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THE ARYAN PATH

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

—The Voice of the Silence

VOLUME XII

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THE ARYAN PATH

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

—*The Voice of the Silence*

VOL. XII JANUARY 1941 NO. 1

ART AND RELIGION

According to the greatest philosophers, the human mind-Soul, in its endeavour to feel the Great Presence and to know the Ultimate Reality, arrives at the stage where an inner urge compels it to express its message and thus to enter the Kingdom of the Prophets.

Most men's religion is a formal acceptance of a code of rites and of rules imposed from without, one which very often their reasoning faculty cannot sanction or their moral perception support. When man in the progress of time can no more disregard the promptings of conscience and the urge of the mind-Soul, he tries to rationalize his religion and soon comes upon the truth that religion is a Way of Living. This Way, he finds, has two main constituents—one is the aspiration of the Soul to express on the screen of time the Eternal which he feels is within himself; the other is the urge for companionship with his fellow-men who should be members of a fraternity giving and receiving the gifts of the Spirit and thus enhancing the creative power of consciousness of each individual.

The artist is a man who has reached this stage. His religion, his way of life, is to create for his own satisfaction and for the edification of his fellow-men. For this double purpose the poet composes his sonnet, the painter produces his picture; the sculptor incarnates his consciousness in marble, while the dancer expresses his in rhythmic motion; the composer creates by listening, the singer by the use of his vocal cords.

The philosopher is engaged in the same task, but his creative activity expresses itself in mathematical precision, attempting to define the nature of the Real. Schools of philosophy, like the *shad-darshanas* of India, are but the different modes of describing the nature of the Real and may be fittingly compared to the different branches of Art.

Religion is a way of life both to the artist and the philosopher; this is not very clearly recognized either by others or by themselves, because the organized creeds have usurped the place of the spontaneous religion of the inner man. The artist may be said to be concerned with the *Lila*, the Play aspect, of the Deity; the philosopher with the *Maya*, the Illusion aspect. The Deity being

omnipresent, the Self in all objects is the same Spirit. Poems and pictures as well as the syllogisms of logic and the equations of mathematics reveal but some phase or aspect of It. The artist through his pursuit of Beauty, the philosopher through his search for Truth, reaches some spiritual realization. Great mystical artists and true philosophers are therefore prophets with their respective messages, approaching the Wisdom of the Buddhas of the race.

The following two articles deal with the problem of the inner religion. Professor Hiriyanna, whose erudition sheds lustre on all his expositions, writes about the experience of the creative artist and that of the religious mystic, an experience shared by the appreciator in the measure of his ability to penetrate beyond the objective work of art into the mood and thought that inspired it. The power of art and of literature to harmonize the different elements of human thought is recognized and the religion of the artist and his Way to the Beautiful are attracting more and more people in every country. On the other hand, religious differences are conceived to be irreconcilable ; these, however, can be effaced, which important truth is implicit in the second article by Shri G. R. Malkani, Head of the Amalner Institute of Indian Philosophy. The philosopher's Way of Knowledge is obscured by a peculiar feature of our civilization, that of argument not so much to arrive at Truth, as to put forward different points of view. The Indian estimate of the functions of art and of philosophy is very different from that assigned to them by the Occident. This clearly emerges in the two articles published below.

ART EXPERIENCE

The eagerness with which people visit places like theatres and music-halls shows the intrinsic attractiveness of art. We shall not attempt here the difficult task of accounting for this attractiveness, but shall only draw attention to some of the features that are distinctive of the enjoyment of art, with a view to indicating its place in the scheme of human experience. In the first place, the contemplation of a work of art leads to an attitude of mind which is quite impersonal. Whatever strain or conscious effort may be required for getting into that attitude, when once it is attained man forgets himself altogether ; and he will be aware then of nothing beyond the object or the situation portrayed by the artist. In the second place, and probably as a consequence of such self-forgetfulness, the contemplation of art yields a kind of spontaneous joy. In both these respects, the æsthetic attitude stands higher than that of common or everyday life, which is generally characterised by personal interests of one kind or another and therefore also involves a variable degree of mental tension. It is for this reason that Indian philosophers, especially the Vedantins among them, compare the experience of art with that of the ideal state which they describe as *moksha*. But the two experiences are only of the same order and not identical, for the former has certain limitations which are not found in the latter.

To begin with, art experience is transient. It does not endure long but passes away sooner or later, for it depends for its continuance upon the presence of the external stimulus which

has evoked it. The ideal state, on the other hand, if it should answer to that description at all, must, when attained, necessarily become a permanent feature of life. Its attainment consequently means the rising, once for all, above the narrow interests of routine life and the mental strain which those interests involve. It is not suggested by this that art experience will not leave its good influence behind. All that is meant is that, whatever may be the nature and the extent of that influence, the experience itself, with the features that make it comparable to the ideal state, disappears after a time.

Secondly, art may prove so seductive to man that, in his zest for the pleasure it brings, he may grow negligent of his obligations to his fellow-men. That is the moral, for instance, of Tennyson's "Palace of Art". In it, as is well known, the poet describes a gifted soul as building for itself a fine and spacious mansion amidst magnificent surroundings, but on the summit of a hill far away from the common people. After ornamenting it with artistic works of great beauty and splendour, it enters the happy abode saying to itself, "All these are mine; and let the world have peace or wars, it is all one to me." This self-complacent attitude, no doubt, does not continue very long, for the soul which has thus isolated itself from others grows penitent of its pride and unsocial behaviour and at last steps down from its lofty position to join the common life and to share its sorrows and its joys. But the poem makes it clear that there is nothing in æsthetic experience itself to guarantee against a life of self-centred satisfaction.

The ideal state will never be thus divorced from sympathy for fellow beings because, on the Indian view, it cannot be attained by any one who has not learnt to render loving service to others as the result of a thorough training in social morality. The *Katha Upanishad*, for instance (ii. 24), is emphatic in stating that no one who has not overcome selfishness will ever reach the goal of life.

Lastly, the impersonal joy of art experience is induced artificially from outside, while that of the ideal state springs naturally from within. A few words are, perhaps, necessary to explain how this distinction between them arises :—

(1) We have already referred to the dependence of art experience on an external stimulus. We have now to remark that it results from the contemplation not of a real, but of an imaginative or a fictitious situation created by the artist. That situation is also self-complete, for art, as is well known, deals in wholes. A perfect work of art has, indeed, been compared to a monad, for it admits of neither additions nor subtractions. The unique experience which accompanies the witnessing of a drama, say, is conditioned by both these features. Its impersonal character is explained by the unreality of the incidents represented on the stage. A frightful object appearing there will not incline even the most timid in the audience to shrink from it; nor will an alluring one prompt even the most covetous to cast a wishful eye on it. The attitude of the spectator towards them is one of appreciation merely, and there is no suggestion of anything to be done. Similarly, its restful joy is to be traced to the perfect unity of the situation depicted which, when realised, so satisfies the yearning in man for complete comprehension, or for knowing whatever there is to know, that it allays, for the moment, all his doubts and discompos-

ing thoughts.

(2) Now as regards the ideal state : As pointed out before, it can be attained by no one who has not successfully undergone a course of moral training. That, however, is only one of the qualifications for reaching it. There is another, *viz.*, the acquisition of philosophic knowledge or, more strictly, the realisation of the ultimate truth. The ideal state is therefore the result of a combined pursuit of the values of truth and of goodness ; and a person who succeeds in that pursuit comes to possess a comprehensive view of reality as well as a spirit of complete unselfishness. The same two conditions being thus present here as in the case of art experience, he derives the same kind of detached joy directly from the real universe. But the noteworthy point here is that, as the one represents a stable conviction about the nature of the universe and the other a permanent transformation of character, the state becomes not merely an adventitious one like art experience, depending upon an outer stimulus, but a natural and necessary expression of an inner attitude of the soul.

We may summarise what has been set forth, so far, as follows : The experience of art, like that of the ideal condition, is an ultimate value, in the sense that it is sought for its own sake and not as a means to anything else. Like the ideal condition again, art experience is characterised by a unique kind of delight ; and in this it is superior to common experience. But as it does not last very long, it may, when it passes off in consequence of the art stimulus being withdrawn, be succeeded by routine life with all its strifes and perplexities. In the case of the ideal experience, on the other hand, no such lapse is conceivable for it arises once for all and is permanent. Again, art experience does not require as a necessary condition of its attainment either philosophic knowledge or moral worth. It can be brought into being, even in their absence, by the power which all true works of art possess. That æsthetic contemplation can lead to the same kind of exalted experience as that of the ideal state, without all the arduous discipline —moral as well as intellectual—required for the latter, may appear to be an excellence of it. In a sense, no doubt, it is ; and an old Indian art critic has declared, with exultation, that the bliss of *moksha*, which the *yogin* has to strain himself for long to win, is no match for it. But we should remember that art experience is woefully fugitive, and that the enduring character of the satisfaction that attends the ideal experience more than compensates for all the trouble and the exertion involved in attaining it.

It is, of course, possible to deny that there is any such enduring experience at all. An ideal like *moksha*, it may be said, is nothing more than a glorified idea—" the type of the perfect " in our mind which can never be actualised ; it is because such experience is altogether beyond the reach of man that he has invented art as a means to escape from the cares and the responsibilities of ordinary life. This view assumes that the real neither is nor can ever become perfect, and that the ideal is always bound to remain unreal. It thus postulates a complete lack of harmony between the world of facts and the world of ideals. That is pessimism, pure and simple. It looks upon life as " a vale of tears ", and regards art as nothing more than a hobby or a pastime to which man may turn for relief from the troubles of life. It may be

that this doctrine of despair cannot be logically refuted. Yet the best thought all over the world is different. In any case, this pessimism has never commended itself to Indian thinkers; and many of them believe not only that it is possible to realise this goal, but that it can be reached even within the limits of the present life. According to them, art is much more than a means to secure for man a temporary escape from the imperfections of common life; it is an "intimation" to him of the possibility of rising permanently above those imperfections. The limitations of the experience of art, to which we have alluded, do not affect the conclusion that it is of the same order as that of the ideal state; and we may well deduce from the fact of the one the feasibility of the other. Further, art experience is well adapted to arouse our interest in the ideal state by giving us a foretaste of it, and thus to serve as a powerful incentive to the pursuit of that state. By provisionally fulfilling the need felt by man for restful joy, art experience may impel him to do his utmost to secure such joy finally.

M. HIRIYANNA

A UNIVERSAL RELIGION

Religion is natural to man. Man cannot be satisfied with animal existence. Give him all the worldly pleasures he wants, and he will still remain dissatisfied. He cannot avoid pain, sorrow and death which are part of his physical existence. He naturally strives to be free from these, and also to attain ideal happiness, *i.e.*, happiness which has no end and which cannot be exceeded. Religion in some sense is the only means to this.

God is not necessary to religion. What is necessary is belief in the spiritual structure of the universe. Without such belief, the highest virtues of self-abnegating love and sacrifice will not manifest themselves. We shall simply be exalted animals. There will be no ideal and no real value to live for and to die for.

The tendency towards religion is innate in man. Every man strives after something which is in a way beyond his reach, a kind of superlative excellence, a higher life. But at the same time he has no natural means of proving that there is anything beyond what meets the eye, or that there is a higher being called God or a spiritual law which governs the universe. Here, then, comes in the dependence of religious consciousness upon revelation. While the spirit is seeking to express itself within us, it requires an external revelation—a revelation through a book or through a person—to give a concrete form to its aspirations and to make the spirit self-conscious of its real purpose. The revealed word is the only ultimate authority in religious matters.

We should expect that this revelation should be common to all men, for all men are alike in their humanity. Also the revelation of a truth which we cannot empirically verify can draw the allegiance of intelligent men only when it speaks with one voice and with the authority of universality. There is no reason why religions should be many. But religions *are* many. Each religion has its own scripture and its own prophets. In our opinion these differences are man-made. Truth is one; but men

have conceived it differently. Any revelation that comes through a person is suspect. It must be taken with a grain of salt. The great religious teachers are, after all, historical personalities. They are already tainted with the ideas and the requirements of their age. They reveal the truth only as it is first modified by this historical medium of their personality. Thus locality and the historical situation play a great part in the appeal of a religion. We cannot disengage a religion from all these local circumstances and make it live as a religion. Religions are therefore naturally many. But truth can only be one. The religion of truth must recognise no locality, no history and no personality. It must be the religion of man as man.

Institutional religion which has reference to the outer form and to the symbols of religious life is the main source of division between religions. When religion is made personal, the symbol takes a secondary place. Man recognises that the true God is nearer home or in the heart, and that the true morality arises from the essential needs of the soul and so from within. Religions here come more or less together, and begin to recognise that truth is not the monopoly of any particular religion but is the common property of all religions. But the dogma still divides. While there may be harmony on the ethical plane, there may be no harmony on the intellectual. The different religions cannot be reduced to a common universal religion.

As long as a religion is based upon a dogma, it cannot have true universality. A dogma is a matter of belief. But belief is not knowledge. It is a substitute for knowledge. The only justification of belief is that it has pragmatic value. A religious faith or belief in a supersensible reality is justified only in so far as it makes for a pure, noble and harmonious life. It should resolve personal as well as social conflicts. It should reconcile man to himself and so to other men. But beliefs are bound to be different. The dogma divides, while the truth unites.

The religion of truth is naturally the highest religion. Truth is nobody's property. It is neither yours nor mine. It does not depend upon *our belief*. It is the truth whether we recognise it or not. Our subjective attitude makes no difference to it. If we see the truth, the truth lives in us. If we do not see the truth, the truth is still truth; only it does not live in us. This higher religion is not *a* religion,—it is not one religion among others. It is free from every dogmatic element that divides one religion from another. Truth may not be seen. But truth cannot be different for different men. It is of necessity one and universal. If it is seen, it cannot but unite all men and all religions.

But how can we know the truth? What guarantee is there that *this is the truth*? This question is easily answered. The test of truth lies in the *seeing* of it. Knowledge alone can attest truth. This knowledge is to be distinguished from every form of belief. Belief is mostly supposition. But knowledge has no element of supposition in it. It is the awareness of bare truth. This awareness is possible. In any case, we cannot prejudge the issue without a fair trial.

The religion of Advait Vedanta is essentially the religion of truth. As in ordinary religion we seek to worship God, or seek to act in accordance with scriptural injunctions or what may be called the will of God, the emphasis in

Advait Vedanta is wholly shifted to a different sort of religious practice. This is an effort, consistently pursued, to turn our belief into knowledge. Not that other religious practices are either discouraged or denounced. But they are merely regarded as preliminary to, and as preparing the ground for, the knowledge of the truth. There is no conflict between the different religions and this religion of truth. Self-purification and other religious virtues make the attainment of knowledge easier. Only they are not the end, but a means to the end. Once, however, we have started on the path of knowledge, we seek nothing so much as a dispersal of our ignorance and a clearer and ever clearer vision of the fundamental truth.

What is this ignorance? It is the ignorance of the truth. It is essentially due to lack of discriminating thought. It is not something imposed upon me from the outside like the *maya* of God over which I have no control. I am not deluded by some cosmic power. The cause of my delusion or *moha* is in me. It is the absence of right thinking. As soon as I begin to think aright, to discriminate the true from the false and the eternal from the non-eternal within my own present experience, the veil of ignorance is lifted and the truth is seen.

This truth again is not a distant God. A distant God can only be known when He reveals Himself. If our demand is sufficiently insistent and persistent, even a distant God may be obliged to reveal Himself to His devotee. The vision of God is not unknown to religious consciousness. But it is very largely subjective. The devotee seeks his God under a particular symbol—and the symbol is made to live. But the truth which the Vedantist seeks is not a distant truth. And the vision of this truth does not depend upon any supposedly outside agency which may or may not reveal it. The truth is *in me.* In fact, *it is me.* It is therefore the most immediate truth that is ever possible. This ultimate truth is called the *atman,* the Self.

The Self is to be *seen.* This may appear difficult. The first step is indeed difficult. Feeling is most natural to man, and it is not so difficult to turn this feeling to a higher being or God. If we merely begin by repeating God's name and putting feeling into it, love may gradually emerge. But we are never accustomed to see anything but physical objects. We always tend to look outside for reality. Even when we look inward, the same attitude persists, and all that we see are certain mental objects. We never see the Self as the Self is. For the Self is no object. Once, however, we counter this attitude of objectivity and realise that the Self is the most immediate subjective reality, nothing is easier than to see the Self. We have not to put forth any effort of thought. We do not have to strain as we do after an outside entity. We perceive ourselves as we are. Our being is not a mystery. The mode of our being shines like light in darkness. We are never in doubt about the "I" or the Self which is absolutely distinct from the not-Self.

We have normally no desire to see how we are. We only see other things. It is only when we are deceived or disillusioned about outside reality that we retreat into ourselves, and seek some rock of assurance there. Again, if we start looking at the Self in an introspective attitude, we are disappointed. Nothing meets the eye. The Self appears as nothing concrete or real which we might grasp. The only method of grasping the

Self presupposes the confusing of the Self with the not-Self, or the mistaking of the Self for the not-Self and *vice versa*. If we make no error, we have no scope for knowledge here. It is only through the correction of erroneous perception of the Self that we can rise to the direct knowledge of the truth.

The Self is always immediate. It is the soul of intuition. It is not further to be known. It is only in so far as there is ignorance about it or false appearance, and these can be removed, that we can be said to rise to a knowledge of it. The Self figures as the substratum in every erroneous perception of it. This substratum is always known and always immediate. What we have to do is to see through the false superimpositions that attach to it through lack of discriminating thought. This lack of thought is the only veil that divides us from the truth. Otherwise the truth is ever-present, ever-revealing and ever-true. Our intuition of the Self is positive, for the Self itself is all the intuition there is. But the knowledge of the Self which would remove our ignorance is a process of negation. We arrive at it through the correction of error, and through the elimination of every form of misconception and of doubt.

This knowledge of the truth cannot be translated into any kind of ethical or emotional behaviour. It is an end in itself. It releases man from all forms of sorrow and transports him to the highest form of happiness, the happiness which is most natural and which is part of our very being. It is not a happiness which is to be produced and which may therefore quite as well cease to be. It is the happiness which *is*, for it is the very nature of the Self. This religion of truth has no affinity with any form of religious activity. Those who know the truth have nothing left to do. All their religious duties and obligations vanish like dreams of the night. This is the only religion that can claim to be universally acceptable to discriminating minds.

G. R. MALKANI

The true and abiding basis for Indian unity lies in the creation of an Indian culture which forges communal cultures into one living whole in art and literature, and society and politics. The universities are the competent agencies for inspiring our youth with a passion for unity evoking in them a life-long devotion to the promotion of a single unified Indian culture. A synthesis of many elements—some of them apparently opposed to others—of races, creeds, ideals and habits is the special need of India and I am sure it will be its greatest gift to mankind. This culture should be kept alive by constant flow of ideas for without it there cannot be any material advance. An open mind and a habit of original thought you must always carry with you. Only then will you be "apostles of culture".—From the Andhra University Convocation Address of the Hon. Mr. Justice P. Venkataramana Rao on 7th December, 1940.

THE ILLUMINATED TOAD

OR

NATURE AND THE SUPERNATURAL

[William H. Roberts combines educational and business experience ; he has been a professor both in India and in the U. S. A. ; and he is also a versatile writer.—Ed.]

Bufo, the family's large pet toad, hopped out from under the verandah and on to the lawn. Fireflies were darting about in gorgeous profusion. "Jewels in the purple robe of night", murmured the sentimentalist.

There was no sentiment in Bufo. He was interested in fireflies ; but his interest was purely dietetic. Yet as he busied himself with his prosaic concerns, all unwittingly he was transfigured.

The fireflies on which he dined did not die at once. Within his gross, ugly body they continued for a time to emit their light. Soon Bufo came to resemble a grotesque little Chinese lantern unaccountably endowed with erratic movement.

Lighted up by dying fireflies, Bufo was no longer a brute—almost a reptilian—fact. He became a symbol. It was his high, though probably unappreciated, destiny to serve for a time as a symbol of a vast reality—of Nature or "the natural". It is a pity that the fireflies could not know that they, too, were exalted to symbols. It might have consoled them to some degree for their doubtless very distressing end, had they been able to reflect that it was their privilege to represent miracles or "the supernatural".

With the illuminated toad for a parable, I propose to argue in all seriousness that science has not abolished miracles, but on the contrary has multiplied them. Though Nature may seem to swallow up much that men once supposed to be "supernatural", nothing of wonder or value need be lost ; for in the process Nature, like Bufo, becomes transfigured. It acquires the characters of the events which it absorbs. In the end Nature shines forth as the most amazing of all miracles.

A few years ago I listened to an earnest testimony to a miracle of healing. I could not deny it. The man himself stood before me. Later I was able to check his story in important details. He was about sixty years of age. A few weeks before, he had been dying of tuberculosis. His brother, a competent physician, had assured him that he could not live more than a few days. Another physician of good standing in our community had allowed him even fewer. Friends with intense religious beliefs had gathered around him. They had prayed for him and with him. They had testified to the power of the Lord Jesus. They had exhorted him to faith. To their joy, he had risen from his bed, flung away his medicines and sung hallelujahs.

He died about two years later—of tuberculosis. But two years of life against a few days leaves a very favourable balance to the credit of "the Lord".

His physician remarked, "It almost discourages any one who is trying to practise medicine." Perhaps he was a little pessimistic. Physicians in general

are not depressed, or particularly impressed, by such incidents. They can point to a long list of cases that resemble this in a greater or less degree. It is generally conceded that "functional" disorders may be arrested, improved, or even entirely cured by "suggestion". The precise boundary between "functional" and "organic" or "structural" disorders—which suggestion cannot benefit—is difficult, if not impossible, to define.

I am entirely content to grant that the arrest of tuberculosis was entirely "natural". The more "natural" it is, the better it suits my purpose. If it is entirely "natural" that from a cross of shame and agony in Judea should flow such streams of spiritual and physical health that two thousand years later in California a man sick unto death could feel the thrill of life again, we live in an awe-inspiring world. If all this is natural, Nature is a more stupendous miracle than any in the literature of religion. Nature is no grim, gross, batrachian menace. It is radiant throughout its whole extent with the miraculous.

The child Jesus, a quaint apocryphal gospel records, once fashioned birds from clay. He clapped his young hands over them. They became alive and flew away singing.

Without even the forming pressure of a divine child's fingers, all around us earth and air, water and sunshine, are continuously being transformed, not into birds only, but also into flowers, growing children, young lovers, heroes, poets, sages and saints.

What perverse alchemy transmutes the golden wonder of the event we witness every day into the base metal of the merely natural? What is "mere" about a Nature that comprises such a dazzling galaxy of miracles?

Can there be a plainer or a more prosaic fact than a potato? Yet what tale from the Arabian Nights or Jewish apocalypses, what miracle in all the lore of religion, is so amazing as the indisputable fact that a potato may sustain the most exalted moral heroism or explode into ideas that may alter the destinies of nations?[1] "That things should be able to pass from the plane of external pushings and pullings to that of revealing themselves to men, and thereby to themselves ... is a wonder", says John Dewey, "by the side of which transsubstantiation pales".[2]

If miracles are only wonders, all Nature is miracle. If we are to distinguish miracles from "natural" events, it must be on other grounds. I believe we can discover a real difference that reflection will not obliterate. Before we attempt to define it, however, it may be well to consider the relation between miracles and "natural law".

Every one except a mental defective or a wishfully muddled theologian, or perhaps a wilfully perverse philosopher, is supposed to know that a miracle is a violation of Natural Law. And every one except the unfortunates to whom we have referred is supposed to know also that Laws of Nature cannot be broken. Therefore there can be no miracles. Science has proved it.

The truth is, however, that Nature is forever breaking its laws. In science all laws are *ex post facto*. They are not commands imposed by authority. They do not dictate what shall be. They state

[1] *E. g.*, such ideas as those of Rousseau, Marx or Hitler.
[2] Dewey, *Experience and Nature*, p. 166.

simply what *has been* observed.

It follows that they are forever being broken. As summaries they are always inadequate and in need of correction. As generalizations we are always finding them premature.

On the other hand, they can never be broken, because they are not the kind of things that break. They *stretch* to include every new discovery. Suppose, *e.g.*, that a scientist should be convinced that water once turned to wine at a word. Nothing whatever would be deranged, violated, or "broken"—except perhaps the complacency of some dogmatists, and about that we need not worry. A scientist would simply record it in a notebook. It would indicate hitherto unsuspected but extremely interesting possibilities latent in water, and hitherto undiscovered energies concealed in words. The result sooner or later would be not the denial of Law but a more comprehensive and adequate Law than was known before.

The opposite of law, order, system and regularity is disorder, chance, chaos and caprice. If we were obliged to *contrast* miracles with Law, we would have to describe them as disorderly, chaotic, unpredictable events. That is just what religion cannot afford to do. I cannot believe that it has ever attempted to do it. Even when theologians have been most insistent that the laws of nature must not be understood as limits upon God's freedom, they have never meant to deny order, dependability and even regularity within the divine character. The excitement of controversy or common modes of expression may have betrayed them occasionally into inaccurate statements; but their meaning is really very simple and can be stated in thoroughly modern terms.

If that which seems to be a law of nature would make the carrying out of a divine purpose impossible or, worse yet, cast doubt upon the reality of the divine being, there must be something wrong with the law. It must be a premature generalization, based upon insufficient observation or faulty inference. To-day it is a truism that all our laws are premature generalizations. So there is really no reason to be impatient or exasperated with the theologians. They have not denied the reality of laws nor sought to restrict their operation. Their criticism of particular laws has been simply a demand for laws that are more comprehensive and adequate.

The conclusion is startling, but I think it is inescapable. The "supernatural" is a liability that religion cannot afford to acknowledge. It amounts in fact to a denial of religion.

Theological book-keeping must be drastically revised. When the system of accounting was set up, Nature meant something definite. It meant—or soon came to mean—an immense aggregate of lumps of matter moving in empty space under the action of utterly unintelligent and senseless attractions and repulsions. A "natural" event—at least after Descartes—was one that could be fully explained in terms of pushing or pulling lumps. The "supernatural" then was a necessity. There had to be a home for consciousness, thought, feeling, purposes; for truth, beauty, goodness; in a word, for all *spiritual* qualities and values. In a world of jostling lumps, everything spiritual is an alien and under grave suspicion of subversive activities.

Today the adjective "natural" has changed its meaning. The only meaning that can withstand critical examination is dependable, orderly, systematic. Any event must be regarded as "natural"

if we can count upon its happening in specified circumstances, if it is possible to assign it a place in some system that accommodates other events. This compels us to regard the "supernatural" as irregular, unsystematic, undependable. This is just what religion cannot admit. If men cannot depend upon God, if there is no regularity or law in His actions, His value for men must be highly dubious. On the other hand, if men can depend upon Him, His actions are "natural" in the only sense that modern science or philosophy recognizes.

It must be a fair question by this time whether the word "miracle" means anything at all. We started with the definition of a miracle as a wonderful event. We found that innumerable entirely "natural" events are more wonderful than the miracles that are commonly regarded as a strain upon faith. We considered the view that miracles are violations of law or interferences with the inviolable processes of nature. We found on the one hand that natural laws are exceedingly elastic, and on the other that the quality of unexpectedness or undependability is most emphatically *not* the essence of a miracle. Does reflection obliterate every distinction between a "miracle" and a "natural event"? After so extended a discussion, must we conclude that there is nothing to discuss? There *is* a distinction. I believe it is thoroughly sound. But it does not lie where it is commonly supposed to lie.

Throughout the Gospels miracles are spoken of as "signs". *To an intelligent mind every event is a sign.* Every happening points beyond itself. What distinguishes a "miracle" from other events, I submit, is the character of that to which it points. A miracle is an event in which the familiar processes of nature are seen subordinated to spiritual purposes. Whether it shall be surprising or not, depends upon the presuppositions with which an observer views it. Whether a particular event is "miraculous" or "merely natural" depends upon the insight the observer possesses. To saints and seers all nature and all happenings are miracles. To Jesus miracles were certainly not in the least *un*natural. They were no unexpected events, no rarities, in no way remarkable. As wonders, it seems that he ranked them lower than the truths of his teaching or the experience of a new life in the hearts of his followers.

A miracle, viewed so, is simply evidence that "Nature" is a far more extensive and splendid system than we may have supposed. "Nature", the "miracle" proves, is spacious enough to include purposes, desires, spiritual beings and principles as active factors. Within the system they are real causes. They make things move and change.

Here we must part company with Bufo. He will no longer serve as a symbol for Nature. He did not himself create the fireflies. He quickly extinguished their brilliance. But if there have ever been bright sparks of personality and conscious purpose, all Nature is forever illumined by them. It must be forever true that in them, if only for brief moments, Nature became incandescent and glowed with intimations of its own meaning.

Human life seems to present us with an unending series of miracles. In human life, if nowhere else, we seem to witness the seizing by life itself of that which is inert and lifeless and the shaping of matter into the fair form of the ideal. If that is true, the facts are of cosmic, not merely of human, significance. If

purpose is banished from Nature, it can find no asylum or sanctuary in *human* nature. With irresistible momentum the denial of spirituality and purpose in the great Whole sweeps on to deny their reality or their efficacy in human affairs. But *if* consciousness, purposes and ideals do count in human behaviour, there is certainly an error in the premise. If we admit the least portion of freedom or intelligence, it quickly expands to cosmic proportions and shatters the whole mechanical scheme.

The question whether miracles really happen is one as to the limits of purposive or spiritual activity. This we have no right to decide in advance of trial and discovery. If our memories reach back to the First World War, we have seen empires dissolved in ruin or welded in strong union by *ideas*. We have watched a nearly naked little Hindu confront the mightiest Power the world has ever seen, opposing to battle-ships, cannon, aeroplanes, tanks and poison gas nothing but " soul force ".

Can faith move mountains? Was there once a personality so strong and radiant that death and a rock-hewn tomb could not hold him? To demand exceptional evidence for such alleged facts is proper caution. To deny the possibility is bigotry. As bigotry, it has less excuse than Torquemada had. For Torquemada knew nothing of the wonders of modern science.

WILLIAM H. ROBERTS

OCCIDENTAL INFLUENCE

An article worthy, for its spirit, of the Christian propagandist organ in which it appears is contributed by Mounir R. Sa'adah of the American University of Beirut to *The Moslem World* for October—"The East in Search of a Soul—Where Shall We Find It?" It is not the part of open-mindedness to reject the gold of truth, whatever mint-mark it bears, and we in the East can profit by the writer's reminder of the folly of many among us in indiscriminatingly accepting the slag from Western mines. Many have, as he claims, " caught the trivial and missed the essential ". But we deny the implied very wide spread of the phenomenon of imitation of the West by the East. Only the fringe or, shall we say, the froth of Indian society at least is Westernized. And there is here no such " tragic chasm " as the author implies is universal in the East between the masses in our villages and such a true leader of the people as Gandhiji.

We can overlook Mr. Sa'adah's rather impertinent attribution of the opposite reaction of many others in the East against things Western to " fear " inspired by " the strange superiority [sic] of ideas and personality ", the " benevolence " of which is not appreciated, but when he deplores the harm wrought by overestimating our legacy and asserts that the " glorifiers of our past have done the East the greatest harm and are " the worst enemies of the truth " we must take issue with him sharply. His æsthetic heresy about the ugliness of a ruin (the Indian cave temples and the Parthenon for example?) is quite irrelevant. The ideology of ancient India is not a ruin.

Nor is " the present unrest in the East . . . a manifestation of the fact that the people of the East have lost their souls . . . . through a long process by fixing their eyes in the wrong direction." It is true that we need to turn our " eyes once more to God " but to the God enshrined in ancient Indian philosophy—no anthropomorphic being but the omnipresent Deity that manifests in the heart consciousness of each and all.

WISDOM IN HIGH LATITUDES

[R. Ansell Wells who has lived and worked among the people in remote districts of Iceland relates in the following article some of his experiences. Races of men differ in inner characteristics as they do in physical traits, and these Icelanders are endowed with peculiar psychic impressionability.—ED.]

"Except ye become as little children" are probably among the best known and the most imperfectly understood words in the whole of the Christian teaching. Life for many people today is so complex, so hurried and so crowded that they have no chance of realising or of appreciating the child-like simplicity of mind which it is not only desirable, but also possible to have. With so great a part of the world's population living in towns, large numbers of people are prevented by their very surroundings from ever attaining to that state of mind in which the Great Truths will be revealed to them; it is only away from these centres of so-called civilisation that the Traveller and the Seeker after Truth can find the meanings of many things more important than the manifold cares of this world.

He who travels in Arctic and sub-Arctic countries has not chosen the easiest way of spending his life, but he has, by his choice, opened up for himself a future of the greatest possibilities, and he has set his feet upon a path which will lead him in a direction that may cause some surprise to those who have no knowledge of the North and of the mysteries which it can reveal. He who has once surrendered to the spell of the North will never again be able to disregard its summons; the magic of ice and snow, the power of frigid and almost limitless desolation will have laid their spell upon his imagination; but, more than this, his "true self" will have gained articulation and he will have found near the top of the world a life more full and more complete than that which can be lived in the midst of people and of cities.

Many of us have half-felt beliefs, dim convictions which seem to be an integral part of ourselves but which are, at the same time, so dimly comprehended that we cannot give expression to them, even if we are tempted so to do. The reason for this is, possibly, that our surroundings have hitherto been such that we have never been able to cultivate that frame of mind in which these things become plain, and in which we can *know* for ourselves, though without being told and without knowing why, truths about which the sages and the philosophers have been talking and arguing through the ages.

Such was the experience of the writer, but it was only repeated journeys to the North and a sojourn in northern lands that made it plain to him and gave him something which has never died and which, even when transplanted to other places, has continued to thrive and to flourish. Not all the peoples of the North have been able to cultivate that priceless quality which we call Simplicity, and it is curious but interesting to note that the most primitive of them, the Eskimo, are so imbued with superstition that they are the furthest removed from that higher development which we are now considering and which is most noticeable among the inhabitants of Iceland.

In the northern parts of Norway and

of Sweden many people are gifted, but there are also many others to whom the messages of the former are quite unintelligible and who are not in any way prepared to accept or to give credence to what they can witness with their own eyes. In Iceland, on the other hand, it is not an exaggeration to say that one person out of every five has a definite power and that the other four, although they may not be possessed of the same power, at least recognise it in their neighbours and accept it for what it is. To judge from the ancient literature of the country it would seem that this has always been the case, and many are the instances which are quoted in the historical sagas. It must, however, be remembered that the scribes who first recorded those stories of the people were writers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and, after the manner of their kind, were wont to overlay the facts with which they were dealing with much talk of ghosts and devils, in an attempt, perhaps a subconscious attempt, to elucidate or to explain things of which they had but an imperfect comprehension. Because of this, too great attention should not be paid to the manner of the telling and the facts should be allowed to speak for themselves, shorn of the mediæval decorations which have been added at a much later date than that of the original stories.

The historical sagas of Iceland are of proved authenticity and of very great accuracy, though this is not the place in which to substantiate that statement, and their great importance from the point of view of this discussion is that they show conclusively that the Icelanders have, from the dawn of the history of their country in the year 871 A.D., been familiar, and more than familiar, with the powers which they still possess in such a marked degree. The coming of civilisation to their country has in no way affected this state of affairs, probably because modern "amenities" can touch only the very fringe of their existence, and also because the traditions of the past, of which this is one of the best developed, are so deeply rooted in the hearts of the people that they are unlikely to be shaken by the innovations of the last few years. The fact remains that those who are gifted in the peculiar way of the Icelanders are to be found in the remote parts of the country and also in the capital, Reykjavík, where the signs of modern civilisation are most notable; in fact it was in Reykjavík that I came across one of the most remarkable cases that I have ever encountered.

When I first came to know Iceland well, any thought of extraordinary powers was far from my mind and I was engaged upon practical work of a very different nature; it was only when, in the course of my travels, these things were forced upon my attention that I began to take serious notice of them. When, after spending weeks or months in tents, one makes a sudden alteration in one's plans, due to the weather or to some other unforeseen circumstance, and arrives at the first house that one has seen for all that time, one cannot but be impressed when the owner tells you that he, or she, has known that you were coming and can recount with accuracy the course of your journey. I am not conversant with the principles which underlie much of what I saw and experienced in the course of several years, so I can only relate the facts, or some of them, as they appeared to me, and leave it to my readers, more knowledge-

able than myself, to place the correct construction upon them ; I should like, however, to make it quite clear that in every case I can vouch for the authenticity of the occurrence and the genuineness of the people concerned, who could themselves see nothing extraordinary in their powers and who had no reason or desire to try to impress me.

The wife of a friend of mine in Reykjavík is particularly gifted, although her husband never gave any thought to such matters until after he married. At first he was not inclined to believe what his wife told him, so he decided to make certain tests ; she had been telling him about an old lady who had come to her and who had told her that while she was on earth she had lived in a certain house in Copenhagen ; she had also told many other facts about her life on earth. My friend decided to prove or to disprove these statements without further ado, and so he wrote to a friend of his in Copenhagen to ask him to make the necessary enquiries ; the result was that everything which his wife had told him was found to be absolutely correct.

In some houses in which I have stayed there have been some noteworthy instances of material things having been moved in strange and unaccountable ways ; these manifestations have invariably been accompanied by an explanation through the person in the house who happened to be gifted. In one case a key was moved from the lock on the door in which it was placed, and was found hanging loosely from the keyhole on the opposite side of the door ; this without the opening of the door and while several of us were sitting in the room. Many are the cases of thought-reading and it is quite impossible to give presents to several people of my acquaintance without their knowing all about it beforehand.

Perhaps the most interesting, because it is among the very oldest of all the powers which have been recounted in the sagas is that which many people have of talking with those who have recently died. One family had to leave the house in which they were living because it was very close to a churchyard and they were greatly troubled by the number of those who had recently died who came to them for advice and comfort. One particular case of this will always stand out in my memory ; we were sitting in a room in this house and the woman suddenly started to talk to some one whom the rest of us could not see, but we quickly realised from what she was saying that the man to whom she was talking was some one whom we all happened to know, who had died suddenly three or four days before. It took her two hours to convince him that he was really dead, and she succeeded then only by asking who of his many friends still recognised him ; she told me afterwards that this convinced him because, of all those whom he had known, only one still recognised him, and she was able to remind him that he had himself attended that person's funeral three weeks previously.

The manifestations of Power are not confined to one plane and they include the seeing of what may be called " fairies ", though, so far as I have been able to ascertain, no one is able to hold any form of communication with these entities ; neither do the " fairies " seem to be able to see any one. One person whom I have met has assured me that it is possible to see both spirits and " fairies " at the same time and in the same place, but that the spirits and the " fairies " do not seem to be aware of

each other's presence.

Quite apart from any phenomena such as these, the whole of the island of Iceland seems to be very strongly pervaded by a peculiar atmosphere of its own; even those who are not in any way gifted are immediately aware of this when the first snow-capped peaks rear themselves above the horizon, and much time spent in the country convinces one that this atmosphere is always present though it varies considerably from place to place. Any attempt at description would be not only impossible but also quite purposeless, because it must be obvious that the reactions which it stimulates are intensely individual, but there can be no mistaking the immense power of the "aura" which surrounds the country.

No one can be insensitive to this atmosphere and I know of a case of a very high-strung woman who began to be affected by it when the ship was still thirty-six hours from port. Knowing that I had had considerable experience of the country she approached me with various questions and subsequently confessed that she felt that this atmosphere was strongly antagonistic to her. However that may be, the result was quite amazing; in the thirty-six hours which it took us to reach the harbour she had worked herself into such a condition that immediately upon landing she had a severe heart attack, and her friend and companion had to ask me to use my influence with the captain of another ship which happened to be there to find accommodation for her upon his vessel. I succeeded in this and she was able to leave again the next day; had this not been possible I do not know what would have happened. This case may be exceptional in that the individual was particularly high-strung, but it remains an indisputable fact which is not without a certain significance.

Knowing the country as well as I do, and without being in any way of a sensitive nature myself, I can only place it on record that the atmosphere of Iceland is unlike that of any other place in which I have been, and is infinitely stronger. A short time spent in that country makes one realise to a marked extent the power of places, and one is not surprised that a simple people living in such surroundings and brought up in them for generations has developed, in a large number of individuals, powers which, though met with elsewhere, are neither so fully developed nor so widespread.

R. ANSELL WELLS

As you grow older, you will realise that it is not so much external circumstances which fashion the life of an individual as the thoughts which he himself thinks. It has been said by a sage of antiquity that every man is the architect of his own fortune but we are not entirely masters of our external circumstances. We can however have complete control of our thoughts and, if Marcus Aurelius is right—as I believe he is—we can thus make our real lives, our inward lives, as we would have them to be. (From the Nagpur University Convocation Address of H. E. Sir Henry Twynam on 7th December, 1940.)

THE ESOTERIC ASPECT OF HOMŒOPATHY

"LIKE ATTRACTS LIKE"

[Dr. Irene Bastow Hudson, M.B., B.S. (London), M.R.C.S. (England), L.R.C.P. (London), L.M.C. (Canada), in addition to her medical practice in England and British Columbia, has done writing, editorial and publishing work. In 1932 her book on *Heredity in the Light of Esoteric Philosophy* came out.—Ed.]

The subject under discussion is still often described as a "crank" method of prescribing medicines in small doses. Those who dismiss Homœopathy in this manner really know nothing about it, and they would probably agree with the old English proverb: "Birds of a feather flock together."

Similia similibus curentur was enunciated by Hippocrates and is usually translated, "Let likes be treated by likes." This takes us directly to: That which can cause can cure. So Homœopathy is setting forth, in its method of proving (testing), preparing and administering drugs, one of the primary laws of Nature. This law is shown in the attraction of the Magnetic Pole to the Earth, in the actions of the magnet and even in the likes and aversions of the animal and human species. An account of the magnet and of the radiations between substances and bodies we must leave to our next article.

"This law of attraction asserts itself in a thousand 'accidents of birth' than which there could be no more flagrant misnomer." We know that the ideation in the minds of the parents produces similarities in the offspring. We know that the individual ego chooses (to some extent) its habitat in its new life, and that the law of the transmigration of the life atoms and the Karma of previous births, acting through the Skandhas, does provide personalities or bodies. Many factors are at work at the time of manifestation in form of the creative power, whether it is the reproduction of plants, birds, beasts or human beings which is, at the moment, in question.

Though we have quoted Hippocrates and shall shortly quote Paracelsus, it is certain that this principle in prescribing medicines was known also in ancient China, as it undoubtedly was to the North American Indians, who, like the old Chinese, were very good herbalists. It may equally well have been known and used in ancient India, but of that we must plead ignorance.

Poison-ivy affected the skin and the joints, and was prescribed for gouty affections in Switzerland in the sixteenth century, and in North America before the white man's science entered that country. The small bitter pear of China which gave choleraic symptoms was used, as a decoction of the flowers and bark, to cure cholera. In China, too, the mashed head of the snake was used as a poultice for the wound caused by the snake's bite and there are many instances of this kind to be found in history and folklore. Any study of ancient Medicine will probably yield the information that the principles and practice of Homœopathy were in general use before Western civilisation frightened them away.

The great Homœopathist of our period is Samuel Hahnemann, who was born in Saxony in 1755 and lived eighty-eight years; and he only belongs to our

modern life because we are still using his books and methods. Before him there was the very great Paracelsus, born in 1493, in Zurich. The latter—Alchemist, Occultist, Reformer and Physician—was murdered in 1541. The published works of Paracelsus show all the principles of esoteric Medicine; his descriptions show that he dealt with the hidden powers of the human body, and distilled a "spiritual" substance for sick persons that must have been very closely akin to the high Potencies which the homœopathic physicians now employ. It would almost seem that Paracelsus understood the action of these substances as well as or even better than we now do, but his prescriptions have come down to us wrapt in so much mystery and Alchemy that often we do not know at what he was aiming. His Quintessences and Spiritual Mumie cannot be brought into conformation with the rules of modern Chemistry, while Hahnemann, who was himself a Chemist, formulated his rules, proved his drugs and published his results in so clear a manner that we can use his books today almost as easily as the recently published text-book. During his long life, Hahnemann published 116 large works and 120 pamphlets, and to him we owe the greater part of the experimental proving of drugs, so that his Materia Medica could be made public.

If to Paracelsus we owe the comparatively modern interpretation of the electricity in the human and in the animal body, and the correlations of the various parts of the physical body with the stars and higher bodies, we must acknowledge that Hahnemann did originate the Potencies in the form in which we now use them. Potentization is the systematic reduction of mass with liberation of energy, so that the higher potencies contain nothing of the material substance of the drug. What does remain might be called supersensuous or "spiritual mumie", but modern thought describes it as the original drug in a dynamic state. Whatever we call it, we know that a certain liberation of power has taken place, and this awakes certain cells of the body to their own consciousness, thereby liberating energies and powers of which we know little. We know that the latent superphysical prototype thus brought into action does control and guide and act with the physical cells of the body, both individually and in their entirety.

When Hahnemann wrote: "It is only by means of a spiritual influence of a morbific agent that our spiritual vital power can be diseased, and, in like manner, only by the spiritual operation of Medicine can health be restored", it seems to us that he is merely repeating the words of Paracelsus, written some three hundred years earlier. And now, a hundred years later than Hahnemann, we are only beginning to find out that we need to study the "electrical" radiations of living bodies.

We know that there must be polarity in all manifestation, so we expect to find it in the reaction of patients to different medicines. Often the symptoms increase in severity for a few hours or a few days after taking a remedy. The time of the reaction and the degree of severity vary much, for the ordinary physician is not in a position to know the exact sensitivity of the patient. Later on in his treatment, the patient picks up old symptoms and works through them until they are finished; so that one may usually regard skin troubles as the final act of the disease.

To return to the making of *Potencies*. Hahnemann was quite original in the systematic dynamizing of drugs, the products of which are no simple dilutions, but it does seem doubtful whether he knew much of the true Alchemy or of Occult science. He wrote of the essential nature of the drug as being only dynamically spiritual, and we wonder what more he could ask of it.

All medicines can be homœopathic when used to cure the conditions which, in material doses, they can evoke in the healthy. Some doctors prefer to use vegetable products, but animal and mineral substances and even the products of disease can be used by the Homœopath, for his subject is but one part of the whole field of medical and surgical learning.

Hahnemann started by making a strong tincture, called the mother tincture. This he found was often too strong, so he began diluting. Being a good chemist, he used the simplest and most accurate method of dilution, and kept very careful account of all that he did. When the substance was soluble he shook up one drop with 99 drops of alcohol; of this mixture he took one drop and a further 99 drops of alcohol, and so on to decillions. By this process of succussion and dilution he obtained a product which became more powerful as it became less material. When using insoluble substances, he ground one grain of the substance with 99 grains of sugar of milk for one hour, in a porcelain mortar. Then one grain of this mixture was taken to be ground with a further 99 grains of sugar of milk, and so on. He found here that after he had reached the third trituration, the third centesimal or one in a million, the substance, *e.g.*, gold, flint, etc. had become soluble in alcohol or water, and he could proceed as with the more soluble substances. The potencies are still made in the manner introduced by Hahnemann.

Now as to another of this great man's specialities—the Provings. By giving to healthy persons sufficiently large doses of drugs to produce symptoms, he was able to discover what the drug could cause, which was his best guide to what it could cure. By his accurate record of his own findings, and those of his other provers, he was able to build up a symptom index, or characterisation of the drugs, which is the foundation for the study of the subject today. His experiments were carefully checked. The prover never knew what drug he was taking, or when the proving began. This was to eliminate unobserved symptoms which might be peculiar to the prover himself. Provers brought their day-books to Hahnemann, who questioned them to get accurately the verbal expression of their feelings and sufferings, and the exact conditions under which they occurred. Their mode of life and diet were strictly regulated during the proceedings. The findings were recorded, as far as possible, in the words of the provers. Being non-medical, they often puzzle the doctors at first, but they are the expressions the patient is likely to use, unless he has a mind overstocked with the chitchat of hospital and clinic.

In Homœopathy, the symptoms and the history are taken down in great detail in order to get at the general makeup of the individual to be treated. It is not the disease, but the complete patient, with special stress laid on the mental-symptom picture, that comes under consideration. Since we of the

Fifth sub-race Humanity live our lives mainly on the plane of Kâma-manas, and since all disease starts on the mental plane, it is only fitting that the physician should regard the mental symptoms of his patient as vitally important. And, if the lack of harmony in the human mechanism of Mind can be readjusted by our supersensuous potencies, we should be able to set free the developing Ego of the patient. One glimpse of the freedom that is a realization of the Higher Self will cause the ego to aspire to the development of the latent spirituality within him, and may enable him to find his inner godhead. "The kingdom of God is within" is a saying that, in some form or other, appears in every religion.

To obtain the perfect physical and mental health which should be possessed by the Chêla is obviously an impossible achievement for most of us. None-theless it is towards that goal that the true homœopathic physician endeavours to lead his patients. By long experience of symptom pictures and the known characters of the drugs, he is able to acquire real accuracy. This knowledge is sometimes guided and guarded by highly developed mental faculties and intuitions: in those rare cases when a true physician does appear the principles of Homœopathy can be developed into esoteric Medicine. But true physicians are rare.

Hahnemann published his *Organon* in 1810, and this work is still read today. Homœopathy was introduced into America in 1825, and into England one year later. Considerable progress has been made in America, and even now a large number of the medical works in use are published in that country. General acceptance of anything new is slow in England, but the public has taken up the subject with sufficient interest to make it seem likely that the medical profession, as a whole, will shortly be obliged to recognise it. For the present many doctors content themselves with using the methods, without acknowledging that they are so doing. Perhaps such as these forget that "Man, obeying the Laws of Nature, can neither hurt himself, nor prejudice another."

When Paracelsus, the Hermetist, gave rhubarb for cholera, or sanguinary herbs to stop bleeding, there is no doubt that he was able to extract the spiritual essence of the substances he prepared and to present them to the patient in the best form. But even the lesser physician, when prescribing the drug in potency, is giving a vital force to the patient which enables the sick man to reorganise his inner workings and to save himself. Only in cases of advanced disintegration can there be no cure, merely alleviation.

Hahnemann once wrote that the physician "should have a perfect knowledge of medicinal powers". That is asking much, and few physicians can aspire to a thorough knowledge of cosmic electricity or of the radiations of the human body. If we waited to study the manifestations of Fohat; to kill out the lower mind, and to develop the higher manas, there would be few doctors available for service. Man is born a Solary creature, and should have his intuitions. On these we must depend, to a certain extent, until we can obtain the higher knowledge, which borders on Wisdom. Otherwise, there would be only Buddhas and Christs to heal us, and they can visit our earth only at long intervals, as determined by cyclic law.

Medical Radiesthésie is the natural complement of Homœopathy, and will be considered in our next article.

IRENE BASTOW HUDSON

THE SCREEN AS A TEACHER OF HINDUSTANI

[K. Ahmad Abbas is a rising Indian journalist who represented India at the Second World Youth Congress held at New York in August 1938.—ED.]

It is fashionable in puritan nationalist circles to run down the cinema as an immoral institution. Sometimes it has been classed with wine-drinking and *satta* gambling! Even the highbrow "moderns" assume an attitude of superior indifference and are often heard to remark that the Indian cinema is only an escapist form of cheap entertainment, fit only for those with the crudest taste and wholly devoid of any cultural value. This is not the place to discuss at length all the pros and cons of the Indian cinema as a cultural force but it may be worth while to mention at least one aspect of it. The cinema, in my opinion, is the greatest teacher of Hindustani that we have and it has done more than any person or institution to propagate and to popularize the national language. If we are really serious about developing Hindustani as the language of the Indian people, it will be most unwise to disregard the great service that the screen *can* render and *is* already rendering to this national cause.

Let me hasten to remove the impression that the screen came to be instrumental in spreading the national language by a conscious effort of the producers. With a few exceptions, these gentlemen, like true capitalists, are innocent of any patriotic motives nor can they be accused of possessing a constructive imagination. If their films have helped the spread of Hindustani, it has been purely accidental—or, at least, subsidiary to their main material considerations. Perhaps they themselves will be most surprised to hear of any relation between their films and the evolution of the national language.

The propagation of Hindustani through the screen began with the advent of the talkies in India and was determined by purely economic factors. Long before the present Hindustani movement took shape—before, indeed, the very term Hindustani was adopted as the proper name for the national language—Indian film producers were faced with a linguistic problem. The problem interested them because it affected their pockets. In the days of the silent films it was possible to show the same pictures all over the country. Their "language" of action was universally understood. With the introduction of the spoken word in the films that universality was gone and the film market was restricted to the area where the particular language used in the dialogues was understood. The early Indian talking films were of two types—romantic versified melodramas like *Leila Majnun* and *Shirin Farhad* adapted from the stage, in which the language used was high-flown Persianized Urdu, and the religious dramas based on Hindu mythology, in which the language used was equally high-flown Sanskritized Hindi. Soon, however, it was found that to make the former popular among the Tamilians of South India was as difficult as to make the Muslim population of North India rave about the latter. The commercial instinct of the producers pointed towards a compromise between the two linguistic

extremes, thus making the dialogues in their pictures understood by the largest number of cine-goers all over the country. The result was the evolution of the Hindustani of the talkies—a not very elegant or literary language, a curious mixture of Hindi words like *Prem* and Urdu words like *Manzil*, but a language that had a chance of being understood in Calcutta and Bombay as well as in Allahabad and Lahore, and even, to some extent, in Mysore and Rangoon.

It sounds presumptuous but I do believe that long before the publication of Common Language Readers and even before the term "Hindustani" gained currency, the Indian talkies were helping to evolve a common national language. Without hair-splitting literary discussions, without importing racial and communal prejudices into the controversy, they had solved a practical problem in a practical manner. When our literary experts sit down to compile the first official Hindustani dictionary I will suggest to them to see half a dozen popular Indian films and in their dialogues they will discover at least a rough draft of their dictionary. I would be the last person to advocate the adoption, wholesale, of screen Hindustani by the lexicographers of the national language. It can be used only as a basis for further investigation. By trial and error, through their efforts to make themselves understood by the cine-goers in the remotest corners of the country from Tuticorin to Peshawar, by their literary tightrope walking to avoid the pitfall of difficult Urdu on the one hand and difficult Hindi on the other, the humble dialogue-writers of the Indian films have taken the first practical step towards the final evolution of Hindustani. It will be only profitable and practical to take advantage of their experience.

The contribution of the Indian screen to the evolution of Hindustani as the national language is twofold. Not only has it helped, as already indicated, to assimilate a large number of simple, commonly understood words into a new vocabulary but, what is even more important, it has familiarized millions of people in the non-Hindustani-speaking areas with this vocabulary. Ten years ago it was rare to find a South Indian able to understand and speak even the simplest phrase in Hindustani. It was practically impossible for a visitor from Delhi to make himself understood in Bangalore, Hyderabad (Sind) or Chittagong. Today the situation has vastly changed and thanks to the inroads of Hindustani films in non-Hindustani-speaking provinces, it is possible for a Panjabi and a Tamilian to meet on the streets of Nagpur and to converse with each other.

Tens of thousands of people whose mother tongue is Tamil, Telugu, Kannada, Sindhi, Panjabi or Bengali, are daily thronging their local cinemas showing Hindustani films and, lured by the glamour of Kananbala, the melody of Saigal and the histrionic ability of Devika Rani, they are being drawn into the ranks of the votaries of Hindustani. The influence of the Hindustani films can be gauged from the fact that the films in provincial languages have totally failed to challenge their supremacy and today a Hindustani film makes far more money in South India than a Tamil or a Telugu film!

Here, then, are at least ten million cinema fans who have acquired a rudimentary knowledge of Hindustani from the screen. While seeking only to enter-

tain them, the films have taught them their national language. For any plan to spread and develop Hindustani, this vast number ought to be used as a nucleus and the wide-spread instinct to be entertained should be pressed into service of the cause of the national language.

How can this be achieved ? It should be the task of Hindustani scholars to find that out, in consultation and in co-operation with literary men in the film industry. I would like leading dialogue-writers for the screen to be invited to work on any committees that may be set up to evolve a scheme for the propagation of Hindustani in all its various aspects. Not only should they be requested to lend the benefit of their experience for the purpose of preparing a Hindustani dictionary but, in their turn, they should be asked to popularize the use of correct yet simple Hindustani through the dialogues in their pictures. Prizes could be offered for the year's best dialogues in a film, works of fiction in Hindustani could be recommended for filming and generally an increasing contact established between the film world and the literary world. Then it could be pointed out that the life of Tulsidas, the first great Hindustani poet, should not have been produced in Marathi ! Indeed, the considerable resources and influence of the persons and organizations engaged in the work of evolving and spreading the national language could be used very effectively to encourage the production of films in Hindustani only, aiming at a gradual elimination of the films in the provincial languages. And, finally, why not a film or a series of films dramatizing the very theme of Hindustani—tracing its evolution since the days of Tulsidas, through the Moghul period when the impact of the two cultures produced a new common language, the era of Kabir and the early *Brij Bhasha* poets, down to the present age ? Here is the ready-made scenario of a really national picture—with plenty of action (It was in military camps of the Moghuls that the language originated)—fine dialogues, exquisite songs (written by the greatest poets of many centuries from Tulsidas to Kabir and Ghalib), entertaining humorous interludes (Imagine a Madrasi trying to barter his Tamil with the Pushto of a man from the frontier and both realizing the necessity of a common language !) and even romantic moments (Wasn't Akbar's marriage with Jodhabai a step in the direction of the evolution of Hindustani ?). Does it all sound comically fantastic ? Perhaps. But, if produced with imagination and the proper historical perspective, it can be turned into a really fine and purposeful film, an unparalleled historical saga of the screen. And let us produce it if only to deal the final blow to the short-sighted snobbery that refuses to acknowledge the screen's cultural potentialities. The films have already taught Hindustani to ten millions. Why not use them also to spread the national language to the remaining 340 millions ?

K. AHMAD ABBAS

THE WEAPON OF NON-VIOLENCE

[S. Srinivasan offers a reasoned and convincing plea for the acceptance of Satyagraha as an instrument for world peace.—ED.]

"I want you to fight Nazism without arms....You will invite Hitler and Signor Mussolini to take what they want of the countries you call your possessions....If these gentlemen choose to occupy your homes, you will vacate them. If they do not give you free passage out, you will allow yourself, man, woman and child, to be slaughtered, but you will refuse to owe allegiance to them."

This was the advice that Mahatma Gandhi gave to the Britons some time ago. When the time came for India to choose her weapon he did not hesitate to plump for one hundred per cent. non-violence. Under his guidance the Congress has adopted the creed of non-violence both for winning Swaraj and for defending the country against foreign aggression.

As expected, this has evoked a storm of protest. Those convinced of the futility of non-violence as a national policy attack the Mahatma's method on two grounds. In the first place, says the critic, non-violence is not practical politics in the present state of the world. Secondly, even if it were practicable, there is no guarantee that non-violence will always succeed in combating violence.

Now, to take the first objection : For advocating non-violence Gandhiji has been accused of being a visionary, one who takes humanity not as it is, but as it may be in a thousand years. "Non-violence may work in a decent world", runs the familiar argument, "but certainly not in an age of sabre-rattling, of pinchbeck dictators and sub-human Nazis. How can you lay down the same law for a saint and for a robber? Besides, you cannot change human nature, habituated to centuries of violence, overnight."

This line of criticism completely ignores the fundamental postulates of non-violence. To the truly non-violent no man is intentionally wicked ; there is no man but is gifted with the faculty to discriminate between right and wrong and if that faculty were to be developed fully it would surely mature into non-violence. Question these basic assumptions, and you question the belief not only in non-violence but in humanity itself. Again, nobody denies that non-violence lays down the same law for the robber and the saint. But we cannot escape this fact ; the law is the same ; the way may be more difficult for the robber than for the saint. The law is the ideal, no matter how much individuals may fall short of the ideal. But this does not mean that non-violence is only an ideal and cannot be translated into practice. We have not given up drawing straight lines because Euclid's ideal straight line exists only in our conception. The bricklayer does not stop building perpendicular walls on the ground that perfect perpendicularity is a mathematical impossibility.

Those who harp on the need of taking account of realities as they exist, are they not committing a great mistake (unconsciously it may be) in affirming that the real is the rational, that the historical is the same as the ideal? The real, in this instance, is certainly not rational ; and whatever is, is not always

right. To hold fast to violence in the face of overwhelming evidence as to its absolute futility, on the plea that the world is not in a stage to relinquish it, is absurd. In fact, this argument could have been advanced to block the introduction of any desirable reform since the dawn of history. Millions of well-meaning people at the beginning of the last century sincerely believed that the world was not in a position to do without slavery. The Inquisition and the burning of heretics might have continued down to our own day on the ground that their abolition was not practical politics.

Those who talk of the impossibility of changing human nature habituated to the practice of violence do not make sufficient allowance for the malleability of that same human nature. There is no reason, if we so desire and if we set to work in the right way, why we should not rid ourselves of violence, and therefore of war, just as we have freed ourselves from the weary necessity of committing a murder every time a female relative gets herself seduced.

The practice of non-violent resistance in the face of overwhelming, brutal violence no doubt requires a very high degree of discipline, courage and self-sacrifice. But you need precisely the same qualities in war. Every day we are getting increased evidence of such courage among the fighting forces. There can be no greater sacrifice than life itself. And we find almost every Briton prepared to lay down his life cheerfully on the altar of his country's freedom. To quote Bertrand Russell,

"Fortitude and discipline exist so widely that in every civilised community almost every man is willing to die on the battle-field whenever his government thinks the moment suitable. The same courage and idealism which are put into war could quite easily be directed by education into the channel of passive resistance."

What about the second objection, namely, that the use of non-violent resistance is not always attended with success and sometimes produces disastrous results? Even an eminent thinker like Mr. C. E. M. Joad feels doubtful about the success of non-violence in overcoming aggression. He points to too many occasions in history in which the meeting of violence by non-violence has led not to the taming of the violent, but to the extinction of the non-violent. The Incas did not, in the early stages of the invasion, seek to resist Pizarro but that did not prevent their chiefs being tortured, their women being raped and their civilisation being destroyed. The natives of the South Sea Islands did not resist the white man, but that did not save them from being transformed from the noble savages they had been into fifth-rate imitation Europeans, sodden with gin and rotten with syphilis. Others quote examples from contemporary history. Did non-violence save Czechoslovakia from being swamped in the German inundation? What did Denmark gain by peaceful capitulation?

Here those sceptical of the effectiveness of non-violence seem to confuse Gandhiji's non-violent satyagraha with Western pacifism. Non-violence, as preached by Gandhiji, is negative only in name. It does not mean non-resistance. It does not advocate passive submission to the enemy's will in the hope that the invader may one day come to his senses and behave decently towards those he has conquered. It is

positive. It does not mean the end of the struggle. *It involves only a change of weapons.* If the Incas had only adopted the method of resisting Pizarro in an actively non-violent manner instead of meekly submitting to the invader and agreeing to carry out his behests, we might have had a different story to tell. The South Sea Islanders failed to preserve their native culture not because they failed to resist the Europeans in an organised non-violent way ; they allowed themselves to be treated like cattle and, what was more, even took to imitating the Europeans ; that was what finally led to their deterioration. Let those who point to the recent fall of Czechoslovakia and of Denmark as examples of the futility of Gandhiji's method ask themselves the question, " Did these countries at any time offer non-violent resistance to the invader ? "

The exact manner in which the population of a country pledged to non-violence should set about resisting the invader is admirably set out in detail by Bertrand Russell in *Justice in Wartime,* written during the war of 1914-1918. Supposing that an invading German army arrives in London and begins to inaugurate a reign of *Kultur,* Bertrand Russell says :—

" The Government of a modern state is a complicated matter, and it would be thought well to facilitate the transition by the help of men familiar with the existing machinery....At this point, if the nation showed as much courage as it has always shown in fighting, difficulties would begin. All the existing officials would refuse to co-operate with the Germans. Some may be imprisoned or shot, but if all held firm, the Germans would have to dismiss them all, even to the humblest postman. And it would be very difficult for the Germans suddenly, out of nothing, to create an administrative machine....If they ordered English young men should undergo military service, young men would simply refuse. After shooting a few, the Germans would have to give up the attempt in despair. If they tried to raise revenue by customs duties at ports, they would have to have German customs officers ; this would lead to a strike of all the dock labourers....If they tried to take over the railways, there would be a strike of the railway servants. Whatever they touched would become instantly paralysed....An immensely smaller number of losses, incurred in passive resistance, would prove to any invading army that the task of subjecting England to alien domination was an impossible one."

Conducted somewhat along these lines, passive resistance is not only practical politics but is likely to be the most effective weapon in the armoury of any disciplined nation. History is full of instances of the successful practice of non-violence. During the American Civil War no consideration was shown to those who objected to war on religious grounds. After being cruelly tortured, Seth Loflin, a Quaker, was condemned to be shot. In the presence of the firing squad Loflin, who was absolutely calm, asked time for prayer, saying " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The soldiers lowered their guns and refused to shoot such a man. Again in more recent times we have the remarkably successful South African experiment. Mark the miracle non-violence has achieved among the Frontier Pathans in our own day under the guidance of Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, an unquestioning apostle of non-violence.

Mahatma Gandhi has come out with his challenge of non-violence at a time when the ranks of pacifists the world over have thinned following the defec-

tion of many intellectual peace-time pacifists. The latter have recanted their belief in non-violence at the very first approach of the hour of test. They could not stick to their non-violence in war time because they had previously accepted the creed with mental reservations. They lack the living faith which is Gandhiji's. That is why Mahatmaji is marching on while others pause, assailed with doubts. As a matter of fact, he even envisages a non-violent army, a "Satyagraha Sangha", trained somewhat on the lines of the ancient Hatha Yogis. He has even promised to present a model course for the training of a true Satyagrahi. Mr. Carl Heath observes :—

"This challenge of Gandhiji, if it can sink deep into the soul of Europe, will in acceptance transform all social existence. The tension of life, international and social, will begin to vanish. Humanity will be on the march to a new world."

S. SRINIVASAN

A NEW WORLD ORDER

Inertia is truly one of the strongest of all forces. Collective human inertia opposes a stupendous resistance to ameliorative change. No man in his right mind would attempt to build a house without first making a plan ; yet for the construction of a war-proof world order men are content to wait, bent under the dead weight of long discredited institutions and policies, till circumstances compel decisions, fatuously hopeful of blundering through somehow. The stubborn refusal of official Britain to define its war aims is an expression of this force. But the stream is frozen only on the surface ; beneath the ice the current of thought is flowing. One proof is the manifesto issued by the Peoples' Vigilance Committee over such well-known names as Prof. J. R. S. Haldane's which calls a "People's Convention" to meet in January to discuss, among other points, "a people's peace that gets rid of the causes of war".

An Oxford professor's reference to the Germans as a "savage tribe" inspires a protest in a letter published in *The Manchester Guardian* of 2nd October, in which E. H. Visiak points to the "Gestapo and the Inquisition of the concentration camps"—unnecessary if the Germans in the mass were pure Nazi barbarians—and quotes Sir Thomas Browne's condemnation, as an "offence unto charity", of

> the reproach....of whole nations, wherein by opprobrious epithets we miscal each other, and by an uncharitable logick, from a disposition in a few, conclude a habit in all.

In an address delivered in Manchester on September 26th before a branch of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, Professor Norman Bentwich discussed "Colonies in a New World Order" a topic in general discreetly avoided, no doubt because imperialism is instinctively recognized as a misfit in the free post-war world of men's hopes. He visualises a benevolent extension of the mandatory system under international control for "territories whose peoples were not yet able to govern themselves". By what right is an outsider or are any number of outsiders to judge that a man is not able to govern his own household ? The words of Thomas Paine in the second part of his *Rights of Man*, which so incensed official England in 1792 are applicable here, *mutatis mutandis* :—

> An heritable Crown, or an heritable Throne, or by what other fanciful name such things may be called, have no other significant explanation than that mankind are heritable property. To inherit a government, is to inherit the people, as if they were flocks and herds !

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE WAR

AFTER THE FIRST YEAR

[**Claude Houghton** needs no introduction to our readers. In this article he shows that the war has given men and women a purpose, and the unemployed employment. "Individuals suddenly discover that they *are* wanted"; while during the last ten years the world had no meaning for them. But then what is to happen to them when the war ends? As the 1939 war came after the war that was to end war, should people prepare for another catastrophe? Is there no way out?—ED.]

We shall discover what the war has done to us when it is over, in somewhat the same way as a boxer discovers his bruises after the fight. The passing of time is essential to the process of realisation. ("Deep wells take long to discover what has fallen into their depths.") But, to-day, we do not experience Time of this order—tranquil, mellowing Time. We measure events by intensity, not by the clock. When a day has the impact of a fateful year, it bears little relation to twenty-four hours.

All we know at present—after one year of war—is that we are moving fast and changing rapidly. Our destination is an unknown *X*, and the only method by which we can measure the extent to which we have altered is to contrast our present selves with those of a year ago. That is, by attempting to assess our state of being today, we may discover the nature of the journey already made—and gain a fugitive glimpse of the one which lies ahead.

It is probably a fact that the most dramatic change in us during the last year is the slow emergence of a new self—a self to which the fearful has become the familiar. We have had to face such issues—such possibilities—such catastrophic vistas—that madness was the only alternative to the emergence of a self which, if dire occasion arose, could look unmoved "on that which might appal the devil". There is psychic self-preservation as well as physical, and this new self is derived from the former. It is a response from the depths to the demands of a world which, to an ever-increasing extent, resembles an armed Bedlam.

It is not surprising, therefore, that this new self—which has watched every solid-seeming structure crumble and vanish into the void—is strangely unresponsive to trumpeted "patriotism", or the tinsel-appeal of idealistic *clichés*. It is a *new* self. It came from the abyss, and it confronts horror unmoved. How should it be otherwise? From the overrunning of Norway to the collapse of France—with the consequent threat of invasion—lifetimes of experience have been compressed into the palpitating space of a few weeks. What now is normal would have seemed delirium a year ago; with the result that, today, even the dullest would be slow to set a limit to fantastic possibility. It is inevitable, therefore, that we live in terms of intensity—not in terms of time.

This wave of unprecedented experience has been so tidal that its ultimate effect must be pure conjecture, but possibly it will necessitate a revaluation of long-established standards. After all,

our standards are in direct relation to our experience and the encountering of experiences different in kind from former ones may involve the creation of new standards to replace those revealed as inadequate. To hazard one guess : It may be that those books which have long held eminent place in our hierarchy will no longer be satisfying. At the risk of seeming paradoxical—though only the paradoxical is relevant today—it may be that we shall be unable to read *Alice in Wonderland,* because it depicts a too-well-ordered and too sane world compared with the one we know !

Recently, and for the grimmest of reasons, it has become popular to emphasise the difference between this war and the last, but possibly one of the chief distinctions has been overlooked, which is, that whereas the 1914 war had a definite clearly defined *start,* the beginning of the present conflict seems vague and shadowy. It is suggested that no one, old enough to remember the 1914 war, feels about September 3rd 1939 as he does about 4th August 1914. The latter date recalls the swift descent of disaster out of the blue : the former, the emergence of disaster out of a mist. It follows that, during the 1914 war, it was possible to dream that the world would return to 1913, whereas, today, no destination of any kind is described on the dark horizons. To which year —precisely—would we wish to return ? 1938 ? 1937 ? 1936 ? To the pre-Hitler years ? To the "crisis" of 1931 ? To doles, unemployment and Appeasement ? To the General Strike of 1926 ?

The simple and the devastating fact is that, during the last ten years, the world has become meaningless for many individuals. To many a man, ruin or the loss of employment came as the result—not merely of circumstances outside his control—but of circumstances to which he could give no *meaning.* Suddenly, he found that he was just not wanted—that the world regarded him as scrap. He had not altered. He had committed no crime. He was the victim of an economic earthquake, which went its way as irrationally, and as disastrously, as a physical one.

Now, men cannot live without a myth, or a faith, to which all their experience can be referred—and related to some principle of order. Men can face suffering—they can face ruin, bereavement, death—providing that these disasters can be fitted into a pattern which, *as a whole,* has meaning. But not otherwise. When events seem no more than incidents in a void—purely fortuitous, isolated incidents, without antecedents and without successors—then, a man's world becomes meaningless. And, if it continues to be meaningless, he will welcome literally anything which will give chaos even the ghost of order.

It is important to remember this, and especially important if we wish to relate the war to the years which preceded it, for there is no clear-cut division between them. None ! The economic warfare of those years eventually precipitated armed conflict, which was an inevitable development and which, actually, represented little more than an intensification of the economic struggle. There would have been no war if there had been no unemployment. The essential tragedy of the whole situation is that it would not be difficult to make a case for the advantages of modern war over modern "peace".

Despite its horrors, this war does provide a clear-cut objective—Victory. It provides, therefore, meaning and purpose,

Individuals suddenly discover that they *are* wanted—that they are no longer regarded as scrap. This war provides a focal point for national activities. It provides employment. And it may well be that it is preferable to face mutilation or death, in good company, than to slink through the world alone—looking for a job. We've got to that! And if it is argued that all these are very short-term advantages, as of course they are, the reply is that a short-term advantage is better than none. It is only a short-term advantage to scramble up a tree when pursued by wolves, but one probably decides that it's worth while.

Most unfortunately, however, there are other advantages which can be adduced in favour of war. It, and it alone, provides comradeship and leadership. Communal life ceases to be theory and approaches fact. A super-schoolboy existence takes the place of the dread routine of office life in an airless city. Suddenly, there is something to live for—something to die for. The chaos of conflicting interests disappears and one common objective emerges in stark perspective. All the creative faculties in man which are thwarted in "peace" find negative—destructive—expression in war.

It is said that self-preservation is the deepest instinct in men. It is a lie, of course. What men seek endlessly is something for which to sacrifice themselves. And, in the modern world, war and only war provides opportunity for big-scale sacrifice in common. To what extent—precisely—would the qualities of our air pilots find expression in peace? What—precisely—would most of them be *doing* in peace? Until those qualities are as operative in peace as they are in war—until those qualities are operative creatively instead of negatively—"peace" may return to the world, but it will be like the one which preceded this war—a weary waste of boredom, apathy and substitutes for living.

One of the most remarkable psychological facts in the present situation is that national hatred, after one year of war, is less intense than it was in August 1915. Whatever the explanation, one result is that there are many individuals today not wholly dominated by herd-instinct—not wholly the instruments of mass-passion. Such individuals find that they are divided into two conflicting selves: An armoured self, which confronts a Macbethean world unmoved; and a naked self, remote from the ever-deepening reverberations of the hour. To the armoured self, this naked self is weakness: to the naked self, the armoured self is emotional death—and all its seeming strength is derived from that fact. The naked self knows there is one enemy today, and only one—Despair. It understands, therefore, that if life is to find meaning and hope it will have to be a new meaning and a new hope. This naked self realises that, if the world is to survive, it must be transformed, and that only a new myth, a new faith, can transform it—by creating new values, new objectives, and a new enduring purpose.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A NOTE ON RAINER MARIA RILKE

Poets, wrote Jung,

> are the first in their time to divine the darkly moving mysterious currents, and to express them according to the limits of their capacity in more or less speaking symbols. They make known, like true prophets, the deep motions of the collective unconscious, 'the will of God'....which, in the course of time, must inevitably come to the surface as a general phenomenon.

Such true poets are rare in any age, and particularly in our own. But beyond doubt Rainer Maria Rilke was one of them. In the life and work of this gentle, yet resolute Austrian, we see the mystery being enacted by which Europe, convulsed now by a false death agony, a destructive death which is the despairing reflex of a meaningless life, may rediscover its soul. Death has always allured the German soul, as an abyss into which it would plunge to resolve the intolerable tension of life. At the heart even of the thought of Novalis and Schopenhauer, as of Wagner's music, is the "Liebestod", the death-swoon which is a love-swoon, which releases from finite bonds, which intoxicates with its infinite languors. And today in the fanatical utterances of Hitler the same theme recurs, and death, divorced from life which had become spiritually starved, is worshipped as an end. In him a tormented people, or those most conscious of frustration, rain destruction from the skies in their longing to destroy themselves. Yet the frustration so terribly manifested in the German people is to a less degree apparent in their victims and opponents. *It is characteristic of Western civilization today which, in its incapacity for a creative revolution, has plunged inevitably into the revolution of destruction which is modern war.*

Rilke foresaw this necessity very clearly during the last war which he suffered in his soul as only one of his spiritual sensitiveness could suffer. In 1915 he wrote the pregnant sentence, "The world has fallen into the hands of men." And two years later he asserted that "only through one of the greatest and innermost renovations it has ever gone through will the world be able to save and maintain itself". Such a renovation, as we now so lamentably know, was never even begun. The world hardened its heart, as Pharaoh did in Egypt. And the plague has returned more dire and deadly than before. But in Rilke himself that innermost renovation took place, and he more than any other contemporary writer fulfilled what he described as the task of the intellectual in the post-war world, that of "preparing in men's hearts the way for those gentle, mysterious, trembling transformations, from which alone the understandings and harmonies of a serener future will proceed". In him a true acceptance of death became a true affirmation of life. The death-hunger which impelled the German soul to destroy the life it hated became a love of death which recreated the joy of existence. Rilke's work is an organic and developing whole. And even in his early poems and in the famous *Notebook of Malte Laurids Brigge*, completed in 1910 and ending one phase of his life, he was intent, in the handling and deepening of his intense sensibility, upon "keeping life open towards death". But it was not until near the end of his life, in the great *Duino Elegies* and the *Sonnets to Orpheus*, that his purpose was finally and wonderfully fulfilled. The Elegies were conceived and two composed during the winter of 1911-12 when he was living alone at the castle of Duino, near Trieste, and while walking to and fro along the bastions, with the sea raging two hundred feet below, seemed to hear a voice crying the first words of them. But it was ten years before he completed them. For the war

drove him back upon himself and its horror and agony delayed the moment of supremely mature utterance in which the pain and the joy of life could be affirmed as one. In February, 1922, however, the moment came and in an astonishing flow of creation he completed the remaining eight Elegies and fifty-five Sonnets within three weeks. In the Elegies the note of lament sounds the more strongly, in the Sonnets the note of praise. But in both the two notes are essentially one, as death and life are one to those who have truly entered into the heart of being. Rilke achieved this integral vision in its fullness only after a lifetime of ever deeper submission to reality. No man knew better the cost of truth in painful experience or the necessity of living through suffering until it became an act of total acceptance which released the eternal springs of joy. To this goal both his life and his poetry were directed, and although he reached it in flashes of insight many years before the Elegies were completed, it was only in them and the Sonnets and a few other poems of his last years that the fruit of his sensibility ripened to perfection. To others he might seem as a poet to have achieved in his earlier work a remarkable integrity. But he was still aware of his one-sidedness, as when he wrote to an admirer that "lamentation has frequently preponderated; yet I know that one is only justified in making such full use of the strings of lamentation if one has resolved to play on them, by means of them, later, the whole of that triumphant jubilation that swells up behind everything hard and painful and endured, and without which voices are incomplete." And in the great tenth Elegy he did so triumphantly play on the strings of lamentation, as can be felt in its exultant opening lines:—

Some day, emerging at last from this terrifying vision,
may I burst into jubilant praise to assenting Angels!
May not even one of the clear-struck keys of the heart
fail to respond through alighting on slack or doubtful
or rending strings! May a new-found splendour appear
in my streaming face! May inconspicuous Weeping
flower! How dear you will be to me then, you Nights
of Affliction! Oh, why did I not, inconsolable sisters,
more bendingly kneel to receive you, more loosely surrender
myself to your loosened hair? We wasters of sorrows!
How we stare away into sad endurance beyond them,
trying to foresee their end! Whereas they are nothing else
than our winter foliage, our sombre evergreen, *one*
of the seasons of our interior year,—not only season—they're also place, settlement, camp, soil, dwelling.[1]

Rilke drew in this Elegy a contrast between the "City of Pain", the false distracted city of the modern world, in which what passes for joy is indeed pain and pain itself a mere grin of agonised features, and the spacious landscape of the "Land of Pain" with its fields of flowering sadness and its pasturing herds of Grief, through which the pilgrim may come to those true lost depths upon which happiness falls like the rain on the dark earth in the early spring. And this contrast corresponds to that which he drew in other Elegies and elsewhere between the death that has dwindled and shrunk into a feared antagonist of life and the true Death which is life's loved otherself, the great Night from which the Day is eternally reborn. He himself wrote that in the Elegies

affirmation of life AND affirmation of death reveal themselves as one. To concede the one without the other is a restriction that finally excludes all infinity. Death is our reverted, our unilluminated, side of life: we must try to achieve the greatest possible consciousness of our existence, which is at home in both of these unlimited provinces, which is inexhaustibly nourished out of both.

In the consciousness in which death

[1] For this rendering I am indebted to the excellent edition of the *Duino Elegies*, translated with a commentary by J. B. Leishman and Stephen Spender. Mr. Leishman's three other volumes of translations of Rilke's poetry are also invaluable. They are all published by the Hogarth Press.

and life were reconciled there was also "neither a here nor a beyond but only the great unity." It must be stressed that he repudiated utterly the negative, suicidal yearning for death, so typical of the German soul. Death for him was not a swoon, but something to be laboured for and won as the crown of life. It was inherent in life from birth, and he believed that each individual contained a death of his own which developed as he did and which might or might not come to maturity, like his life. Indeed, the growth of each was reciprocal. And the fact that the modern world deprived the majority of such a death, that it imposed upon them an alien, a mass death, was as terrible to Rilke as the meaningless mass life which was also their lot. A truly personal life found its fulfilment in a truly personal death, and both were nourished by the openness, the emptiness, the acceptance by which we enable the creative stream to flow through us and our inwardness to flower, and which in different ways Rilke unceasingly affirmed throughout his poetry, as when in one of the *Sonnets to Orpheus* he praised the exquisite responsiveness of the "ever-opening anemone" and contrasted it with man :—

We, with our shows of violence, deceive.
Our lives are longer, but on, O, what plane
Shall we at last grow open and receive.

"Defencelessness!" he wrote elsewhere, "Our last and best resource!" And it was through this resource, this naked receptiveness, that he could write :—

Birds quietly flying go
flying through us. O, I that want to grow,
the tree I look outside at's growing in me!

Or ask :—

Did you feel fully all last summer's flowers?
The roses? (O, be honest—it repays!)
The re-awakefulness of morning hours?
The light-foot walk down spider-woven ways?
Dive deep into yourself, shake up, amaze
dearest Delight; somewhere in you she
cowers.
And finding anything that missed your
heart,
be glad to re-perceive it from the start.

And it was because sorrow could open the heart to receive that he could hail it as "so often source of blessedest progress". Yet in Rilke's final conception and experience of suffering or of death there was nothing falsely negative. That there were at one time morbid elements in his abnormal sensibility the *Notebook of Malte Laurids Brigge*, in part autobiographical, reveals. But the task of his life as poet and man was to learn to suffer more truly and profoundly, until in the act of experiencing the world he transformed and re-created it, until what was fleeting was "rescued through something in us" and the visible Earth enjoyed "an invisible re-arising in us." And this task he fulfilled, so that of him it could be said, as of the woman friend of one of his tenderest and most searching poems,

you passed through life
open to everything, like a day breaking.

I have only been able to touch here on the nature of his experience and I have said nothing of the quality of his expression, so unassumingly profound, so natural in its symbolism. On his conception of the "Angel", of the great lovers and those who die young, of the hero and the child, whole chapters could be written. But perhaps I have said enough to suggest that in this Austrian poet the wisdom of the East has come to birth in the West, that he recovered in his experience the Unity in which the dual is no longer at strife, that he sensed, as Indian poets and sages had,

that pure,
unsuperintended element one breathes,
endlessly knows, and never craves,

and that when he wrote of man,—"there is one thing he must again grow capable of : falling, patiently resting in heaviness,—he who presumed to surpass all the birds in flying", he spoke to his distracted Western brothers the same truth which Lao Tzŭ taught so many centuries ago,—a truth to which suffering may perhaps open their ears.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS*

Never was there a more opportune time for the publication of this book than now, when, owing to the war, severe restrictions have been laid on the expression of public opinion in India. In it are traced the ups and downs of the struggle for freedom of expression through the printed word from its inception in this country up to today.

Printing was introduced in India in the sixteenth century, about a hundred years after its invention in Europe. But it began to be made use of as a means of expressing public opinion only when the East India Company assumed governing powers. A few news sheets were started then by some Europeans in India who for various reasons connected with their own interests were dissatisfied with the Company's administration and monopoly and gave vent to their grievances thus. The restrictions laid on the Press were accordingly at first aimed at such individuals, some of whom were even deported for violating Press regulations.

Newspapers published by Indians in Indian languages soon came into existence. But they concerned themselves at first merely with notices of Shipping, Prices, Appointments, Police Reports and Court Proceedings. Only gradually did they turn their attention to matters of public interest such as social reform, which came into prominence with the question of Suttee. Once the Indian papers took to the discussion of public affairs, it was but natural that they should turn to issues relating to political administration, and should acquire before long the predominantly political bent which characterises them today. This in the main is the course which the Press has taken in its development in India. In its foundation, its growth, its vicissitudes and finally in its establishment as a powerful maker and interpreter of public opinion, the Indian Press has all along derived its character from certain aspects of British rule in India. Consequently, the author rightly narrates her story against the background of the relevant constitutional developments.

A curious fact which strikes the reader as the history of the Indian Press is unfolded to him is that of two conflicting elements, neither of which the Government was willing to renounce, and in preserving one or the other of which it now tightened and now relaxed its hold on the Press. These were, on the one hand, autocracy by means of which it held India in the interests of Britain to which alone it felt responsible, and, on the other, the tradition of freedom of expression which the British administrators had inherited as part of their up-bringing and culture. An autocratic government not based on the will of the people could not allow public opinion freely to assert itself against its administration. Suppression of the Press was accordingly required by the position in which the British found themselves in India. At the same time the administration could not easily divest themselves of what early surroundings in their own country and education had taught them to be supremely worth while, *viz.*, liberty of expression ; and when at first British newspaper agitators in India claimed such liberty for themselves, and later also Indian agitators who had imbibed the same ideals, the argument went home and we find that though freedom of the Press is incompatible with military rule, and is therefore at times suppressed, it is nevertheless also granted from time to time. The history of the Press in India is thus a perpetual tug-of-war betweeen the two conflicting view-points of autocracy on the one hand and democracy on the other. This tug-of-war, it will be readily seen, has not yet ended, nor can it end till one or the other of the two elements in conflict wins the day.

The book is characterised by a

* *The Indian Press : A History of the Growth of Public Opinion in India.* By MARGARITA BARNS. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 21*s*.)

thoroughness which leaves nothing to be desired. It is fully documented, based on Government of India and India Office Records, and gives in full important minutes, speeches, correspondence and relevant legislation. It is useful, therefore, as a source book for original records relating to the Press in India. The dry bones of history are by our author clothed with flesh and blood by a living description of the persons involved. Further her presentation is objective and scrupulously dispassionate, and rings true. It undoubtedly makes a valuable contribution to a very important subject.

BHARATAN KUMARAPPA

BREAKERS OF BROTHERHOOD*

In this powerfully written book the author, himself a "white man", tries to analyse "in the light of reason and close observation the elemental human feelings which must be recognised and reckoned with by all those who honestly desire to find a fair solution of the great Native problem". To that analysis he brings a judicial mind and a wealth of knowledge gleaned through long and close contact with the Natives of Africa. The problem itself is one that has become acute today, not only in Africa but all over the world. For the once ardent faith in human equality and brotherhood, fostered by religious faith and democratic idealism, of which Western civilisation seemed to be the torch-bearer, is now yielding place to the doctrine that only through the preservation of the whiteness of the European skin can civilisation save its soul.

It is not merely the politicians, "who are just the loud-speakers of the prejudices of their electorates", but also the emissaries of the religion of universal love and brotherhood who too have succumbed to those prejudices. For the Christian missionary in Africa is equally determined with the politician that the coloured peoples shall not be admitted to political and social equality with the whites. In the telling words of the author the missionary who professes to be eager to accept the black man as his brother in Christ is staggered at the prospect of accepting him as his brother-in-law!

For it is the question of miscegenation that forms the crux of the whole problem. "The element of sex plays the main rôle in the mass reactions and attitudes" produced by the mixing of the two races. And sex has scant respect for race or colour. It even overrides the olfactory antipathy which the author notes as one of the most real of the physical barriers between the two races. The fear of the white man today is not of the hostility of the hordes of black men but of friendship between black men and white women. That fear is behind the hatred and the hardening of heart that is increasing in intensity at the present time, for "in time we hate that which we fear".

The justifications sought for that fear in differences in the physical, intellectual and emotional make-up of the two races, and the consequent danger of mixing them, are mere rationalisations without any basis in sound physiology or psychology. The author submits the various alleged differences to a very detailed examination and comes to the conclusion that there are no essential differences between the two races. "The whole range of man's inner feelings and powers is as open to the African as it is to the European, neither more nor less". Differences of course there are in cultural achievement and in emotional reactions, but these are due "not to different racial natures but to habituation and to different orientations of emotional interest induced by circumstances of environment and history".

The author admits that, being no

* *The Colour Bar.* By PETER NIELSON. (Juta and Co., Ltd., Cape Town. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

longer young, he is under no illusion that complete logical refutation, were it possible, of all the allegations of racial inferiority in the Native must bring about the withdrawal of those allegations, seeing that men in the mass "live not by truth or reason alone, but by every prejudice that proceeds out of the depths of man's irrational human nature". Segregation of the two races may be, he sees, the only practicable policy today, seeing that, rightly or wrongly, the whites will have no other and seeing also that the Natives as a group are not eager to escape from their present condition of racial subjection.

He also raises the further question whether it is serving the Negro aright to disturb "his natural African contentment and to substitute for it the feverish and unnatural discontent of the high-pressure machine civilisation of the whites, with all its inescapable frustration and mass misery". But he is just enough to his own community to point out that at present the only form of collective cruelty the whites can fairly be charged with is the cruelty that lies in encouraging primitive men to learn the arts and the crafts of civilisation and then refusing to let them practise in competition with white men what they have learned, lest by doing so they should eventually succeed in enforcing social equality between the races.

In spite of a slight stylistic defect in the author's preference for long, involved sentences, often running the whole length of a paragraph, the book makes absorbing reading and is invaluable in understanding the issues involved in the Colour Problem.

S. K. GEORGE

Infinite Traveller: What of the Road? By CHARLOTTE BACON. (Williams and Norgate, Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The rare combination in the author of a keen analytic mind with an intuitive perception capable of sensing the reality of the mystic's experience makes this a stimulating study.

Two theories are constantly referred to, the "Spiritual" and the "Mechanistic", the latter, based on the facts established by modern science, bent on showing "Spiritual Man as the inevitable result of the onward push of biological life" and the former, based on modern psychology, "supporting the view of Personality as the key-word of Evolution's aim" and "auto-suggestion as the greatest potential power put into the hands of life". Arguments between these two schools of thought form the gist of the book. Through her interesting discussions, enlivened by accounts of actual incidents, the author discloses the weakness and the inadequacy of the Materialistic position and even exposes the limitations of modern psychology, for which she has a great admiration. She finally leaves both the physicist and the psychologist behind and ventures into "No-man's-land", indulging in speculations of her own, which, though indefinite and vague, occasionally carry the mark of the divine afflatus.

The author describes herself "as an observant traveller who uses the roads that others have cut" but says that while "trail makers abound in the world of mind... in the world of the spirit there are none". What of the straight and narrow Path cut by the Sages of the East? How has such an ardent seeker after Truth, who seems to have left no stone unturned in investigating every branch of knowledge that the West has produced, overlooked inquiring what Oriental philosophy has to say on Whence? Why? and Whither? It is a pity, for ancient Asiatic psychology, with its teachings on Akasa, the threefold nature of Man, the duality of Mind and the power of Imagination, can throw light on every question raised in this book and can explain rationally the many psychic phenomena to which the author refers.

M. L.

Civilization and Liberty. By RAMSAY MUIR. (Jonathan Cape, Ltd., London. 5s.)

Professor Muir is a scholarly historian, on the side of the angels. That scholarly historians can ever be found on any other side is astonishing, but too often they are. Learning in itself brings no warmth ; in itself the study of the conflicts and the miseries of men stirs no compassion. In the academic world there is nearly as much distrust as in the business world for human ardour—which is labelled "bias" or "propaganda". An objective attitude is the one approved. Can it be explained why objectivity should almost always be a façade for minds *afraid ?*—minds even of a pro-Fascist tinge ?

Mr. Muir, standing in the academic world, views warmly all struggles for freedom made through the centuries up to the present day. He abhors tyranny in whatever shape it clamps itself on society. In this concise and charming book he shows civilized living to be the blossom of enlarged liberties ; he shows that where shackles are broken creativeness soars.

He is at his most attractive, perhaps, in the chapter on the Greek State in the fifth century B.C. There is a sort of wistfulness here—as of some one looking up from a dark valley to a shining hill. He makes us feel the passion of those Greeks for their "way of life". Every phrase points to desirables lost to our world today : "....ferment of free thinking", "..... the sense that the city was their own", "..... the fullness of life which the Athenians enjoyed".

A later chapter, of equal charm and having that same note of ardent if wistful admiration, deals with eighteenth-century France. "French thought dominated Europe. ..." To the Philosopher, "Freedom was an inalienable right of man." Rousseau declared that "...the individual spirit was the ultimately sacred thing..."

No wonder the ache at the heart—for author and for readers too !

Mr. Muir faces and deplores the recurrent defeats of liberty through the ages, the brevity of its reigns ; but the explanations he gives for these defeats are too vague. He overrates the importance of political, as against economic liberty. His idea is that free institutions *bestow* peace and prosperity. It would be a truer contention that free institutions *depend* on peace and prosperity—on a measure of both. We have only to remember post-War Germany. An economic framework collapses : tyranny and/or war emerge. Scarcely does Mr. Muir mention Money, *i.e.*, means of subsistence ; yet its fair distribution, its dependability, are at the root of well-being—of spiritual, mental, artistic, as well as bodily well-being. Not the brilliant Greeks, nor any later societies, not even the Russian Bolsheviks, solved the Money problem.

But the fact that Mr. Muir's analysis of the failure of liberty and of civilization to maintain themselves is insufficiently trenchant, too one-sided, idealistic, is not here brought up against him, it is only brought up. After all, his book doesn't set out to analyse. It is a survey, and a brilliant one, of the main phases of world, especially European, culture : a reminder of the heights to which man has risen, can rise. If saddening, it is at the same time stimulating.

In the last section, dealing with modern Totalitarianism, Mr. Muir is at his most forcible best—just as in the Hellas and France sections he is at his most charming best. With his arraignment of the Nazi régime, and of the policy of appeasement which encouraged it in its destruction of not only the bodies but also the souls of millions, he burns up from quietness. Bitterness *with* accuracy informs this succinct and admirable passage. Scholar-angel is merged in Crusader-angel.

It is only too desolatingly true that "non-resistance is no safeguard against evil."

IRENE RATHBONE

Land of a Thousand Buddhas: A Pilgrimage into the Heart of Tibet and the Sacred City of Lhasa. By THEOS BERNARD, M.A., LL.B., Barrister-at-Law. (Rider and Co., London. 18*s*.)

Although the author is an American, his parents, he tells us, "had been following the teachings of the East throughout their life", having studied under an Indian teacher. "Thus the foundation was laid at the very beginning." Having been trained for the law and graduated at Columbia University, he went to India, only to find that the family Guru had died; but one of his disciples gave the personal guidance he needed. Unfortunately, he was "initiated as a Tantrik" so that when he went to Tibet he naturally got into touch with the Red sect whose patron saint is Padma Sambhava, the Tantrik magician. In fact he was hailed as a reincarnation of that dignitary, at once initiated as a Red Lama and embarked on a translation of his life. The long detailed description of his initiation is very impressive and of course quite new for Western readers, since no Westerner has hitherto been so honoured or admitted to the inner secrets of Tantrik Lamaism. It is not surprising, however, to find that the author has little to say about the Yellow or Reformed Order (which he calls "Gelupa" instead of "Gelugpa") and that that little is more or less incorrect and misleading.

In reading this otherwise extremely interesting and often entertaining narrative this important distinction must be borne in mind. It is curious how many Westerners who succeed in entering Tibet or who travel in its borderlands are ignorant of this distinction, to which I have had occasion to refer in previous reviews of books on Tibet. The statement (p. 226) that Padma Sambhava brought Buddhism to Tibet is quite wrong. What he did bring from North-west India were the Tantrik ritual and doctrines, and Hatha Yoga powers which enabled him to control the deities and the demons of the indigenous Bön religion, which are worshipped and feared by the Reds. In fact, he was the founder of Lamaism as distinguished from the pure Buddhism of the Yellow Sect, originally introduced much earlier by the Buddha's own Arhats who received special esoteric instruction from him. Chief among these was Kàsyâpa who later went to China. The author admits that the various Red sects allow a measure of worldliness to their lamas—"Marriage is allowed, and wine is permitted as well as women"—and he advances the well-known fallacy that "it is one way of getting these things out of your system, and only after you have done so can you gain the higher understanding". Quite other is the Gelugpa teaching thus expressed in their Golden Precepts (*The Voice of the Silence*):—

> Do not believe that lust can ever be killed out if gratified or satiated, for this is an abomination inspired by Māra. It is by feeding vice that it expands and waxes strong, like to the worm that fattens on the blossom's heart.

If space permitted there are many interesting passages one would like to quote, but the briefest allusions must suffice as a guide to the reader. For instance, "A chamber of Horrors" (p. 17); idols of pure gold in a sealed room (p. 75); enormous ceremonial meals of fifty or more courses lasting seven hours, the appalling filth of Lhasa, and the women's love of dress and jewellery (pp. 271-2); only one in a thousand lamas really sincere (p. 243); the gulf between rich and poor worse than in the West, and the evils of the "religious racket" (p. 278). Among the exceptional privileges enjoyed by the author was complete freedom for his camera, and the high quality of his work is evident in the fine illustrations.

BASIL CRUMP

English Folklore. By CHRISTINA HOLE. With fifty illustrations. (B. T. Batsford, Ltd., London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Man may be a rational animal, but in his daily life he thinks in terms of magic rather than of logic. He is baffled today, equally, if not quite to an equal extent, by the vast mysteries of birth and death, and by the perpetual hurry and strife in his surroundings. The Sciences no doubt attempt to explain the universe around us, and yet the puzzled spirit of man knows few moments when it is at peace with itself and with the world. Danger eternally seems to lurk at the street-corner, and hapless man, for all the armour that civilization has provided him with, is ever in search of irrational means of gaining security and happiness. Is it any wonder, then, that primitive man, to whom the phenomena of Nature and the panorama of life were bottomlessly strange and inexplicable, was ready to find prophesying tongues in wayside trees and to give his fugitive fancies a local habitation and a name? These duly crystallized into taboos, superstitions, and the other diverting concomitants of folklore.

We know much more about the physiology of the human body, the motions of the stars and the progress of the seasons than ever our ancestors did; but we are as impotent before the awful fact of death as they were. Hence many ancient superstitions and beliefs persist, though often in more sophisticated garb. In consequence, the folklore of nations constitutes the true index of racial experience; and, apart from minor or local deviations, mankind has traced the same curve of experience the world over. We are not surprised to find, therefore, that many of the English customs and beliefs described in Miss Christina Hole's excellent treatise have their parallels in Indian folklore as well. The Indian too believes that some words bring bad luck to the person who utters or hears them; that some birds and beasts are sacred, others profane; that a child under twelve months should not see its reflection in a mirror; that food should not be thrown away; that a piece of iron can disperse evil spirits in a trice; that old women can mysteriously cure jaundice and like diseases; and that we are fast heading towards Kaliyuga's close and the consequent deluge. Invasions and conquests, political and social upheavals, revolutions in taste and religious reformations, these alike have proved powerless to destroy the tenacious hold that folklore has on the human mind. The study of folklore is thus important because it helps us to get a glimpse of the alluring fabric of racial memory and thereby insinuates the fundamental unity of human aspirations and effort.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Is Germany a Hopeless Case? By RUDOLF OLDEN. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 4*s.* 6*d.*)

Within a generation Germany is waging a World War for the second time. Will Germany always continue to be a standing menace to world peace? "There is something innate in the German character which renders the German people liable to accept that particular form of bad government which ultimately leads to war." So said Mr. Duff Cooper, and this opinion is widely held in England. In this small volume Rudolf Olden, formerly Assistant Editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, who was lost at sea last September, endeavours to refute this charge, arguing with great sincerity and strength of conviction that German history and German literature tell us quite a different story. A great many German people, variously labelled as Liberals, Democrats and Pacifists, are a quiet and peace-loving folk. They persist even to this day in spite of the attempts of the Nazis to suppress them by the Gestapo and the concentration camps. It is only a pity that, though persistent, they are powerless for the time being. There are two Germany's, Herr Olden assures us, instead of the one apparent Nazi Germany. He, how-

ever, painfully complains that the Allies did not encourage this peace-loving element in that they refused to make reasonable concessions in treaty obligations to Schleischer's Republican German Government, and what is worse, that the British positively helped Hitlerism by their short-sighted policy of appeasement. The book ends with what sound almost like prophetic words :

> The hour is not far off, when they will all curse him [Hitler], the Keitels and the Brauschitsches, the Raeders and the Reichenaus—unless by that time they have all gone the way of Fritsch and Schleischer !

The hypothesis of two Germany's, though in a sense theoretically true, is, for all practical purposes, wishful thinking and likely to lead to self-deception. It was only after the subjugation of Denmark and the invasion of Norway that the Allies began to realise the mistake of misreading the situation in Germany. The expectation of a revolt against Hitlerism was no less fateful than the complacency of the French in the strength of the Maginot Line.

The real value of the book lies in the contribution that it makes to bringing about the mutual understanding among peoples which is essential for the success of the new world order to be established after the war.

D. G. LONDHE

Problems in Politics : A Study in Theory. By H. and M. V. KRISHNA RAO, with a Foreword by Rao Bahadur K. V. Rangaswami Aiyangar. (Published by the Authors, Mysore. Rs. 4/-)

Our system of education is not responsive to the realistic elements of the present situation. Students are content to learn big theories of economics and of politics without ever attempting to illustrate them by facts or to analyse the facts in the light of the theories. The authors of the book under review administer a healthy antidote to this tendency by making a parallel study of institutions and ideas. Though they humbly call their book "A Study in Theory", I am constrained to regard it as a presentation of individual speculations in the background of practical politics.

The approach to the subject is made from a historical view-point. The major part of the book deals with the different theories of the origin and the functions of the State. The authors take us through the Matriarchal, Divine Right, Imperative, Social Contract, Pluralistic, and Fascist theories of the State. Fascism has developed the principle of self-determination and of unrestricted nationalism to an intolerable degree. Autarchy and Jingoism cannot co-exist with world trade and commerce. Hence the new moves in the direction of federalism. Julian Huxley regards the British Commonwealth of Nations as a basis of such a federation ; while Clarence K. Streit goes a step further and envisages a federal union of fifteen democracies of Europe.

The authors regard these schemes as utopian. They are bound to fail because of their concentration on the purely political aspect of internationalism to the neglect of economic and social machinery. There must be unity between political democracy and economic democracy. Social systems must be rearranged so that no country could languish amid starvation and unemployment. "Social Security" is to be provided for the individual by the elimination of "cultural lag". The sentiment of the solidarity of mankind is to replace individual nationalism. The Hindu conception of the State is that it is a trust built on the solid foundation of Dharma and not on militarism or materialism. Dharma implies the State's recognition and application of the principle of allowing each man to do his duty according to his station in life, rather than laying stress on mere rights.

I congratulate the authors on the courage of their convictions in ending their treatise with a study of the Hindu Ideal of Polity. It is refreshing to feel that the principle of Dharma can also be applied in the practical life of a nation.

K. B. JINDAL

Faiths That Healed. By RALPH H. MAJOR, M.D. (D. Appleton-Century Co., London. 16s.)

With few notable exceptions of recent years the Roman Catholic Church has monopolized the miracle business in the West by arrogating to itself a purely fictitious spiritual discrimination which has prompted it to canonize neurotic workers of "miracles" within its fold and to pour forth vituperative abuse upon similar "miracles" effected outside. All such wonders happening without the bosom of the Church are *ipso facto* declared the work of the devil. Faith-healing, however, continues despite all papal denunciation.

In his attack on this sanctified chicanery, Dr. Major adopts a convincing non-violent method: he supplies the rope; the Church hangs itself. The hysteric neurotic, Bernadette of Lourdes, is worshipped by millions while Anton Mesmer remains stigmatized as a charlatan and is believed to be such even by Dr. Major. Thanks to Madame Blavatsky's efforts, Mesmer's reputation has been cleared in the eyes of many.

The result of exhaustive study, this book is delightfully entertaining. Many a humorous turn makes the reader chortle to himself in merriment.

The doctor finds that hysteria and self-delusion have been and still are commercialized by charlatans within and without the Church to boost an ever-lucrative miracle business, though unlicensed success in that line provoked the crusades of Innocent III and the witch hunts of Salem. It is to this hysteria that Dr. Major rightly attributes most faith-healing. He denies miracles, but he overlooks, though he almost stumbles over them, those unexplained laws of nature which relate to the inner or astral man, and which play an all-important rôle in the cures here related. Teresa Neumann, who for fourteen years lived without physical nourishment, is a case in point.

Church forgeries more than point to that scientific knowledge which, though generally derided in the Occident, has been possessed for millennia in the East. Dr. Major would extend his sphere of influence and increase considerably his power to serve by a study of Eastern psychology and by its application to his practice, while the sympathetic understanding of those already conversant with the psychology of the Orient would certainly be deepened by a study of this unusually interesting volume.

D. C. T.

SHORT NOTICES

The Two-fold Path in the Gita. By Dr. T. M. P. MAHADEVAN. (Satchidananda Sangha, Triplicane, Madras. As. 2) This closely packed small pamphlet essays "a faithful presentation of Sankara's point of view" and so presents an aspect of the *Gita's* thought at third hand. It is to be hoped that this study will send many to seek for themselves the white light of truth which the *Gita* focuses.

PH. D.

Revision of Democracy. By A. APPADORAI. (Oxford University Press, Indian Branch. As. 12) In these two lectures, delivered at the University of Mysore in December 1939, Dr. Appadorai, while defending the fundamental superiority of democracy over authoritarianism, yet recognizes the functional difficulties faced by the former. He stresses the responsibility of the individual citizen. A democracy should be able to count on the common man for a love of freedom and of democracy, for an intelligent interest in public affairs, a critical and an independent attitude, tolerance and a probity that will not subordinate public to private interests. Education in a democracy should be directed to those ends.

C. D.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

The unification of India was the theme of Dr. Shyamaprasad Mookherjee in his Convocation Address at the Allahabad University on November 23rd, in which he urged that men and women trained in the Indian Universities should unite in a spirit of broad toleration for the remaking of the Motherland. No country, he declared, had attained greatness or liberty except through the loyal and disinterested service of her children and if Indian history had any lesson to teach it was that political disruption due to tribal jealousy and religious antagonism had been the harbinger of foreign domination.

> The spirit of the New India must be born of struggle and arduous labour and sacrifice, of noble scorn of ease and luxury, of thirst for knowledge and its widest application to the alleviation of human misery and suffering, of a broad-based toleration and justice affecting the rights of the vast multitude of the Indian people....

We deceive ourselves when we excuse our lack of unity on the ground that we are a subjugated people ; we are a subjugated people because we have been disunited and are so to-day. If we but realized our fundamental solidarity, if we could feel we had one mind, one heart ; if we had such a sense of unity with each and all our brothers that we would feel an attack upon one as an attack upon all, then no power on earth could say "Nay" to our legitimate national aspirations.

The Patna University Convocation Address delivered by Sir S. Radhakrishnan on the 29th of November deals with two main subjects, on both of which falls the light of his experienced mind. Modern education is the one ; the present situation, especially the relation between India and Britain, is the other. He speaks with clarity and force on the second, but it is to some of his ideas on education that we wish to draw the reader's attention :—

"The outrages on youth perpetrated in the name of education are largely responsible" for the awful phenomenon of their "raining hell from the sky on non-combatant populations, innocent women and sleeping children". We overlook that such actions are debasing the nature of youth, and it is unwise to drown the fact in acclamations that these are deeds of courage. Courage without chivalry, without a recognition of the value of human life, maimed or murdered, is not worth displaying. It may and does serve the purposes of war, but the corruption in character survives these acts of valour, and in times of peace a nation pays with compound interest for encouraging its youth to murder their fellow-men. War makers are short-sighted : even such a righteous war as that which the Pandavas waged against the Kauravas ended in disaster for both sides. Even Krishna, the Divine Helper of the Pandavas, was not able to avert the wholesale destruction of the warrior caste ; and those Kshatriyas were chivalrous as the soldiers of the twentieth century can never be. In these days all kinds of people quote the *Gita* to glorify war, but they miss the lesson of the annihilation of the old martial race.

Sir S. Radhakrishnan rightly pointed out the efficacy of

> the ancient Indian ideal of education which subordinates commercial and military values to the human ones. Its aim is *brahmacarya*, initiation into a disciplined life of spirit, the

development of the chastity of mind and body....

The purpose of education is to help the free growth of the soul. When the young mind is brought into contact with the noblest classics of art and literature, it absorbs their mellow lights, their sacred enthusiasms, their austere patterns. Buddha's ripeness of spirit, Sankara's magnificence of mind, are a corrective to our youthful immodesty. They reveal to us not only the littleness and transience of things but the exalted dignity of human nature when seen in the perspective of the eternal. The world is a living, breathing one. Time bears the image of eternity, and all mankind is hewn from the same rock.

Sir Sarvepalle's wide experience of Indian Universities lends great weight to his words about their rôle. His remarks must not be read as eloquent oratory; they need to be considered and ways and means should be found to give them a practical shape :—

Our Universities must be the Indian nation thinking aloud. Unfortunately most of our teachers are only purveyors of information initiating large numbers into new habits of thinking and feeling by a kind of social drill. To redeem the universities from the charge of commonplaceness we require among their leaders a few creative personalities, a few priests of learning and prophets of spirit.

It is through the Universities that we have to maintain and develop community of thought, feeling and practice. There are today disturbing signs of the gradual disintegration of our culture, which is the synthetic outcome of the contributions of the various races, religions and communities which have made India their home. India is not merely a geographical unity but a psychological oneness. Whatever creeds we may profess, almost all of us are socially and psychologically one. Respect for parental authority, the joint family system, arranged marriages, and castes as trade guilds, are some of the things found alike among the Hindus and the Muslims. In art and architecture, music and literature, the interaction of the two communities is manifest. Foreign invasions have not disturbed this psychological homogeneity. Modern ideas of science and criticism are affecting the whole nation, irrespective of communities. The masses of people are unaffected by the squabbles for post and power in which the aspirants for office of the different communities engage. University men can check the spread of the disintegrating tendencies which thwart India's cultural unity and political integrity.

To begin with, the Universities should take the necessary steps to educate the teachers and the professors to see what is implicit in Sir S. Radhakrishnan's words :—

A civilised life is not to be equated with physical strength or material prosperity, political power or commercial success. The easy and pleasant life made possible by science is not the essence of civilisation.

The veteran Kannada writer and publicist Shri D. V. Gundappa, in his presidential address at the First Session of the Mysore State Journalists' Conference held in Bangalore on December 1st, struck a bold and timely note. He deplored the existing restrictions on the Mysore Press, which parallel those in British India, and pleaded for the forms of liberty which the Press seeks to exercise on behalf of the public, which are mainly "the liberty to circulate knowledge and ideas, the liberty to discuss their meaning, the liberty to scrutinise public policy and its working, the liberty to press for reform".

The curtailment of those liberties, he claimed, had its worst effects in the psychological conditions which it brought about. Indeed, where a strangle hold is kept by the Administration on the Press one can hardly expect such sturdy independence of spirit to emerge as the American editor Horace Greeley expressed when he declared, "I accept unreservedly the views of no man, living or dead."

Shri Gundappa stressed particularly the danger of the too elastic phrasing of the measure sponsored by the Government of Mysore for dealing with alleged cases of contempt of court. He admitted the propriety of restraint of criticism in *sub-judice* cases, but defended the right of constructive criticism of judgments and rulings given.

Protection afforded to judges from public criticism cannot be made absolute and limitless without detriment to the public interest. If the claim of infallibility cannot be conceded to executive officials, how can it be, and why should it be, conceded any more to the judiciary?

The sense of injustice rankling in the individual or in the public mind loses none of its force for being refused expression. The steam of a boiling kettle can as successfully and as safely be shut in for an indefinite time. To throttle criticism, moreover, is to prevent reform. There is, however, hope—for Mysore at least—in the noble ideal formulated by His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore in his gracious message to the Conference. The Press in Mysore State and in the rest of India could ask nothing better than that the Governments concerned should accept that ideal as their *bona fide* working basis in all their dealings with it. He referred to the Press as "an important educator of mankind" and declared that

> in its direction the essential principle to be borne in mind is that the truth in all its simplicity and fulness should prevail.

The Exiled Writers Issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* (October 19, 1940) has an appropriate front-cover design—two small dishevelled plodding figures against the background of a black and baleful sky, heading dauntlessly into a driving wind that bends the stalks of ripened grain which they cannot stop to reap. It is heartening to read of the fellow-feeling which the sufferings of the exiles have awakened and of the efforts which publishers and writers' leagues are making on behalf both of the refugees and of those still to be rescued, for the story of what some of the exiles had gone through before their flight makes more poignant the realization of the living death of many who have failed to "get through". Especially serious is the plight of one hundred and fifty exiles from Central European countries who had found short-lived safety in France.

Princess Paul Sapieha's account of the crucifixion of Polish culture is particularly moving—the appalling percentage of deaths of professors in concentration camps, the picture of those not killed by bombs and not so far interned "trying to keep alive by selling cigarettes or sweeping the streets". That suffering has its great and beneficent uses is a truism. The exiles themselves and those who are prevented from flight must win from their ordeal not only increased endurance and resourcefulness but, even more important, a deeper fellow-feeling, a keener sympathy with others' sufferings which must reflect itself in more sensitive writing.

> "Welcome, then, heroes! Me hath Fortune willed
> Long tost, like you, through sufferings here to rest
> And find at last a refuge. Not unskilled
> In woe, I learn to succour the distrest."

But, as W. H. Auden said to an interviewer, "With history moving so fast, people are so afraid! People feel, what is the permanent thing?" That is the question that presses for solution, not only among refugees but in the world today. As institutions, groupings, ideologies that had seemed stable, crash, crumble and evaporate on every side the craving for permanence becomes almost more urgent than physical hunger. But it is vain to seek to satisfy it outside. "Impermanent are all component things." That is eternally true, although men realize it more sharply at a time like this. There is no lasting satisfaction for the craving for permanence save in the One, the innermost Reality which is the substratum and the basis of the shifting scene and which each man can find in his own heart.

The Prime Minister of Hyderabad, Sir Akbar Hydari, broadcasting from New Delhi on November 30th a talk on "What Is Culture?", in which he judged modern civilisation by the criterion of true culture—"the pursuit of the mental ideas of truth, good and beauty for their own sake"—found it distinctly inferior to some of the great civilisations of the past.

> A nation may develop knowledge, science and art, but if, in its general outlook, its habits of life and thought, it is governed not by knowledge and truth and beauty and high ideals of living, but by the gross, vital, commercial, economic view of existence, that nation may be called civilised in a sense, but is not the realisation of a

cultured humanity....In so far as modern civilisation has turned all its intellectual and scientific achievements to commercialism, soulless materialism and to the gross uses of vitalistic success, it is definitely inferior in culture to ancient Athens, to the Italy of the Renaissance, to the ancient India of Asoka or Vikramaditya, or to the mediæval India of Akbar or Shah Jehan.

Only a few years ago the words of John in *Revelation* might have been addressed to any of the leading Western nations :—

> Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing ; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.

Today, alas, the plight of most of them makes only too patent the truth which Sir Akbar by implication pressed upon the attention of his Indian audience —that materialism and true values are the poles apart.

The reality of succession in time is debated learnedly and at some length by Professor K. R. Sreenivasa Iyengar of the Mysore University in the current (first) issue of its *Half-Yearly Journal.* In his article, " Time and Succession in Relation to Emergence ", he shows the issue to be vital to the theory of emergent evolution, the essence of which is the incoming of the new. He refutes the arguments of those who deny with Whitehead that time is a continuous process and claim that it is instead an atomic succession. From a dialectic labyrinth through the windings of which we need not here try to follow him Professor Iyengar emerges with the soundly reasoned conviction that there are temporal priority and subsequence for physical no less than for mental time, the well-marked divisions of which—past, present and future—are admitted. Every cycle in the inorganic world, he avers, is similar to its predecessors but not identical with them. Time is irreversible, he holds, but just as the past survives in the present, the future prelives in it ; for purposes, which obviously can have their fulfilment only in the future, control and direct present activity. The significant cosmological bearing of this conclusion, confirming as it does the ancient Indian teachings, is pointed out. The later is in a sense the earlier,

> as having been envisaged or *involved* in the purposeful experience of some Mind other than of course the finite minds of finite experients. Having been envisaged in that experience as soul or meaning yet to be, it is gradually being realised, *i.e.*, actualised, in successive stages, which to us appear present now, and past a moment hence ....It forcibly illustrates the ancient truth that the evolution of forms—of the lower into the higher, of the fish into the reptile, of the reptile into the mammal, of the mammal into man etc.—was preceded by an *involution* of the higher in the lower—of spirit in mind, of mind in matter etc.—that, in short, evolution is only a process of *realising* in a given medium or matter the essences or essential forms *already involved* in that matter.

The implication of this concept for human values is obvious. Each man, we may say, contains within himself the ideal pattern which he is seeking to objectivise.

> It is not what we have achieved, but what we want to achieve, it is not what we are, but what we hope to be or aspire to be, that unfolds the stature of our being, the measure of our reality.

In the article on " Health and Hygiene in Gujarat " which Dr. P. M. Mehta contributes to the October *Journal of the Gujarat Research Society,* he paints the deplorable health situation which unfortunately is not confined to one or to several parts of India. The medical problem is vast indeed but, as he indicates, it represents only one side of the picture. Preventive measures are at least as important as curative ones. Many of the diseases from which the villager suffers could be prevented in most cases by better food and housing, but these reforms, alas, are blocked by the poverty of the country.

The improvement in the economic status of the masses is indispensable to a general strengthening of resistance to disease but Dr. Mehta points out another line of attack on the health problem which could be launched effectively now. That is to educate the people in the

principles of physical sanitation, which are as remote from the consciousness of our average villager as the no less important laws of magnetic purity, well-known in India, are from the mind of the physical-hygiene enthusiast of the West. Sanitation needs to be preached in season and out, in the schools as part of the curriculum, and by the public-health authorities by means of leaflets, pamphlets and posters for the literate and of health exhibitions for the benefit of all.

The state of health of the masses is a national asset or liability. The plea of preoccupation on the part of the authorities concerned can be met with Cicero's reminder that " a man too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools."

A widespread public nuisance is vigorously attacked by Mr. K. D. Aga in his article, " Let Us Banish Offensive Advertisements from Indian Home " which appears in *The Indian Home* for October. We should like to see literary bodies and right-thinking individuals throughout the country set their faces against the long-standing offence to our standards which the objectionable advertisement represents. With a few exceptions, Indian periodicals and newspapers admit to their pages advertisements which are the reverse of edifying. It is to the credit of *The Indian Home* that it takes a definite stand against questionable advertising. There should be, as Mr. Aga demands, no room in our papers and magazines for advertisements that " profit none except the advertisers ". The offensive advertisements range from soothsaying, talismans and quackery to the definitely pornographic and suggestive.

The direct responsibility of course rests on the Editors who admit such advertisements to their pages, but reputable advertisers and especially advertising agencies can exert pressure by declining to have their advertisements appear alongside objectionable ones. The strongest weapon, however, is in the hands of the reading public, who should energize themselves to object to the Editors against such advertisements and to cancel their subscriptions unless the policy is changed. We agree with Mr. Aga that

> a paper which carries even one bad advertisement has no place in a decent home.

Even a magazine of the standing of *The British Medical Journal* is sometimes caught napping, it would seem from " News of the Month " in *The Animals' Defender* for September. The latter challenges an advertisement which the former journal published on August 17th, of an immunizing vaccine against the common cold, sold under a fancy trade name, which, it is alleged, makes conclusive claims for efficacy which would be exceedingly difficult to prove. *The Animals' Defender* expresses surprise, unless the Editor of *The British Medical Journal* possesses such proof, at the admission of such an advertisement " to the pages of a periodical which claims to be of the highest standing and thoroughly scientific ". What if such a test were to be applied to Indian advertisements ? Few Editors, we fancy, would wish to be understood as endorsing the efficacy of the talismans or the appeal of the " art " photographs they advertise !

What good end but that of picturesqueness is served through advertising, by the fashion of one's clothes, the community to which one belongs and/or the part of the country from which one hails ? Might not national unity well be strengthened by adopting the recent suggestion of Prof. F. Correia Afonso in *The Catholic Examiner*, considered in *The Indian Social Reformer* for November 9th, for a national dress for all India ?

The problem scarcely exists for the Indian woman, whose graceful *sari* inspired the remark of the Reverend Father Hull which Professor Afonso quotes that " female fashions in Europe changed constantly while they did not change in India, because the European woman was ever seeking for perfection in dress whereas the Indian woman had found it ".

Why would not khadi *dhoti* and *kurta*, with or without the long Indian coat, and a non-committal covering for the head, solve the problem equally successfully for Indian men?

At the same time, of course, to keep the emphasis in the right place, we shall do well to bear in mind the warning of Thoreau, to

> beware of all enterprises that require new clothes and not rather a new wearer of clothes. If there is not a new man, how can the new clothes be made to fit?

The removal of outer distinctions can do only so much to foster our sense of unity; such a step must be paralleled by deliberate effort, on the part of all who are conscious of the need, to feel and think as we know brothers should.

Truth is the avowed object of the quest of both religion and science. It being one, any fundamental divergence between science and religion can mean only the deflection of one or the other or both from a straight-line advance towards their common goal. This point is brought out by the famous relativist Professor Albert Einstein, in his statement on "Science and Religion" sent to the Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion which was held in New York September 9-11, 1940, and published in *Science News Letter* for the 21st of that month. He sees the irrational doctrine of a personal God, "that source of fear and hope which in the past placed such vast power in the hands of priests" as the main source of the conflicts between the spheres of religion and of science. We would bring an even stronger charge against this theological nightmare, the prolific parent of most of the evils to which mankind is heir. Until the better portion of humanity destroys its altars in the name of Truth, morality and universal charity, the sum of human misery will never be appreciably less. Professor Einstein presents one incontrovertible argument against the anthropomorphic God :—

> If this being is omnipotent, then every occurrence, including every human action, every human thought, and every human feeling and aspiration is also His work; how is it possible to think of holding men responsible for their deeds and thoughts before such an Almighty Being? In giving out punishment and rewards he would to a certain extent be passing judgment on Himself. How can this be combined with the goodness and righteousness ascribed to Him?...
>
> The more a man is imbued with the ordered regularity of all events, the firmer becomes his conviction that there is no room left by the side of this ordered regularity for causes of a different nature.

Are the agonies through which the world is going the birth-throes of a newer, better order? There was much that was admirable in the order that is irrevocably passing, but as Anne Morrow Lindbergh brings out in her thought-provoking small book *The Wave of the Future : A Confession of Faith*, recently published in New York by Messrs. Harcourt, Brace and Co., evil does not "spring without reason in a pure and blameless world".

Faith in the future is well-nigh indispensable to constructive effort in the present, and to have faith in the future at this hour demands the recognition of the present cataclysm as a necessary breaking up of the rigid moulds that forbade change and growth. It is for those who see it thus to act to remedy the "decay, weakness, and blindness into which all the 'Democracies' have fallen since the last war".

> If we do not *better* our civilization, our way of life, and our democracy, there will be no use trying to "save" them by fighting; they will crumble away under the very feet of our armies.

India is not yet free to choose her own course, but within the circumscribing limits of our action now, and to the fullest extent possible when we have the ordering of our own house, should not we, no less than America, undertake "to work out in moderation what the rest of the world is fighting out in bloodshed, intolerance, and hate"?
