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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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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

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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

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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 stand-point 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

that certain qualities which have their source in a mistaken sense of freedom can be far more dangerous than a dozen military dictators in the flesh.

On the other side are the banners of the broad-minded. With what a flourish of trumpets people proclaim their broad-mindedness ! And what a fruitless experience it is. " Every one is entitled to his or her opinion ", is a favourite phrase, lacking in imagination and in vision. Imagine being broad-minded about mathematics ! Human opinions, when they arise from momentary reactions, are often best not expressed. They fall in unprepared ground and spring to weedy growth which is unable to survive the smallest storm.

One of the intellectual justifications for the cultivation of freedom is that it promotes spiritual growth. Generally the argument ends there, with a gesture of complete satisfaction. A terrific point has been scored. But what kind of spiritual growth is it that blooms in such unhealthy soil and under such conflicting elements ? Would we not pity the mathematician who had to find a solution under such conditions ? And yet surely freedom should evolve from an exact principle just as much as mathematics or any other science. In fact it must, if we are going to get anything constructive from it.

Spiritual growth is not the result of freedom, but freedom follows spiritual growth. Freedom is not the seed, it is the flower.

Freedom is an indestructible power because it is man's rightful inheritance. That is why the tyrannical claim of one man's ideas over other men is the opposite of freedom. *But each man should be his own tyrant. For without discipline there can be no freedom.* People are apt to forget this when they use freedom merely as an excuse for hypocrisy. Where there is principle there is no room for hypocrisy. And the principle of freedom lies, not in belief or in action, but in understanding.

Freedom is not an experiment. It is a tremendous truth. It makes no concessions to the lies about itself, but gives to its followers its own unfettered proof. Only those who are willing to find out its exactness will understand this truth. It is time we stopped talking quite so much about freedom until we have found out what it means and can demonstrate it in the life of the individual as well as in the life of the nation.

So this is the paradox. Freedom is a law, a spiritual law which preserves the life of man.

MARY FRERE

"THEIR SON, MY SPIRITUAL ISSUE"

[Herman Merten has been a successful business man and journalist in the U. S. A.

This story illustrates the plastic power of the image-making faculty. Particularly does it become powerful in a pregnant woman, who is then physically and mentally in a highly impressible state. She may thus, as in this story, stamp upon her child the image which has agitated her consciousness the most. Such an effect can be involuntary and unconscious or, as in this story, voluntary and conscious. This explains the many cases of persons bearing a strong resemblance to old friends of their parents whom they have never seen or met. The whole subject is fully explained by Madame Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. I. pp. 384-402.—EDS.]

A tragic occurrence in the life of a friend, whom I met during the years of my education in Germany, first stirred me seriously to wonder about predestination and pre-ordination in this existence.

One morning, bewildered, I gazed upon the lifeless face of my friend. I had left him the previous night in seemingly good spirits, when together we had enjoyed a farewell Kommerz of our fraternity. What could have befallen him within those few hours? I had come to bid him good-bye, for I was to return the following day to America. I stared at the ghastly sight, unable to utter a word. A nurse held a steady grip on his right wrist under obvious strain to watch his pulse. The serious countenance of the physician expressed doubt, as he stood firmly and without noticing my arrival by a chair in which had slumped a despairing woman—the mother. My eyes searched the doctor for an explanation. When at last I caught his attention he motioned to me to leave the room with him. Alone with him in the adjacent study I listened, stupefied, as in a low voice the old man drew before me a picture of the gruesome occurrence on that memorable morning. Evidently, my friend had come home near midnight and withdrawn to his study to read, as frequently he would do. But on this occasion practically all papers and drawings had been cleared off the desk, out of files, and burned in the fireplace. A pile of fragments still rustling in the change of atmosphere gave evidence of the strange action. For hours an ominous stillness had permeated the villa. The boy's mother had lain awake—ill at ease.

The melodious chimes of a Westminster hall clock had called the hour of five, when an uncanny urge drew her to her son. But before she could don her robe, a heavy thump, followed by the sound of upset furniture, rang through the hall. Bewildered she ran to his room—there to behold with terror ... her son ... on the floor ... slain ... in a pool of blood from the severed artery of his left wrist.

My thoughts were in a whirl. I knew not what to say to enlighten the old man, to ease the grief of the family. I stared into the fireplace. Like a flash passed before me the two years of my acquaintance with

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 weakness; 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 10s.)

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. 21s.)

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.