosophy from the closet to the market place. It is that of an uncompromising rationalist in an age in which philosophy has not hesitated to give the benefit of the doubt to a bewildering variety of escapist solutions. His strength lies in his dispassionate survey of present *disconnections*, while his weakness is an inability to provide a centre of spiritual authority, or a point of transcendent reference without which the human adventure loses all its significance. We are given a series of cross-sections which lay bare the maladies of our lives. But while the diagnosis is complete, the doctor leaves us without giving any prescription ; or rather implies that if we want one badly we must go elsewhere for it.

The book is divided into four parts under the general titles : Values, Applications, Remedies(?), and Relief. Needless to say, the main title is to be taken with a suitable irony. It emphasizes a recurrent idea which fills the rôle of a Greek Chorus in relation to the main purpose of the book. The world has arrived at its present parlous state because mankind does not see the good, or has not the will to do the good it sees. All the sins declaimed against have always been with us. We have struggled on to our present outlook in spite of them. But Mr. Joad does not give a sporting chance to such an optimistic view. Instead he demonstrates with melancholy satisfaction the failures of organised society, state and religion to avert the breakdown which we see impending before our very eyes. For a philosopher, Dr. Joad has a quite disproportionate anxiety about the future of civilization. This anxiety to save it from imminent barbarism implies that some portion of it at least is worthy of being saved. If this is conceded, does it not weaken the major premiss which the author expounds eloquently in the first section—that we have either failed to see the good, or seeing it have failed to pursue it ?

Another aspect which casts an excessive and gratuitous gloom over the book is the quite unphilosophical obsession with the phenomenon of dictatorship. It is by no means new to history. In the sixteenth chapter of the *Gita*, Krishna has anticipated the rise of dictators and has given us a composite portrait of them which epitomises at once the oldest as well as the newest of their kind. We are further given the assurance (also borne out by history) that destruction overtakes dictators, not mankind. There are sound reasons to hope even to-day for a similar consummation.

Another idea which is discussed in the course of the book has also, we think, contributed to the prevailing pessimism of the author's general outlook under present conditions. Reference is made to Spengler's theory of the rise and fall of civilizations. It suggests the more spacious conception of our own ancients who postulated the idea of Cycles or *Yugas*, of *Manvantaras* and *Pralayas* to mark the processes of evolution. With the characteristic bias of the West to hustling, Spengler shortens the intervals between epochs very considerably. In other respects his theory undoubtedly represents an attempt to formulate long-range views of 'progress', which do not easily fit the dogmatic framework of Christianity.

Dr. Joad's summing up of Christianity is by implication a summing up of all religions, and a conclusion is reached which goes heavily against them. The failure of Christianity, whether of the Church or of Christ, is emphasized in

relation to the problem of Pacifism. He expounds at length the pacifist's attitude to war, only to suggest an inglorious escape from his dilemma. He admits in effect that the utterly pacifist attitude is impossible to most of us, albeit for different reasons. It even leads us to wonder if Jesus himself was a hundred per cent pacifist. For either he must have formulated a humanly impossible code of conduct, or his injunction admits of an exception. In either case, the uncompromising severity of his ethic is watered down.

The last section of the book dealing with Relief is something of an anti-climax. It is light cargo, being an inconsequential assembly of abject orts and ends. The article dealing with England and the English is a delightful sample of self-conscious deprecation which is thoroughly British!

A Guide to Modern Wickedness does not help us to visualise ancient virtues, if any. The reader, moreover, feels something missing from the entire book. The challenge is almost exclusively to the mind. But the spirit rebels, perhaps because it has been so ostentatiously ignored.

P. MAHADEVAN

Dadabhai Naoroji, the Grand Old Man of India. By R. P. MASANI. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 16*s.*)

Students of psychology and of Theosophy will find food for thought in this life. It is a readable biography in which events are marshalled in an order and by a method which are in keeping with the flow of waters of a life at times turbulent, at others smooth, at the end peaceful. It is well that Mr. Masani did not prepare this life after the pattern of the new school of biography. Aiming at presenting a biography, Mr. Masani has given us history—an important chapter of Indian history from which politicians will learn much.

The book, however, has a special message for the Young India of to-day. With the passage of time, political programmes and manœuvres change. Dadabhai's clarion call of Swaraj at Calcutta in 1906 does not sound to the ears of to-day the bugle-note it was then, especially for the young. Therefore what Dadabhai said, did and achieved is not of first-rate importance to the patriotic youth of the Motherland. The abiding message of the book, its soul, is its hero's character. Dadabhai showed strength, tenacity, courage, above all honesty, in all his dealings—in private as in public life. His words were like a steady fire fed by knowledge diligently and assiduously acquired. His intellectual honesty impelled him not to speak or write without full investigation. His good-heartedness checked his indignation against the grave injustices he clearly saw done to his native land. Mr. Masani has given us a true and faithful picture of a great character on which the young need to reflect to see if their own conduct measures up to Dadabhai's to any extent.

Among the thrilling chapters of the book are XII-XIII and XIV which narrate the story of Mulharro Gaekwar from his accession to his deposition. There are personalities who focus in themselves the force of folly to such an extent that they become living embodiments bringing home to all the truth that man is his own enemy; and that the fool within cannot be, for he will not be, saved by any outside help, however good or however great. Events in these chapters reveal traits of Dadabhai's character reminiscent of those of Abraham Lincoln when he handled some of his colleagues with great patience and with undaunted courage.

Similarly, there is the amazing story of the British Liberal Party almost fighting its own member and candidate, who, holding to his fine liberal principles, set the whole party an example of justice and generosity.

Thus it is not so much what Dadabhai did as how he did it that constitutes the message of Mr. Masani's book. He was a reformer and not only a politician,

and his liberalism showed him his country's limitations in social and other spheres, which with a patriot's ardour he set out to remove. He advocated reforms some of which still remain to be carried out. All see the necessity of reforms, but how many are there possessing the mental integrity of Dadabhai to achieve them? Herein the book reveals its message.

S. B

The Boundaries of Science. By JOHN MACMURRAY. (Faber and Faber, London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Science has become the master of man. Man's energies are being devoted to the one all-consuming passion for the progress of Science, its exaltation and deification. Whilst this growth in the importance of Science has been phenomenal, legitimate and fruitful, it suffers serious limitations. Science is only one part of life. The celebrated triumphs of Science in Physics and Mathematics, all of which for the sake of convenience omit to take into account the subjective 'intention' or motive force, are really not logical. Science, in so far as it is an *objective observational* study, is pertinent only within the limited domain wherein the subjective 'facts' are not obtrusive. Strictly speaking, the domain of fact, of pure unadulterated physical fact, is the realm of physics, and no sooner do we enter into the fields of biology and psychology than we find that the facts of Science cease to be facts and turn out to be only the strivings and feelings of human individuals. It is in the central part of the book, in the chapter on "Psychology of Psychology", that Prof. Macmurray with characteristic thoroughness and incisive analysis exposes the fundamental paradox of the scientific spirit in the domain of psychology. Science is unable to explain the fundamental intrinsic nature of the living mind.

Whilst religion has taken account of human intentions, Science has sought to show that however vital and necessary these intentions may be, the knowledge of environment and of the instruments by which we could best alter environment is absolutely necessary. Primarily Science is utilitarian, and it is only when it becomes reflective that it theorises about reality. Prof. Macmurray finds that it is exactly this reflective aspect of Science that leads to self-contradictions and antinomies. In so far as Science aims at instrumental knowledge it is legitimate and has a place in the scheme of reality. Science delivers to us the World-as-Means, and Religion (though Prof. Macmurray does not use the word) delivers to us the World-as-End. Both these form aspects of the total, and the one does not lead to the other. And if anything it is Science that suffers under the strain of self-contradiction and antinomy rather than Religion, because Science owes its origins and growth to the human struggle for ends and values. Science is instrumental Knowledge; it is only another kind of knowledge that can give us the truth of the intrinsic nature of reality. There are other worlds and other knowledges of which Science never dreams. It always moves in the outer court; the inner sanctuary is closed to it. It defeats itself. There is for it no self-transcendence. This is the valuable thesis which Prof. Macmurray has brought out with great lucidity.

K. C. VARADACHARI

Self-Restraint Versus Self-Indulgence. Part II. By M. K. GANDHI. (Navajivan Press, Ahmedabad. Re. 1.)

Nothing perhaps in Mr. Gandhi's teaching has created more controversy than his views on chastity in marriage. And these articles, reprinted like their predecessors from his paper *Harijan*, are likely to intensify it. This is all to the good. For however extreme and one-sided some of his views may seem to a Western reader, no one can doubt the single-minded sincerity of his search for truth in this as in other matters. And such sincerity provokes truth-seeking in others, even if the truth they reach is not quite his. Real chastity or *bramacharya*, as he frequently insists, means purity not merely of the body but of both speech and thought also. Ideally it is control over all the senses. But it is more than control. It is a glad surrender of all the faculties of being to the creative will in which they are harmonised and become the expressive organs of a true self-hood. Only the ideal man can attain perfectly to such a state, but in making progress, however small, towards it, self-devotion is as necessary as self-control. There is a danger in being too concerned with one's own purity, too vigilant of one's own salvation. And in so far as there is a negative strain in Mr. Gandhi's teaching on marriage, as there was in his master Tolstoy's, it is because he emphasizes control at the expense of devotion. Love between the sexes should be a creative act in which the joy of communion and the instinct of procreation combine. But Mr. Gandhi in reacting against those who have reduced it to sensual gratification maintains the false division by reducing it to procreative duty. For him sexual union can never in itself be anything but self-indulgence. And it is only allowable as a self-controlled act of duty performed only once for offspring, which he asserts, in the face of much evidence to the contrary, cannot fail to ensue. He adopts in fact Manu's arbitrary definition of the first child as 'duty-born' and any others as 'lust-born' and confesses that he himself 'believes in no children'. This denial of any virtue to sexual love because its true creative joy is so often perverted into sensual pleasure surely betrays a false bias against the unity of life. It is understandable in view of the diseased sexuality rampant in the world to-day, and much that he writes on self-control as the only right form of birth-control is urgently true. But his extremer views on marriage are for me at once too rigid and too self-centred to do justice to its possibilities as a creative adventure and a sacrificial mystery.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

Evidence of Identity. By KENNETH RICHMOND. (G. Bell & Sons Ltd., London. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

When F. W. H. Myers published his *Human Personality* in 1903 he dealt briefly with the problem of identity in the case of communications through mediums. He suggested that the deceased should have left a sentence in a sealed envelope, and then, after death, should try to reproduce it. Efforts have been made for many years now to establish identity; but with only a small measure of success. As long ago as 1877, that veteran Spiritualist Mr. W. Stainton Moses pointed out (*Spiritualist*, March 2nd, 1877) that it was erroneous to assume that all phenomena are caused by the action of departed human spirits, and he complained that spiritualists "have not looked into the powers of the human spirit". It is in this matter of identity that we find the most disappointing result of what Mr. Richmond calls the "methodical and critical thinking of psychical research". Even in the famous case of the Oscar Wilde scripts of 1923-4, Mrs. Sidgwick's examination of the evidence "does not offer us material for a clear answer to the question, 'Was it Wilde, or not?'."

In this valuable addition to the series based on material in the possession of the Society for Psychical Research, there

is a reference to the suggestion made by Mr. Gerald Balfour in 1906 that we are in this world "polypsychic beings, *i.e.* made up of a number of units having personal character". The most that Mr. Richmond can say, from study of the evidence, is that the enquiry "points to an extended view of human personality". It would seem to be along these lines that students of psychical research will find the most fruitful results, taking as their starting point this very subject of "human personality" and its relationship to the enduring spirit of man.

B. P. HOWELL

Jesus the Heretic. By CONRAD NOEL. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 5s.)

Mr. Noel tells us in his preface that "The theme running through the whole work is that the 'heresy' of one age becomes the orthodoxy of the next..." This seems an absolute statement of a relative truth, but we will accept it for the time being. Then follow chapters on such diverse subjects as "Why Catholics should be Socialists", "Why Socialists should be Catholics", "Problems of Pacifism", "The Battle of the Flags", "God Save the King", and so on.

Half this book consists of quotations, and it is thought that the most direct way of indicating its quality is to quote certain of Mr. Noel's statements on practical affairs. Then, possibly, the reader will be able to infer the value of his pronouncements on spiritual issues.

Having suggested that Great Britain should abandon her empire on the instalment system, Mr. Noel adds :—

> The objection that immediately springs to mind is that, if Great Britain released such and such an area, some still more voracious empire would immediately seize it. But I am assuming that if the English people were Christian enough to give a country its liberty, they would be Christian enough to defend it; here, indeed, would be an example of the "just war".

Mr. Noel then suggests that

> There must be a reformation and revival of the League of Nations, a League no longer of the victor powers, with smaller satellite States round it, but of powers who had abandoned all idea of imperialist conquests, and had given some very practical earnest of this abandonment.

Apparently, it has not occurred to Mr. Noel that, if these solutions were practical, the problems to which they relate would not exist.

Later, he advocates an international congress at which the delegates "should be able to understand each other". To this end, Mr. Noel proposes the use of Esperanto as the simplest remedy.

And here is the author's suggestion for dealing effectively with big-scale air raids :—

> The air-mine is a meteorological balloon, about the size of a child's balloon, and can be sent up to any height, charged with a high explosive; shoals of such mines can put any number of bombers out of action. Fresh clusters of these mines would have to be sent up every few hours to take the place of the spent balloons, but they are comparatively inexpensive. They would, of course, put our own aeroplanes out of action, but if we are not contemplating counter-attack this would not matter.

The Epilogue to this book presumably represents Mr. Noel's personal creed, although it is not in the first person. It is interesting to learn that "Evil conditions are the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual rascality on the part of the few, and inward and spiritual apathy on the part of the many...." Interesting, because the naïve conception that evil exists primarily as a result of "rascality on the part of the few" is reflected in the many facile criticisms of others which this book contains.

Finally, although it is a truism that contemporary judgments have been notoriously wrong in certain outstanding instances, it is nevertheless a fact that many charlatans were rightly dismissed as such by their contemporaries. The rectitude of those judgments is forgotten because the subjects of them passed quickly into that total obscurity to which they belonged.

The majority is not always wrong. And minorities are not always right.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

CORRESPONDENCE

ON THE DEGREES OF HONESTY IN VARIOUS OCCIDENTAL RELIGIONS

[Last month we printed two letters on the subject of the influence of religions, and especially of organized Christianity, on the life of the people. Below we print another on the same theme. Ezra Pound, poet and essayist, writes it out of personal experience. To the above captions he adds—"as encountered in the past thirty years of one lifetime".—EDS.]

It being impossible for me to speak in the abstract with finality, I can only offer the following paragraphs as certified data. It so happens that I have never met any one save an archbishop who ventured to defend *any* church as such, I mean as an organism.

I have more than once been visited by members of the lower clergy, or received from them denunciations of the insincerity of their superiors. I know of no officially Christian publication of *any* sect which stands up and answers a theological question, however soberly put. You might as well expect a straight answer from a banker's son-in-law about money, or from a hired professor about economics!

Taking the more prevalent creeds in order and with respect to their scriptures, I think no impartial examiner will deny that the ethics of the Old Testament are merely squalid. The two-standards system of Geneva cannot be blamed on the Semites, but the Semitic avoidance of their own law on usury while wishing to be accepted as neighbours is on a par with Geneva, and Geneva is at heart (in soul and to the uttermost atom) the frontage of Basel and the international bank of that usurers' stronghold.

The Protestant almost invariably accuses the Catholic of lack of downright honesty. But I cannot see that this is done on comparative grounds.

No Protestant sect is honest *by programme* about money. After Anthony Trollope's careful analysis it seems mere waste of time to try to state the case against the Church of England in mere general statement.

A noted Dean, as disgusted as I am with his superior and just as far as I am from suspecting his immediate overlords of sincerity or real honesty, yet after preaching peace merely relapses into silence when I suggest that he meet some one from the other side to see if two men not immediately embroiled in a present war can agree on just terms of settlement.

A parson in the antipodes writes to me denouncing his archbishop almost as the incarnation of evil and as the most evil man who has occupied a given see for the past thirteen centuries.

It is quite certain that Christianity appears or has in known instances appeared both immoral and anti-

statal to the serious Chinese literate. He saw it as such when the Jesuits were inserting it into China in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Disruptive of family life, disturbing to the quiet and order of the empire, inducing disrespect to the dead and destructive to Confucian ethics.

Under stress the Christians promptly lied, and caused themselves thereby great inconvenience. They claimed that their churches were built by an Emperor's order, whereas no such order existed, and this fact was perfectly demonstrable by documentary proof.

The whole story is in many ways typically Christian in its inconsequence. A few most admirable Jesuits carried in Western science, something totally dissociated from their religion. In fact there had been that little case against Galileo, and it was Galileo's mathematics that gained them their favour, along with a dash of quinine and an aptitude in the founding of cannon (military not ecclesiastic).

An Emperor finally ousted 'em with an answer full of sobriety.

If any Christian writer or controversialist ever faced a question or answered it, I should like to know whether he thinks or they think the New Testament is or is not anti-Semitic in the sense that it is a repudiation of a great deal of pre-Nazarene teaching.

It has long appeared to me that the protagonist of those very peculiar documents, the Evangels or Gospels, disliked Semitism very intensely and set about reversing its attitude, but, being partially Semite, several items escaped his notice. He merely took 'em for granted, and they have infested his sect until now. It is in many ways a sect headed for disorder, and does not conduce to a very developed sense of responsibility.

Under stress of emotion, the Jew seems to lose his sense of reality. When a causal sequence would result to his personal disadvantage, he is not alone in losing his sense of causality. Example *re neschek*. During the past three years I have found very few Jews who would follow me through a discussion of *neschek*, either from the point of view of the Mosaic code or of the social consequence of this evil. Dante, Shakespeare and, I am told, the earlier Elizabethans were interested in the problem. Since the time of Claudius Salmasius historians have been very weak in their treatment of it. Most of them are headed for the ash-can because they did *not* analyze monetary pressures. You can't on this ground blame the church fathers; there exists a canonist tradition worthy of study and not the least out of date. What is out of date is the ignorantism coming from Calvin, Cromwell, Baxter, and persisting through the mercantilist era.

In trying to get a focus, or to see whether race comes into the problem of ethics, one sees empirically that Anglo-(so called) Saxons do not cling to their Wode epoch. They do not howl for a return to the ethos of their more savage days. In fact you can see only the Jew proclaiming the ethos of a nomadic era (unless the *Koran* does).

I don't see that the erudite Jesuits came out very well against

Yong Tching in the 1720's. Both this emperor and his father seem to have acted " in malice toward none ", and with impeccable frankness, recognizing services rendered, writing without heat and with personal appreciation of the high personal merits of the individual Jesuits. These latter could not deny certain known facts nor could they claim absolute singleness of intention, though they objected to being mixed up with dirty Dutch traders and masters of frigates.

From the Confucian base, as I understand it, one wants to see the actual texts of their accusers. Were they accused of being exiles from Europe, or do the texts simply mean that they had left their own countries, meaning that they had left them *before* using their utmost efforts to improve them, to set up within them (as a basis for world peace or peace over more of the planet) a social order worthy of being copied by others or such as would conduce to such imitation.

The state of Europe in 1725 was no more fit to be imitated by any foreign man or nation than it was under the grilling heel of international filth and usury in 1925.

The problem of missions is difficult, but it is inherent in the looseness of the Christian programme, and shows a sketchiness in the disordered (often brilliant and lofty) injunctions huddled together in the curious Greek of the Early " Church ".

One sees utterly illiterate Occidentals rushing into the Orient to teach savants. True, they go often to the outcast, to the lower people, and it seems undeniable that in many cases they have exercised what George Washington called " benign influence ".

But in the matter of proportion, in a sense of the relative weight, is this tendency to go off half-cocked of as much ethical weight as the conviction *that order should be promoted from where one is; that order should start inside one's own cerebrum,* in the *directio voluntatis* ?

On the supposition that my infant mind was attracted to or distracted by Christianity at a tender age and in Sunday School, I might almost say that for a period of nearly fifty years I have never met Christian FAITH. I have heard faith once over the radio, and it was concentrated in the two syllables *Schicksal,* uttered in a context that might have been taken from the testament of Kang Hi.

Confucian faith I can conceive. I can conceive of a man's believing that if, and in measure as, he brings order into his own consciousness (his own " innermost ") that order will emanate from him. The cycle of Chinese history, the reception of the " mandate " (called the mandate of heaven) by various dynasties, seems to offer demonstrable evidence of this process.

In the present very imperfect state of half-knowledge I fail to see that the history of China, or Chinese historic process, suffers a dichotomy or split into two opposite forces, as does that of Europe. Not, that is, unless you want to set Buddhism and Taoism together as a sort of Guelf Party. And even then that wouldn't be a decent analogy.

The Papacy *as ideal* is, in this dimension, equivalent to the ideal of the empire. It is a Roman ideal of order and subordination, and *inside* itself has always shown us a spectacle similar to that of Hochang and Taoist struggling against the order of Empire.

As I see it, the literate Christian explorer found nothing in Confucius to object to; there was nothing that the most sincere Catholic missionary could wish to remove from Confucius' teaching. They were reduced to asking about the technical meaning of the Lord of Heaven and as to how far Kung was, or was not, incarnate or inpietrate or present in the cartouche or tablet.

So far as I make out, Christianity did not ask the Chinese to assume any new responsibility; it only offered him relaxation from various duties.

This is quite possibly too rough a statement. Obviously the missionary is convinced, or the first few missionaries and martyrs are and must be convinced and oblivious of minor objections. It is their method of implementing their fervour that I would bring up for examination.

Modern Europe has merely dumped mediæval thought about *la vita contemplativa*. That doesn't mean that there are no Western mystics, but again the European schizophrenia has split their being. Instead of the *vita contemplativa* being conceived as the dynamo of the active life, it is merely sidetracked, and commonly regarded as "useless".

I am aware that no mystic, no recluse, no Hindoo would say that it is so. I am stating a general contingency. The Occident regards the contemplative as a do-nothing. An empiric test would probably "give him reason", if it did not prove that his estimate was correct in ninety-eight per cent of all cases. This is a very sad state of affairs, at least from some angles.

How far are religions honest? How far have they ever been honest in Europe?

In the condemnation of Scotus Erigena? In the wrangle of Bossuet's correspondence with Leibnitz? How far can any man to-day who wants a straight answer to *any* ethical query (let alone a query about a vital and demonstrable infamy such as the monopoly of money or the frauds of international exchange) expect to get that answer from Christian, Jew, Protestant, Catholic, Quaker or any minor sect in the Occident?

A most valuable study of usury in India could and should be written by some one with knowledge of Hindoo theologians. So far one has heard little about it save picturesque details of vicarious penances for this prevalent sin.

The Nordic will, I think, always want to know from the Indian: how far is religion effective? One of the widest gulfs between East and West might be bridged if some sort of survey and mensuration were set up to take this dimension.

From what history I have been able to learn, it appears to me that Confucius has in this dimension a preëminence over other founders of ethical systems; while yielding nothing to any of them in other

domains. (By which I don't mean to offer any homage at all to academics who have exploited the label Confucian without meditating the texts, or even to bright young Chinese journalists who have a merely superficial notion of the text of the *King*, the accepted Confucian books.)

Were we in a meeting I should rise to express my doubts as to the spiritual value of the *Koran* in relation to the philosophy of the Arab philosophers, with Avicenna at the apex. I see almost no spiritual elevation in the *Old Testament*, and the *Talmud*, if one is to judge by current quotations, is not an ethical volume at all but a species of gangster's handbook. After the loss of faith in the Roman Church, the Christian sectaries produced no first-rate theology and little that can be considered intellectually serious.

I defy any Christian to produce more than *one* element in Christianity, if that, which is not anticipated in the cult practised by the Chinese literati. I leave it to their ingenuity to discover what I consider the basic intuition of Nazarene genius. When you find the Emperor Yong Tching spending all his efforts to govern well that he might bring comfort to the soul of his father, "deceased emperor now in heaven", you have at least a savour of piety. Research might well be directed to how much of whatever Christianity has brought us, including some of its ceremonial gestures, preëxisted in China.

As to sacrifices, I think the body of notes on this subject, everything that has ever come to my attention, is just plain stupid to the point of imbecility. "Pleasing to heaven", etc. Various ideas of pleasing the spirits are all very well, but there could still be a lesson in animal sacrifice for any group that had evolved beyond primitive stages. Animals are killed now in abattoirs; the sight of a killing can remind us, in the midst of our normal semi-consciousness of all that goes on in our vile and degraded mercantilist ambience, that life exists by destruction of other life. The sight of one day's hecatomb might even cause thought in the midst of our democracy and usuriocracy.

In praise of the Christian religion, despite its manifest incompetence to maintain decency or even any strong tendency toward economic justice in any Occidental country, I can at least say this. In favourable circumstances Christianity or several of its ideals could and should conduce to a deeper understanding of the cult of the Chinese literati than is prevalent among half-educated Chinese. Both Confucianism and Christianity propose a state of sincerity which is almost unattainable, but the Christian proposals are mixed with all sorts of disorder, whereas a Confucian progress offers chance for a steady rise, and defects either in conduct or in theory are in plain violation of its simple and central doctrine.

EZRA POUND

ENDS AND SAYINGS

Speaking at the fortieth Annual Dinner and Reunion of the Rationalist Press Association in London on May 13th last, Lord Ponsonby of Shulbrede said :—

I sometimes wonder whether we have not got to make an attack because there are some mischievous forms of superstition which ought to be shown up, especially if they seem to be gaining ground.....

He then went on to mention a friend of his

who is in close contact with a great German seventeenth century composer, who is telling her how she ought to play his fugues and his partitas. Argument is useless ; but what I feel is that there is a certain sadness which comes over me when I find people carried away in that direction, because I believe that it is the beginning of an incipient insanity. It is in these cases that I myself am inclined to make a direct attack.....

While we endorse the truth implicit in both these statements by Lord Ponsonby and recognise the necessity of attacking error and superstition because of the danger to sanity and, more, to morality, we fail to see how mere attacks and denials can curb the rising tide of spiritism and psychism. It will not help to say to a medium and to those who follow mediums : " Nonsense ! You are just mad and your communications are the result of brain-fever and insane fancy." To the medium the communication *is* real, and, if the true danger of such dabbling with " invisible entities " is to be warded off, the phenomenon must be understood and its rationale perceived. The basis of true rationalism lies in a precise ascertainment of the facts before either believing or disbelieving, and it is not rational to attack without previous investigation and without trying to learn the truths involved. Merely to " believe that it is the beginning of an incipient insanity " will not provide the remedy for a return to sanity. Knowledge is the only effective weapon against superstition and error.

This craze for the abnormal, the invisible, is natural to the human mind, which is ever curious to extend the boundaries of knowledge. Modern science has been silent, sometimes even contemptuous, about such matters, and so, face to face with phenomena, people have talked about and dabbled in dangerous experiments.

Another type of person has followed the lure of the marvellous and the magical in a different way, as can be inferred from the " Hocus-Pocus " Exhibition which is now being held at the sedate and scholarly Bodleian at Oxford. It comprises " books on legerdemain, tricks, puzzles, natural magic, every aspect of the craft ", reports *The Observer* (London, July 2nd). Has it never occurred to the rationalists that if there have been such varied pseudo-magical tricks down the ages, it is not unreasonable to conclude that there is perchance a true science of magic which remains concealed and yet is accessible to the unprejudiced and disinterested seeker after truth ? If on arriving in a foreign country a traveller is handed counterfeit coins and paper bills, will that not point

to the existence of a true currency? Thus it is with magic. The grotesque imitations point to the existence of the real. In India we are told that such knowledge cannot be bought but has to be attained through self-purification and fearless investigation. True Magic posits as its first axiom that there are no miracles in Nature. So too does modern science, yet, as Max Planck remarks in his book *Where is Science Going?* :—

> Though chance and miracle in the absolute sense are fundamentally excluded from science, yet science is confronted to-day, more than ever before perhaps, with a wide-spread belief in miracle and magic.

Is it not possible that this tendency to believe in the power of mysterious agencies, which according to Max Planck is "an outstanding characteristic of our own day", springs from orthodoxy in religion and dogmatism in science itself? Because science has to dismiss with a shrug of disbelief so much that does take place and that should be investigated, people turn away from science to fall back upon irrational systems such as pseudo-occultism and spiritism.

This deplorable condition will persist until degrading superstition and even more degrading brutal materialism give way to spiritual understanding, which uses metaphysics and extends the reign of law to the invisible.

Outside metaphysics the rational explanation of all phenomena is not possible. Science tries to explain the aspirations and affections, the loves and hatreds, the most private and sacred workings of the mind and soul of the living man, by an anatomical description of the chest and brain of his dead body. So it fails again and again in all that pertains to the realm behind the veil of gross physical matter, as revealed in some of the articles appearing in this issue.

The invisible is not all spiritual. The Astral Body, known as *Linga Sarira* among the Hindus, is also material, though it consists of a different degree of matter from the physical outward covering. Such phenomena as are described in the article on "The Human Aura" for example will not be comprehensible to science until it has recognised the existence of that second body, the foundation and model for the physical body, and has studied the higher laws of electricity and magnetism which govern it.

To deny the invisible and to fall into materialism is indeed to become "that strange thing, a being which cannot see its own light, a thing of life which will not live, an astral animal which has eyes, and ears, and speech, and power, yet will use none of these gifts".

Similarly is it the case with the gaps in the mechanics of heredity and with the seeming contradictions in Bergson's philosophy dealt with in articles we print elsewhere. These will remain until the Light of Truth Eternal is accepted and humanity realizing its divine origin replaces the law of the jungle by that of altruism and self-sacrifice.

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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*

THE ARYAN PATH

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A MESSENGER OF PEACE

Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan has rendered a great service to humanity in editing "essays and reflections on the life and work" of Gandhiji by numerous important thinkers. Sir Radhakrishnan himself opens the volume with a masterly introduction, the value of which, let us hope, will not be lost, especially on the youth of India. *Mahatma Gandhi* is published by George Allen and Unwin (7*s.* 6*d.* or Rs. 5/10), and the book is to be presented to Gandhiji on his seventieth birthday which falls on the 2nd of October 1939.

The value of the book to Gandhiji himself will lie in the satisfaction he must feel in the knowledge that his ideas and his methods of *Satyagraha* have gained such widespread acceptance in East and West alike. The world knows that in India he has literally millions of followers belonging to every creed and community. THE ARYAN PATH is aware that Gandhiji's following in the West is not negligible and that it is speedily growing. This work testifies once again to a fact which augurs well for the Occidental civilization which is destroying itself by an indulgence in hatred manifesting itself as war.

The message of the book is of vital importance to European humanity, and we hope that all lovers of peace and all peace societies and organizations will seize the opportunity to put this volume into the widest circulation, and that immediately. We are in the midst of war, and the war-mentality prevailing in the world can itself be used as a means to awaken the human conscience, to prepare the mind to grapple with the problems of peace when the time comes. Even now, if reports can be believed, there is a growing repugnance towards war among the German masses who have suffered martial tyranny for some time past and are now suffering from their own sin of lapsing into a

slave-mentality. The British and the French peoples feel that for them no course was left but to wage war. The masses everywhere are against war and have begun to feel that peace can never be born of war, but they have still to be taught that at the peace table real and lasting peace can be produced by a courageous acknowledgment of past blunders and an equally courageous handling of the common problems of an indivisible humanity.

No more than the war of 1914-18 will this war destroy autocracy and militarism ; but the negotiations carried on when the carnage is over may through their methods, their aims and their achievements bring to our sorrowing star a lasting peace. Such peace will not come to humanity while the stupendous implications of the simple words of Gotama Buddha remain unheeded—" If hatred responds to hatred, when and where will hatred end ? " Gandhiji himself, in a statement issued on the 5th of September after the outbreak of the war, states :—

> I am not therefore just now thinking of India's deliverance. It will come, but what will it be worth if England and France fall, or if they come out victorious over Germany ruined and humbled ?

War as war will settle nothing ; the victors in this war may lose their victory through a false philosophical attitude befogging their moral perception. Professor Hocking of Harvard University in his contribution on " Freedom and Belonging " says that "democracy falters because reflection robs it of the services of those who might best bear its burdens." Educated men, he states, will not belong "to a political party, since they are all tainted with stupidity and self-interest". Such individuals will be heartened and inspired by this book to do their duty by humanity.

Humanity's thinkers, among whom are many of the contributors to this volume, have to educate the captains and the generals, the politicians and the armament manufacturers, the statesmen and the educationists, so that they realize how Britain and France and their allies lost the last war through the moral blunder of Versailles. Sir Radhakrishnan says :—

> Our trouble is that society in all countries is in the hands of people who believe in war as an instrument of policy and think of progress in terms of conquest.

We confidently hope that this book will have a widespread and deepening influence. Its power to achieve good is greater to-day when rivers of blood have begun to flow than it would have been if armed neutrality passed off as peace had continued to prevail in the world. Not the voice of armament makers but of agriculturists, not of soldiers but of statesmen, not of diplomats but of truth seekers, not of politicians but of philosophers should prevail when the bomber has descended and the guns have ceased to boom.

13th September, 1939.

JAPANESE INFLUENCE ON WESTERN LIFE

A FEW ASPECTS

[Shio Sakanishi of the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C., has fine opportunities to cement the cultural relationship between his native land of Japan and the United States of America. His article brings out a point often missed by the Occidental, namely, that art in the Orient has a philosophical and a mystical aspect arising out of the deep conviction that Nature is a living whole and that all its component parts are linked in indissoluble intimacy affecting each other.—EDS.]

Too much is being written about the Orient nowadays, and one is astonished at the certainties and the absurdities of many writers. I do not for a moment minimize the difficulties of gaining an accurate understanding of the East. To begin with, there is the matter of words : even the most familiar words when applied to Oriental matters often change in meaning, and superficially good equivalents give false impressions. Even under the most favourable circumstances it is not easy to transfer an idea from one medium to another without damage in transit, and in the case of Oriental ideas most of them perish in the process.

Why, then, do I try to write ? The title assigned to me by the Editors is too wide in scope for the brief notes that follow. My excuse is that I am tired of obscure generalities. Mine will be merely some small pieces of evidence gleaned by one who has spent years in the United States and who feels a deep sympathy for the two widely separated cultures.

Looking at the problem historically, we find that, though the relation between the East and the West goes back to antiquity, real intellectual contact was established only in the eighteenth century when the Orient declared its affinity with the Occident. Leibniz proposed to organize a society to facilitate the interchange of civilization between China and Europe. Wolff was driven out of his country in 1721 because he exalted Chinese virtue and wisdom. Soon the reaction set in, and I need only recall how the newly introduced cult of the East suffered at the hands of Voltaire and the other Encyclopædists.

Notwithstanding such vicissitudes, the importance of closer contact between East and West and the necessity for a deeper cultural understanding have been stressed by small groups of thinkers and students of the Orient. In more recent years, spurred on by the pessimistic post-war jargon of the "decline of the West", the thoughts of a wider public have turned once more to the East, which some of them have called "the rising place of the spiritual sun", or "the birthplace of man". Caught up in the confusion of a mechanical age and troubled by social and economic upheavals, they began to seek a refuge where their soul could find peace and comfort and paid an exaggerated compliment to the wisdom and the tranquillity of the Orient. Echoing this sentiment some Orientals voiced their con-

fidence that "the everlasting light would once more shine forth in the East".

Turning from such oracular utterances, let us search for the more concrete evidences of Oriental influence in the fields of art and of literature. During the last fifty years such Oriental art as has influenced the Western mind first came to be seriously appreciated through the art of Japan. But since the days when de Goncourt and Whistler sang the praises of Hokusai and Utamaro, the art of China, of India and of the Near East has opened up a whole new world and Japanese art has lost some of its first prestige. This is primarily due to ignorance of what Japan really achieved, although scholars and enthusiasts with a knowledge of the older and greater art did their best to correct the notion that only the eighteenth century mattered. Nevertheless, the colour prints which are disparaged at home are still most popular among the Westerners, because they are so rich in colour, enchanting in design and abundant in human interest.

In 1880 Basil Hall Chamberlain introduced to the English-speaking public translations of the Japanese classical *tanka* with its thirty-one syllables and the more modern *haiku* of seventeen syllables. This was soon followed by a series of translations of Japanese poetry in French which attracted the attention of the Imagists whose ideal was to free the verse-form from convention, to give symbolic value to their images and to suppress undue personal emotion. The clarity of outline and of image, the extreme brevity and the power of suggestion in Japanese poetry proved their inspiration. Dissatisfied with English poetry as it was then written, F. S. Flint, T. E. Hulme, Ezra Pound and others proposed to replace it by the Japanese poetic form and wrote dozens of *haiku* as an amusement. Hulme especially, who was a philosopher as well as a poet, appreciated the vigorous mental discipline which the Japanese poets imposed on themselves in order to record accurately their sense experiences. Only by a concentrated effort of the mind can a poet distil these sensations into pure poetry, which in turn must give birth to a train of other poetic thoughts.

The first poet who actually experimented with the five-line form of the *tanka* was Adelaide Crapsey. Her *cinquain*, which began to appear in the summer of 1909, was the result of her study of William Porter's translation of an old Japanese anthology entitled *Hyaku-nin Isshu* or "One Hundred Poems by One Hundred Poets", which had appeared earlier in that year. The clarity and sharpness of the imagery and the restrained melancholy of the Japanese *haiku* are echoed in her *cinquain*. For example, Miss Crapsey's poem,

Well and
If day on day
Follows, and weary year
On year..and every day and year..
Well?

reminds one strongly of Onotsura's *haiku*,

Days and years spread their beauty..and
We watch them..and
The flowers turn and fade..and

John Gould Fletcher's *Japanese Prints*, which was published in 1918, was the outcome of his interest in and admiration for Japanese poetry and colour prints. In the preface he urges

that Occidental poets should follow the spirit rather than the form of Japanese poetry. Amy Lowell, who admired Fletcher's poems, published in the following year *Pictures of the Floating World*, a collection of poems on Oriental themes. The title itself was of course taken from the generic name given to the popular colour prints which depict the world of fleeting pleasures, and, as Glenn Hughes writes, "Miss Lowell succeeds admirably in attaining the compression as well as the psychological values of her models". Ezra Pound's *Cathay*, published in 1915, and his rendering of the classical *No* drama from Fenollosa's notes were also significant. In fact a majority of the Imagists manifested an unusual interest in the poetry and painting of the Orient and found inspiration in them. Although, strictly speaking, their movement came to an end in 1917, their influence can be traced in the more vital and intellectual poetry of T. S. Eliot and other post-war poets of both England and America.

I have mentioned the publication of the *No* plays which were translated originally by Fenollosa and completed by Ezra Pound in 1916 with an introduction by Yeats. Yeats at the time was experimenting with dramatic forms in his effort to establish the Irish national drama. When one of his plays was acted by a student of the Japanese *No* dance without stage-setting or lighting, he was tremendously impressed by the expressive quality and emotional intensity of the performance. It is the dramatic form from which the so-called stage manner is most completely excluded. Since both expression and movement are reduced to a minimum, it is impossible to create on the stage an elemental beauty unless one has an elemental sensation and a genuine emotion. The dancer of *No* plays recedes from his audience, but that distance or separation is at the same time intimate and binding. "He recedes", writes Yeats, "but to inhabit, as it were, the deeps of the mind." Indeed, the masks, the chorus, the rhythmic pause at moments of intensity all give beauty and emotional subtlety which the Western stage has lacked, and Yeats wrote that it was now time to copy the East and to live deliberately.

Japanese influence on Western poetry, painting and drama, though significant, has always been confined to a small circle of intellectuals, but, in the appreciation of flowers, men and women in every walk of life were brought into closer contact with the Orient. As early as 1885, with an architect's eye for linear effect and proportion, Josiah Conder saw beauty and infinite possibility in Japanese floral arrangements, and in 1889 he published the first complete treatise entitled *The Theory of Japanese Flower Arrangement*. Since then innumerable books and articles have been written on the subject, and to-day no flower show sponsored by a garden club in America fails to have a few arrangements after the Japanese style. In fact linear composition rather than the massing of colours seems to be the key-note of modern floral decorations.

Before entering upon a discussion of the art of flower arrangement which has influenced American inter-

ior decoration, it would be well to refer to the differences which exist between the arts of the East and of the West. First, the arts of the East emphasize the traditional and the normal, whereas those of the West stress the variable and the individualistic. In the East certain traditions and practices are often handed down from one generation to another, from father to son or from master to pupil. There is rather a definite attempt to approximate to a canon of perfection than a conscious exploitation of personality. Secondly, Asian art is born of a specific human need. Hence there is no clear distinction between the fine and applied, or the useful and useless, arts. Every Oriental object now exhibited in Western museums as a priceless art treasure was designed for a specific purpose. For example, the sixteenth-century screen now in a glass case in a museum was once used by a Japanese family to shut out the draught. Chinese bronze vases of the pre-Christian era were used in everyday religious ceremonies.

The problem of our study of the Asiatic arts thus removes itself from the immediate field of art to that of general culture. One must understand the needs, aims and view-point of the original makers. Especially is this true of the art of flower arrangement. Prince Shotoku (572-621), the founder of Japanese Buddhism, was fond of flowers and arranged them in seven vases as an offering to Buddha. Soon the Buddhist teaching that all living things are endowed with the Buddha nature made people reluctant to cut flowers even for the gods. The Empress Komyo in the eighth century wrote :—

> If I pluck you, my hand will defile you,
> O flowers!
> Standing in the meadows as you are,
> I offer you to the Buddha of the past,
> Of the present and of the future.

The secular use of flower arrangement began in the early fourteenth century and was inspired by the tea ceremony, which in turn had been inspired by Zen Buddhism. The Zen emphasizes meditation and holds that all religious enlightenment comes by direct intuitive perception and does not rely on a sacred formula or the grace of the Buddha. The simple and self-reliant character of the new religion appealed to the military class, and such artistic activities as the tea ceremony and flower arrangement were to aid them in discipline and meditation. As Sen no Rikyu, the greatest tea-master of the sixteenth century, defined the cult of flowers, it is ethics, for it defines men's relation to their fellow men and to nature. It is, in addition, economics, for it shows comfort and beauty in simplicity. It is also hygiene, for it enforces cleanliness and peace of mind and spirit. Finally it is democratic, for peasants, artisans and nobles join together in the worship of flowers.

The Japanese arrangement is simple. The basic principle is the asymmetrical composition of Heaven, Earth and Man. Heaven symbolizes truth; the Earth, strength; while Man, placed between the two, is the reconciling principle. Each principle can have one or more subordinates to support it. The flower masters emphasize the importance of understanding the true spirit and the living force of the plants. They

carefully avoid the symmetrical as fatal to the freshness of imagination. Sekishu wrote that white plum blossoms should not be used when there is snow outside. If a flower arrangement is used in a room, then one should not hang a painting of flowers. If a vase is round, the other objects in the room should be angular. The symmetrical signifies completion as well as repetition, and if there is no possibility of growth then there is no life. The arrangement of each flower must be such that a person who views it can complete in his mind what the master has left unsaid. For example, Sekishu once placed some water plants in a flat receptacle to suggest the vegetation of marsh-land and hung on the wall a painting of wild geese flying in the air. A guest felt in the whole composition the breath of waning autumn.

It is unimportant whether the Westerners who have taken up the Japanese flower arrangement have mastered all the philosophic implications and the spiritual discipline which the Japanese have worked out through centuries of practice. What they have learned is a simple creed of æsthetics in balance and harmony without repetition, an eloquent simplicity in interior decoration or personal adornment, and above all that spiritual peace which nothing can disturb or steal from us. Unconsciously the Westerners are learning the Oriental philosophy of life, not in so many rules and regulations, but through experience. With not a colour to disturb the tone of a room, not a sound to mar the rhythm of things and not a gesture to disturb life's harmony—so can life's activities be performed simply and naturally.

SHIO SAKANISHI

Rich folk come to buy flowers
In the market of Ch'ang An.
They pay coins without number
For a single branch or spray.
Yet a beggar wanders starving
Through the streets of rich Ch'ang An,
And not a single penny will they give.

—TSUNG CH'ÊN

ALCOHOL AND PROSTITUTION

[Dr. Courtenay C. Weeks, who is a recognized authority on the subject of drink and its attendant evils, is Vice-President of the International Temperance Union. In the following article he shows clearly how closely connected are the various forms of vice, and how the lack of control which comes with addiction to alcohol leads directly to a general weakening of the moral character.—EDS.]

During the past few years Prostitution in its public as well as in its amateur or clandestine character has been investigated by a number of authorities and preëminently by the experts and commissioners appointed by the League of Nations, who made exhaustive reports in 1927 and in 1932 on the "Traffic in women and children" covering Europe and the East.

The experts had a unique opportunity and a very wide field in 28 European countries and 112 cities, having personal interviews with 6,500 persons of whom 5,000 were in direct touch with the "underworld" or "ring" intimately associated with the whole ghastly business. The Commissioners toured the East from Port Said through India, Burma, Malay, China to Tokio and Harbin, and throughout were in close official contact with Government authorities and with many non-official but quite responsible agencies.

The net result, so far as our theme is concerned, is that these experts agree with world-wide social experience that *there is the closest association between alcoholic beverages and prostitution of all degrees throughout the world.*

Why is this so? What are the causes of prostitution? What is the action of alcohol which enables it to hand over the passport to prostitution?

Before attempting a brief reply to these questions let us note some statements. The League report states:—

> The evidence points especially to the unrestrained sale of alcohol as one of the causes which have a direct bearing on commercialized prostitution and on the international traffic. We feel it our duty to point out that there is an intimate relation between the abuse of liquor and the worst aspects of commercialized prostitution. In the vice-districts, in saloons, cabarets, music-halls and other places frequented by women for purposes of prostitution, the inevitable preliminary is a "drink"....Liquor is served by "barmaids" who are in reality prostitutes.... Women are freely employed to push the sale of liquor to customers until intoxication removes any last vestige of self-control.

In a thesis for the University of Liverpool ("Prostitution—A Survey and a Challenge") Gladys M. Hall says:—

> Alcoholism and prostitution have long been closely associated. As an element in the development of promiscuity drink plays indeed a twofold part. The prelude to her first sex adventure is, very frequently, the partial intoxication of the girl. Taken when off her guard, possibly scarcely remembering what took place, she passes through the experience which may lead to her adoption of prostitution. The taking of the first step, even under circumstances depriving her of rational decisions, does seem in many cases to lead to a sort of fatalism, or a desperate

feeling that by that one act her future has been decided, whether by her own act or not...As the accompaniment to the process of obtaining custom, drink is indispensable to a vast number of prostitutes. Many of them drink cocktails and port wine deliberately knowing what will follow. They drink to work themselves up to it, to enable them to go through with it.

The Austrian proverb "When Bacchus fires, Venus stands behind the flames" is indeed true, and the truth may account for the notice recently displayed in a fashionable Spanish seaside resort: "Spanish women! You have just passed through the perils of a bloody Civil War. Beware now of the dangers of peace. In particular beware of the cocktail and the one-piece bathing suit."

The Alcohol Administrator in the United States of America has affirmed that 1920 (when "prohibition" was really prohibiting) was the nearest approach to the millennium they have ever seen. Certainly there was a marked diminution in commercialized vice. The proximity of a brothel and the presence of a "professional" in a saloon or on the streets had been a constant inducement to those who might otherwise have abstained, especially to those under the influence of drink. With the closure of the saloon and the removal of drink, one avenue of approach to men was definitely blocked, and one incentive to wrong-doing removed.

We do not claim that all virtue is embosomed in total abstainers or that they never go astray. We simply state a fact of international experience and significance, that the liquor traffic is the world-wide buttress and support of the traffic in women and children, that drink and prostitution go hand in hand.

It is surely a striking fact that since 1900-1909 in England and Wales, for example, the marked decline in drunkenness and the consumption of alcoholic beverages has been attended by a great decline in prostitution. In 1900-1909, the annual average number of convictions for offences by prostitutes was 10,598 and for brothel-keeping and living on prostitutes' earnings 1,662, together equal to 364 per million of the population. In 1933-1937, with nearly 50 per cent decrease in alcoholic consumption, the convictions were 3,305 and 466, together equal to 79 per million. In the two periods the annual average convictions for drunkenness were 5,116 and 1,140 per million respectively.

Without attempting any defence of the amateur or clandestine prostitution which may in some measure have taken its place, there can be no doubt that the mitigation of these aspects of commercialized vice has removed a virulent source of moral and physical infection of the Commonwealth.

What are the causes of Prostitution? They may be divided into: (*a*) those due to inborn characteristics (endogenous)—the mental and physical "make-up" of the individual, the result of his or her genetic relation to the past, *i.e.*, heredity or nature, (*b*) those conditions which are the result of environment (exogenous), due to education, etc., *i.e.*, nurture, and (*c*) the use the individual makes of his or her own life and opportunity.

For descriptive purposes these may be separated, but let it be stressed that these three groups always work together, acting and reacting upon each other. No hereditary traits or instinctive impulses or environmental conditions can be fully expressed or operative in isolation; they must be linked together by the personal activity of the individual.

Prostitution or promiscuity, like every other expression of biological activity, is always the result of a trinitarian co-operation between the individual's use of life, heredity and environment. The more we can eliminate the disorder produced by drink, the greater will be the harmony achieved.

With regard to endogenous factors, the primary and of course essential element is the impulse of the "sex-instinct" and the pleasure associated with its gratification, which differs in intensity in different men and women. There is no doubt that among those who become professional prostitutes the sex-appetite is often abnormally strong; they have, as has been said, "*le goût pour l'homme*".

A man or woman may be "strong-sexed" as well as "strong-willed". Closely allied to this fundamental instinct is the fact that a large number of professionals are recruited from a submerged mass of human life, found in our great cities and to a smaller extent in rural areas, "human derelicts" constituting the "Social Problem Group". It is a heterogeneous group often closely intermarried, in which there is an undue proportion of paupers, drunkards, criminals, prostitutes and mental defectives of varying grades, a group of social misfits, marked by low intelligence, weak will power and emotional instability. It is difficult if not impossible to say whether this mass of "broken earthenware" is the result of drink or a cause of drink—probably it is both—the whole picture of drink, crime, unemployability, mental defect and prostitution forming a closely interlocked and interwoven network, in which it seems well-nigh impossible to separate cause from effect and *vice versa*.

There is no doubt that alcohol taken in excess may damage the germ-cells (blastophthoria) and produce enduring modifications in succeeding generations. These modifications may appear as weakened ability to control desire, or as an unstable temperamental make-up which, though far short of definite mental defectiveness or feeble-mindedness, may be an underlying cause of prostitution, as recognised by great specialists like Forel, Bianchi, Ianzi, Blealer, Clouston and others.

Alcohol may in many ways prepare the soil for the growth and development of sexual irregularity of all degrees. Mental defect is often present. At the same time, there is grave danger that the claim of mental defect may be overstressed. There is a great need to recognize such a thing as will, to recognize that there are moral obligations, or that there is the awful compulsion to think which men call conscience—the Divine Within—which may be wilfully silenced, ignored or side-tracked. There is such a thing as personal responsibility; if not, then human life loses at once its glory and its worth-whileness.

The environmental (exogenous)

factors are very diverse. As C. Narayana Menon said in the July issue of THE ARYAN PATH, " Cramping environment breeds the illusion of liberation through free love, just as men hope to remove drunkenness by the free supply of drink and the perpetuation of the environment which generates the craving for drink." Cramping environment may mean :—

(*a*) Those conditions which, on the one hand, lower the value and dignity of personality and normal self-respect and, on the other hand, play into the schemes of those who desire to exploit sex-experience—social and economic conditions, vicious home-life, ill-disciplined childhood, poverty, overcrowding, with the inevitable mental trauma which these produce. With these we couple loneliness, the craving for social intercourse, for there is no loneliness like that which may be experienced in a large business house or on the crowded highways of a city.

(*b*) There are conditions which foster sex-excitement—pictures, pornographic literature and the false value attached to luxury, alcohol and sex-irregularity in so many films, plays or novels.

(*c*) The mental, moral and traditional atmosphere of the age plays a large part. Throughout human history prostitution has been a fact, whether condoned or condemned officially through the impact of legal, religious or social forces.

Even to-day, in spite of all that expert scientists and practical experience have proved, there is a widespread belief that sexual experience is necessary for men. Consequently, a social class is recognized which meets the need, although it is pharisaically excluded from the circles where its patrons are welcomed. To-day the cry is for self-expression, self-determination, sex-equality and for so-called " freedom ".

Perverted, one-sided ideas of sex and the atmosphere which fosters sex-expression have been impulsed and coloured by much of the psycho-pathological teaching of Freud and his school, aided and abetted by " contraceptionists " whose teaching has only too often proved an aid to the abuse of sexual privilege and power.

I do not think that poverty, a vicious home, sex-appetite, or mental defect or drink can be said to be *the cause of prostitution.* It is always the expression of a constellation of circumstances and desires. Alcohol just gives those circumstances and cravings the opportunity to operate. It excites the grey matter (in the basal ganglia) at the base of the brain, which is intimately connected with desires of all kinds. Normally these are brought into the light of judgment and discrimination and then controlled and directed through the instrumentality of the neopallium or upper cortical layers of the brain. The first and constant action of alcohol is more or less to numb these higher levels and open the floodgates of desire to uncontrolled and uncensored action. Judgment impaired—desire inflamed ! Truly a two-edged sword ! Under the influence of drink, the individual loses conspicuous elements of self-control, becomes " an altered individual " and altered in the direction of a dethronement of what should be the crown of human life. An octogenarian physician

said : " The charm of alcohol is that it blurs moral twinges ! "

Surely these facts must strengthen the hands of all who are seeking to remove the temptations to drink from the pathway of young India. There can be no Universal Brotherhood, no true culture of nobility, no true progress along the Noble Path in the service of Humanity, whilst the essential dethronement of manhood has as its necessary counterpart the utter degradation of womanhood.

COURTENAY C. WEEKS

Founded upon the soundest of all principles of relief, that of helping the individual to help himself, the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives represent one of the most hopeful features of Chinese resistance to imperialist aggression. Seven months after the plan for them was launched in August 1938 there were over a thousand such groups registered and they are spreading rapidly throughout the country. The illustrated reports of their varied activities, sent out by their Hongkong Promotion Committee (P. O. Box 222, Hongkong) with an appeal for financial support to this nation-saving enterprise, are full of interest and of promise.

The tremendous number of refugees, recently estimated at sixty million, as well as disabled soldiers and families bereaved by the war, are among those whom this development is designed especially to serve, though the country as a whole will share in the anticipated benefits. The industrial co-operatives should contribute substantially to national morale by sustaining these groups and avoiding the disruption of national economy which is threatened by the imposition upon the rural population of the burden of their maintenance. They are expected also to keep up the morale of the people by making available the essential manufactured goods of daily use. They are deserving of encouragement.

The ideology underlying co-operation is sound, and the more widely it is applied, the better for the world. Implicit in it is the recognition of the fact of human solidarity. " Each for all and all for each " has proved its efficacy within the co-operative group ; it needs to be recognized as a formula for the practical application of Universal Brotherhood. It is applicable with profit to any group, from the co-operative, industrial or other, to the nation, but it cannot find its full beneficent scope in any group smaller than the human family.

E. M. H.

GURU NANAK AND WORLD PEACE*

[This article by Charanjit Singh Bindra, M.A., LL.B., Professor at Khalsa College, Amritsar, on Guru Nanak's ideas gives one more instance of the striking similarity between the teachings of great sages in every clime and of every era. Some of the sayings of Guru Nanak on *Ahimsa*, as quoted by the author, are almost identical, even in form, with, let us say, those of the Buddha in the past and of Gandhiji in the present. Let the reader compare them with the following from the Buddha :—

" 'He abused me, beat me, vanquished me, robbed me,'—those in whom such thoughts find refuge will never still their wrath." *Dhammapada* I, 3.

" Victory over oneself is indeed better than victory over others..." *Dhammapada* VIII, 104.

" Though one should in battle conquer a thousand men a thousand times, he who conquers himself has the more glorious victory." *Dhammapada* VIII, 103.

Turning to *The Gandhi Sutras* we read :—

" Non-violence is the highest Law." (10)
" Love is indeed the highest form of non-violence." (21)
" Love is the only remedy for hate." (25)—EDS.]

" Gas masks mouldering in cupboards, half-finished trenches waterlogged and crumbling in parks are all that is left to remind Londoners of the pathetically inadequate air raid precautions..." And the editors of *The New Statesman and Nation* fondly ask if trenches are to be regarded as a prime factor in civilian protection. Must man, creation's crown, with his immortal soul, crawl like a beetle into a hole? Must all his philosophic thought and all his science come but to this derogatory Nemesis? Is that all the heritage of our civilization?

To fight is a tendency ingrained in man, the students of human nature point out. The biologists corroborate them with their evidence of the struggle for existence in every phase of life, adding that it is the fittest who survive. The rejoinder from the man of the world is that the " fittest " is seldom the best or the noblest. Fortunately in the plane of spiritual values all is different. This is what saves the race from degenerating into an amoral existence, from burrowing underground.

Hoping for a peace dividend the nations in the West are investing fabulous fortunes in armaments. To be ever ready for war seems to them to be the only guarantee against it. The sages in the East, however, have at all times sought to remove the menace of war by transmuting the truculent proclivities of man into spiritual action. Not long ago India herself was in the grip of raiding conquerors who threatened to annihilate her civilization, even as Europe is threatened to-day by the newly forged weapons of war. All physical force failed to be of any avail. At that time a sage arose to set up a new tradition which would deliver the

* This article was written before the outbreak of hostilities in Europe.—EDS.

world from the shackles of slavery and establish the Kingdom of Truth and Righteousness. In virtue of the potency of his message, that sage, Guru Nanak, will go down in the annals of human history as a saviour of mankind; for peace is the essential outcome of his ideology.

It appears to have been the cardinal point of his philosophy that man can be saved only by the strength which comes of conquering himself. The personality or self of the individual is the real citadel of the race, and that is what most needs fortifying. In a beautiful metaphor the Guru has explained this process of fortifying the self :—

Servitude to contentment thy earrings be;
Hard labour, thy beggar's bowl;
And smear thyself with the dust of holy meditation.
Like thy overall, considerations of death be ever present with thee;
Thy ego be as virtuous as a virgin's;
And the customs of thy people, thy supporting staff.
Thy noblest ideal, no less than the highest of Jogis,
Be to accept all men as thy equals; and remember
That he who conquers self, conquers the world.

(*Japji* XXVIII)

The guarantee for peace, both political and of the soul, lies not in conquering and disarming others but in conquering one's own self and in accepting all fellow men as one's equals. Much of the virus of hatred that consumes the race to-day would become innocuous if the leaders of peoples adopted this message of the Guru as their guiding-star. The path of enlightenment and of truth does not lie in mere pious protestations but in the development of certain definite virtues of character and of conduct. Honest hard work accompanied by contentment and mellowed by thought makes one's life both holy and pure. Further, it is not a life of passivity that is urged. The individual is not to shrink from action. Even passive resistance must be active in practice. That is the first requisite for the conquest of self. The Sikh, the true follower of the Guru, must always be prepared, must fulfil his duty, and must not lead a life of mystic deliberation without action; for it has been said that all worship or devotion is of no significance or value if a man does not live up to his ideals.

Viṇ guṇ kite bhagat na hoe.

(*Japji* XXI)

The Guru has made contentment and reflection necessary adjuncts to activity, so that the last may not be directed exclusively against external forces. The Khalsa is to fight, but not against men. He is to be always fighting against himself, against all that is wicked in human nature, so that he may master the tyrant in him, as Bertrand Russell would say. Indeed "there is no hope for the world unless power can be tamed and brought into the service, not of this or that group of fanatical tyrants, but of the whole human race."

But a man's interests are not to be centred on himself. He should maintain the necessary detachment from his surroundings. Identification of oneself with one's surroundings makes it impossible to take the broader view of things and to look with sympathy on incidents that are not related to oneself.

And unless this habit of self-projection is acquired, all efforts to conquer oneself will be futile. Nothing can better emphasise this detachment than the realization that death overtakes all the results of human effort. It is only the one who is strengthened by this impersonal attitude who can respond with a cheerful countenance to the call of duty under all circumstances. Particular stress is, therefore, laid on living a normal life, though it should be characterised by a strong sense of detachment.

That we shall cease to be is no ground for pandering to the senses. Ever-present premonitions of death should lead rather to purity of soul, and thus make it easier for a man to tread the path of duty. This path of human duty is defined by the *jugat*, the consensus of world opinion as made explicit in ancient customs and precedents. That alone can be the criterion for all morality and for all action. What actually is the Divine Will, it is beyond us to know :—

> All is by the Will divine, but none may say what that Will is.
> (*Japji* II)

Having thus taken his cue from his own conscience and the *Sangat* (social group), a Sikh must march on the path of duty undaunted by the opposing forces. He must not allow himself to be distracted by constant questionings. That is the significance of faith : to make of man a true soldier on the path of duty. For this very reason the emphasis is laid on the acquisition of personal virtues, for these alone make the higher life possible. Contentment, forethought, ever-present presentiments of death and an unsophisticated nature guided by usage from times immemorial are the unfailing guarantees of right action.

By making right action the fundamental basis for even spiritual life, great possibilities have been opened up for the soul. The search for God is to be but obedience to His commands. The Guru has stated the proposition in the first verse of the *Japji*:—

> When no meditation can avail,
> Though one make a million attempts ;
> When quiet concentration cannot aid,
> Though one forget all but Him;
> When no satisfaction can come through hungering,
> Though one acquire the Regions three;
> Even when all wisdom of the wise does fail;
> How can one win grace with Him
> And rend the veil of ignorance?
> But keep His commands, O Nanak,
> As is ordained for man.

This makes spiritual beatitude subservient to personal virtue. In other words, all the spiritual forces are to be harnessed for the development of the individual character.

The doubly strengthened individuality of man is not to go unrestrained. Special care is enjoined to control the five emotions that lead man astray—lust, anger, greed, fondness and pride. Mastery over these is the first step towards spiritual life. Herein lies the great triumph of man over all that is weak in him. The peace of the world would not now be hanging by a straw if the leaders of the race had learnt this lesson and had incorporated it in their lives. What we actually find is that their

pride of possession, their self-conceit and their anger when their ambitions are thwarted hold sway over them and are causing perpetual sabre-rattling. The dismemberment of Czechoslovakia would not have been accomplished if the individual had come into his own inheritance of spiritual strength. It is only the strength of the individual as such that can stand against the depredations of the tyrant in man. That alone can create an effective world opinion ; that alone can be a dependable basis for world peace.

It does not need to be explained that a life of obedience to the above-mentioned commandments must essentially be harmless. Strength and harmlessness are by no means mutually exclusive. The criterion for real strength is a spirit of non-aggression which must be born of fearlessness. No genuine fearlessness is possible unless it is based on harmlessness. That is the secret of strengthening the individual, the redoubtable citadel of every nation. Great prominence is given by the Guru to this ideal of harmlessness based on fearlessness. When the qualities of the Paramount Personality are enumerated in the statement of the fundamentals at the commencement of the holy Granth, absence of enmity and ill will is placed in close juxtaposition to fearlessness—*Nir bhao nir ver.* The ideal placed before the Sikh is:—Caress the feet even of those who beat thee with fisticuffs, conquer with love even those who do evil to thee. And conquered they shall be if the individuality is strong enough, fearless enough, harmless enough. Here is a lesson in the supreme sacrifice of self.

Such a code makes possible a new relationship between man and man. Aware of the goodness in every individual, we address ourselves to that spark of the eternal Light in him and seek to help it to manifest in nobility of action. The virtue of the individual, tempered in the furnace of *Sadh-sangat* (Good Company) rules out all possibility of oppression. It can create a world opinion strong enough to provide a tangible basis for collective security. It is the only dependable guarantee against the abuse of power. By making the individual both fearless and harmless, it will do more, it will remove the occasion for war!

CHARANJIT SINGH BINDRA

STUDIES IN SHELLEY

II.—HIS POETRY

[This is the second of a series of three articles by **Miss Katherine Merrill**; the first, dealing with the poet's background, was published last month; the last, on Shelley's prose, will appear in our next issue.—EDS.]

French and English philosophers just preceding the time of Shelley emphasized very definite conceptions of political and religious liberty. These conceptions were also Shelley's, and were not just his borrowings from others. The ideal of the inner redemption of mankind through mental and spiritual changes, the hope of the disappearance of outward evils also under the beneficent operation of Freedom, Brotherhood and equal rights—man, abstract yet concrete, "king over himself, gentle, just and wise",[1] freed in body, mind and soul these ideals and hopes form Shelley's own greatest themes, drawn from the depths of his true and independent self. And they are the basis of many of his greatest poems, including *Queen Mab, The Revolt of Islam, Hellas,* several odes and *Prometheus Unbound.*

Most of these assume a narrative form, using spirits and humanized figures to embody concepts of men and also abstract ideas. He delighted to make sharp contrasts, picturing man in slavery to despotic governments and religions, and then man free from such despotism. This pair of opposites caught his leaping imagination and his eager desire for victorious results. Yet, in spite of his avid wish, he faced the fact of slow growth. *The Revolt of Islam,* for instance, is a long-drawn struggle toward victory with many temporary successes and failures. Even in *Queen Mab,* the earliest of these poems (and—note well!—the one richest in hints of Theosophy), there are clear statements that the "paths of an aspiring change" are "gradual" (Part IX). Despite his excessive fluency in idea and phrase, his pictures in these various poems of the two extremes successfully embody convincing facts and great prophetic truths. His attacks on kings and monarchy, God, priests and other matter of religions, may seem ruthless; but his pæans of joy over humanity self-redeemed from these evils, individually released and glorified, balance and justify his unsparing attacks.

In the *Ode to Liberty* he cried:—

> Oh, that the free would stamp the impious name
> Of King into the dust!....
> Oh, that the wise from their bright minds would kindle
> Such lamps within the dome of this dim world,
> That the pale name of Priest might shrink and dwindle
> Into the hell from which it first was hurled!

In *Queen Mab* appears this:—

> ....The name of God
> Has fenced about all crime with holiness,
> Himself the creature of his worshippers,
> ....the omnipotent fiend....

Part III includes this summary:—

> Where Socrates expired, a tyrant's slave,

[1] *Prometheus Unbound,* Act II.

A coward and a fool, spreads death around—
Then, shuddering, meets his own.
Where Cicero and Antoninus lived,
A cowled and hypocritical monk
Prays, curses and deceives.

Part III contains an extended picture of the degradation of king and court sometimes actually found :—

The King,.....the fool
Whom courtiers nickname monarch, whilst a slave
Even to the basest appetites.....
Those gilded flies
That, basking in the sunshine of a court,
Fatten on its corruption! what are they?--
The drones of the community.

This same passage moves on to the final victory of the right :—

....kingly glare
Will lose its power to dazzle ; its authority
Will silently pass by;....whilst falsehood's trade
Shall be as hateful and unprofitable
As that of truth is now.

The Revolt of Islam again presents the contrast and the victory:—

Kind thoughts, and mighty hopes, and gentle deeds
Abound ; for fearless love and the pure law
Of mild equality and peace, succeeds
To faiths which long have held the world in awe,
Bloody, and false, and cold.

Changes even in Nature are stated repeatedly in *Prometheus Unbound* :—

....the impalpable thin air
And the all-circling sunlight were transformed,
As if the sense of love, dissolved in them,
Had folded itself round the spherèd world.

The theosophical quality of the very earliest of these humanitarian poems—*Queen Mab*—is impressively illustrated in the hints of the time when the redeemed Earth and the seventh perfect Race are conjoined :—

Earth was no longer hell ;
Love, freedom, health had given
Their ripeness to the manhood of its prime,
And all its pulses beat
Symphonious to the planetary spheres;...
The habitable earth is full of bliss;....
All things are recreated, and the flame,
Of consentaneous love inspires all life ;...
Here now the human being stands adorning
This loveliest earth with taintless body and mind ;
Blest from his birth with all bland impulses...
All things are void of terror ; man has lost
His terrible prerogative, and stands
An equal amidst equals ; happiness
And science dawn, though late, upon the earth.

And in tune with this, the attainment of divine oneness is stated in *Prometheus Unbound* :—

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control.

Also the practical human present means are given for this great attainment :—

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night ;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent ;
To love, and bear ; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates ;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent ;
This... is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free ;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory !

Can theosophists reject from their number of high souls the poet who thus follows the line of condemnation given by the Mahatmas and who thus teaches true practice of the Wisdom-Religion at the last Climax of his greatest Song of Humanity ?

Besides this noble humanitarian outreach, various metaphysical ideas, also characteristic of Shelley, are genuinely theosophical. They express rather that other Adept purpose to reveal to men more of their unrealized psychical and spiritual nature.

Striking and unexpected, with little contemporary precedent, these ideas sparkle—for a theosophist—like finely cut jewels among a mass of pebbles. Some of them he may have derived from Platonism, early or late; or they may be the clearest instances in him of soul-remembered knowledge.

Is not that suggested by this little passage, appearing almost casually in *Queen Mab*?

.....the stars,
Which on thy cradle beamed so brightly sweet,
Were gods to the distempered playfulness
Of thy untutored infancy.

Untutored indeed—in the ways of Western materialistic science.

A few other examples are chosen from many. The Fairy Mab suggests the fact of astral record when she states (Part I):—

.....to me 'tis given
The wonders of the human world to keep;
The secrets of the immeasurable past,...
The future, from the causes which arise
In each event....not a sting, not a throb...
Are unforeseen, unregistered by me.

Similar suggestions of the astral are given in *Prometheus Unbound*:—

.....those subtle and fair spirits,
.....who inhabit.....
Its world-surrounding ether; they behold
.....as in a glass,
The future.

For know there are two worlds of life and death;
One that which thou beholdest; but the other
Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit
The shadows of all forms that think and live,...
Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
And all that faith creates or love desires,
Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous shapes.

In harmony with these noble psychical passages are the facts that in this same poem messages are conveyed by dreams, by echoing Voices, by flower-petals stamped with words.

Also, the Fairy, representing the poet's liberated mind, looking out where "Below lay stretched the universe...a wilderness of harmony", yet feeling the all-pervading Identity, hence the actual Universal Brotherhood of all and the future Nirvanic Unity, exclaims:—

Spirit of Nature! thou
Life of interminable multitudes;
Soul of those mighty spheres
Whose changeless paths through Heaven's deep silence lie;
Soul of that smallest being,
The dwelling of whose life
Is one faint April sun-gleam;—
Man, like these....
Thy will....fulfilleth;
Like theirs, his age of endless peace,
Which time is fast maturing,
Will swiftly, surely, come;
And the unbounded frame which thou pervadest,
Will be without a flaw
Marring its perfect symmetry!

The utmost exalted fusion of man with this Universality and Oneness is in scattered lines through the unforgettable close of *Adonais*:—

Peace, peace! he is not dead....
He has outsoared the shadow of our night;...
He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music....
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move...
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.
He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely;....
The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,....
That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love

Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,...
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Critics, though admiring this wonderful passage, yet utterly at a loss to explain it philosophically, call it "pantheism". And as pantheism is not trusted by the Western world, they forthwith dismiss it with a more or less emphatic shrug. The lines are far too sublime in idea and expression to be a suitable tribute merely to the earthly poet whose name *Adonais* honours—or to any earth-being. The passage is in reality a vision of the liberated human spirit, Man, bearing no name, and freed from "this clogging mould" of the physical-astral-kamic body. Only theosophical philosophy with its doctrines of the identity of Spirit in Man and in Nature, of Manifestation and Pralaya, of Absolute Unity—only this Philosophy can interpret these lines. No one reaches the actual meaning of the last part of *Adonais* who fails to see the identity of the Unnameable One with the Kosmos and with finite man and nature—that Deity which is "in every atom of the visible as of the invisible Cosmos", which is "the omnipresent, omnipotent and even omniscient creative potentiality"; this as "identical, hence coeval, with Nature, the eternal and uncreate nature"....the identicalness of this with "the inner man .... the only God we can have cognizance of... that deific essence of which we are cognizant....in our heart and spiritual consciousness"; and, again, the identicalness of both these with "finite man".[1]

In none of the passages quoted from these poems is Shelley's thought philosophically connected, fully logicalized; it constantly swerves from the high line of Truth into ideas incongruous and even disturbing. Hence the necessity of sifting out the jewels. But where in Western literature are there statements implying more of Theosophy than these?

Whence could the poet have drawn such concepts? In his life-experience known outwardly, only from Platonism. Yet, clearly, he was not dependent on Platonism. For, besides the deep impact from the past in his own nature, the vital Fire of those noble ideas and truths came as a fresh impartation from the Great Lodge to his age and hence to himself.

Thus, the two chief phases of the Adepts' eighteenth-century effort—namely, the partial disclosing of the inner realities of man and nature and the arousing of the feeling of brotherly union with others—bore some measure of harvest in the many changes that occurred in statecraft, in religion and in literature throughout the West. From leading thinkers of the various countries came a philosophic statement of the Adept Impulsions that was practical and most influential; and as a literary vehicle for those master-ideas, the work of Shelley was surely one of the noblest in imagination and poetic artistry.

William Q. Judge tells of Beings "who have passed through many

[1] *The Key to Theosophy*, by H. P. Blavatsky, pp. 53, 56.

occult initiations in previous lives, but are now living in circumstances and in bodies that hem them in, as well as for a time make them forget the glorious past....These *obscured adepts*....can be more easily used for the spreading of influences and the carrying out of effects necessary for the preservation of spirituality in this age of darkness."

May not the man called Shelley —misunderstood, reviled, struggling under a load of blunders and sorrows, as a poet too little self-critical and too exuberant, never becoming full master of his excessively fertile mind, yet through all errors ever burning with an unquenched fire of altruism —may he not have been such an Obscured Adept?

The range of adeptship this being must have reached in previous lives cannot be guessed; though perhaps the thick obscurity he laboured through is an indication. For only a high soul could have penetrated such karmic darkness as enveloped Shelley —which must have originated both in past lives and in the present—and yet have brought out into the light such a treasury of spiritual knowledge.

KATHERINE MERRILL

MORAL PRECEPTS

(*Translated from an Egyptian Papyrus in the Louvre*)

Let no bitterness find entrance into the heart of a mother.
Kill not, lest thou shouldst be killed.
Do not make a wicked man thy companion.
Do not act on the advice of a fool.
Build not thy tomb higher than those of thy superiors.
Illtreat not thy inferior, and respect those who are venerable.
Illtreat not thy wife, whose strength is less than thine, but protect her.
Curse not thy Master before the gods, and speak no evil of him.
Save not thy life at the expense of another's.
Sacrifice not thy weaker child to the stronger, but protect him.
Amuse not thyself at the expense of those who depend on thee.
Permit not thy son to get entangled with a married woman.
Build not thy tomb on thine own lands.
Build not thy tomb near a temple.
Pervert not the heart of a man who is pure.
Assume not a proud demeanour.
Mock not a venerable man, for he is thy superior.

PILGRIMS IN UNIFORM

[Bhabani Bhattacharya portrays here the inner conversion of a youth as a result of his contact with simple-minded and unlettered, but not ignorant, folk going on a pilgrimage. Why? Their sincere faith and childlike devotion radiate a beneficent influence. Our Indian masses still retain those heart-qualities, and, although their simplicity is, alas, too often exploited by priest and politician alike, we would rather have them remain simple-hearted than turn them into "intellectual" disbelievers. For although "ignorance is like unto a closed and airless vessel .... even ignorance is better than Head-learning with no Soul-wisdom to illuminate and guide it." In our efforts to educate the masses we should never overlook the imparting of Soul-wisdom, the "Heart" doctrine.—EDS.]

Bhargava let his calm eyes wander over the wistful faces of the two-score saffron-clad men and dimly smiled to himself at the success of his mission. He had collected his pilgrims, he had found them seats on the wooden bunks of the train. A journey of a night and a day (and night was well under way) would take them to their destination, the far-famed holy city where, at the historic temple of Jagannath, he was a priestly novitiate.

He had started out on his customary annual tour a month before the Car Festival. Far from the little sea-washed city, in the corn lands of Bihar he had collected his band of devotees anxiously awaiting his arrival, and had swelled their number with the watchword: "Oh brothers, rebirth has no reality for those who have glimpsed the Lord on the Car in the month of *Asar*!"

All this was usual. Dozens of temple novitiates travelled beyond far horizons, sounding their common watchword like a drum-call. Peasants' souls were like thirsty rock. Life held no enchantment and the novitiates brought the vision of a new life-philosophy. You could shake off the earth-ties for a while, forget the hungers and the fears and the ever-present emotional strain for ten days of supreme all-effacing bliss when you lived in the flesh, yet were out of it, when you were no longer a peasant but a pilgrim.

Bhargava had a capacity for the unusual. Stirred by the recollection of his all too brief school days when he had seen the older boys in uniform grouped into units of scouts, he had decided to give the pilgrims he led a new individual touch. He made them dye their garments in saffron. The use of this procedure was soon apparent. It roused a certain instinct in the pilgrims that drew them together into a closer circle of brotherhood; and it helped the leader to spot a Saffron-shirt when, in the hustle of a railway platform, he seemed lost.

Now that the train was moving thunder-fast and swallowing the miles with the ruthless jerk of a lizard swallowing worms, and a third of the journey was done, Bhargava could sit at ease and speak to his men of the glories of his holy city and of its deity of deities. He was not a man of knowledge or of learning; he had not read the *Vedas* and the *Upanishads*. He knew the words of certain prayer *mantras*, but not their meaning. His

pilgrims would repeat the *mantras* after him, parrot-wise, as they made their offerings of scented flowers and little clay lamps before the Lotus Feet. But their hearts would put their own new meanings into the unknown Sanskrit words. Those words would light up and burn with the oil of the devotees' emotions, thus achieving a purpose never to be attained by a mere intellectual grasp of the text.

A while before the pilgrims had suddenly become unhappy, feeling themselves under a cloud. An English-speaking townsman, one of the few other passengers who shared their compartment, had seemed to laugh at their ignorance. Bhargava was speaking of the solace that religion brought to bruised souls. And the townsman, listening with an amused air, had countered : " Solace? It's the solace of drugs You take opium."

" But how, brother ? " Bhargava had turned to him with interest.

" You peasants have overmuch religion, overmuch 'divine content'. How would you answer me if I asked you why you had a crop-failure last year ? "

" What misery ! " cried an old peasant, remembering the lean days. " The writing on the brow ", he sighed, lifting a gnarled hand to his forehead.

" That's it ", said the learned one addressing his listeners with a fine self-assurance. " Tell me, why should gay-lived villains sit above you and let money flow like water, while all the time you honest folk have not enough to stop your hunger ? Call this God's justice ? Why does the All-Merciful write one thing on the rich moneylender's brow, another on yours ? Why do your innocent rickety children die before they have lived ? What sort of God is He who has created this sorry scheme of things which brings misery to the good people of the soil, while the evil parasitic ones of so many types thrive and have the best of times ? "

The same old peasant had nodded his head repeatedly. " Karma ! " he had murmured, and proceeded in a halting, clumsy way to explain the traditional outlook (his birthright it was, and the very sheet-anchor of his being). This life on earth is the result of our past deeds. We secure happiness if we have earned it by our good actions in former lives. We suffer, because we were evil-doers. All deeds are recorded by unseen hands, and each bears fruit, sweet or sour. The Life-throb travels through eighty-four thousand lower forms—worm, caterpillar, reptile, four-footed mammal—before it finds shelter in the image of the human form ; and then the image is only that of the low-born. The acquisition of merit continues through many a travail of rebirth, and the human soul toils up the winding stairway of caste. As we sow in one birth, so we reap in another. No deed is ever lost. A peasant has a long rough way to travel. A peasant in misery is washing off in suffering the sins that must follow him from birth to birth. The rich sinner sinks to a future life of a lower, less pleasant order.

" That is, indeed, the philosophy of opium ", the townsman had ans-

wered. "All is pre-ordained. It is good to suffer since, as you say, misery is a kind of expiation, a passport to future happiness. You are too long-sighted. Your eyes are fixed a million years ahead, so that they do not see the immediate. You are drugged with your fatalism."

The pilgrims were bewildered. Bhargava had not spoken yet. Though a Brahmin and a priest, it was not for him, young as he was, to speak, when one end of the thread of debate was held by a hoary-headed man who, even if an illiterate peasant, was a repository of race-experience. In the sudden lull Bhargava found his voice. "Let it be opium, brother", he said. "It is not the kind of opium that hurts. It only makes us happy. We have something to cling to when in misery. And so much of our life is misery."

"Aha! Your faith has only a negative value, then? It is a preventative?"

Bhargava was thinking out his answer to this question when the train pulled up at a wayside station. The townsman read the name on the gas-lit board, excused himself and hastened to alight with his luggage.

The pilgrims left to themselves breathed more freely. Bhargava told a story to explain that their faith was not simply negative. Hundreds of years ago, the saint Sri Chaitanya had come from his far homeland in Bengal to see Jagannath. He beheld, and was intoxicated with the Lord's loveliness. He left the temple and went to bathe in the sea, and in the dark-hued water his beauty-haunted eyes beheld the dark visage of the Lord Himself. He stretched out his arms, he, the strange lover, calling the Lord by fond names. The waves sprang upon him, they caressed him, they rocked him and carried him away. Such is the power of beauty. Yet Jagannath has no beauty of shape or face. His is an unlovely image. Jagannath has made his outward form unlovely, as if to say, "The exterior, the shell, must not count. The within alone shall have value."

Bhargava proceeded to illustrate the value of thought. A man travels to the shrine, sees Jagannath and thinks the image ugly. Moreover, he covets the ornaments of gold and the shining stars of gems. As he gazes, with evil in his heart, lo! the great image is gone! The man rubs his eyes and asks his fellows, "Where may the image be?" They tell him, "Look right in front of you, brother. Jagannath has a shape without proportion, with stumps for hands, so dark, the face blank. The Lord has assumed this form for the sake of common folk who have no outward grace. The Lord says, 'Look beyond!'"

The man who has the pollution of evil in him cries out in fear. "What is the matter with my eyes? I see the black stone throne, the lamps of oil, the canopy, the gold ornaments, but no image, only emptiness!"

Bhargava gestured with a hand as he spoke to his fascinated audience. "You realize the power of thought, brothers? Sri Chaitanya beholds so much beauty that he dies for the joy of it; and this polluted one sees ugliness and then only gold and emptiness!"

Gold! The word rang in the ears

of one listener, Ram Lal, a boy of seventeen years. He sat among the pilgrims, but his garments were not saffron. He was no pilgrim, but a passenger in the train, travelling with one dark motive—theft. The pilgrims, he had reasoned out, must be carrying money. They would be easy prey for his deft hands. Ram Lal was waiting for the night to thicken. Now that the pilgrims had finished their evening meal, they would soon lie down to sleep. Meanwhile, Ram Lal was listening to their talk. He was all ears, and did not miss a word. The pilgrims had touched an adventurous chord in him. He had decided to commit his theft later in the night, shift to another compartment, and follow the party to the city of Jagannath. It would, indeed, be more than mere adventure. He could thus rid himself of the sin of theft that would, otherwise, attach to his *karma*. For Bhargava had said, "The sight of the Lord on the chariot washes away the sins of a lifetime. It is worth more than a thousand dips in the Ganges at Haridwara!"

"Gold!" murmured Ram Lal, with a sharp-drawn breath.

An hour went by. The pilgrims stretched themselves on the benches and on the bare floor. Sleepily, they heard the voice of Bhargava: "There is no caste in the Lord's shrine, brothers. All men are equal. The Brahmin and the untouchable sit together in the Market of Joy and eat from the same bowl. The Lord is there not for the Brahmin, aloof in the dignity of learning, not for the devotee, pure-minded, God-conscious, truth-knowing. He is there for the ignorant and the ignoble, for the lowly of spirit, the bruised in body and soul, the polluted, the thief."

Ram Lal started and looked up. Had Bhargava read his secret? But no, Bhargava lay on the floor-boards with face averted, eyes closed; it was not long before he, too, was asleep.

Now was Ram Lal's opportunity. He alone was awake. It would be easy enough to rob the pilgrims and flee from detection.

His heart was hammering. Something was hurting him in his inmost depths. He strove to collect his thoughts. Hurry, Ram Lal! Take what you need. Get off at the next stop. Walk up the train's length and find a seat in the far carriage next to the shiny black engine. Hurry, Ram Lal!

Beneath this stream of conscious thought surged an understream, spurting up through some emotional crevices in fountains of joy. Ram Lal felt rather than visualised the Car Festival. Half a million pilgrims tug at the ropes lengthening out from the wheel-base of an enormous chariot. Their combined strength moves the sixteen-wheeled wooden house inch by inch. Once in a while, the pilgrims pause, lift their eyes to the deity and cry out in sheer ecstasy. Ram Lal felt it. But mingled with this unknown joy was an unknown dread. Ram Lal had no understanding of his strange dread till he rose to carry out his self-imposed task. As he bent over a pilgrim, the suppressed inward wail burst out in a helpless whimper, and Ram Lal cried out: "What if the Lord disappears before my eyes? What if a hundred million

pilgrims see him, but I see an empty throne ?"

He sat down and wept bitterly. Presently he felt relieved, as though he was rid of a crushing burden within his breast. He felt strangely purified. He sidled up to Bhargava and shook him gently. When Bhargava opened his sleep-laden eyes, Ram Lal asked : "If a man has stolen folk's goods, will he see emptiness where the Lord be ?"

Bhargava stared at him. "A thief may repent, brother, and wash off pollution."

Ram Lal nodded, his boyish eyes shining. He laid himself down and nestled by the Brahmin. "Wash off pollution", he echoed in a whisper, with a happy wistful smile.

BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

THE TEMPTATION TO RESIST EVIL WITH EVIL

The most shameful aspect of our present international situation, I think, is the way we ape the enemies we hate.

They make war ! We make war ! They build vast armaments ! We build vast armaments ! They use poison gas ! We use poison gas ! They say, All restrictions off on the most brutal instincts of mankind ! We say the same, until once more, fighting evil with evil until we are the evil that we fight, far from conquering our enemies we let them make us after their own image.

If we are the apes of our enemies in peace time, in war time we will be apes indeed. Every cruelty they devise we will match. Every devastation they inflict on human beings we will equal. In the end no barbarity will be beneath us.

The boys we bore in travail and reared in love in our homes, schools, and churches will become the yes-men of the enemies we fight, in every dastardly deed they do. They will be compelled to.

And when it is over, in a world where all agree that no one can really win a war, with civilization, it may be, wrecked, with a thousand new problems raised for every one solved and countless hatreds engendered for every one satisfied, I can think of only one factor that still will stand quite unimpaired : namely, the strange man of Galilee whom many call a visionary idealist still asking with infinite sorrow, "How can Satan cast out Satan ?"

Let us take a further step and note that whether or not this principle of Jesus that evil is not to be fought with evil appeals to us, depends primarily on what it is that most of all we want. Do we really want to cast out Satan ?

Do we most of all desire to get rid of the evil of the world ? Multitudes of people want something else altogether—their own prestige, personal or national, their gain and profit, their vengeance even, or their private conquest.

—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

EARLY MEDICINE IN IRAN AND INDIA

DRUG AND ANTIDOTE (2000 B. C.)

[Dr. H. G. Cimino is a member of the medical profession who is familiar with sixteen languages of the eastern hemisphere including Arabic, Assyrian and Sanskrit. Readers will remember his article on "Pharmacy and Fire Therapy" which appeared in the November 1938 issue of THE ARYAN PATH.—EDS.]

Against disease there's aye a healing herb
But where's the remedy against your remedy?

Vyādhitasya-(A)Ushadham Pat'hyam Nirujastukim Aushadha(h).

One of the oldest *bons mots* in the medical world is contained in the above title; it was quoted by the Brahmins some four thousand years ago.

Nowadays every medical student knows of the deleterious effects of this or that drug, say, a barbiturate; every specialist will wax eloquent over the cumulative effect of some of the digitalic products; it is therefore not the aim of the author to prove the truth of the statement, but to analyse two or three of these old Sanskrit root-words, and to show that they represent the most important medicinal herbs, and some of the foods of the ancients, and that the Sanskrit *Ash* for instance has remained practically unaltered in English after thirty-five centuries.

Take the first double word :—

Vyādhitasya-(A)Ushadham. Literally: "Of disease the remedy ..."; here we have the etymology of the "diseases" of those days, *i.e., ghastly wounds,* for *Vyādhita* (ill, sick) comes from *Vyadh* (to pierce, to wound); the mere sound of the past participle *Vy(a)t* is not unlike the "vight" of our "Zomerzet" yokels.

Aushadham comes from *Aush* and *Ash.* In Sanskrit it designates all manner of herbs and grasses, also trees, including our ash-tree; generally speaking, it means "Drugs", for the drugs of thirty-five centuries ago were simply herbs and leaves.

In Egypt, where the local "Sanskrit" called Hamitic hardly differed from that of India, the same word *As* designated a flower, a plant in general. But in those days one sound had to do for many different objects, mostly correlated.

In this case: *Sh* was the pond with a very simple hieroglyph. It soon indicated the garden (as soon as the Nile-men had laid out their plots), and the hieroglyphs show a distinct improvement, both for the papyrus alphabet and for the later hieratic. The basis of the first of these last two designs shows the "pool" or the pond of a few centuries earlier with the herbs sprouting. The Egyptians went a step further: a truly artistic line now designated the flower, a plant in general, with the sound *As* and so they came as a variety of sounds and signs starting with the water (*Sh*) and the canes or rushes (*A*); the two combined gave the *Ash*, our oldest medical term on earth, when

referring to herbalism.

In India *Ash* meant to eat; as a noun, "food"; little they cared in those days whether the food of the manna ash for instance was the leaf, flower, pollen or root: everything was "*Ash*"; even the tiny lady-bird, scarab or insect which fell off the tree, provided it was eatable.

In the course of time some two dozen designations were added to the primitive root, from *Ashala* and *Ashmana* to the *Ashmantaka*, the tree from which the Brahmins stripped the fibres to make their girdles, to the *Ashvakandika*, the *physalis flexuosa*, the winter cherry; and the *Ashyakarnaka*, the sal, so dear to every village smith in India. *Ashvakarna* was the best timber tree, and *Ashdan* the typical medicinal herb. Hence the adjectives *Aushana*, pungent, *Ushana*, peppery, and so forth. The simplest sounds, corresponding to the Egyptian *Sh* of pond, were *Ush* and *Ushira*, our "ooze" and "osier".

Time passed; the jungles of fifty centuries ago changed to the wilderness of the Sudd with its million reeds, up to sixteen feet high. A thousand years later the waters had evaporated and the steppe stretched for endless miles where once the lagoons had mirrored blue skies: yet another thousand years and the deserts spread their dull grey to yellow canopy...and still men spoke of *Ushira* and *Ushara*, but they put the stress on the *end* of the word; *Ush* or "Ooze" had ceased to be; there remained only *Shara*, the "Shore", the sandy waste.

And the antidote? The remedy of the remedy? It was the *Ni-ru*; hence our "Rue", the "bitter herb" in both languages.

In the second part of the old Brahminic "saw" we read: *Ni-rujastukim.*

Kim is "What?" or *"What is?"*; *Tu* means *"but"*; therefore: "But what is the antidote?"

If the word *Ash* was used to designate many a plant, this second sound *Ru* had to do for an equal number of objects. As a verb:—

Ru meant: to hurt, to injure; also to be hurt and to "rue the whole thing".

Ruha was the bent-grass, *panicum dactylon*; also a millet (compare Kipling's "in the Rukh").

Rukapratikiya was "medicine", and of course also the practice (look at the word!).

Rucaka had to do for many objects: Sodium, Borax, Cassia, a perfume, a vermifuge; also for the adjectives: sharp, acrid, tonic, stomachic.

These words give us a first hint at a well-defined herbalism; but the most astonishing results were obtained with poisons, the "potions" of our Middle Ages, the "*Vish*" of our "viscid". It designates a whole group of diseases and the remedies therefor; it means: to perform (an operation), to overcome (disease), to clothe or to dress (the wound), even to consume or eat food. *Vil*, *Vid* and *Vilka* were the horrible colics and dysentery of those days... cholera, of course. The mere enumeration of the *Vit*, *Vid* and *Vish* would fill a handy little manual, and it is too voluminous for an article.

Instruments? Yes! they had them too; thus the forceps were the

Mucuti, but here we step into the realm of surgery. Here we must distinguish—as with herbalism—two stages :—

The earliest in the days of the first invasions when the battle fields were littered with dead and wounded from the Khyber to far-famed Kurukshetra. Cattle-raiding was the favourite pastime from our "*Border*" on the Tyne to 'way south in India ; but here and there the *Kurus*, the natives, put up a stout resistance ; and a battle ensued worth talking about, worth relating perhaps in rhyme and prose, sufficient to form the subject of an epos, say, the *Mahabharata*. How did they staunch the flow of blood in the days of Kurukshetra ?

Simply by applying leaves and binding the whole with rattan fibres, man's earliest cataplasm : result, according to the patient or the climate : either a ghastly running sore, or mummification. Later such gaping wounds were closed with thorns, and the method has remained unaltered with many a tribe. In Somaliland the Berbers (or Babhru, as the Arabs call them) use the spikes of the mimosa ; these are driven into the joined lips of the wound at regular intervals, say, one inch apart, and, marvellous but true, splendid results are achieved in fifty per cent of the cases.

Antisepsis ? Nature's own method; these thorns plucked off the stem in a desert temperature of 120° are as "clean" as if steeped in boiling water. But....why add more ? *Quid multa* ? When all is said and done, we are now where we were four thousand years ago as to drugs. This drug ? That drug ? Wonderful.... wonderful ! but....Hakim Sahib :

There's aye a healing herb
against disease,
But where's the remedy
against your remedy ?

H. G. CIMINO

A conscientious objector quoted these words of Buddha, dating from 500 B.C., to the South-western Tribunal at Bristol yesterday : "He who wishes to attain to the joy of living in harmony with the universe shall deceive no one, entertain no hatred for anybody and no wish to injure through anger."

Judge Wethered described the statement as most interesting, and he was placed on the conscientious objectors' register unconditionally. He was Harold Oliver Phillipson, a Gloucestershire market gardener, who handed in a long written statement. He said that he had been attracted by Oriental philosophy based on the teachings of Buddha for the last four years, though he had not lived in the East. He was educated at the City School, Lincoln.

One of the members of the tribunal asked Phillipson, "They didn't give you any of those ideas there, did they ?"

"A pity they didn't", Phillipson replied.

The Manchester Guardian, 19th August, 1939.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

INDIAN NATIONALISM *

The admission that Ela Sen's *Testament of India* has greatly depressed me must not be taken as casting any aspersion on India's ambition to free herself from British rule, as expressed in the nineteen essays that go to make up the volume. To me it is as great a paradox that India should be governed by Great Britain as that Great Britain should be governed by China. If the question of "coming out of India" could be decided by an English plebiscite, I should have no hesitation in voting and persuading others to vote in favour of our immediate evacuation. We, the English, are not fit to govern India, because our governing class cannot, and cannot be expected to, understand her. No other nation is fit to govern her. But the reason that Ela Sen's book has depressed me is that it has raised in my mind a question as to whether India is fit to govern herself.

My reason for doubt arises from the fact that I have throughout been confronted by still another version of the political aims that have brought Europe to its present calamitous condition. I have, for instance, seen the Indian problem from one point of view as presenting on a larger scale the unhappy state through which Ireland is still passing. There the little island is split into two by the relatively small differences of religious beliefs that separate Roman Catholicism from Protestantism. And I have been wondering what compromise can ultimately reconcile the very much greater differences between on the one side Hinduism and Buddhism and on the other Mohammedanism, differences that represent the fundamental contrast between a tolerant and an intolerant creed.

Ela Sen necessarily deals with this problem in her essay on Communalism, but all her arguments for Hindu-Muslim unity are based on political advantage, and she lays great stress on the "constant and insidious interference of Britain to safeguard her own power" as an important factor in preventing any near approach to agreement. But presuming that British influence was removed, would a political motive be a sufficient inducement for the Hindu and Muslim peoples to live together in harmony? My only answer to that is to say, "Not if the Hindu and the Muslim religions are living creeds." In England Roman Catholics, Protestants and Nonconformists of many denominations can live peacefully together under a single government because their religious beliefs have so little spirit and vitality. Can the same be said of the beliefs of the Hindu and the Muslim? If it can, the political situation will be saved, and the nation may subsequently be wrecked on the same reef that is responsible for the

* *Testament of India.* By ELA SEN. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

foundering of Europe. For until our politics are the expression of our religious beliefs, the ideal of equal justice can never be attained, either within the state or between different nations ; politics will still derive from class and national self-seeking, and religion will remain a creed divorced from action.

The best that can be hoped, therefore, from Hindu-Muslim unity, is an imitation of our British methods of self-government. Ela Sen in her examination of the " so-called Hindu-Muslim riot in Bihar " has produced the fact that " for centuries the two communities had lived peacefully side by side ", even as Roman Catholics and Nonconformists have done in Great Britain. Here, then, is an intimation that the best we can hope for is something on the British pattern, undertaken in the hope that, given a measure of religious freedom, the worshippers of Allah, though regarding the worshippers of Krishna as infidels, will refrain from insulting them—for political reasons.

We find, also, many references to the need for education throughout the peninsula, but there is not in this book any indication of the trend that education will take. We can assume the usual elements, but what about the teaching of history and religion ? Will the former be degraded, as it has been in all the Western countries, by making it the instrument of national pride ; or will some of the greater minds of India collaborate to write a new history for use in Indian schools, which shall be the story of the developing soul of man in this or that country rather than the stories of wars and conquests and the petty affairs of kings and queens ? For if we are to benefit by the lessons of history as taught in Europe and America, it will be by learning not what we ought to imitate but what we ought to avoid.

And religion ? Is that teaching to follow the precedents of the West and become sectarian ? Or can it be founded on the single truth common to all religions, simply stated as the choice given to mankind between living for the spirit or the flesh ? For all else, including the invention of uncountable gods, is but a question of inducement and method, the inducement almost invariably taking the form of promising the Great Reward without it being earned by a life of fervent devotion, while the method as we know it in the West is little more than a means to maintain civil obedience.

But the decision on all these matters will rest with the party in power, however elected ; and, judging from Ela Sen's essays, there is a great danger that India may be as subject to party factions as England herself, exhibiting on a larger scale the tragic opposition of Capital and Labour, of democracy and socialism. Can we foresee the possibilities of that struggle in a country of 350 million inhabitants, should education be followed by universal suffrage, an almost inevitable sequence ? No. Far rather would I see India under a dictatorship if the dictator were such a man as Mahatma Gandhi, inspired as he is by a purity of motive beyond all criticism.

Coming now to the prime question of Nationalism that dominates the whole of Ela Sen's collection of

essays, how does India propose to avoid the doctrines that have been the curse of modern civilization? She speaks of the preparations for defence necessary to a country surrounded by Fascist Powers—though "surrounded" is hardly the right word in this connection—and adds:—"Defence is not against the ethics of non-violence... Therefore, armies, as well as naval and air defence, must of necessity figure in the programme of reconstructing India." *As one at present suffering under the conditions imposed by the awful fallacy that defence by intensive armament is an instrument for the maintenance of peace, I do most earnestly protest against that statement. It exhibits a reconstructed India following the evil principles of nationalism that are destroying all Western civilizations, to say nothing of China and Japan.* Even some of us in England, a rapidly increasing number I am glad to say, have recognised the evil of this kind of patriotism, keeping before us in its place the ideal of an internationalism that has as its object the approach to universal brotherhood and good will towards all men, of whatever culture, creed or colour.

In conclusion, then, I have been depressed by the thought that India, the birthplace of civilization, is here exhibited not as setting an example to us in Europe but as following the very path that is so surely leading us to destruction. Surely those who have the true welfare of India at heart should profit by the object lesson we have set them, not, indeed, for imitation but for avoidance. If young India has as its aim reconstruction on the Western model, the inevitable result will follow, the same Nemesis will overtake it in due course. How can it be otherwise? Self-seeking and worldly advantage are not the ways of the spirit whether in a nation or an individual.

J. D. BERESFORD

A SCHOLASTIC VIEW OF THE "GITA"*

The highly synthetic nature of the *Gita*'s thought has from time to time tempted Western scholars to divide it into parts attributable to different authors and schools, a method of approach which is much easier, if less profitable, than trying to understand it as a whole. Well known among such attempts was that of Garbe, and in this book his pupil Otto carries on the task in an even more elaborate manner. The book contains a translation of what the author believes to have been the "original *Gita*", a translation of the complete work showing the alleged interpolations, glosses and separate doctrinal treatises in different type, with analyses of those treatises, a chapter on yoga and yogins, appendices and copious notes.

The "original *Gita*" is conceived as the work of the epic poet and as an integral part of the original *Mahabharata*. The rest of the work as we know it is analysed into treatises written by Sankhyas, Yogis and Bhaktas with glosses by mythologists, Brahman theologians, and others.

What are the grounds on which so

**The Original Gita.* By RUDOLF OTTO. Translated and edited by J. E. TURNER. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 15*s*.)

drastic, a disintegration is attempted? The most definite argument seems to be that in the first two verses of chapter eleven Arjuna states that he has been taught three things, namely, the secret of the Self (*adhyātma*), the production and destruction of beings and Krishna's imperishable "Majesty" (hardly a correct rendering of *mahātmyam*, by the way, but one that is in accord with the Christian preconceptions that are evident throughout the book). The first of these subjects is supposed to have been polished off in II, 11-30; the second in II. 20, 22, 29 and 30 and the third in X, 1-8. Most of the preceding chapters must therefore be discarded as not being what Arjuna himself says he has been taught, and an extension of the same principles will also serve to weed out the later chapters.

Then there are considerations of style. We read of the "verbose flood of general disquisitions" and of the "pompous terms" of a so-called gloss (the first six verses of chapter nine).

Lastly there is the question of consistency. The author is convinced that the theme of the *Gita* is a very simple one. Arjuna, out of pride, wishes to avoid doing what he considers to be wrong, namely, killing relatives and teachers in battle. Krishna teaches him that the soul is immortal and that all beings have been created by a transcendent extra-cosmic God who is therefore the only true judge of what should happen to them. Hence the only true wisdom is to become a tool in God's hand and to leave all questions of right and wrong to him. This last teaching (*nimitta mātra bhava savyasāchin*) is considered by Otto to be the true *charam shloka* of the *Gita*. Everything that in his view is inconsistent with this doctrine of submission to the will of a transcendent God must therefore be an interpolation or an addition.

But what does all this amount to? All these interpolations were, one must suppose, inserted in the *Gita* in order to claim for them the authority of Krishna's name. But how did the "original *Gita*" come to gain such authority? Not simply through Krishna's name, since many other "gitas" have been fathered on him at various times (*e.g., Anu Gita, Uttara Gita* etc.) without gaining a hundredth part of the *Gita's* prestige. One can see no reason whatever why Otto's truncated "original" with its extra-cosmic theism should ever have been recognised as one of the three *prasthānas* of the Vedānta. It is useless to talk of the various interpolated treatises of the *Moksha Dharma*. Neither they nor any of the other *Gitas* attributed to Krishna have enjoyed either the same widespread popular appreciation as the *Bhagawad Gita* or that unique authoritative status that has made it necessary for every new founder of a school to write a commentary on it.

There is only one reason for the *Gita's* unique position. Neither its inclusion in the *Mahābhārata* nor its attribution to Krishna could have given it its prestige in India, where, in the last resort, amidst all the fictions of orthodoxy, a scripture is judged by its spiritual content quite irrespective of the great or small names with which it may be associated. The authority of the *Gita* rests on its essential nature as a book springing from the highest levels of spiritual realization. It is venerated because it has been found by centuries of seekers to be an incomparable practical guide to the inner life and therefore must have been written by some one who had trodden the Path to its end.

Once this is understood the whole question of consistency is seen in a different light. Scholars never seem to understand that the men who wrote such books as the *Gita* were (and are) not of their fraternity. A man who writes from his own spiritual *knowledge* concerns himself only with unity, a very different thing from mere consistency. Such a yogi—and the author of the *Gita* was a yogi, whatever Professor Otto may think—seeks always to show that hidden in the dry wood of all the schools is the Fire of the one Universal Wisdom. He cares nothing for the fact that, *in the hands of the scholastics themselves*, the various systems are in conflict with

one another. The Fire within them all is one and it is with the manifestation of that Fire alone that *his hands* are concerned.

Any one who reads the *Gita* with the inner eye finds none of these alleged inconsistencies. Scholastic Sānkhya may differ from scholastic Yoga and both from scholastic Bhakti, as the oak differs from the fig tree and both from the pine. Yet, on the altar of the *Gita*, as on the altars of the ancient Rishis, twigs from different trees are laid side by side and from them all the selfsame fire springs up. Each verse in the book is in its place and yields its quota of the sacred flame, which, as the work sweeps through its eighteen chapters, swells majestically until it has burnt up the ignorance of the disciple. But for this to happen the *Gita* must be read with the whole being of the reader, not simply with his mind ; still less should it be treated simply as a theme for scholarly and intellectual dissertation.

Not that Professor Otto is not sympathetic and appreciative in his own way. He writes at times very eloquently of the *Gita* as he understands it ; yet one never feels that it is the *Gita* of which he is speaking but rather some book which, from his own standpoint of Christian piety, he would himself have written had he been asked. Even the translation shows marked signs of his personal bias. Thus, *buddhi yoga* is rendered "the cultivation of a mood", *madyoga* (in XII, 2) as "My saving wondrous power", and *yogi yatātmā* becomes (at least in the footnote) "a thoroughly converted pious man"! Even the famous *sarva aharmān parityajya* of XVIII, 66, becomes, feebly enough, "Fret not thyself, therefore, because of all the 'laws'", while the triumph of Arjuna's final exclamation *nashṭo moha smṛitir labdhā*, "Destroyed is my delusion ; Memory is won", with its reminiscences of Vāma Deva and Buddha, of Plato and Plotinus, evaporates entirely in the thin and feeble "perplexity has disappeared. I have gained prudence." Prudence indeed ! Incidentally, in default of Memory, "prudence" might have counselled hesitation before the writing of the chapter on Yoga.

SRI KRISHNA PREM

REALITY AND THE SELF*

Mr. Malkani delightfully turns the tables on Western critics who complain of the visionary excess of Eastern philosophy when he writes in his Preface that while greatly valuing the rationalism and free thought of the West, he is acutely conscious of the barrenness of mere rationalism, and that Indian thought, pursued with religious earnestness and valuing perception of the truth more than rational explanation, "is more practical". Reasoning, as he goes on to say, merely provides us with a means of exposition and of communicating an incommunicable truth, and any philosophical theory of value represents certain personal or spiritual intuitions. We must have some supersensible intuition of reality to begin with and it is upon this experience that reason works and that its problems, if they are to be significant, are based. Otherwise the mind is confined within a closed circle of its own concepts. The infinite which should be the inexhaustible source and centre of all creative activity is shut out. The business, therefore, of philosophy is not "to analyse concepts, but to analyse our experience".

This is Mr. Malkani's own practice, and it is what makes him not only a subtle and acute reasoner but a creative thinker of unusual distinction. His standpoint is not new. It is that of the Advaitic system of thought. But this he has interpreted

**Philosophy of the Self.* By G. R. MALKANI. (The Indian Institute of Philosophy, Amalner. Rs. 2/8)

not only in the manner and with the method of European philosophy but with a personal conviction which makes it entirely his own. We have here, in fact, the highest wisdom of the East translated into the terms of Western philosophic thought and verified in Mr. Malkani's own experience.

He is concerned, as all true metaphysicians must be, with the study of the ultimate ground of reality. This ultimate ground cannot be itself an appearance. In his own words, " it cannot be any kind of objective being. It can only be the true subject. It is on the latter that the appearances can be seen to depend for their being, and not upon a supposed thing-in-itself beyond them. The notion of the latter is unnecessary. It explains nothing. If anything explains the appearances for what they are, it is the subject. The subject makes them, transcends them, and constitutes their only real ground."

Since the Self, therefore, is the ultimate ground of all reality, philosophy is essentially a subjective study, or, as he describes it elsewhere, " a sort of transcendental psychology ". Mr. Malkani, however, is not content merely to affirm the subjective basis of truth. He tests it carefully by a consideration of the various philosophic theories which deny it. And all through his book he is continually challenging his intuition with rational argument and confronting the transcendental self with other selves of different grades, whether it be the introspective or the empirical ego. This process, however, only confirms the primacy of the essential self and the truth that it belongs to another order than any self which can be regarded as an object. And to the argument that if it cannot be known objectively it cannot be known at all, Mr. Malkani shrewdly answers that " instead of ourselves mentally approaching the self in order to see what it is, we must let the self approach us, declare itself to us.....We merely let reality speak for itself; and we help this self-revelation of reality by putting right our understanding and eliminating all misconceptions about the nature of the self." Real self-knowledge thus grows out of forgetfulness of the partial ego. It is, in short, as Plato said, recollection, the recovery of a knowledge of Being which at heart we have always possessed, but which has become overlaid by all the outward-going habits of the mind. It is by a basic negation of these habits that we begin to know the absolute Self in its luminous wholeness through being known by it. And such Self-awareness transcends all objective knowledge. It is the Self-enjoyment in which being and non-being, knowledge and innocence are one. It is the bliss of reality.

In establishing this fundamental truth Mr. Malkani is clear, cogent and convincing. Like his Indian predecessors he makes use of the states of wakefulness, dreaming and deep sleep in support of his argument and he has an illuminating chapter on death and immortality. He tends here and there to repeat himself, as in his proof that the true self is independent both of the body and of mental events. But this is due to a determination to leave no weak point in his analysis.

Where, however, he may prove less satisfying to Western readers is in his treatment of the relation of the essential Self to the subject-object dualism which governs the world of appearance. For while admitting his claim that real knowledge cannot have a dualistic structure, being wholly self-revealing and self-consistent, the problem remains as to how the two may be resolved in the One, or, in Blake's words, how the Negations may be destroyed and the Contraries redeemed. It is true that the subject-object distinction does not exist in real knowledge and that we can only know another self in the degree that we know our own self. It is by entering into the universal selfhood that all objects become for us subjects, and their forms cease to be finite barriers and reveal to us the infinite meaning in which we share. Yet the form, truly experienced, is not dissolved into a formless essence. It is a particular expression of the universal selfhood and is truly universal

in the degree that it is particular. This is the paradox of all creation, and, although Mr. Malkani ends by affirming that ultimate reality cannot be other than the person, he tends rather, in arguing the unreality of all objects that are external to us, to deprive all forms of value.

The danger of all subjective idealism is a solipsism, in which the false dualism of subject-object is rather dissolved than resolved. The Advaitic system, truly interpreted, does not countenance this error. And our only criticism of Mr. Malkani's exposition of it is that he might have brought this out more clearly. With what insight, however, he can state the paradox of the self's essential freedom in that world of appearance which for so many to-day is the only world, is well shown in the following passage from his chapter on Self-awareness :—

"It is the very literal truth that we are always in a situation in which we do not know our self while we do, and can, know everything else beside it. We do and can relate other things, but we ourselves in our essential nature stand unrelated. We are always in a situation in which we are, metaphysically speaking, *all alone*. This is the ultimate truth. But we have fallen into the error of thinking that our self is the correlate of the world, and that if we ceased to be related to the world we should cease to be ourselves. We need to realise that even while we find ourselves in the world and related to it, we are not really related. We are not *of* the world. We encompass the world. The world does not limit us. 'It is limited' through us. We know every limitation, give meaning to it, and transcend it. There is nothing that can limit us, nothing that is greater than the Self."

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

INDIA'S PAST*

It was a happy idea of the India Society to plan and publish this record of archæological work; timely also in view of the forthcoming exhibition of the art of Greater India at Burlington House. The Editor has enlisted the co-operation of twenty-two contributors, fourteen of whom are Indian; and each describes succinctly the work for which he has been responsible.

The volume begins with a brief history of the Archæological Department by Sir John Marshall, with whom the department's achievements in this century will for ever be associated. The history divides into two periods, the first from 1862 to 1902, the second from the reorganization by Lord Curzon in the latter year. In the earlier period, though General Cunningham showed himself "a truly great pioneer" and published many valuable Reports, the modern science of excavation was unknown, the work was confined to certain parts of India, and the repair of monuments was left to the local governments. Lord Curzon from the first took a large and liberal view of the Government's imperial obligations in this sphere. "It is equally our duty", he said, "to dig and discover, to classify, reproduce and describe, to copy and decipher, and to cherish and conserve." The programme was immense; there were always difficulties with finance, and officialdom was not always sympathetic; but the results achieved in carrying out Lord Curzon's policy with all the limitations in men and funds are quite astonishing in their extent and thoroughness. The Viceroy was fortunate in securing the services of Sir John Marshall as Director; and Sir John's far-sighted plan for training Indian students to take up archæological work in more and more responsible positions has borne good fruit. Scholarships were created for this purpose.

* *Revealing India's Past*. By TWENTY-TWO AUTHORITIES—BRITISH, INDIAN AND CONTINENTAL. Edited by SIR JOHN CUMMING. (The India Society, London. 25*s*).

British Governments are all too prone to think only in terms of politics and business; but, as a matter of fact, the devoted work given to the preservation of monuments and to the exploration of India's past has been more appreciated by Indians than any of the material benefits of English rule. In answer to the question "What has the Archæological Department done?", an Indian was heard to say: "It has given us our self-respect and increased our national stature."

India is enormously rich in monuments of all kinds, Buddhist, Hindu, Jain, Muslim, etc.; but it has not the good fortune of a dry climate like that of Egypt. It is not only the enormous growth of vegetation which is so destructive, but salts in the soil, the vagaries of great rivers, and earthquakes; and besides these natural forces there has been wholesale destruction by successive invaders. For the work of conservation Science was necessary. A young Indian, specially trained in London, was appointed Archæological Chemist. Side by side with conservation has gone the work of excavation, which resulted in the world-famous discoveries in the Indus Valley, carrying back the civilization of India to an antiquity which had never before been imagined (in M. Foucher's witty phrase, Sir John Marshall "a laissé l'Inde de trois mille ans plus vieille qu'il ne l'avait reçue"), though this is only the most sensational of many important excavations. Epigraphy again has proved an invaluable aid to knowledge, determining for instance the exact place of Buddha's birth, unknown till 1896.

Chapters on Museums and Publications show how much has been done to make the results of these manifold labours accessible to scholars and to the public. Besides British India, the Indian States and Burma have been the scene of the Archæological Department's activities, which include also the expeditions and momentous discoveries in Central Asia of Sir Aurel Stein, described by himself in this volume. A final chapter on "India and the Tourist" is a guide to the principal monuments. There are thirty-three plates.

The whole is a magnificent record which must be a source of pride to Briton and Indian alike.

LAURENCE BINYON

"*Ahunavar*": *Its History, Meaning, Potency and Philosophy*. By FAREDUN K. DADACHANJI.

From trying to expound the inner meaning of "Ahunavar", the book goes on to analyse the quality of that devotion without which, as Vashistha has said, we cannot have the real Guru or the true teachings. The scheme of the earlier pages has not been adhered to, and the main theme has been used in later pages as a background for essays on the virtues.

The book shows a scholarly bent and some intellectualism, but the presentation of the subject lacks the power of lucid exposition. Quotations there are in abundance, and an ethical miscellany, but the work suffers from laboured comments and a lack of synthesis. Allegorical renderings of such aspects as the "creation" are presented without any effort at plumbing the philosophy, and one is left to draw the inference that the reader is invited to take them in the dead letter sense.

The author attempts an interpretation of the Mazdyan Scriptures through a study of the Scriptures of other religions with a freedom rare in orthodox literature. It is the only feature that redeems the book.

J. M. T.

Glimpses of World History. By JAWAHARLAL NEHRU. (Lindsay Drummond, Ltd., London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

These now-famous letters from Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru to his young daughter, written in various prisons in India between 1930 and 1933, have now been revised and brought up to date; and in this one-volume edition they are embellished by fifty maps by J. F. Horrabin. Naturally the chief interest in them attaches to the new matter—the "Postscript" written from the Arabian Sea on November 14th, 1938—for the five years which have elapsed between this and the last letter of the original series have indeed been vital.

They are difficult to survey, and the author has wisely arranged his material under the headings of the various countries in which events are forming history. He sees in the tragedy of Abyssinia an admission to the world that the League of Nations was powerless; in the disaster of Spain (this section was written before Franco's triumph and consequently is not quite up-to-date) something more than a local or national struggle—a thrust against democracy; in the sufferings of China, a manifestation of the same aggressive forces. Of the *Anschluss* with Austria he writes that "Europe was numbed by the Nazi triumph"; and of the Russian attitude to events that "it is remarkable that during all these years and months of intrigues and the breaking of solemn pledges by great powers, Soviet Russia consistently honoured her international obligations, stood for peace and against aggression, and to the last did not desert her ally Czechoslovakia"; of the British Empire that it is "very sick and the political and economic forces working for its disintegration grow stronger"; of colonies that the real "have-nots" are the people of the colonies themselves and that the whole argument about colonies depends on "the continuation of the imperialist system".

On the side of freedom he sees two great countries, Russia and America—who are also, he thinks, the two most powerful nations of the modern world—as well as the rising democracies of India and the East; while in Spain and China there are inspiring examples of the true spirit of democracy.

Pandit Nehru endorses completely, as one would expect, the Communist interpretation of world events; and whether or not the reader also accepts them will depend finally on his own political creed. We are too near to the events—too hopelessly involved in them—to arrive at any conclusion which is based on a dispassionate study of documents. (The documents are not, in any case, available.) Contemporary history has become propaganda and we take our side unswayed by reason. Or we try, desperately, to remain aloof, saying to ourselves and to any one who will listen: "Wait a moment. There is the other point of view. Have you heard it?"

But the Pandit seems to have no doubt and his book will do much to confirm the converted.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

Mipam. By LAMA YONGDEN. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

"He, Mipam, who had set foot on the journey towards the land of universal friendship, had abandoned his marvellous journey for the love of a woman. Attachment! Whatever its object may be, sublime or childish, attachment is the source of sorrow!" And again: "Human love affairs count for little in Tibet, and the only stirring adventures on which the heroes admired by the crowd embark are those of a spiritual order."

These two quotations from *Mipam* strike the key-note of a very remarkable novel which, both in its philosophy and its atmosphere, takes one straight back to those pure wind-swept upland pastures threaded here and there by winding tracks frequented by occasional bands of pious pilgrims or more worldly-minded traders who, fearful of

brigands and the omnipresent powers of less tangible evil, try in vain to hurry their shaggy slow-moving yaks. And it takes one back to the land where wars are not known—though they have suffered from aggressive neighbours in the past—and where man's primary object is to free himself from the passions and diversions of this earthly life so that his spirit may develop to its full extent and so obtain the highest possible rebirth in the next life. It is a land where everybody, from cabinet minister to *ragyapa* (an outcast who cuts up the dead bodies), implicitly believes in miracles of all sorts for the excellent reason that they actually happen. The miracle of reincarnation, of man's power over the physical laws of nature, of the inscrutable hand of destiny which shapes our ends, all these are as real to the Tibetan as the frosty stars above him—and scarcely more wonderful.

Mipam, the hero, whose birth, though of humble parents, is attended by marvellous portents, grows up in close contact with the spiritual world and, while still a child, becomes a monk. His love for Dolma, the pretty daughter of a rich Lhasa merchant, leads him to forsake his calling and, at the age of seventeen, to set up on his own as a trader in China. Dolma, when the time comes for her to join Mipam, is prevented by a succession of mysterious events. Mipam, meanwhile, unwillingly following the path of his troubled destiny, finds himself at the remote monastery of Ngarong, away north of the desolate Chang Thang and the frozen waters of the Koko Nor. Here Dolma appears to him in a dream more real than reality and tells him that he is the nineteenth incarnation of the Grand Lama of Ngarong and that she, Dolma, as his wife in a former life, has so far been an obstacle in his path. But on the morrow she will forsake this earthly life so that he, the reincarnation of Mipam Rinchen, may take his place on the throne of Ngarong.

And so the book ends on a note of deep pathos, but not of despair. Man's earthly plans have gone awry, but his spiritual destiny has been fulfilled.

F. SPENCER CHAPMAN

Les Ecrivains Diaboliques de France. By MAXIMILIEN RUDWIN. (Editions Eugène Figuière, Paris. 12 *fr.*)

Mr. Rudwin believes that without the inspiration of a devil of some kind no great achievement in literature could ever have been realized. He has devoted much effort to proving his contention, his erudition having found expression in a number of books. The present volume is consecrated to an analytical consideration of some seventy-seven leading writers of France and presents a short study of each. His research necessitates over twenty-six pages of bibliography.

Throughout he acknowledges the influence of and the support given by the Christian churches to the belief in a personal devil. The examples brought forward make plain the extent to which the devil in one or another form is the patron genius of church theology: its trump card in times of strategic stress; its impregnable stronghold in times of attack. Mr. Rudwin writes as an observer, a third person, who records what he sees but does not commit himself by criticism pro or con.

Mr. Rudwin's book makes its purely literary contribution to books on the devil. Students of literature will find it of value for the references collected from a vast field. They will find, too, more than one hint of the subtle and therefore dangerous influence of blind belief. It is regrettable, however, that he should have failed to point to an answer to the question of the cause of evil, though others' minds may be stirred by his literary efforts to search out the significance of this problem, which is as old as thinking man.

S. C. T.

The Problem of Minorities or Communal Representation in India. By K. B. KRISHNA. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 15s.)

"It would seem as if mankind has become weak and effeminate in India, in proportion as they have been subjected ...after each conquest the superstitions and penances of these people have increased", Mr. Krishna quotes Voltaire as having said. This view would seem to express a fundamental trait of Indian history.

Of course, normalcy, in the sense of a return to natural and necessary order, was to a great extent restored in the actual life of the people of India by the constant mixture of various ethnical groups and by the adoption of a common ethic, in spite of the contrarieties of self-interest of different groups.

The Muhammadan conquerors of India mostly settled down on the land, and Islamic custom and belief, at least in the villages, were considerably tinged by Hindu ethics; and as Indians *qua* Indians they did not raise the question of "majorities" and "minorities", as a "linguistic", "racial" or "religious" group breaks down because none of these divisions are mutually exclusive.

Nevertheless the problem of "minorities", in the form of a demand for communal representation in the Legislatures and Public Services, does exist in India to-day, and there is friction between "majorities" and "minorities". Having dismissed the various spurious definitions of "minorities", Mr. Krishna resolves that the causes of friction are more imaginary than real. "This alleged friction", he says, "is a myth", though he does not deny the social significance of the myth and its rôle in contemporary Indian history.

By a very acute and painstaking analysis of this myth the author separates the half-lie of the slogans used by the communalists in India from the truth and justice of the claims of the backward peoples; and with the sanity and poise of a scholar he lifts the whole issue from the irresponsibility of the rostrum to the humane and dignified calm of a scientific and objective discussion, showing it not to be the "unbridgeable" gulf between Hindus and Muhammadans, as Lord Birkenhead described it.

MULK RAJ ANAND

Art and Freedom. By LAURENCE BINYON. The Romanes Lecture, 1939. (Oxford, The Clarendon Press. 2s.)

In this quiet and dignified lecture Mr. Binyon contends that great art can exist only when the artist is free to create without interference. Everybody has realised that a totalitarian government chokes art by denying independence to the artist; but it is refreshing to find that Mr. Binyon perceives the danger inherent in a democracy – the danger that works of art may be commissioned and hampered by a committee. He goes so far as to suggest that the arts have received most stimulus from the interest of despots, but of despots, he adds, who cease to be despotic in their treatment of the artist. Among such patrons he mentions Lorenzo de' Medici, Philip the Fourth of Spain, Henry the Third and Charles the First (the English kings), Akbar, Baisunqur and Hui Tsung. He also cites the act of Pope Julius the Second in commissioning Michelangelo to paint the Sistine ceiling.

The gist of his discourse may be represented in his final sentence :—

> The unifying principle of all the arts is what we call rhythm. And rhythm is law and liberty in one. The oldest of the arts is the dance; and in the attitude and motion of a dancer, who embodies invisible law, and who by arduous training and discipline has attained the secret of that law and with it the joy of perfect ease, so I seem to see the radiant image of the Freedom we desire.

CLIFFORD BAX

Outside India. By KHWAJA AHMAD ABBAS. (The Hali Publishing House, "Kitabghar", Delhi. Rs. 2/-)

This is a book of travel—a record of impressions. The author, who is an enterprising young journalist, has given us "rapidly sketched pen-pictures" of his fascinating adventures on a five-month world tour, written in a pleasing style. We must appreciate his candour, his sense of humour and the suavity of his descriptions. He has the courage of his convictions and analyses situations from the view-point of an intelligent observer.

The author is anti-Imperialist, and wherever he has seen signs of Imperialism at work whether in Japan or Germany or in the land of John Bull—he is bitter in his criticism. He rightly asks: "But does the pavement artist, the crippled ex-soldier, the slum-dweller of the East End or the violinist begging for pennies understand the reality of this empire carried on in their name?"

Mr. Abbas has been severe to the British. What he says is no doubt true, but he has not looked at the other side of the medal. He has not seen the hidden source of power of the Britisher. A race that dominates the world does it by virtue of character. It is a pity that this intelligent writer did not feel the life-force of the British people.

He spent seven days in Hollywood, and found that Hollywood had outgrown geographical boundaries. It was a tradition—an atmosphere. Later he attended the World Youth Congress at Poughkeepsie. He gives an eloquent account of his unforgettable and inspiring experiences.

Mr. Abbas crossed the Atlantic to find war-clouds lowering over the horizon of Europe. He sees the gayest city of Europe in true perspective and finds that Parisians have a Victorian standard of morals. He fittingly describes the League of Nations as "a dead bird in a new cage". His picture of London is "distorted", as Ethel Mannin points out in her Preface. The colour bar and race-prejudice are surely there, but the writer does not realize that this atmosphere is partly created through the follies and faults of our youngsters from India.

The get-up of the book is pleasing and it contains rambling impressions which are to be enjoyed as such.

MATILAL DAS

A History of Sanskrit Literature. By ŚRIMATI AKSHAYA KUMARI DEVI. (V. Krishna Brothers, Calcutta. Re. 1/8)

This compact volume is something more than its title indicates. It is not merely a study in Sanskrit literature from the literary point of view; it is also an appraisal of all the forces that have contributed to the growth of Indian culture and civilization. In a short space the author has covered a wide ground. A study of all the books that have influenced Hindu thought and civilization is rapidly unfolded before the reader's eye. Besides the usual literary estimates of Sanskrit poets and dramatists like Kalidasa, Harsa, Bhavabhuti, Banna, etc., accounts are given of all the six schools of Philosophy, the four Vedas, the Dharmasastras, Arthasastra, Epics and Purans.

The treatment of the literary works and their authors is undertaken in a spirit of perfect detachment. The work is amply documented, and the five neatly arranged chronologies of the Vedic Rishis, the Krita yuga, the Treta yuga, the Dvapara yuga and of the great authors evidences the writer's wealth of scholarship. Better printing and more discrimination in the giving of references would have added to the value of the volume. It serves the need of those who want to have in handy form a complete account of the literature and an exhaustive bibliography of books relating to Indian culture and civilization. The treatment is entirely based on the historical method. The extracts selected from the various literary works are very representative.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

The Trustworthiness of Religious Experience. By D. ELTON TRUEBLOOD, Ph. D. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 1*s.* 6*d.*)

Religious experience is individual realization of Deity. It cannot be explained in terms of science. Dr. Elton Trueblood in this Swarthmore Lecture for 1939 offers spiritual food for all inquiring minds.

Religion is a necessity for man, whether the individual be a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, a Hindu or a Muslim. The religious experience confers real knowledge " when the chasm which separates the knower and the known is somehow bridged so that we have veridical information about that which is the object of knowing ". While Dr. Trueblood himself accepts the existence of God as a distinct being, he admits that " whether God is personal is a question of theory on which men are divided ". He maintains, however, that " the essentially personal nature of the *relationship to God* is a matter of experience on which they are united ". This will be unacceptable to a long line of Oriental mystics of very great knowledge.

The author enumerates outstanding examples of Christian religious experience and develops the subject logically. The religious experience is claimed to meet the fundamental and indeed the only test of objectivity, the test of agreement on the absolute and compelling quality of the realization of God's presence ; on the accompanying self-depreciation ; and on the consequent moral regeneration. In religious experience, which is subjective, we cannot look for a mark on the experiencer as on a photographic plate, but we can reasonably look for a change in his character and in his life.

As the author is concerned solely with the religious experience of Christians, he makes only a passing reference to other religions, but he deplores the idea that Christianity alone among religions is of divine origin. This little book of less than a hundred pages is an excellent lecture on man's realization of God.

R. B. PINGLAY

The Vision of Asia : An Interpretation of Chinese Art and Culture. By L. CRANMER-BYNG. (John Murray, London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The appearance of a new edition of Mr. Cranmer-Byng's delightful interpretation of Chinese culture is indeed a welcome event. The book was first published in May 1932, and was reviewed at length by Mr. Hugh I'A. Fausset in THE ARYAN PATH for February 1933. As Mr. Cranmer-Byng points out in a note to the Preface, much has happened in the last seven years to change the face of the world. But the essential message of the book is as vital as it was then, if not more so. It is devoted chiefly to a picture of the Golden Age in Chinese life and culture which coincided with the T'ang and Sung dynasties (A.D. 618-1279). But in the process of interpreting the ideals of this great flowering time, Mr. Cranmer-Byng goes deeper and interprets too the Art of Life. Man, he says, " in the process of creation... becomes an artist, and his contribution is himself ". In the present age of material progress, the Art of Life is neglected. " The whole tragedy of the West lies in the fact that it has been deprived of its season of ripeness, the quiet beauty of many-coloured change and the brooding hush, essential close time for reflection, that precedes the storm." The contemplation of an age of ripeness and maturity may to some extent compensate for what has never been experienced, and some may find in the vision that Mr. Cranmer-Byng presents a glimpse of that art of living that " consists not merely in the ability to see the flame but to bear the flame, to liberate and let it pass from us into a future beyond our day ".

B. J. S.

Jesus—A Biography. By Hugh J. SCHONFIELD. (Duckworth, London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

It would be a pity if some of the chapter titles of this deeply interesting and finely written book should appeal to the orthodox rather than to those who have rejected Jesus in rejecting theology. Every Rationalist and every Theosophist ought to read it; it might modify the attitude of the Rationalist, if extreme, and it should delight the Theosophist. The student will know how to consider such statements as Jesus "could see no virtue in esotericism". Esotericism lies not in the grudging of the Teacher but in the incapacity of the disciple. Jesus recognised that.

The "Prologue in Galilee" gives much research in a brief way, and the skilful blending of canonical with uncanonical story allows unusual facets of the Hebrew Yogi to appear. We see, with Paul, a Captain of Salvation, "made perfect through suffering". I doubt if Mary the Mother misunderstood her exalted Son, as the author suggests. And I feel a little indignant that Mary of Magdala should be presented as a prostitute. She was probably a high-powered "medium" and so a "sinner" in Israel. A disinclination to acknowledge occult powers leads the author to offer a "cooked" version of the story of the Samaritan woman and to slide past the "Resurrection". There is an acceptance of the Crucifixion as a physical event, and the expression: "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani" is not given the possible translation which Aramaic scholars now offer and which H. P. Blavatsky suggested years ago. When Jesus said: "Why call ye me good? There is none good but God"—was He not suggesting that the real Goodness in man is in God-realization? Much has been done to demolish the unique divinity of Jesus; we may now have to demolish the attempt to make Him simply human. But to read the book is to appreciate the greater part of it.

E. V. HAYES

SHINTO MORALITY

In the review of *The Rise of a Pagan State* which appeared in your September number, the reviewer, referring to the Imperial Rescript to the Army and Navy, says: "Presumably this Rescript is based on Shinto morality." But that is just what it is not. That great scholar the late Professor B. H. Chamberlain said thirty-five years ago: "Some private scholars ... have recently attempted to infuse new life into Shinto by decking it out in ethical and theological plumes borrowed from abroad." He refers elsewhere to its borrowings from Buddhism. The learned Dr. Anesaki, writing more recently, finds borrowings from Christianity. The late Dr. Nitobe confessed that there was nothing in historic Shinto worth calling a religion at all. The Rescript was a product of the latter part of the nineteenth century. It falsifies history very badly, and as the *Kojiki*—the great source-book of Shinto lore—does the same, perhaps in that respect it has a Shinto basis. Your reviewer's quotation from *The Daily Telegraph*, "Brains and ability are slowly conquering militarism in Japan", seemed true in 1930, but the reaction since then has been so complete that one cannot say it to-day, except in the sense that good will ultimately triumph everywhere. What is happening in China does not look like a triumph of brains and ability or of any sort of morality.

Cowley, Oxford. A. MORGAN YOUNG

CORRESPONDENCE

AN OPEN LETTER TO GANDHIJI

THE CASE OF GERMAN JEWS

[Readers of *Harijan* are familiar with the views of Gandhiji upon the attitude the Jews of Germany should hold towards their Nazi persecutors. Below we print a letter written before war was declared. The writer, **Dr. David Baumgardt,** was formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Berlin and Honorary Research Fellow and Visiting Professor of the University of Birmingham. At present he is Professor at Pendle Hill College, (Pennsylvania, U. S. A.)—EDS.]

Dear Mr. Gandhi,

I have no other right to address you than that of an unknown disappointed lover, the least welcome type of correspondent. Accordingly I do not hope for an answer to my epistle, much less for agreement. Certainly, it is not as a former Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Berlin that I write to you ; I write because I must speak out, though my coreligionists, Buber and Magnes, have already spoken. I shall refer to your later statements.

You tell us that you only know of Jews who hate Hitler and wish for the destruction of Germany by war. Is it really surprising that this should be the reaction of the average Jew ? I am inclined to think that such would be the reaction of the average Indian also, had he experienced a German concentration camp, and if the English had not allowed him to be led by you. I myself have perceived, and recently, hatred against England in the eyes of Indians.

However, I can bear witness to the fact that within my own rather wide circle of friends there is not one who cherishes the feelings of which you are speaking. Suffering has not obscured their judgment as to Hitler's gifts : they consider him a most courageous soldier, a first-rate organiser, and, so far, the most cunning politician of his age. But at the same time they are convinced that he is gravely pathological, one of the numerous madmen who have made history ; and society must be freed from such leaders. Still many Nazis would regret his assassination far less than we. Not one of my friends would be willing or capable to injure Hitler in body, were he delivered into his hands. I, for one, never wished his death ; I do wish to see him cured and a proper use made of his courage, say as a pole-explorer or the like. This attitude alone is in accordance with our tradition. (See Ezekiel 18, 23 : Have I any pleasure that the wicked should die ? Saith the Lord : and not that he should return from his ways, and live ? And Leviticus 19, 2 : Ye shall be holy : for I the Lord your God am holy.)

I know, of course, that Hitler would be indignant or laugh at my "Jewish" weakness and obtrusiveness, when I say that I love him even in his present state—as I love a tiger; nay, I love him more than I do wild

beasts, because there is the hope of his being cured of his bestiality. But unshakable as this love is in me, equally profound is my conviction that I ought never to love this most cruel barbarian in his wickedness *qua* human being—the man who has slaughtered in one night hundreds of his most intimate friends (to whom he owes his whole career), the man who enjoys day by day the refined tortures of tens of thousands of Jews and Socialists, the man who bombarded defenceless Almeria. And is it hatred, if a father or friend temporarily withholds the expression of his love towards his criminal son or criminal friend?

We have no faith or not sufficient faith in Satyagraha, you say (*Harijan*, February 18, 1939: "No Apology"). If we had, you think, we would have been able to "melt" the heart of Hitler and to attain happiness instead of mere martyrdom. It seems to me, and I say it with hesitancy, that the great teacher of Satyagraha who would want to see his principles thus applied, lives in a grave confusion of religious feelings; and we would be bad pupils, were we to remain silent on this point.

Does the belief in Satyagraha necessarily imply the belief in its production of the greatest possible happiness? If so, then Satyagraha is a kind of hedonism; and I hasten to add that to my mind a consistent hedonism is a far profounder teaching than has hitherto been admitted. The Satyagraha you are recommending to the Jews, however, is a highly inconsistent hedonism and of a rather dubious religious order. You admonish us to believe that suffering in the spirit of non-violence must necessarily lead to the mundane happiness of the victims and to a greater worldly happiness than violent resistance could bring them. This neither agrees with the teachings of history nor can I see in it a mark of great religious faith.

The sufferings of thousands of Jewish and of non-Jewish martyrs throughout history—and even the crucifixion of Christ—have not brought worldly happiness to the individual or the group. Wherever Christianity has brought about worldly success, it was through secular institutions, through the organised church, the Papacy or through the economic and political power of nonconformist groups. Therefore I would consider the point of view of *The New Statesman*, which you repudiate, more profound religiously in this respect, even as it is more correct historically. If we do not wish to delude ourselves with day-dreaming, we must concede that the sufferings of Christ and of thousands of martyrs have not terminated in mundane happiness, but in horror. The only happiness for the martyr is his certitude that the happiness even of those criminals who rule the world is a lesser happiness than his torments, and that he would not exchange his real suffering for the real happiness of the Hitlers of this world.

Yet I believe, as a Jew, that this sole solace of the martyr does not justify any premature faith in the successful outcome of his just cause. As a Jew I have the feeling that our world this day is unredeemed and that it will remain unredeemed, un-

less those righteous men who still live in freedom will help to free the victim from the claws of his oppressor and "break every yoke". The reign of absolute love in which we believe with you and our Christian friends cannot come before the demands of justice and human solidarity are met. There is much suffering which man cannot eradicate at present and perhaps will never be able to eradicate. It would be foolish and irreligious to deny this. But the cruelties perpetrated by our fascists could have been checked long ago, had mankind insisted on a greater justice for all, and if—forgive this frankness —such leaders as yourself would not content themselves with dispensing inadequate advice from the outside, but would make our cause yours, as we make your cause our own.

From the counsel, however, which you are offering to the German Jews and the German Socialists, I fear two unhappy consequences may ensue: in Europe a flight from a realistic peaceful settlement of conflicts which is still possible by concessions to the "have-nots", coupled with general disarmament and the reintroduction of democracy in Dictator-countries. In India, I am afraid, Indians may indulge in the "pharisaic" pride that they possess a deeper religious faith than German Jews or Socialists, that this alone is the source of their success, and that they owe nothing to the relatively more favourable conditions in which they are placed. I wish from my heart that Indians may never have to fight against fascists of the type of a Hitler, and that they may always be a majority of some three hundred millions of people, and not a tiny minority as are the German Jews, even if counted together with the German Socialists.

But here I shall stop. For I know we human beings are given to error: perhaps we severally—Buber, Magnes and I—have misunderstood you. And even if we are right and you are wrong—more, even if you have unwittingly hurt those of our deepest feelings which were nurtured by the experience of two thousand years of suffering—I would not cease to love and admire you. Of late you have also been made very present to me through Woodbrooke and through my friends Stephen Hobhouse, Carl Heath and Krishna M. Pardhy. Though forced to speak as I do, I cannot forget for an instant that you are of the very few men of our time, indeed of the few of all times, towards whom no suspension of love and veneration is warrantable.

It is said that we are an obstinate, stiff-necked nation; and we do indeed have many failings, as have other peoples. But there may be no hearts that are more ready to be moved by you than are ours.

DAVID BAUMGARDT

Wallingford,
Pennsylvania.
13th August 1939.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

The gory ghastliness of 1914-1918 was described as the war that would end all wars. Only twenty years have gone and Europe is in the throes of another bloody war, and the period 1919-1939 certainly cannot be described as one of peace and prosperity! A dozen wars and more have unsettled the peace that was established at Versailles—but established on a wrong principle for it disregarded the moral law implicit in the saying of Gotama Buddha, "Hatred ceaseth not by hatred but by love." At the very inception of the League of Nations only a few saw the blunders which were being committed, the seeds of future wars which were being sown. As early as 1921 this was written by a son of India :—

There is a tendency to perpetuate the hate-emotion of effete Nationalism, and that strikes at the very root of the new plant. The foundations of the International State cannot be nationalistic. The so-called victorious peoples want to lay the foundations of the new Race of international proportions in terms of their own nationalistic ideas. They forget that those who stand for such views are the defeated in every nation. The Kaiser and his Prussian Junkers are defeated, but those who are now building New Germany on international plans are the victors. On the other hand some of those men in Britain and France who "won the war", are now making their countries lose the true victories. What is necessary, therefore, is to estimate the victories and defeats of the war differently; let it be done in the coin of Internationalism, and not in the broken currency of Nations.

An aristocracy of nobility cannot flower from the seeds of egotism and arrogance, fed by the waters of vanity and the atmosphere of assumed superiority. Let us start by putting away the false notions of victors and vanquished. All Europe is vanquished : Europe which boasted of its Christian instincts and showed itself obsessed by "madness risen from hell", to quote Swinburne's words. What animal passion has it not shown? *All of us* are vanquished inasmuch as our Race has failed to fight humanely, chivalrously, or honestly—nay, failed inasmuch as we have thought it necessary to fly at each others' throats. But all of us are victors too. Are not the Russian Revolutionaries who carried out the commands of Asquith, Clemenceau and Lloyd George, to fight to a finish the forces of autocracy? Is not Germany a victor whose Kaiser fled and whose Junkers are humbled? Is not the Czar the Great Victor who made himself the embodiment of the evil autocracy of his state? Therefore, in a spirit of humility, remembering that not a single nation is altogether free of the crimes it condemns in other nations, and that not one single nation is devoid of fine qualities, let us come together for the common good of all. Let us change the League of Nations to suit the true ideals of spiritual Internationalism and let us begin by forgiving the blunders of others, and praying for the forgiving of our own sins. Every nation of Europe has sinned and is sinned against, and the forgiveness must be mutual; if not, European humanity in this season of sowing will put underground the seeds of self-pride and others' chastisement and reap once again the deadly poison-plant of War. Let us not live in the sphere of make-believe. Every one in Europe is humbled, and if European humanity will not acknowledge it to-day, Nature will be compelled to take severer measures to-morrow.

And now Europe is reaping the whirlwind. The sin of self-aggrandisement has been committed by Britain

and Germany, by France and Russia, by Italy and Spain and by Japan, who has unwisely copied her European teachers.

Though late in their manifestation at last now we behold some auspicious omens. These are voices from every quarter of the world which strike the note of self-examination, of casting the beam out of one's own eye instead of talking about the mote in the eye of another. Dr. Fosdick in his pamphlet *Dare We Break the Vicious Circle?* from which we extract on p. 542, takes to task his own government, that of the U. S. A., for adopting the ways of dictatorships. *The Saturday Evening Post*, whose extensive circulation and widespread influence has won for it the designation "an American institution", in its editorial of 12th August entitled "The Crisis Is Moral" demands :—

> Which of the great nations, in the name of expediency, policy, destiny, or what else, has not repudiated its word, broken a treaty, looted a neighbour or defrauded its creditors? Which is that one whose seal on a piece of paper may be implicitly trusted? Which is that one that can say it has not forsaken its obligations when to keep them was hard? Which is the one that can say it has not been guilty of acts that, on the part of an individual, would be reprehensible, immoral, criminal and punishable?

The editorial then proceeds to examine not the faults of other nations but primarily those of the U. S. A.

Similarly Englishmen like John S. Hoyland and Stephen Hobhouse castigate their own country for its attitude, its "sin" and its "unclean hands" in the volume *Mahatma Gandhi* on which our editorial in this number is based. And Llewelyn Powys adds his voice in these words :—

> If Gandhi's inspired gentleness gives to us English contrite and broken hearts for the horrible atrocity—"a monstrous progeny of a monstrous war"—committed by General Dyer at Amritsar, he will have done a most valuable service for our native land. He will have proved once again that FEAR does not rule the world and that there is a power greater than the bloody triumph of the sword....
>
> How can we suffer the good name of our island race to be dragged down, down to the dust, "through the brute and boist'rous force of violent men!" Gandhi, with the eyeballs of the God Siva, sees through the frivolity of our Western culture, with its confidence in machines, with its lust for gold, with its lust for power, with its thoughtless acceptance of life's more trivial and more obvious values; with its reciprocity with nature acquired through killing innocent wild creatures—a culture that knows nothing of meditation, a culture that prompts us to reduce to the level of the humdrum all the poetry that surrounds us, common as the grass of the field.

A philosopher like Sir S. Radhakrishnan has anticipated the mind of political India, for in his introduction to this book he shows how "Self-government for India is the acid test of British honesty". India too must examine her own attitude and prepare herself to deliver her message of the One Impartite Spirit for the healing of the nations wounded not so much by bombs and by bullets as by ambition, greed and selfishness.

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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*

THE ARYAN PATH

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A SERMON OF THE BUDDHA

THE POISONED ARROW

"It is as if a man had been wounded by an arrow thickly smeared with poison, and his friends and companions, his relatives and kinsfolk, were to procure for him a physician or surgeon; and the sick man were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the man who wounded me belonged to the warrior caste, or to the Brahmin caste, or to the agricultural caste, or to the menial caste!' Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt the name of the man who wounded me and to what clan he belongs.'

"Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the man who wounded me was tall, or short."

"Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the bow which wounded me was a *capa* or a *kodanda*.'

"Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the shaft which wounded me was feathered from the wings of a vulture, or of a heron, or of a falcon, or of a peacock.'

"Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the shaft which wounded me was wound round with the sinews of an ox, or of a buffalo, or of a monkey.' That man would die without ever having learnt this.

"In exactly the same way, any one who should say, 'I will not lead the religious life under the Blessed One until the Blessed One shall elucidate to me, either that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal...or that the saint exists or does not exist after death,'...that person would die before the Accomplished One had ever elucidated this to him.

"The life of the spirit does not depend on the dogma that the world is eternal, nor does it depend on the dogma that the world is not eternal. Whether the dogma obtains, that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal, there still remain birth, old age, death, sorrow, lamentation, misery, grief and despair, for the extinction of which in the present life I am prescribing."

ORIENT GOLD

[Lilian Gill is the author of the novel *A Family Affair* and of numerous short stories but she says "Play-writing is my principal interest".—EDS.]

The sun was going down as the boy walked up the steep path behind the village. He had hoped to start earlier, but there were so many chores to do. Sometimes he wondered if doing things didn't interfere too much with finding out about things. Which was the more important to spend your time on? He would decide that later.

Chang Wen Lan had decided it already. But it was in the nature of this boy not to accept another's wisdom unquestioningly. The wisdom of Chang Wen Lan was to the boy exciting, valuable, yet even at the age of twelve he felt that there was a power in himself which must be the final authority. The words of Chang were always illuminating; even so they must be seen by the light the boy carried around within himself.

So he walked up the hill, wondering.

At school he had been rebuked by his other teacher because he ventured to question some of the precepts handed down by the great men of his own country. Chang Wen Lan never rebuked him. The Chinese was as serene and remote as the pale evening sky behind the hill the boy was climbing. It was almost dark when he came to the little house where the sage lived alone. The boy knocked and the door was opened.

A lamp on a high stand gave a pleasant light throughout the room and a smaller lamp stood immediately beside a large chart of the heavens. Seeing the boy's interest, Chang lifted the chart and placed beside it several others showing the signs of the Zodiac in different positions in relation to the sun and the positions of the planets. Along with these diagrams there were scattered over the table pages of mathematical calculations in Chinese characters.

"What are you working on, Chang Wen Lan?"

"I am progressing your horoscope, my boy."

"What does it show?" asked the boy eagerly. "Will I be a leader of my people? Will I help to make them a great and free nation once again?"

"I have not finished the prognosis yet. It takes time, you know. There is a great deal of involved mathematical calculation to do. Give me the charts now and I will hear your lesson. Have you learned the passage I gave you from the *Tao Teh King*?"

The Chinese scholar had seated himself. The boy stood beside him and recited the verses, not gabbling them off by the sound of the words, as many children do, but speaking with intention and with a sort of controlled fire.

At that time the crooked shall be made straight; the empty shall be filled; the worn out shall be renewed;

those having little shall obtain and those having much shall be overcome.

"Yes, little brother, you have memorized accurately the words of the great Laotse, but what have you thought about them? Can you tell me anything that has occurred to you?"

The boy pointed out the resemblance, in some places word for word, to a prophecy of Isaiah's which he had learned the other day at school. "Let me hear what the prophet Isaiah said."

Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill made low; *the crooked shall be made straight* and the rough places plain.

The Chinese scholar was interested though not surprised. He was never surprised. He made the boy say the verses again and wrote them down for reference.

"*At that time*, the empty shall be filled, the worn out shall be renewed", murmured Chang Wen Lan, gazing straight in front of him at nothing. "Those having little shall obtain and those having much shall be overcome...."

Slowly, from their contemplative stare, the penetrating black eyes, narrowed at the outside corners, came around and rested upon the face of the boy.

"Perhaps that time is not far off, little brother."

The boy looked up with his radiant glance, but his teacher was no longer regarding him. He was poring over his astronomical charts and his tables of figures. When he finally rose and spoke it was to tell the boy he might go home.

"Come back a week from tonight, little brother", he called, as his only student went out into the night. The boy turned and stood in the doorway, his lantern in his hand.

"I won't be here next week, sir. We are all going to Jerusalem to the Passover."

The Chinese bowed slightly from the waist, hands folded in front of his navel, the perfect posture of courteous acquiescence.

"While you are away, memorize this maxim of Confucius: 'Do not do to others what you would not have them do to you.'"

The boy had had a great time in Jerusalem. He had seen the Temple and had talked with some of the faculty. Learned men, certainly, but they didn't seem to know as much about the Way as his friend the Chinese scholar in the Galilean hills. As often happens with children about his age, he seemed to have grown older from the change of scene, the new people, the adventure of a journey.

Chang Wen Lan was greatly interested in his pupil's encounter with the professors at Jerusalem. What had they to say about the Ineffable Tao, the source of all spirit and matter? What had they to say about Teh, energy—divine energy in created things?

Some part of the teaching which the boy had heard from the professors at Jerusalem was acceptable to Chang after he had worked it over into the philosophic terms of his own Laotse or into those of the great Indian master, Gautama. So absorbed were they in talk, the man expounding, the boy listening and

asking questions, that the night grew late and a different pattern of stars rolled around into the frame of the open doorway.

Chang Wen Lan, as often before, was weighing and comparing what he knew of Hebrew Theism (he had long before made a study of the Torah) with religions further east. Some things the boy heard in the Temple were antagonistic to the thought of the Chinese sage in the hills. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

"No, little brother, no. The wise man has an expansive breast and takes a detached view of life. Listen to what Laotse says of the wise man:

> The good he treats with goodness; the not-good he also treats with goodness, for *teh* is goodness. The faithful ones he treats with good faith; the unfaithful he also treats with good faith, for *teh* is good faith.

"And here is what the Lord Gautama, whom they call the Great Buddha, says:

> If anyone to thy face should abuse thee....if he were to strike thee with fist or hurl clods of earth at thee or beat thee with a stick or give thee a blow with a sword....thus must thou train thyself: My heart shall be unwavering. No evil word will I send forth. I will abide compassionate of others' welfare, of kindly heart, without resentment.

"Will you so train yourself, little brother, and remember those words all your life?"

And the boy said, "Yes, Chang Wen Lan, I will."

One evening not long after his return from Jerusalem the boy came climbing up to the house on the hill with a new question. The sky in front of him to the left was that pale, rarefied green which seems to hold both the quality of light and the quality of water and among all the colours of evening is the one most deeply imbued with serenity. Very black were the cypresses against the skyline, holding all of night within themselves.

The Rabbi at school had been asking how it happened that a Chinese scholar, a cosmopolitan, chose to "bury himself"—so the Rabbi put it—in the Galilean hills and how he ever got there in the first place, so far from his country and his people.

The boy's mother knew, it appeared, but when the boy had asked her how it happened, she only smiled in a way she had, as if she kept all sorts of lovely, radiant, secrets in her heart—she only smiled and told him to ask Chang Wen Lan.

"Yes, you are old enough now", said the Chinese. "I will tell you why I am here."

He seated himself in his deliberate, gracious manner, which made of every little act a ceremony, and told his pupil to sit down.

"Ever since I was a school boy, not very much older than you are now, I have spent a good part of my time in studying the science of the stars."

The boy nodded and glanced toward the big charts which were leaning against the wall.

"As a young man there was no study which interested me so much as star-science and its twin, mathematics. It was only when I came to the middle of my path through life that I became interested in

philosophy. But I have never lost my zest for observing the planets and the constellations ; in fact now more than ever I...."

Chang did not finish his sentence. He seemed to have drifted away into his own thoughts. There was a long silence.

Finally he resumed : " You have asked me why I left China and came to the land of Israel. It may be surprising to hear that I made the long long journey solely on account of the conjunction of the sidereal orbs which conjunction could mean only one thing—the birth of an Enlightened One, a Master. The problem then was to ascertain in what land this new Enlightened One should be born. I made my own calculations but wishing to check them I wrote to two eminent star-scientists in Iran. Their findings agreed perfectly with mine. We were all three so much stirred by this great event that we determined to make the journey to Judæa. I joined them at Persepolis and we came over the great caravan route to Damascus and so on down to Jerusalem."

But the boy wanted to know what became of the Persians. Were they also living in Galilee ?

"The Persians ? Oh, no, they went home and I went with them and stayed in Persepolis and in Susa for seven years, studying the religion of Zoroaster. He also was an Enlightened One."

And as the boy looked up with his eager, luminous glance, the Chinese added, smiling benignly, " I will talk to you of Zoroaster another time, little brother. It is getting late and you must go down to the Street of the Carpenters."

The boy stood up and lit his lantern, but before he went from the door he had heard the ending of the tale of Chang's pilgrimage.

" The two Persian astrologists who came with me, you see, were Magi, and the Magi are adepts in the interpretation of dreams. According to them, everything we dream has some symbolical meaning. Well, one of them had a dream which he interpreted as a warning that we should not go back to the court of Herod. We had agreed to go back and tell him after we had found the child whom we called the Enlightened One and Herod called the Anointed One - Messiah. Not Herod Antipas, you know, who is reigning now, but his father who was called Herod the Great. Great ? Well, he was great as a politician, as a diplomat, perhaps. He always succeeded in keeping on the right side of Rome—and that is something.

" At any rate he was fooled once in his life and all because of a Magi's dream ! We did not go back and report to him, but left Judæa secretly and returned to Persia by another way.

" And after seven years I came west again, bringing with me the treasures of the East—the gold of Laotse's wisdom and the incense of contemplation of the Imperishable and Unshown."

As he went out of the door, the boy saw that Chang had already turned back to the study of his astronomical charts.

A tinkling of camel bells broke the early morning stillness of the Street of the Carpenters. One of the riders

stopped and dismounted before a certain archway. In answer to his knocking a beautiful woman not yet thirty years old came to the door.

"May I speak to your son for a moment, Miriam?"

"I am sorry he is not here, Chang Wen Lan. My husband has sent him over to the farm outside the village to take back a yoke he has been repairing. If you could wait a little while...."

"I can't wait, Miriam. I am joining the caravan at Damascus and they won't wait for us. The merchants who are going with me are already impatient because I insisted on stopping here."

Looking down the street she could see three or four camels with their riders and their packs of merchandise.

"Are you going far, Chang Wen Lan?"

"Only as far as China."

A wave of sorrow seemed to sweep over her lovely face.

"Oh, why are you leaving us?" she cried. "My little boy will be so grieved."

"Miriam, I have read his horoscope. I cannot stay here and watch what they will do to him. I should lose my serenity. It is better that I go at once before I become any more attached to him."

Her large dark eyes grew larger and darker still as he spoke these ominous words and she put her hand to her heart. It was not the first time she had heard horrible veiled foretelling of disaster for her boy. On the very day she had brought him to the Temple in all the glorious joy of her new motherhood, old Simeon had looked at her and said, "Yea and a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also."

"Will you not at least leave a message for my little boy?"

"Yes. Tell him I called to say good-bye. Tell him to remember all that I have taught him and above all the words of the great Buddha.

If anyone to thy face should abuse thee....if he were to beat thee or give thee a blow with a sword....thus must thou train thyself: My heart shall be unwavering. No evil word will I send forth. I will abide compassionate of others' welfare, of kindly heart, without resentment."

Chang Wen Lan turned and touched his camel lightly on the neck. The animal obediently knelt down for him to mount, and the tinkling of bells receded along the Street of the Carpenters.

Miriam, shading her eyes against the morning sun, saw him rejoin the little group of merchants. And then they all rode away toward Damascus and the East.

LILIAN GILL

THE WITNESS OF LIBERAL RELIGION
IN THE WORLD OF TO-DAY

[Leslie J. Belton is the author of *Creeds in Conflict* and *Psychical Research and Religion* and was till recently Editor of *The Inquirer*, a weekly organ of the London Unitarians. He is now in charge of a Unitarian Congregation in Sheffield. —EDS.]

Looking back through the centuries of Christian history we see how the Christian faith hardened into a sterile creed, a frozen revelation, a mystifying sacerdotalism, and for honesty's sake we feel bound to protest. Liberalism expresses the sum of our protest and the affirmations from which it springs.

Rightly understood the term "liberal" applied to religion means not a protesting, negative creed (new dogmas supplanting the old); not a critical method of sapping the foundations of religion; not a softening or sentimentalising of the more rigorous Christian commands, but rather an affirmative and trustful attitude of mind. Above all it means a loyalty to truth so absolute, so compelling, that nothing that hinders the pursuit of it is thought worthy of the fraternity of religion. It means that we bring to the study and practice of religion our intellect and our sympathy in the fullest measure, believing that no truth is "revealed" if it contradicts reason or belies the generous impulses of the spirit of man. It means a courageous, unflinching acceptance of human experience, for that only is true which the mind acclaims as true. Thus for the religious liberal the final authority is neither Church nor Tradition nor Book but the insight and reason of man.

Such are the broad and basic principles of religious liberalism. Liberal Christianity accepts these principles and applies them within its own field; it applies them negatively in ridding doctrine and history of the irrational assumptions of a hallowed tradition; it applies them positively by laying bare the historical foundations of Christianity and building thereon a structure more resistant to the tides of time.

An especial task for Liberal Christians is to bear witness *within Christendom* to two ancient and ancillary truths. It is a task which only those who accept unreservedly the authority of experience can properly perform. Nowhere in the synoptic gospels (Matthew, Mark and Luke) do we find the assumption that Jesus taught his hearers to look on himself as the founder of a Church or the saviour of the world; and though Jesus came to believe (as others also have believed) that he was divinely commissioned, he seems never to have suggested that his relationship to God was unique or of a kind to which other men might not also aspire. His teaching on the Kingdom of Heaven assumes between God and Man an essential kinship, and between man and man a spiritual fraternity. Even the Johannine emphasis on the union of God and Jesus ("I am in the Father and the

Father is in me." John xiv, 11) seems not to exalt Jesus to a transcendental plane beyond the compass of ordinary humanity but rather to assume a spiritual continuity between the divine and the human, *e.g.*, "Ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you."

But we need not venture into the mystical speculations of "John" to see underlying the religion of Jesus, implicit in the atmosphere of the Gospels, explicit in isolated sayings, an insight so profound, an affirmation so momentous, that men have misconceived or ignored it; by literalising the gospel they have hidden its pristine truth behind the screen of a crude "kindergarten" soteriology. Never wholly lost, proclaimed again and again by the greatest thinkers, this truth, at once simple and profound, needs to be reaffirmed to-day. It assumes that Creative Spirit is active in man and that man achieves fulness of being, fulfilling the law of his destiny, as he learns consciously to apprehend the divine principle within himself, identifying his own life with the Supreme Life. Within the temple of his innermost self man is conjoined with God. What this means in terms of the experiences of mystics and seers it is beyond my purpose to describe. But this I will venture to say, that Liberal Religion is faithless to its mission if, in the interest of religious rationalism or out of fear of fanaticism, it fails to comprehend the transcendent significance of the mystical quest. Not all men are mystics or mystically inclined. Pseudo-mysticism gives rise to extravagances and puerilities; the disintegrated soul finds in it an escape from the grimmer realities of life. Yet mysticism, misused and travestied though it be, is an accent in religion we ignore to our cost.

Salvation (if we cling to the word) means final at-one-ment—in the words of a Christian parable, the homecoming of the prodigal to his father's house. Thus not Jesus only is the Son of God but Everyman—in spite of human iniquity! As Hugh I'Anson Fausset puts it,

> 'The son' of whom Jesus spoke.... and whom he described as able to quicken whom he would so that they might pass from the death of sin to the life of wholeness was not....himself, viewed as a personal redeemer, but the 'Christ' potential in every man. (*A Modern Prelude*, p. 257)

This then is the first truth; the second is its complement. As there exists between God and man no absolute break, so also between man and man there is a community of being more fundamental than any glib proclamation of brotherhood can convey. Spiritual vision has always affirmed this fact of kinship. Separateness is an illusion, say the mystics, and many of them, under varying symbols, have echoed the astonishing exclamation of Edward Carpenter: "Deep as the Universe is my life and I know it; nothing can dislodge the knowledge of it." Universal life means universal kinship, the oneness of humanity in Deity.

"In the ethic of Christianity, it is the relation of the soul to God that is important, not the relation of man to his fellow man", asserts Mr. Bertrand Russell. This statement, though not strictly reconcilable with

the Christian ethic of good neighbourliness, indicates what all too often has been the emphasis in Christian teaching. *Human solidarity is more pronounced in the Eastern religions than in the Western.* The great message which Asia proclaims, declared Keshub Chunder Sen, is "not only the union between man and God, but also the union between man and man."

Once Liberal Christians lose sight of this two-fold truth they vacate the stronghold of their gospel, and thereafter nothing, it seems to me, can prevent their conceding the claims of naturalism on the one hand or of supernaturalism on the other. Liberal Christianity, as I understand it, stands or falls by its warrant to proclaim the Divine Spirit as a sanctifying power in the lives of men.

On this view it follows: (1) That all genuine religions are expressions of Religion—historical or local forms of the one Religion; (2) that all religions in their philosophical and doctrinal expressions are partial visions of supreme reality, and, in their ethical significance, efforts to organise human life in accordance with an ideal end. According to the measure of our insight into other faiths so is the measure of our insight into our own faith. Insight arises out of experience; it is a quality of mind, a capacity to penetrate through non-essentials to essentials; it implies in religion an ability to break through the crust of dogma and creed to those inner truths which dogmas and creeds in some degree represent. Insight tells us that all religions have truth within them, that every religion, in Professor Whitehead's words, is a "vision of something which stands beyond, behind, and within the passing flux of immediate things"; that no religion is outcast from the community of faiths.

Religions reflect the ethos and culture of the people among whom they flourish; thus religions are not of equal value either ethically or intellectually. Some religions (as we say) are more "primitive", some are "higher" than others; in some religions (notably in Hinduism) a primitive idolatry and an exalted philosophy exist concurrently; but every religion has its own primitive streak, its superstitions, its fanatics and its bigots. Equally every religion has its prophets, reformers, saints and seers; and this, I believe, is of profound significance. The significance lies not in the fact that all religions have their leaders, for the leader may be a power-complexed egotist; what is significant is the honour men pay to the sage and the seer. There appears on every religion the impress of a great personality who enlarges the people's faith and recalls them to a truth they have lost. Though zealots persecute him, sooner or later the people respond; sometimes they make him a god. It is profoundly significant that spiritual nobility always awakens a response, tardy and hesitant though it may sometimes be. *Quod bonum est, bonos facit.* Here lies the significance of the sage and the saint; they embody truth and goodness, and to this truth and goodness man responds.

And what of Jesus? Jesus is the master-teacher of Christendom, says the Liberal Christian. He is the mas-

ter-teacher by virtue not of his uniqueness as the only-begotten Son, but by virtue of the sonship he shares with other men. Jesus exalts not himself but the Divine Spirit within him. *Not a God on Calvary but the God in Man is the saviour of mankind.*

This is the insight which the liberal gospel can inspire. To be genuinely and comprehendingly a liberal is also to be a universalist. Only man-made barriers cast a shadow. The Light which the barriers obscure is omnipresent. But it is well to remember that even the liberal gospel may be degraded. Religious Liberalism is not a body of doctrine, though it includes doctrine; it is not a set of minority opinions in the minds of rebels against the cramping creeds of any orthodoxy. Fundamentally it is an attitude of mind. It can most easily be judged by what it does for a man, and the one thing it always does is to enlarge his mind. To be genuinely a religious liberal is to share, though in small measure, the insight, the compassion, the ingathering universalism and the insistence on *being*, characteristic of the genuine seers in every age. We fix on them our labels, according to the thought-forms of their age and the creedal formulations of their followers, but they themselves were preëminently exponents of the art of living. And they were universalists. In the valley-ways our distinctions serve us well: on the mountain peak we cast them aside. Every genuine faith is a road of pilgrimage whose worth will be judged in the end by its power to sanctify and ennoble human life. For religion is made for man, not man for religion.

LESLIE J. BELTON

"The coming of Christ", means *the presence of* Christos in a regenerated world, and not at all the actual coming in body of "Christ" Jesus; this Christ is to be sought neither in the wilderness nor "in the inner chambers", nor in the sanctuary of any temple or church built by man; for Christ—the true esoteric Saviour—*is no man*, but the Divine Principle in every human being. He who strives to resurrect the Spirit *crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions*, and buried deep in the "sepulchre" of his sinful flesh; he who has the strength to roll back *the stone of matter* from the door of his own *inner* sanctuary, he *has the risen Christ in him*. The "Son of Man" is no child of the bond-woman—*flesh*, but verily of the free-woman—*Spirit*, the child of man's own deeds, and the fruit of his own spiritual labour.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE "AMRITANUBHAV" OF DNYANESHWAR

[In our July number Professor M. D. Altekar wrote on "The Saint-Poets of Maharashtra", when we had occasion to indicate in our editorial the importance of Dnyaneshwar. We now have great pleasure in publishing Professor Altekar's translation from the "Amritanubhav" hitherto untranslated into English.—EDS.]

Dnyaneshwar or Dnyandev, who is unanimously regarded as the greatest Marathi poet and philosopher, flourished at the end of the twelfth century, and lived at the longest for not more than twenty-one years. His elder brother, Nivrattinath, was Dnyaneshwar's *guru*; he had besides one younger brother and a sister both of whom also wrote poetry.

Dnyandev has left two great works in Marathi, *Dnyaneshwari* or *Bhavarthdipika*, a discussion of the *Bhagwat Geeta*, and *Amritanubhav*, an independent exposition of the Adwait Vedant philosophy. *Dnyaneshwari* is a large work, famous for its philosophic soundness as much as for its wonderful poetic qualities, and it is revered wherever Marathi is spoken as "the great book". *Amritanubhav* is a small work but very intellectual in treatment and beyond the grasp of the ordinary reader. The central doctrine in the Adwait Vedant is the complete identity of Jeevatman and Paramatman (the individual and Deity). According to that doctrine whatever difference or diversity is seen is due to *Avidya* or *Maya*. To translate that word *Maya* by "ignorance" does not bring out its full connotation. This *Maya* is also a part of the Paramatman, and ultimately Paramatman.

In *Amritanubhav*, the Paramatman is called Shiv while Shakti or Maya is called Devi or the consort of Shiv, and their identity is described with a view to elucidating the Adwait Vedant doctrine. The whole book is to be read in that light. The *Amritanubhav* does not indulge in poetry as much as the *Dnyaneshwari* does, but there are passages in the former which are exceedingly delicious as poetry, and though the book is not so widely read as *Dnyaneshwari*, competent critics hold it as an even greater work than the latter. Here a translation is given of the first chapter of this great work. An attempt has been made to make the translation as literal as possible, because the writer holds (with many others) that translation is properly neither explanation nor summarising. Of course, he has tried to make it intelligible, and wherever more words have seemed to be needed to make the sense clear, or at any rate to make it less obscure, he has put them in brackets. It often happens that in giving the sense of a passage in a different language, the translator's own prepossessions and prejudices get the better of the original sense, and that is why the method of almost literal translation is here adhered to.

1. I worship the God Shiv and the Goddess Shakti who are the source [of everything], who are the

parents of the universe and who are free from all limitations.

2. In the most beautiful of all places [in the *Brahman*] they are of the same body and in the same line ; but the lover [the God Shiv] who yearned to love another person as his beloved, is [in fact] the beloved herself. [Though we think of them as two, they are one.]

3. With the tremendous force of their love, they entirely swallow up each other [and thus become one], but when they like to be two [as the lover and the beloved], they appear to be separate.

4. [Because the limitation of number does not apply to them], each [of them] is not even one at the same time, then how can being twofold suffice for the couple ? [How can being twofold give perfection to them when even oneness is a limitation they do not brook ?] Even when they assume form, we do not know what they really are [what they are in truth, in essence].

5. What a yearning for pleasure to be enjoyed within oneself ? [To realise that pleasure] they [first] become two and then attain perfect oneness and do not allow that oneness to be affected even in a light moment.

6. They are the parents of a child which is this vast universe, but in spite of that they are so afraid of being separated that the couple are never away from each other [so that the oneness continues unaffected].

7. They themselves witness in their own body the succession of life of the universes, consisting of the animate and the inanimate, but they do not allow the intervention of a third party. [In the management of such a vast universe, the two of them look after everything.]

8. They exist together, they shine forth together [by means of the same lustre] ; the two continue to lead their life together in a spirit of unity and their existence together is without a beginning.

9. When they feel that separateness is not right, they drown themselves in the ocean of oneness, but when they wish to enjoy [for enjoyment, two are necessary] they seek twofoldness.

10. The Devi [Goddess] is perfect on account of the Dev [Shiv] and he, too, would not be a master except for her. [He also is perfect on account of her.] In fact, they are perfect by being complementary to each other.

11. What a sweet union is this ! The two are so vast that this universe cannot accommodate them, and yet they are perfectly contained even in an atom.

12. They will not create even a blade of grass without mutual agreement, and they love each other so dearly that each is the life and the soul of the other.

13. They are very careful about their household affairs. When the master [the God Shiv] retires to rest, the mistress of the house as a responsible person keeps awake. [When the *Atman*, the spiritual, sleeps, the Shakti or the material keeps awake and becomes powerful.]

14. If one of them rises from sleep and is awake [when the spiritual awakens or the material is spiritualised] the whole house is destroyed and nothing remains behind. [The *sansar*, this worldly life, is over, and

Mukti, freedom absolute, is realised.]

15. They seek to contract their separate bodies in order to attain oneness and because of their [apparent] separateness, they appear to be half-and-half [instead of being completely one].

16. They are objects of love to each other : each is a lover to the other and the two, being together, are completely happy.

17. One is the God and the other is the Goddess ; but this difference in name as a man and a woman really does not matter ; in spite of the difference both are the same, both are Shiv. The apparent difference, however, gives rise to the illusion that there is duality in this world.

18. [But that is an illusion.] Just as two musical sticks produce but one musical sound, or just as two flowers strung together give out but one fragrance, or two lamps but one light ;

19. Or just as the two lips speak but one thought, or the two eyes see but one sight ; so also this whole world created by these two is [in essence] but one [not consisting of differences and distinctions].

20. From time immemorial, this couple has been producing [the illusion of] duality, but has been [really] feasting upon the delicious food of oneness.

21. She is such an excellent and faithful wife that she does not know how to exist unless her master is there. [The Shakti is the same as Shiv and cannot exist apart from him.] And he, on his part, is unable to do anything if she is not with him.

22. The master is in evidence because of the mistress ; she is in existence because of him ; it is impossible to differentiate between them.

23. The task of distinguishing one from the other—sugar from sweetness, camphor from fragrance—would indeed be quite impossible.

24. If you propose to remove all light from a lamp, the lamp itself will be in your hands ; in the same manner, if you try to find out the essence of Shakti, you will comprehend Shiv himself.

25. The sun shines forth with lustre, but the source of the lustre is the sun itself. In the same manner, when separateness is conquered completely, beauty alone shines forth.

26. An object is the cause of its reflection and the reflection accurately reflects the object. In the same manner, behind this duality oneness shines forth.

27. He whose existence is above controversy, even when everything besides is proved to be non-existent, has been made into a householder [a man who has a family] by his wife [Shakti]. And he, with a view to creating this universe, has made a wife of her.

28. Without her, the Beloved, even Shiv cannot exist as Shiv ; she is created by Shiv himself.

29. It is her body that has created this universe, and also the God (Shiv) with his godly powers. She has also created herself.

30. Her husband is without a form ; she felt ashamed of that. Therefore she created out of the beauty of her body this rich ornament in the form of this vast universe, the objects in which bear different names and shapes.

31. She, the fortunate one, has very gracefully exhibited the

grandeur of multiplicity, where even unity does not exist [because the idea of unity is relative to the idea of many, and where many are absent, unity also is automatically absent].

32. She contracted herself and the husband became prominent. He contracted himself and the wife became famous. [The knowledge of Brahman is in inverse proportion to the extent of Maya.]

33. He was very eager to see her, so he [really free from all desires] was actuated to become the seer; but when he becomes indifferent [when he does not wish to see her] his form disappears. [Form is also a limitation or *upadhi*.]

34. In order to please his wife, he has clothed himself in this vast universe. [The God Shiv is called Digambar, one with space as his garment.] When she is not there, he is without raiment. [He is without even a name or a form.]

35. His form is so difficult to comprehend that [though he is everywhere] he became invisible [and therefore some described him as the absence of existence], but in order to please Shakti, he has appeared in the form of this universe.

36. She awakened him and started to feed him on the objects in the universe. He ate up all the food [that was placed before him] and also her who served the food, and then only did he obtain satisfaction. [Then only was his hunger appeased.]

37. When the husband was asleep [was inactive] she gave birth to all the animate and inanimate objects; when she is inactive [when she rests], he ceases to be master. [He ceases to be a man.]

38. When he hides behind her, we cannot know [comprehend] him. Each of them is like a mirror to the other.

39. Shiv unites with her and enjoys happiness. He can enjoy everything but will not enjoy anything without her.

40. She is a part of him, he is her best beloved. They both unite and enjoy [food] together.

41. Shakti is as completely united with Shiv as speed with a storm or lustre with gold,

42. Or fragrance with musk, or heat with fire. Such is the union of Shiv and Shakti.

43. But in their essence, there is only one and not two, just as when the sun rises, we forget night as well as day [because day is relative to night].

44. The two were as two, only as the result of the employment of the word "two". But in their true essence, Shiv and Shakti are one and the same, and repulse any attribute or condition.

45. This oneness of Shiv and Shakti completely swallows up their diversity produced on account of name and form. Dnyandev reverently pays his homage to this couple who are really one—who are Shiv and nothing else.

46. When Shiv and Shakti unite in an embrace, both become invisible, just as the power of sight diminishes and disappears when the night arrives.

47. In trying to determine their real essence, all attempts of the power of words break down, just as, when

the great destruction occurs and the whole world is flooded with water, both the Ganges and the ocean lose their identity.

48. Or just as in the skies both the wind and its movements cease to exist, or just as at the time of the great destruction, when all becomes oppressive brightness, the sun and light become identical.

49. In the same manner, when one tries to see him clearly, the one who sees and that which he tries to see both cease to exist as the seer and the seen [because they become one and the same]. These two are one like that and I worship them.

50. When one tries to know them, not only does one not get even a drop of the water of the ocean one tries to fathom, but, moreover, in trying to know one ceases to exist oneself. [All ego disappears.]

51. Such is the oneness that pervades everywhere. It is absurd, under these circumstances, if in this unity I am here [as another, to break it up], to salute some one else. [At this stage of knowledge when one realizes the oneness in all diversity, unity alone prevails and the distinction between the worshipper and the worshipped must disappear.]

52. And yet, just as an ornament of gold is not different from gold, though it stands out as a particular ornament, so is this worship offered by me to Shiv and Shakti.

53. When the power of speech describes the power of speech, the subject and the object become identical. And thus there is no contamination of duality.

54. The Ganges [in Sanskrit] is a feminine noun and the ocean is a masculine noun. They unite, and though we make a difference between them on account of these genders and nouns, are not both water without any distinction?

55. The sun gives us power to see, and the sun is seen because of that power. But the sun is the same, the giver of the power and the object comprehended by the help of that power.

56. The moonlight spreads round the disc of the moon, but they are one and not two. The light given by a lamp is not different from the lamp. You cannot separate the light from the lamp.

57. The lustre on the pearl is only to be found on the pearl [not separately], and the cleaner the pearl is the brighter is its lustre.

58. The word ओम् OM is made of the three sounds, अ a, उ u, and म् m, but that does not make the word a threefold thing. The letter ं ṁ is written [used to be written in old Sanskrit] with three perpendicular lines, like this ॐ, but it is one letter all the same and not three.

59. Why should water not wear the flowers of waves if the latter give it more charm without interfering with its essential unity?

60. Thus I offer worship to Shiv and Bhavani [Shakti], apparently two but always one in reality.

61. When the mirror is taken away, the reflection of an object enters the object itself. When there is no breeze, the waves subside into the water.

62. When sleep is over, the person who slept is himself again. And thus have I given up egotism and worshipped the God and the Goddess.

63. The salt gives up egotism and becomes the ocean itself. I have given up egotism and have become Shiv and Shakti.

64. Just as the inside of a plantain tree becomes the sky by giving up its own distinct existence [as we take off one after another of the layers of the trunk of the plantain tree, the trunk disappears], I, too, have, in worshipping thus [by giving up egotism], become one with Shiv and Shakti.

M. D. ALTEKAR

WORLD WATCH

May I suggest a "World Watch"?

The object of this company of men of good will must be to protect human society everywhere from the dissidents, those who are not content to conform to standards of conduct accepted as necessary by all men who believe, and act, in the spirit of Peace.

The standards of conduct obviously require to be codified and must be published before they can eventually be subscribed to by every individual wishing and willing to join the company.

Thereafter, a spiritual force for Peace should arise and grow, limited ultimately only by the number of men of peaceful spirit in the world. The number of such men may be greater than is generally believed; though many who fancy themselves to be men of peaceful spirit might discover themselves to be in error, and so ineligible without what is called "a change of heart" to join the company of The World Watch.

It was in conformity with a plan of this kind that police forces originated; but unfortunately they evolved swiftly along the lines of material force; spiritual forces becoming less and less the instruments of Peace as time went on, so far as police forces were concerned.

The strength and value of an immense number of peaceful thinkers has been lost sight of, for practical purposes, in the apparent though unreal profit to be derived from the existence of armies of physically strong men supplied with material, as opposed to purely spiritual, means of enforcing at first their common laws and later on their merely national, or even local, preferences.

The old plan of "Watch and Ward" merited, at least, the experimentation it received. It is worth retrial, this time on a spiritual basis.

T. H. WORGAN

GROWTH

[J. H. Watson does "not claim to be a writer, but he does claim to know something of the aspirations of labouring people", as he earns his livelihood as a blast furnaceman.—EDS.]

If by running to seed we mean the perpetuation of the species, man, bound by the same law as the meanest weed, runs to seed when his growth is arrested. Hence the large families of poor people. The first reaction to the shock of unemployment often results in a further addition to the family, an extra mouth to feed out of what is already an inadequate income. As a plant will die in the final endeavour to leave behind some wisp of its kind, so man, whether or not he has reached maturity, responds to blind instinct, peopling the earth with fruit of a sickly tree.

The true path of growth is from physical maturity and affirmation to spiritual understanding and revelation. Gandhi's spiritual power is largely due to his having surpassed the limitations of the flesh, not by evading the law of the flesh but by fulfilling it and thereby becoming free to express the spirit. The quality of the tree determines the nature of the fruit. But we of the Western civilisation are faced with problems which do not arise in the East. Our life has an emphasis on things of the flesh to a degree unknown in the East. We are of the North as well as of the West. Our food must be of sufficient amount to enable us to withstand cold, whereas the tropics enable their inhabitants to conserve their food values for labour. It is this factor which causes the material things of life to loom large in the Western mind. I am a labourer in a heavy industry. My work demands heavier, more frequent meals than does a sedentary occupation. The acute perception which undoubtedly springs sometimes from sheer physical exhaustion is not a common experience. Labourers rarely become saints. Saints may impose physical crucifixion upon themselves, or even suffer it to be inflicted upon them; they often become labourers. But saints are rare. For most men, fully occupied in wresting a living from a grudging society, there is little time in which to achieve any kind of perfection. Yet the crop of saints is still manifest. What is lacking most of all is an adequate response on a sufficiently large scale.

There is another side to this picture. Time and again I have known the hard materialistic core of an ambitious man to soften into a more generous mould when he was cast into conditions of poverty such as his fellows were experiencing. Things of the spirit may well be wooed once the insecurity of economic wealth is realized. But too often is this process inseparable from sentimentalism, and at no time in our history has sentimentalism been a greater blasphemy than it is now.

No. The solving of the bread problem is an urgent necessity if we are to preserve the spiritual values without which modern civilisation must

perish. Paradoxical as it may seem, divorced from spiritual values the bread question will never be solved. No great spiritual leader ever lived who did not utter a defence of the poor against exploitation and proclaim their miseries to the world. A feature of Western civilisation, one might almost say of that part of the world called Christian, is the complete indifference of the one half as to how the other half lives. To understand the nature and the character of growth we must see humanity as a living entity and not as a number of divided classes. To fuse people together because they are parts of a universal spirit is so essential that, if we stand aside in dismay before the magnitude of the task, a totalitarian state will do for a race what we ought to do for man, and *race* is always evil, though its members carry the divine image.

A tree uprooted by the storm, yet retaining a tiny fibrous connection with the earth, will live prone on the ground, but its head will turn, grotesque, twisted, warped, upwards to the sun. So it is with man. Cast him out from his membership of society and he will become alien to the rest of his kind. Cast out many of his kind, give them a hint of our criminal indifference, and society will suffer for its sin of neglect. He that is not of us will rend us. In England nearly two million men were, have been and are likely to remain unemployed. Not always the same individuals, but the same total. Few realize the check on growth which results from this drastic pruning, and that while the nation argues as to how much money a workless man should be given, idleness eats like a canker and the sagging spirits of these men become a drag on us all.

The flesh must be made manifest that the spirit may be born and that man may reach his full stature. Such a demand needs the full resources of the whole of mankind.

Above the need for effort, courage, self-discipline is the need for a heart full of love, the larger heart of mankind. The struggles of good men in quiet corners of the earth must be linked together to form the nucleus of a new cycle of growth. The lives of great men tend to become divorced from the stream of common humanity. Money has erected barriers even in dealing with the problems of refugees where one would expect a broad humanity in the face of common suffering. But in spite of all this, at the heart of mankind lies the desire to belong, the need to be recognized as part of the tree. Dictators and politicians will keep up the siege so long as good men delegate the solution of economic problems to them. To keep alive—and by simply being alive one keeps faith to-day—is to maintain the only growth possible in our generation.

But we are responsible for much more than the perpetuation of the species; otherwise we should be creatures of blind instinct, fit only to become as the beasts that perish.

J. H. WATSON

RATIONALE OF POWER WORSHIP

[G. A. Chandavarkar is the author of *A Manual of Hindu Ethics*. This article was written before the outbreak of War.—EDS.]

The course of the history of man's ideals and achievements has never run smooth. It reveals many currents and cross-currents in his feelings and failings. But in one direction its progress is worthy of note. At one time and another man has striven after beauty, after truth and knowledge, after wealth, and often after Deity. But in all his struggles his love for Power—be it physical or moral—has been inordinate. From time immemorial this love of Power has made or marred his or his nation's history. The Vedic bards prayed for *Aujas* or *Tejus*—Power and Glory. The Suras and the Asuras in their own time sought it, one against the other. The Shaktas in their worship of Shaktee symbolised it. The Greeks and the Romans glorified it in their arts and even in their laws. The Emperors like Charlemagne, Louis XIV and Napoleon were its ardent votaries. Their modern counterparts sing the pæans of Power. Dictators vehemently declare that "the relations between states are the relations of force". The dominant theme in the past and to-day is force. What all the self-glorification, self-aggrandisement and repression on the part of dictators will ultimately lead to, none can prophesy with precision. That far-seeing statesman General Smuts has rightly declared, " A state of lawlessness is abroad." What are the main-springs of this age-long urge for power? How did the ancient Aryans combat its evils and what ideals did they suggest for taming aggressive power? These questions are of supreme interest. In the field of social science there is no study more interesting and instructive than the analysis of the human motives leading to the worship of Power.

The ancient Aryans held that the possession of Power was not in itself an evil. Everything depended on the way in which it was used. If used for " the acquisition of knowledge, charity and the protection of the weak", it was commendable. " *Dānāya, Jnānāya* and *Rakshṇāya* " were its only legitimate uses. When Daityas like Ravana and Kansa misused it, Rama and Krishna exercised their influence to check them. Bheebheeshana warned Ravana, and Krishna cautioned the Kauravas against its misuse. When kings like Janaka and Ashoka made benevolent use of their power, peace and harmony prevailed in the land. But if power be considered as an end and not as a means, disasters follow. Taming the urge to power is a difficult process, requiring a tremendous amount of energy. Of old power was supposed to be centred in the king. But he was to be a *Raja*—one who would 'please' the subjects. The root meaning of that charming word was *Ranj* — to please. Even God's designation was " *Deena-vatsal* " or " *Deenanath* "—Lover of the meek and the humble. Kalidas says that " even the taxes were to be collected from the people with the sole object

of doing them good, after the manner of the sun drawing moisture from the earth only to give it back in the form of rain". The antidote prescribed for lust for power was a sincere desire to do good to others. *Paropakaraya Satam Vibhutayah* was the ideal. The wielders of power were subject also to the restraining influence of institutions like the *Ashtapradhanas* —a circle of ministers.

In modern democracies Parliaments and Assemblies exercise control over the rulers. That demands the development of the scientific mind in the nation. Wielders of power must be made to realise in their own interests not only that it is not enough to be good but also that it is positively dangerous to be bad. Public opinion should be so educated as to check the evil tendencies amongst the worshippers of power. The Tamasic nature should be controlled by the Satweek nature. The Guna of Tamasa leads to misery, while that of Satwa leads to prosperity. This is true in the case both of individuals and of nations. The Asuras fell and the Suras triumphed because of their respective Tamasic and Satweek natures.

Heeranyakashapa and Balee Chakravartees developed totalitarian states, making "force" their idol. The inevitable result was their ruin. For a time they succeeded, but as the bond holding their subjects was one of force and not one of sympathy their rule could not be lasting. Dictators, however powerful they may appear to be in the beginning, sow seeds of destruction and ultimately reap the fruits of misery. Even their beneficence is fraught with danger, being necessarily tinged with self-aggrandisement and aggression. They possess a giant's strength and unfortunately they rush headlong with a giant's stride to use it. Naturally they invite ruin on themselves and on their people.

The outstanding problem of the world to-day is how to devise effective means of checking the onward march of the totalitarian states and the reckless greed of the dictators. The worship of Power and the apotheosis of the state go hand in hand. In the union of the world's democracies and in the satisfaction of the legitimate ambitions of the nations and particularly of the aspirations of the subject races lies the salvation of mankind. A new civilisation has to be evolved. It will have to be broad-based on the good will of the people forming the great democracies of the world. A world state has to be created. *Lokasangraha,* in the words of the *Geeta,* has to be aimed at. The Aryan Path of *Paropakara* and *Tyaga*—of Philanthropy and Self-sacrifice—has to be trodden. In that direction seems to lie the hope of mankind.

G. A. CHANDAVARKAR

TAO AND ITS GLOZES

[Lawrence Durrell in the following article suggests a method whereby the real Tao can be differentiated from that which is not the Tao. He rightly perceives that Tao is a philosophy, but also much more. Indeed it is "the uncreate unborn and eternal energy of nature, manifesting periodically. Nature as well as man when it reaches purity will reach *rest*, and then all become one with Tao, which is the source of all bliss and felicity. As in the Hindu and Buddhistic philosophies, such purity and bliss and immortality can only be reached through the exercise of virtue and perfect quietude of our worldly spirit; the human mind has to control and finally subdue and even crush the turbulent action of man's physical nature; and the sooner he reaches the required degree of moral purification, the happier he will feel."—EDS.]

It has become a commonplace in literary criticism to-day to refer to the disparities which exist between certain portions of Lao Tzu's *Book of the Simple Way*: to accept, with the limpid resignation of the scholar, the apparent confusions (the word is repeatedly used) of which the text seems so full. So far, it seems, no one has tried to disentangle the conflicting fibres of doctrine and statement. Indeed, the task is not one to attract the boldest of textual scholars, for properly speaking no text exists which would offer the reader any canon on which to build an analytical or critical scheme. Yet it seems to me that a method may be found—perhaps not stable or exhaustive enough to satisfy the pedant, but sufficiently exciting to interest the student of Tao—a method by which one may catch glimpses of the original work among the glozes and shifting emendations of later scribes. The clue lies embedded like a diamond in the body of the text itself; a clue sufficiently cardinal to allow one a firm working foundation.

Now Tao has been defined as a philosophy which remains always in sharp contradistinction to the Confucian (more generally the "Socratic") dialect of the ethic; but it is more than that. (The word "Philosophy" still carries with it the taint of method given it by the Greeks, from which it has been impossible to free it.) Tao seems to be almost more than this; it is an attempt to localise an experience, which itself is too comprehensive to be included in the mere confines of language. Throughout the book one can feel the language probing, like a pair of giant calipers, attempting to circumscribe a realm, for the expression of which we have nothing between the madman's idiom and the A minor Quartet. The searchlight of the ratiocinative principle is too weak to light up this territory: words themselves are used as a kind of sculpture, to symbolize what cannot be directly expressed: the heraldry of language is called into play to accentuate, to attest to, to pierce through the rind of the merely cognative impulse and delineate once and for all the mystery, the resting place of the Tao.

"*The true Tao is not the subject of discussion.*" In your opening

statement you are faced with an attitude which, more exactly expressed as the text proceeds, ends in a complete and final denial of principle; a denial, in fact, of polarity, of schism. The affirmation here is that of a total personality, speaking from its totality. In the symbol of the Simple Way, expressed once and for all, you will find no trace of that abruption of the personality from its cosmos which has hallucinated European thought ever since pre-Socratic times. There is, to write nicely, no human entity; it is merged in the All. Here there is no trace of the rupture between the individual and his scenery. Fused, there remains only the gigantic landscape of the spirit, in which our Aryan problem, ("To be, or not to be") is swallowed up, exhausted, sucked dry by the eternal factor—the Tao. The house admits its resident: the tenant is absorbed, like a piece of tissue, into the very walls of his spiritual house. The world of the definition is exploded.

All this is so exhaustively written out in the book that it seems a little difficult at first to locate those areas in which the conflicting ideas enter. But with this profound clue (the denial, the absolution of principle) it would seem possible to retrace one's steps; and against this rule, measure the various phases of the text.

One thing becomes clear: if the denial of the dogmatic principle is the key-note of the document, then what confusions there are operate always in the realm of the *ethic*. It is only here that the voice becomes muffled, that the statement, otherwise so pure in its lingual evasions of the rule, becomes muddy, ambiguous.

The struggle is directed always against the Confucian scheme, the precocious assumption of man over men, over God, over the spiritual landscape; and luckily for us the Confucian contribution serves admirably to light up for us those precise departments of the idea which might remain as yet obscure.

When a man with a taste for reforming the world takes the business in hand, it is easily seen that there is no end to it. For spiritual vessels are not fashioned in the world. Whoever makes, destroys; whoever grasps, loses.

And again :—

A Sage is one who is full of rectitude, but he does not, on that account, hack and carve at others...He is upright and yet does not undertake to straighten others.

In these two extracts from Lao Tzu his stance seems clearly enough defined. He refuses the dogma with its sharp black and white tones. Within the experience of which he talks there is room for infinite adjustment, infinite movement. The imposition of the iron scheme is a violence from which he utterly dissociates himself; his method is a wingless flying—an act which operates along a line where the mere mechanics of the act is lost; is irrelevant. His refusal to *transform* the flora and fauna of his world is a direct challenge to the world of dogmatic relations, where good is balanced against evil, black against white, being against non-being; the world of opposites, from which alone flowers the ethic, the canon, the principle. In his refusal to accept

the limited concepts of language, he shows his wariness against the destroying, limiting effect of definition.

It is when we come to speak of Beauty as a thing apart that we at once define Ugliness. So when goodness is seen to be good, then we become aware of what is evil...For this reason the Sage only concerns himself with that which does not give rise to prejudice.

He will not place himself at the mercy of the dogmatic principle, which, he realizes, can carry embedded in it the poisons of the divided personality, against which the volatile principle of *being* is at war. Consequently he sees that the ratiocinative principle *itself* must go; and as the document closes, this is the note which is sounded in a last exhaustion; the last attempt to speak coherently from the very heart of Tao.

If we accept this as the ultimate statement from which the Tao lives, then it at once becomes obvious that we have in our hands a clue which relates to the actual text. For it is precisely where there occur abrupt expressions of dogma that the same "confusions" also arise of which our scholars have talked for so long.

But let us pause for a moment to consider those to whom we owe the impurities in the text. What concerned *them* was never the Tao itself (the inexpressible IT); but merely a means of realizing it, tapping its reservoirs for Peace; transforming it into an ideal easily attainable by religious *practice*. The history of this book: the subsequent erection of a huge and corrupt dogmatic theology around it—these prove our point beyond all doubt. What concerned the men who came after was a *practice* of Tao—a thing which could never exist in something whose theme was merely the localization of The Experience, with which language could deal, at the best, imprecisely. Their concern was credo; a credo that carried with it the iron imperative.

If we go back, then, keeping this fact in mind, we at once fall upon passages which carry the strange theological imperatives bedded in them.

The pride of wealth and glory is companied with care, so that *one should come to a full stop* when a good work is completed, and when honour is advancing.

The imperative here is barbed with implications; the theological overtone slightly too obvious.

By expelling impure things from the mind it is possible to remain untainted and to continue in obscurity....

Quotation in the bulk would be tiresome. The object of this note, impertinent enough in itself, is not to provide a hunting ground for the contentious scholar; rather I have suggested an exciting game which would interest those for whom the Book of the Simple Way is still confused, still a little obscure. By striking at the ethic wherever it appears in the text, one is suddenly faced with a genuine clearance of all the "confusions". The book is empty of dead wood, the tree itself stands out, free and glowing, as it must have been originally.

Empty the document of these bewildering *volte-faces* and the circle finds itself harmoniously closed once more; we enter the centrum again. The "confusions" have gone.

LAWRENCE DURRELL

STUDIES IN SHELLEY

III.—HIS PROSE

[This is the last of a series of three articles by **Miss Katherine Merrill**; the first, dealing with the poet's background, was published in October and the second, on his poetry, in November.—EDS.]

Poet—prophet—philosopher — the three are one; each is religious, ethical, compassionate; the faculties and the powers are the same in all, though differing in ratio. If this unity can be a fact when the qualities are exhibited in separate men, it is even more true when they combine to make one being such as Shelley. Though manifesting variety, they are then blended into a rich harmony. No surprise can be felt, therefore, that the thought-content in Shelley's poetry is expressed also in philosophical prose essays[1] and prefaces.

One of the most important—*A Philosophical View of Reform*—suggests the philosopher-quality by its mere name; and the Essay justifies its title. Yet the prophet-quality exists also, and is practically proved by the early coming into operation of some of the reforms most earnestly advocated. This Essay especially might cause us to regret that he did not live longer, to an age of greater maturity. Though few opinions of his could have won approval from the conservative or the timid, yet the dignity, the analytical power, the positive political wisdom and the comprehensive outlook here shown give strong indication of where an added score of years might have placed him as a philosophical, political, humanitarian thinker. But on the other hand, it seems more likely that the work he came back to do was indeed done when he died.

For if he is viewed as one of the preëminent contributors to the Theosophical Movement, it becomes clear that his life was long enough to have performed his particular function—that of stating in expansive, beautiful, heart-reaching poetry those lines of thought sent out and fostered by the Great Lodge in the time immediately preceding his own life-period. The placing, too, of that life-period gave him an added function—of living on into the darkness of disappointment that came on men with the apparent failure of their hopes and ideals. Though suffering keenly these same pangs himself, he yet fulfilled his mission of maintaining faith in the ideals, of encouraging and even of guiding the strugglers possessed of lower spiritual vitality than he.

These statements may suggest a hidden reason why he produced little prose. The embodiment in prose of the great Adept ideas of the eighteenth century had been amply carried out before him. No other man, however, equalled the embodiment made through him as poet in English. And it was important that a poet in English should arise; be-

[1] *Cf.* Salt, *Selected Prose Works of Shelley*, 1922. And *A Philosophical View of Reform*, edited by Rolleston, 1920.

cause in the next century the operations of the Great Lodge were to be especially among English-speaking people in both West and East; Its nineteenth-century Messages, unexampled previously in fullness and directness, were to be recorded in the English language—pitifully limited for such concepts though it be. Important, too, it was that that poet should be a singer—one whose lyrical flights, while springing from a profound philosophical base, should, like those of his own loved bird, carry his listeners with them through their longing, striving hearts. Other poets only now and then showed the skylark nature. Shelley *was* that nature.

Prose, accordingly and spiritually, could not be his proper medium. As servitor of the world, both his dharma and his karma demanded otherwise. Enough prose was produced to prove his easy power over the purely philosophical form of expression. Yet it is most significant that the only prose Essay, as such, which he finished, concerns poetry; defends poetry from an unjust attack, and poetry of just the philosophical and exalted type which he himself aspired to write. That Essay, too, with entire spontaneity, often reveals in style and feeling much of the lyrical quality of his own verse.

True, as one of the world's servitors, he would have reached his dharma more quickly if in youth he had avoided the acts that called out the world's calumny. But slowly the calumny has ceased, the beneficent Adept ideas and the spokesmen of those ideas were and are as much needed as ever, and the value of Shelley's work has in consequence been more and more recognized.

Nor do his prose writings present a different range of subjects—if his youthful romantic fiction be excepted. This was of value mainly as a training-ground and a relief of boyish effervescence. It cannot claim serious attention. In prose and verse the important topics are identical—topics that in essence belong either to the time preceding him or to his own time of general disillusionment. All his worthier writings, though so broad in allusiveness and background, bend their wealth to what is involved in his great primary humanitarian aim — the progression, the freedom, the spiritual exaltation even through suffering, and the final perfection of MAN.

His Prefaces and Notes to his poems, besides their great expository value, at times stretch out into the wholly unexpected; as in the Note on *Queen Mab*, VI, 45, which indicates some perception of ethical meanings in the shifting of the earth's axis. He says: "The progress of the perpendicularity of the poles may be as rapid as the progress of intellect", and there may be "a perfect identity between the moral and the physical improvement of the human species".

The Necessity of Atheism, A Refutation of Deism, and the *Essay on Christianity* form a distinct group. In them all "atheism" means a rejection of the Christian theology with its one personal God. Both reason and honesty led him to this rejection as a "necessity". The two earlier papers are attempts to reach the mathematics of the soul (including God) by merely external material

reason. They evidence the influence on Shelley's young mind of Locke, Hobbes, and other rationalist thinkers. He himself, however, soon repudiated this influence, and found among modern philosophers much inner satisfaction and confirmation in the idealistic writings of Berkeley.

The *Essay on Christianity* is far richer, maturer, less materialistic. Here he delineates with some fullness the character of Jesus as a great heroic figure. Yet the fact is noted also that the records are questionable. "He has left no written record of himself—his biographers (our only guides) transmitted imperfect and obscure information—where contradictions occur." The picture of Jesus is partly made by enlarging with praise on his teaching itself, including his concept of God. Jesus means that God is "the overruling Spirit of all the energy and wisdom—of the collective energy of the moral and material world—something mysteriously and illimitably pervading the frame of things—the Benignant Principle—the Universal Cause". This *Essay* seems to have had a rather wide appeal. Its unequivocal praises of the nature and teaching of Jesus were certain to lessen the hysterical opposition to both the poet and his work in general.

The *Letter to Lord Ellenborough* has a special interest for theosophists. The printer of Part III of Paine's *Age of Reason* was sentenced by Lord Ellenborough to eighteen months' imprisonment and one hour in the pillory. Here was a concrete instance of persecution, and Shelley's rebuke was as pointed and caustic as Voltaire's charges against similar persecutions. It proved Shelley's virility in handling an important public personage and event. Difference of religious opinion, masking itself as defence of morality, Shelley found to be the real basis of the judge's action. The direct forceful questions he addressed to the judge—unanswerable, in fact, except by admitting guilt—revealed the skill of his reasoning, the keenness of his serious wit, the temperateness yet the extraordinary courage of his mingled defence and attack. Besides, the *Letter* was a purely disinterested work for a cause, a bit of altruistic practice instead of theory. And it was wholly impersonal—even though it might involve a personal danger. For if offended Legality had turned its engines in another direction, nobody would have been hurt but Shelley.

The *Defence of Poetry* is indeed a notable piece of writing and has become a classic in literary criticism. His remarks on poets as ethical teachers; on the imagination as an "imperial faculty, the great instrument of moral good"; on love as "the secret of morals" and as the altruistic feeling that "makes the pains and pleasures of the species one's own"—show convincingly the philosophic and theosophic nature of his thought.

His highest comment identifies poetry with nothing less than the Wisdom-Religion itself :—

> Poetry is indeed something divine. It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge; it is that which comprehends all science, and that to which all science must be referred. It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought; it is that from which all spring.

Shelley's calling this "poetry" was

accidental rather than essential. He was describing the highest he knew, and gave it the name that meant the most to him and was the least tainted by false religious thinking.

The deepest, most theosophic Shelley appears too in the short sketch called *On Life*. In this he forgets argument and becomes just a Thinker and Perceiver, observant of self, other selves, and Nature. The great Pulsation flows through him, absorbing and unifying. What he depicted at the close of *Adonais* with such exalted synthetic feeling and imagery, he here states with quiet observation issuing from a profound outreach of soul into its own experiences. A child, he says, does not

> distinguish between itself and what surrounds it. All is one. Some persons are always children. Those who are subject to the state called reverie, feel as if their nature were dissolved into the surrounding universe, or as if the surrounding universe were absorbed into their being. They are conscious of no distinction. And these are states which accompany an unusually intense and vivid apprehension of life.

Says *The Voice of the Silence*, "The pupil must regain *the child-state he has lost*." Shelley had natural experiences of the state of Dharana. "The light from the ONE MASTER" entered into him easily, for he was not one of those encased in worldliness.

William Q. Judge tells of Beings "who have passed through many occult initiations in previous lives, but are now . . . living in circumstances and in bodies that hem them in, as well as for a time make them forget the glorious past. . . . These *obscured adepts*. . . . can be more easily used for the spreading of influences and the carrying out of effects necessary for the preservation of spirituality in this age of darkness."

May not the man called Shelley—misunderstood, reviled, struggling under a load of blunders and sorrows, as a poet too little self-critical and too exuberant, never becoming full master of his excessively fertile mind, yet through all errors ever burning with an unquenched fire of altruism—may he not have been such an Obscured Adept?

The range of adeptship this Being must have reached in previous lives cannot even be guessed; though perhaps the thick obscurity he laboured through is an indication. For only a high Being could have penetrated such karmic darkness as enveloped Shelley—which must have originated both in past lives and in the present—and yet have brought out into light such a treasury of spiritual knowledge as was his.

It may well be time for us, as users of English and as recipients of the less veiled benefactions of Theosophy, to include, with modesty, in our "vindication of calumniated but glorious reputations" that Being named Shelley.

KATHERINE MERRILL

ESCAPISM VERSUS SPIRITUALITY

[Francis S. Gritton writes of some primary but often overlooked truths for practitioners of the higher life. How many among such can say—"It does not matter what happens to me personally....."—EDS.]

He who would enter upon the Spiritual Life has no easy task before him. The way lies hard and difficult, stretching out before him like a grim and desolate waste, wherein no oasis can be seen. Obstacles, many of them seemingly insuperable, are to be seen on every side, and it is only the man who is filled with an undaunted courage and an unbreakable will to persevere that will succeed.

Spirituality does not consist in retiring to the solitude of a monastery or the wastes of an uninhabited desert. What is important is the inner impulse behind such actions, and it is this inner attitude that constitutes spirituality. External actions mean nothing unless they are an absolutely sincere expression of the mental state that actuates them.

So spirituality entails an inner change which is nothing short of revolutionary. It completely reverses our usual approach to life, which is essentially self-centred, and causes us to become entirely selfless and dispassionate. This mode of living entails a complete renunciation of personal wishes and desires and entirely changes our motives for action.

At present our actions are mostly performed from motives of self-interest, in one form or another. We often think that we are acting absolutely unselfishly but generally, deep in the subconscious, there is some personal motive actuating us. So the first step towards the realization of the Spiritual Life is the utter forgetfulness of the personal self. This forgetfulness must be absolute; there can be no half-measures, no compromise. At present, when we are confronted with any situation, we at once react automatically and subconsciously ask ourselves, "How does this affect me? Will it help me, or will it harm me and cause me pain?"

True spontaneous action, however, is selfless, and the action is performed for its own sake, not for hope of any reward. This entails a very rigid process of self-examination. All one's motives must come under the searchlight of conscience and be examined with the utmost scrupulousness. We must question our thoughts, feelings and actions.

The first and the most important question that we must put to ourselves is this: "Why am I desirous of taking up the Spiritual Life?" The motive that prompts us to enter upon the way of spirituality must be honestly sought out, and if it is found to be not pure and selfless, then it would be better for us not to concern ourselves with spiritual things at all, for in that case our spirituality would be pseudo-spirituality.

Unfortunately most of what passes to-day for spirituality is pseudo-spirituality. The motive of many people is merely one of escape. Finding life hard and unpleasant, people seek solace in belief. They build up pictures for themselves of a heaven in

which all is perfect and where sorrow is unknown. They delight in dwelling on such pictures, in order to distract their weary minds from the uncomfortable realities around them. They perceive themselves and their neighbours around them as very imperfect beings, and so they comfort themselves with ideas of their ultimate perfection.

Such people either avail themselves of the comfort of a particular religion or else they attempt to dabble in mysticism. Occultism, when used to further personal ends, is utterly evil. The occult forces are actually no more spiritual in themselves than the mere physical forces; they merely act on a plane beyond the reach of human physical sense perception. They are spiritual only when, and because, they are used for the helping on of human evolution. This fact is very important, and it is well to note that a scientist, dealing only in physical phenomena, who acts with the purest motives, may be more spiritual than an occultist who uses his powers solely to gratify his own desires and to further his own ends.

Clearly then, it is the ethical approach to spirituality that is of the first importance. We must, therefore, ask ourselves unceasingly why we wish to become spiritual. Is it that we wish to be great and to be looked up to, or is it that we wish to lead humanity to better ways of living?

We must ask ourselves why we wish to ascertain whether there is survival after death—why we wish to awaken latent psychic powers—why we wish to know if there are more than three dimensions of space. Finally—and this is perhaps the most important point—we must be able to say to ourselves with the utmost sincerity: "It does not matter what happens to me personally. I will think only of the benefit to humanity, and if it furthers the cause of human evolution that I should suffer, however terribly, I shall not shrink from such suffering, but will accept it joyfully."

The gateway leading to the spiritual life is barred by a great question mark. To open this gate we have to remove this question mark, to answer all these pressing questions to the full, and when we have done this—but not before—we shall be permitted to enter the portals of the life eternal and the peace that passes all understanding.

FRANCIS S. GRITTON

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A CHURCH MISSIONARY ON HINDUISM

[J. C. Kumarappa is the Organiser and Secretary of the All India Village Industries Association. He belongs to a well-known South Indian Christian family and is himself a better follower of Jesus than most of the missionaries.—EDS.]

The Haskell Lectures delivered in the Graduate School of Theology, Oberlin College, U. S. A., early this year, are put together in this book,* which embodies the typical outlook of the more intelligent missionary. Professor Sydney Cave tacitly concedes that the lives of some Hindus may put the lives of some Western Christians to shame and therefore he pleads that we limit ourselves to the comparison merely of "the ideals of Hinduism and of the Christian Gospel." Professor Cave cannot see that Hinduism consists of systems of various kinds laid down to guide persons in differing stages of evolution and that that is the reason why savants like Sir S. Radhakrishnan, saints like Gandhiji, and animists and idolators all find consolation in it. Hinduism reduces to practice the ideal of the Messiah who will adapt himself to the capacity of his followers.

"A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench."

"He shall gently lead those that are with young."

But our missionary friends in their zeal will trim the smoking flax into a flame and whip up those that are with young into a gallop. This capacity for adaptation is what appears as tolerance in Hinduism. It is a more Christlike quality than our Christian friends would have it. Even to-day many find it difficult to understand Gandhiji—a devotee of non-violence—wanting to extend co-operation to the British in this war. Though he himself, as a *satyagrahi*, would want to go to the fullest limit of non-violence, he feels that Britain is a smoking flax and he wants to help the British, however little it may be, along the path of non-violence. The same attitude will explain his relations with the Congress. This is the true Hindu attitude.

One wishes that Prof. Sydney Cave had resisted the temptation to intersperse in the book statements of the nature of propaganda such as the following which is calculated to prejudice the reader :—"Even in peaceful Travancore I got from a Hindu shop a picture of her (Kali) cutting off the heads of Europeans, which had for its inscription *Bande Mataram, Hail Mother*! "Unattractive as is this goddess, she has many devoted worshippers."

Prof. Cave and his like forget when they limit themselves to the historic Jesus that Jesus himself did not claim finality for his teachings. To have done so would have spelt death. Christ is not a hitching post which once attained remains constant. In emphasising this claim Christian friends do less than justice to Jesus who said "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth (John XVI, 12, 13). When this is properly understood the teachings of Jesus are not to be bound between the two covers of the *New Testament* nor are they limited by time or space. "God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth" (John iv, 24). If we are to limit ourselves to the historic Jesus, who was a meat eater, his ethics cannot be claimed to have

* *Hinduism or Christianity*. By SYDNEY CAVE. (Hodder and Stoughton, London. 6s).

reached out to the dumb animals, like those of the Buddha or of Hinduism that believes in "cow protection". Surely the devotion of Prof. Cave will not allow Jesus to be so lowered. The sooner these claims of patent rights are destroyed the better. It sounds childish to hear scholars like Prof. Sydney Cave seriously entering into a disputation as to what ideas Sir S. Radhakrishnan or Gandhiji has "borrowed" from Christianity. Cannot even the thought of the West dissociate itself from property rights? Truth is one and God is one; and the very title of this book *Hinduism or Christianity*? is an insult to the Spirit if any human act can affect it. Among children of God "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free".

Of course, no book on Hinduism can be complete if no mention of the "vulgar and obscene" images of the temples of India is made. We are told on page 181 "None who has seen the great temples of South India, the Saivite temples of Madura and Tanjore, and the Vaishnavite temple of Srirangam, can be surprised that those who see them for the first time are tempted to feel for Hinduism only repulsion." I respectfully beg to differ. All art is subjective. "Evil to him who evil thinketh." A Roumanian artist of European fame painted a picture of a deer being speared by a hunter. The deer was down on its forelegs. You can almost see two tear drops falling from its meek and plaintive eyes. What does this picture show? The cruelty of the artist's heart or his extreme kindliness and pity for the victim? The effect this picture had on a lady who was viewing this sermon on canvas was to move her to tears. The artist was a vegetarian who was strongly opposed to the slaughter of animals. Here, in this canvas, was the artist's "wayside pulpit" pleading the cause of his dumb friends.

When I first saw one of the "obscene" sculptures referred to by our author it produced in me a feeling not of repulsion but of sorrow and grief, because it seemed a "wayside pulpit" denouncing, with all the vehemence that a pure spirit can summon, the degradation of womanhood and manhood even at the present. At the risk of shocking prudish minds I shall venture to state what that sculpture was. It was of a woman engaging in the sexual act with a bull. I cannot vouch for what the artist meant but to me it seemed to depict the low state to which men and women had fallen. The Bull is a symbol of mere sexuality and the woman had sunk to the level of a means for satisfying lust. How many women to-day, even married women, are in exactly the position depicted by the artist—marriage being merely licensed prostitution? Apart from this in States like Italy, Germany and Russia a premium is paid to women who produce a large number of children for gun fodder. Is this proper motherhood or is it breeding like cattle? If it is the latter, how beautifully the sculpture denounces it! Modern society, which allows without a shudder the advertisement of contraceptives on trees, by the wayside and on telegraph posts and thereby proclaims the place assigned to women in the present civilisation, should hold its head down in shame. I may be asked if I am warranted in my presumption. In the first place, the picture is an unnatural scene; therefore, it must be taken symbolically. Secondly, the very fact that such sculptures are found in a temple—a holy building—makes my interpretation plausible. It would be different had it been placed in a house of ill fame as at Pompeii. What better place than a temple for such a sermon on purity?

One wishes scholars like Prof. Sydney Cave would dedicate their talents to unifying cultures rather than using them to discover or to exaggerate differences that may be accidental. Such publications as these are divisive in their effect and so are to be deplored.

J. C. KUMARAPPA

A Garden of Peonies. Translations of Chinese Poems into English Verse. By HENRY H. HART. (Stanford University Press, California. $ 2.50)

In China, no less than in Japan, poetry is "universal as the air", implicated in the subconscious reserves of even the humblest people. These two Oriental countries can certainly boast of an unbroken tradition in poetry extending to over two millennia of crowded history. In Chinese literature, periods succeed one another with unfaltering regularity; new generations are forever piping songs forever new: but there are no startling breaks, no revolutions in taste, no wild angularities in technical development. Be it a famous poet of the T'ang Dynasty or an obscure poet of the lean Sung Dynasty, his accents and his utterance, his sentiments and his outlook equally reveal the uniqueness of Chinese poetry. He realizes that poetry at its best is no more than an attempt to articulate the fugitive experiences of mankind, the stored munificence of racial memory. It is not by exploring the shockingly new but by rediscovering the incalculably old that the authentic poet can be true to the great profession of poetry. In consequence, Chinese poets are never tired of handling the same old familiar themes; and yet the poems themselves are perennially fresh like the life-giving breath of Spring. They sing tirelessly of the many-hued loveliness of Nature—of peonies and pear blossoms, of orchids and chrysanthemums, of sunset and moonlight, of spring showers and dancing shadows, and of twinkling fireflies that look like stars beside the moon. The peony, of course, is for the Chinese "the King of Flowers" —"the symbol of love and affection, representing the virile qualities of the man and the virtue of the woman". A contemporary Japanese poet, Shibafune, thus rhapsodizes at the sight of the peonies :—

How it meets the faces of men—
the breath of the peony flowers,
which have been inhaling the bright
spring sun
with all their powers.

These Nature poems of the Chinese exhilarate the reader likewise. Like the peonies themselves, they are variegated and rich in size and colour, and in the glow of their emotional exaltation. Dr. Hart, who has rendered them into English verse with a poet's taste, has also with an artist's perception supervised the production of his book. The peonies constitute the background of every page, and the marginalia in Chinese script aptly suggest the romance of the Orient, its curious remoteness and its pervading melancholy.

For Chinese poetry is ever insinuating the unescapable ache in the heart of things. Keats lamented in his "Ode to Melancholy" the imperceptible hurt that Beauty suffers—and the fact that at the very temple of delight veiled melancholy hath her sovran shrine. This the Chinese poets are always reiterating in an infinity of subtle touches, uncannily evocative and also astonishingly quiet. No other country, perhaps, has produced a body of poetry so rich in imagery, so repeatedly transfigured by the most simple suggestions, so doggedly vivifying the tears in things and yet so completely governed by a tone of inveterate resignation. Li Po could posit the most disturbing of questions in the sparest language :—

If I look behind me
Or before,
What is there
Worth holding precious
In the empty honours
Of this sad fleeting world?

If the past is full of regrets and the future is dim and uncertain, what other course is there except to be gay if possible, to drink if one must? But the Chinese poet never roars out the fiery efficacy of wine like an Omar Khayyam; he wants only cups that cheer, but not inebriate; he is, accordingly, disconcertingly sober even when he is apparently drunk. Youth must fade, and beauty certainly cannot last: what then?

Far better is laughter
Than sadness,
And songs are more cheerful
Than tears.
So come,

Rejoice now and be happy;
Do not wait
For the long empty years.

And so, too, with the ironies of circumstance, and the sharp eddies in life's darkling current. Desolation, loneliness, separation, death itself—these will some time or other fall to one's lot, the more's the pity! But where's the benefit in kicking against the pricks, screaming aloud and tearing one's hair like a maniac? Were it not better to look upon life, as the Chinese do, as upon a dream, an empty dream, and to watch its strange vicissitudes with intelligent unconcern? The Chinese can undergo misery without self-torturing twinges, as they can experience joy without offensive exultation. Indeed, as Dr. Hart observes, the Chinese have during the ages perfected "the art of living together". One of the Chinese poets of the T'ang Dynasty, Li Shang-lin, wisely declared: "Literature endures like the universal spirit, and its breath becomes a part of the vitals of all men." Such poetry as is found within the attractive covers of Dr. Hart's volume, indicating a way of life, an integrated recipe for acquiring such happiness as may still be possible in our sublunary world, must have trickled down to the innumerable millions of China's sons and daughters, and taught them to bear uncomplainingly the manifold ills their chequered history has been heir to; and perhaps it is not too much to hope that such specimens as Dr. Hart has garnered with industry and taste from this delectable Garden of Peonies may give even those to whom Chinese literature is a closed book some valuable clues to the art of right living—an art that in these days of Hitlerism and industrialism seems buried, like Prospero's wand, deeper than ever plummet sounded. Dr. Hart, like Mr. Witter Bynner and Professor Giles before him, has done a seemingly impossible task with the rarest distinction. Ethereal to a fault, Chinese poetry must baffle the attempts of the Westerner to get at its quintessence; he is in danger of transforming the soap-bubble beauty and fragility of the original into the offensive crudity of masses of hard rock. But so long and so reverently has Dr. Hart breathed the perfume of Chinese poetry that his renderings ring ever sincere and true.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Major Road Ahead. A Young Man's Ultimatum. Edited, with a Prefatory Letter to Hitler, by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE. (Methuen and Co. Ltd., London. 5*s*.)

The most outstanding feature of Britain's declaration of war upon Germany, as a result of the latter's invasion of Poland, is the remarkable unanimity of British public opinion in favour of armed resistance to the growing Nazi menace. How is it that a nation that had been steadily accepting pacifism as a cardinal principle (the "We will not fight for King or Country" resolution of the Oxford Union was but one manifestation of the new attitude!) is now, miraculously as it were, ranged in armed battalions? *Major Road Ahead*, published just on the eve of the latest Nazi aggression, seeks to give the answer.

"Conceived, written and rushed into publication in little over three weeks", it is a book of the moment, superficial rather than substantial in its content, discursive rather than dialectical in its argument. It is planned as a symposium. Nine young writers, all of military age, answer the questions: Without consideration of conscription, would I fight? Why would I fight? When would I fight? Each of these young men represents one important section of British public opinion—Liberal, Catholic, Church of England clergyman, Jew, Chamberlainian Conservative, Winstonian Conservative, Socialist, Communist and Fascist.

Rupert Croft-Cooke sums up the point and purpose of the book in his Prefatory Letter when, addressing Hitler, he says:—

So here are our resolves. You will find that each one of us stands for some creed or party, some cause or ideal....Each speaks as one of his faith, and everyone, you will find, has realized that a moment is approaching in which he will willingly offer himself to fight against you .... For you have done what your country did once before, what only an adversary or adversity can do for us ; you have united us.

This is true, no doubt, and it is amply borne out by the mass of opinions collected in this book that Hitler's series of aggressions have inevitably brought about a situation in Great Britain when even sturdy pacifists are taking up arms to defend a diversity of things they value, in what they regard as the only possible way. But to me the book has also revealed how flimsy and superficial the pacifist sentiment was in England. At the first sight of Hitlerian aggression it evaporated. The present war will not be fought in vain if, in its turn, it produces a pacifist reaction which is strong enough to face a hundred Hitlers without surrendering to brute force, but also without the necessity of meeting violence with violence.

K. A. ABBAS

The Philosophy of Advaita. By T. M. P. MAHADEVAN, M.A., PH.D. (Luzac and Co., London. Rs. 5/- or 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Dr. Mahadevan's treatise is a rapid survey of the magnificent mansion of Advaita built by many mighty intellects on the sure foundations well-laid by Shankara and strengthened by Bharatitirtha. Truth, according to Advaita, is that knowledge which is never contradicted, and in his book Dr. Mahadevan seeks to illuminate its various approaches.

The earlier chapters on "The Ways of Knowing", "Truth and Error", "Reality as Existence", "Intelligence and Bliss" lift the reader to a higher plane wherefrom through the path of perfection the pilgrim obtains his release, the goal. The chapters on "Iśvara and Jiva" and "Maya" dispel his delusions about the apparently conflicting nature of the various concepts and smooth his path.

When desire binds the mind with delusion the Advaita philosophy comes to the rescue by proclaiming that Reality which is immanent for all time. Knowledge of the Self can be attained through contemplation as much as through knowledge. The fruit of both methods is the same—knowledge of the Self. There is need for two paths because of the difference in the capacity of those who are eligible (*Adhikarins*). The paths are not two but many, but whatever path the pilgrim chooses for himself, he makes his progress towards the goal with a detached but determined mind, and at length reaches it. And when short-sighted pilgrims lose their heads and enter the fray, the Advaita opens their eyes to the true nature of the Path and of the Goal, which are one. There is no question of the end justifying the means, for the end and the means are one, just as Knowledge, Knower and Known are one. Advaita is this culmination of all systems of philosophy.

In clarity of thought and felicity of expression Dr. Mahadevan leaves nothing to be desired, and his book will prove a worthy addition to the collection of literature on Vedantic Philosophy. It is neatly printed and got up.

R. P. A.

Bankim Chandra, His Life and Art. By MATILAL DAS. (D. M. Library, Calcutta. Rs. 2/8)

Bankim Chandra Chatterjee—the name resounds like the tone of a great bell in the heart of every son and daughter of India whose love for the Motherland rises above the level of a dull routine emotion. Bankim Chandra, the "finest flower of the Indian Renaissance in the 19th century", "this superman of Bengali literature", government servant, poet, novelist, nationalist and reformer, is perhaps best known and loved for his immortal song *Bandemataram.*

Bankim Chandra stands out as a true Patriot who instead of shouting with the rabble "My Country, right or wrong!" remained sensible of the many maladies which threatened her life and dedicated his efforts to finding their cure.

His inspiration was largely in the *Bhagavad Gita* on which he founded his philosophy of *Bhakti* as opposed to that of Intellect, and our author suggests that through his devotion to Krishna as the ideal of human perfectability he was enabled to come under the conscious influence of the Rishis.

Throughout literary India the centenary of Bankim Chandra's birth was celebrated in 1938. This book is one of the many tributes to his memory offered by one keenly alive to India's debt to her great son. Matilal Das writes with the enthusiasm of a devotee anxious to share his own inspiration with his readers. Should the publishers bring out a more carefully prepared edition, the book should prove a useful contribution to attracting the attention of the Western world to one of the great lights of modern Indian literature.

D. C. T.

Flavius Josephus : His Time and his Critics. By LEON BERNSTEIN. (Liveright Publishing Corporation, New York, $ 5.00.)

The chief intention of the author of this full and comprehensive work is described as being the vindication of the much vilified Josephus. By his own race he has always been regarded with hatred as a traitor on account of the role he played in the Zealot insurrection against the Romans under the Emperors from Nero to Vespasian and because of his written records of that fatal revolt. By the Christians he was for fifteen centuries regarded with veneration for his testimony to the Christ ; but since the recognition of this testimony as a late interpellation, they too have abandoned him. Mr. Bernstein has for the most part allowed Josephus to speak in his own defence, but he has also devoted a chapter of some length to the various critics who have sat in judgment on the Jewish historian, in which he has attempted to expose their deficiencies.

The motive behind Josephus's various writings was to magnify the Jewish race and to refute the malicious accounts by pagan authors concerning the Jews and their history. One is forcibly reminded of the modern persecution of the Jews when reading of the attacks made by some of these writers.

The second object of the book is to give a clear and detailed account of the Palestinian civilization of the time and of the course of the revolt against Rome, and the major portion of the volume is devoted to this. The account is based on the various works of Josephus, but references are also taken from a variety of Roman and other authorities. There is an amazing wealth of detail, which bears witness to the depth and variety of Mr. Bernstein's researches.

The narrative is well-written and holds the attention. But one wonders if Mr. Bernstein has succeeded in his primary purpose. There is almost too much detail, and the figure of Josephus does not stand out as clearly and significantly as seems, at least to one reader, necessary. Nevertheless, this is a valuable work for its very thoroughness. It contains a good bibliography and is well illustrated with photographic plates.

B. J. S.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

TEN YEARS FINISHED

The circle of friends and admirers of THE ARYAN PATH is wider than that of its regular subscribers and its influence is greater in proportion to its circulation. This experience has encouraged us in carrying on this work which is financially a burden. Very clearly we have perceived that the cause for which we stand is dear to a very large and constantly growing number of people all over the world. That cause is fostered by the presentation of spiritual ideas in a civilization where narrow views of religious loyalty, of political patriotism and of social duties prevail. The world is warring because of these narrow views, because great ideas do not rule the minds of a sufficient number of people. In Christendom the influence of the Churches is greater than that of the Christ and the nature of that influence is such that it may well be named Antichrist; similarly organized orthodoxy stands in the way of people's accepting the pure teachings of Krishna, of Buddha, of Lao-Tzu, of Zoroaster, of Moses, of Muhammad. Nationalism, which has assumed the form of a new religion, equally corrupts the hearts of the people.

Conditions brought about by wrong views and by narrow ideas cannot be wholly cured by legislation and outer actions. Noble ideas which cleanse and elevate the mind become energic souls of righteous actions, including political legislation. The laws of a state are but an index of the moral forces governing its population.

The collapsing civilization of the West can still be saved if spiritual idealism triumphs over the material ambitions of the European governments. The dark clouds of false knowledge have burst and are now flooding the civilization whose centre is the Occident. Unless at least a few clear thinkers utilize the doctrines of the Universal Philosophy rooted in the soil of the hoary East and especially of India, there is little hope for the survival of that civilization.

For ten years THE ARYAN PATH has been uttering warnings and pointing to the approaching dangers. Its promoters are planning to concentrate more particularly on educating the mind of India—and especially of young India which is still under the glamour of the superiority of Occidental civilization. We are not overlooking the fact that religious orthodoxy and social practices contribute greatly to the creation of that glamour. There is very much that has to be transformed and also much that has to be extirpated root and branch. From the East the sun of wisdom must once again throw its light to reveal the true Path to Progress. THE ARYAN PATH aspires to focus that light so that some at least may see that Path and walk it.