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. XVIII JUNE 1947 No. 6

GREAT IDEAS

[During this month the Parsis will observe the Death Anniversary of their great prophet, Zarathushtra. Appropriately, we reprint a fragment of ancient Iranian Wisdom from the *Vendidad* (III, 30-32 and 24-29). Like so many ancient texts this one also has an allegorical meaning—the tilling, the sowing, the reaping, applied to the efforts of the Eternal Pilgrim, the evolving human soul.—ED.]

"O Maker of the material world, thou Holy One! What is the food that fills the law of Mazda, what is the stomach of the Law?" Ahura Mazda answered: "It is sowing corn again and again, O Spitama Zarathustra! He who sows corn, sows holiness; he makes the law of Mazda grow higher and higher; he makes the law of Mazda as fat as he can with a hundred acts of adoration, a thousand oblations, ten thousand sacrifices.

"When barley occurs, then the demons hiss;
When thrashing occurs, then the demons whine;
When grinding occurs, then the demons roar;
When flour occurs, then the demons flee.

"Unhappy is the land that has long lain unsown with the seed of the sower and wants a good husbandman. He who would till the earth, O Spitama Zarathustra! with the left arm and the right, with the right arm and the left, the earth will bring forth plenty of fruit. Unto the tiller says the Earth: 'O thou man! who dost till me with the left arm and the right, with the right arm and the left, hither shall people ever come and beg for bread, here shall I ever go on bearing, bringing forth all manner of food, bringing forth profusion of corn.' But to the non-tiller says the Earth: 'O thou man! who dost not till me with the left arm and the right, with the right arm and the left, ever shalt thou stand at the door of the stranger, among those who beg for bread; ever shalt thou wait there for the refuse that is brought unto thee, brought by those who have profusion of wealth.'"

JNANA AND BHAKTI

KNOWLEDGE AND DEVOTION

[**Professor M. Hiriyanna,** author of *Outlines of Indian Philosophy*, brings out well in this thoughtful article the close relationship between two of the paths to Self- or God-realisation. Those who see *bhakti-yoga* as separate and distinct from *jñāna-yoga* make the error, fatal to the understanding of man and his relation to the Whole of which he is a part, of compartmentalising man. So too do those who claim that *karma-yoga* and *abhiyasa-yoga* are separate and distinct disciplines. Self-realisation is not reached by any one road but by a parallel advance on all. As Sri Krishna says in the *Gita*, "Whatever the path taken by mankind, that path is mine."—Ed.]

Broadly speaking, the course of discipline which the Indian systems of philosophy prescribe for attaining the final goal of life is twofold: self-conquest and self-knowledge. The former is negative in its aim, although it does not imply that the means to it is necessarily so. It is usually sought by the performance of duty in a spirit of disinterestedness as taught in the *Gita* (*karma-yoga*), which is far from being negative. The other item in the discipline consists in acquiring a knowledge of the true nature of the self,[1] and is obviously positive. These two aids to the goal of self-perfection, *viz.*, *vairāgya* and *jñāna* as they are respectively termed, these have been represented as "the two wings that help the soul in its spiritual flight." This course of discipline is common to all the philosophic systems—Vedic as well as non-Vedic. But they do not exhaust Indian thought, for there are also theistic doctrines which are not less important.[2] The course of training commended in them is somewhat different, and its distinctive feature is what is called *bhakti* or "devotion." The purpose of the present article is to explain the meaning of *bhakti* and to consider its relation to *jñāna*—taking that term, however, in the sense mainly of a knowledge of Deity and not in that of a knowledge of the self, which it bears in the philosophic schools.

The word *bhakti* comes from a Sanskrit root, meaning "to serve" or "to resort to," and signifies "service" or "resorting to another for assistance." As a religious term, it connotes "turning to God for protection, completely surrendering oneself to his will." This conception of surrender to the divine will

---

[1] The word "self" in "self-conquest" refers to the sensuous self.

[2] This distinction between theistic and non-theistic doctrines should not be regarded as rigid. They are often found to be overlapping.

is very old in India. In one of the Upanishads,[1] for example, Pratardana, King of Kasi, is represented as meeting Indra whom he has pleased by his uncommon valour. As a mark of his appreciation, Indra asks the king to choose any boon he likes. Instead of doing so, Pratardana says to Indra: "Do you yourself choose for me the boon which you deem most beneficent to man," indicating thereby his spirit of complete resignation and his absolute trust in the deity he adores. We may also refer in this connection to the well-known words in which, according to the *Ramayana* (vi. 18), Sri Rama gives expression to what he holds to be his life's principle: "I will never forsake one that has sought me as the sole refuge." It is this ancient ideal of *bhakti* that we find inculcated with increasing emphasis in the *Gita*, the *Bhagavata* and the various schools of theistic Vedanta.

The description of *bhakti* as self-surrender may suggest that it is to be attained simply through such passive virtues as meekness and humility, but it is not so. It also demands of man that he should faithfully discharge his duties—secular as well as religious; only, if they are to serve as a means to *bhakti*, he should give up all thought of reaping any personal advantage through them. Hence the "path of devotion" (*bhakti-yoga*), as this system of training is called, has the same ethical implication of self-conquest as the "path of works" (*karma-yoga*), adopted, as we stated, in the non-theistic doctrines generally. But there is an important difference, *viz.*, that while in those doctrines one aims at self-conquest *directly*, in fulfilling one's duties, here one does so *indirectly* through dedicating them to God.[2] There is consequently a consciousness, throughout the *bhakti* discipline, of the presence of a Being with whom personal relations are possible; and it is this consciousness that evokes in man feelings like reverence, love and fear which are peculiar to the religious attitude.

But *bhakti* as thus conceived, or utter submission to God, is not enough to secure salvation for man, according to Indian theism. It will not suffice merely to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." There is need also for another aid, *viz.*, knowledge of God. "God can be of worth to man," it has been said, "only in so far as he is a *known* God." The reason for its inclusion in the discipline is commonly explained by reference to the close relation that has always existed in India between philosophy and religion; and it is pointed out that, owing to the pre-eminent place which

[1] *Kaushitaki Upanishad* iii. 1. The word *bhakti* itself occurs in another of the early Upanishads, *viz.*, the *Svetasvatara* (vi. 23).

[2] Contrast, *e.g.*, *Gita* iii. 30, "Throwing every deed on me, and with thy meditation fixed upon the Higher Self, resolve to fight, without expectation, devoid of egotism and free from anguish," and v. 11, "The truly devoted, for the purification of the heart, perform actions with their bodies, their minds, their understanding, and their senses, putting away all self-interest."

knowledge occupies in all philosophy, theistic creeds also have come to attach importance to it. But that is only to state a historical fact. It does not reveal the significance of its inclusion in the discipline of *bhakti*. A characteristic of all religions is that they inspire in their followers an attitude of awe towards a superhuman Being who is represented as having complete control over the course of nature as well as the destiny of man. So long, however, as the idea of this Being or God is not properly understood and remains involved in mystery, the attitude of awe does not differ much from that of fear and bewilderment. Men may try to propitiate a God whom they view with dread; but they cannot worship him, for worship, in the true sense of the word, means the recognition of supreme and absolute worth in its object. The purpose of including a knowledge of God in the scheme of discipline is to enlighten us on his true nature and, by bringing home to us his infinite excellences, to render a genuine worship of him possible.

A very important consequence follows from such enlightenment. As the idea of God becomes clarified, the awe which is a fundamental feature of the religious attitude gradually passes into love mingled with veneration, for we spontaneously love and admire the highest when we know it. Thus *bhakti* in the negative sense of self-surrender is not conceived here as an end in itself but is intended to consummate in a positive goal, *viz.*, love of God. In fact, it is these two—self-surrender and love of God—taken together, that constitute *bhakti* in the complete meaning of the term; and of them the first, through cleansing our motives and disciplining our desires, fits us for the second. Only the pure in heart can truly love God. Indians speak of this element of love as *prīti*—a word which is etymologically connected with the English "friend." It is also sometimes described[1] as *anurakti* where the preposition (*anu*), it is explained, indicates that the love is such as arises *after* a knowledge of the greatness and exceeding goodness of God. It is *bhakti* in this sense of loving devotion that is a means to salvation. The attitude of fear or "religious dread," to which we referred earlier, cannot have much to do with it, for salvation, as shown by one of its equivalents in Sanskṛit (*abhaya*), is the very opposite of fear and consists in a total emancipation from it. This idea of love directed to the godhead is also very old in India and is found in the earliest portions of the *Veda*, where the devout believer is characterised as "god-loving" (*deva-kāma*).

Thus it is not right to say, as it is sometimes said, that the path of devotion is meant only for the ignorant or the simple-minded, and that unqualified submission to the divine will is all that is required for attaining the final aim of life. Nor

[1] *Cf. Sandilya Sutra* i. 2 (Com.).

is knowledge sufficient by itself for the purpose. It may, no doubt, be acquired before the lesson of self-sacrifice has been fully learnt. Such knowledge may quench our speculative thirst or it may add to our mental accomplishments; but, until the sway of natural inclinations is severely restrained, it will lead to no result that can be said to possess any moral or spiritual significance. It is because the ultimate goal of life, rightly conceived, is as much a release from ignorance as it is from selfish desire that Indian theism insists upon the need for a knowledge of God as well as for a spirit of self-denial.

We have assumed so far that knowledge, whether it is of the self or of God, stands for an intellectual conviction which is necessarily mediate. No Indian doctrine, however, accepts the proposition that such knowledge, essential though it be as a preliminary condition, can itself serve as a true aid to liberation. All of them lay down that if it is to do so it must, by appropriate means like steadfast meditation (*dhyāna*), be transformed into direct intuition. It is only when knowledge ripens into intuitive experience that it attains a certitude which mere reason can never secure for it. It will then become self-endorsed, and nothing that may occur thereafter can shake it. The purely philosophic doctrines hold that such direct experience is the chief, if not the only, means to liberation. The theistic creeds, on the other hand, do not stop at that. They point out that such immediate experience naturally transmutes and enriches the meaning of devotion; and the resulting attitude they term *parā-bhakti* or "higher devotion." It is described as

> a continuous flow of love which is infinitely more intense than any that one may bear to oneself or to those belonging to oneself and whose promptings will not allow themselves to be thwarted by obstacles, be they never so many.

Thus devotion also, like knowledge, presents two forms, one more profound than the other; and it is devotion in the profounder sense or, more strictly, its complement of divine grace (*prasāda*) that, according to Indian theism, is the direct cause of salvation.

Viewing now the course of training as a whole, we may say that *bhakti* in the sense of absolute self-surrender is indispensable for acquiring *jñāna* and that *jñāna* in its two phases of mediate knowledge and immediate experience is, in its turn, the condition necessary for *bhakti* to reach its fullest development in love. If we overlook the twofold distinction in both *jñāna* and *bhakti* and use for them respectively the general terms "knowledge" and "devotion," we see how intimately they are related, and how knowledge without devotion is as futile as devotion without knowledge.

M. HIRIYANNA

ON LITERATURE

I.—IS IT ALWAYS A FORCE FOR UNITY?

[**Prof. P. S. Naidu**, Head of the Department of Education in the Allahabad University, brings the theories of Depth Psychology to bear upon the problem of why some types of writing are divisive and inflammatory and others helpful to world unity.—ED.]

While international understanding and good-will have often been promoted by inspired literature, it is also true that sometimes writings by no means low or insignificant, have inflamed the passions of racial jealousy, intolerance and bitterness. Certain types of fanatically religious literature are cases in point. If we can analyse the psychological forces that generate the latter type of writing, and pick out the ingredients that excite hatred and ill-will, then we may perhaps place in the hands of the writer a tool for detecting fissiparous tendencies in his composition. I propose to make a preliminary test assay as a prelude to the more thorough psychological analysis for which the conditions of our time seem to call.

Let us classify the various types of literature roughly in two groups, those that appeal to all races and peoples, and those that seem to offend against the sentiments and feelings of other peoples. Let us look at world literature from our point of view, though I must say that we in this ancient land are extraordinarily tolerant and do not take offence even under great provocation. Anyway we can exercise our imagination a little and achieve the effect demanded. Folk-tales, short stories, biographies of saints and tales of adventure are universal in their appeal. Similarly literature dealing with the profound and intensely human passions, such as love, friendship and parental feeling, is read and enjoyed by all without thought as to the race, creed or colour of the author. Great human tragedies which set our heart-strings vibrating are welcomed everywhere. Poems which express the inarticulate aspirations of the soul, those vague longings and intimations which hardly seem to have any form but which are enshrined in the beauteous images created by the gifted pen of the poet—these are also universal in appeal. Nature poetry knows no limits of country, creed or race. We may go on adding to the list.

When we look for examples of writings which create national ill-feeling, we find them readily in history books written by those suffering from a superiority complex. These books may be faultless in language and idiom. They may attain even sublimity of expression,

but they are mischievous. National anthems of the conquering or ruling race are the greatest irritants. Certain biographies with tendencies to glorify the hero and his exploits at the cost of other nations are repugnant. Above all, fanatical religious literature inspired by a proselytising mania or a fiery and uncontrollable passion for destroying other religions, will be deeply offensive. In this connection it should, however, be remembered that mystical poetry and other types of mystical literature are singularly appealing to all religionists.

What, then, is the secret of the appeal in certain types of literature, and of repulsion in others? Some sort of answer may be given from the layman's point of view, but, for the proper diagnosis of the root cause with a view to suggesting proper remedies for this peculiar illness afflicting society today, we must turn to Depth Psychology for help.

A work of literature, like any other form of fine art, is the product of a gifted mind struggling to express itself, in this case through the medium of language. While literary criticism has handled with skill and success the medium of expression, it has failed to understand the mysteries of the structure of the mind which carves out of the medium pleasing and lasting forms. Let us, therefore, probe into this neglected aspect of higher literary criticism.

Modern Depth Psychology teaches us that the human mind at birth has a certain innate structure. The elements of this structure are the primitive instincts and their concomitant emotions such as fear, anger, parental love, sex-appeal, disgust, self-assertion, submission, acquisitiveness, curiosity, wonder, etc. But, unlike a machine, the structure of mind, which is living and dynamic, grows and develops as the result of its intimate and inescapable contact with the social, biological and physical environment. This growth, contemporary psychology tells us, is through the formation of sentiments. For instance, when a small child is ill-treated by a bully, he may hit back, but he soon finds retaliation futile. He is very angry with the bully, but he is also afraid of him, The two elementary emotions of fear and anger weave themselves round the bully and produce the sentiment of hatred. And as a human being is the centre of organisation of the sentiment, we call this mental product a concrete sentiment.

A few more examples of concrete sentiments will clarify our understanding of this mental process. When the two fundamental emotions of wonder and submission are organised round a person or a striking natural object such as a waterfall, we get *admiration;* add fear to it, then *awe* is generated; let the filial feeling be mingled with awe, it will yield *reverence.* Thus we see how the peculiar process of mental growth through the formation of sentiments proceeds.

And after concrete sentiments come abstract sentiments. These are the result of the organisation of instincts, emotions and concrete sentiments round ideas and ideals. Some visible symbol may be present, such as the flag or the national anthem, at the core of the abstract sentiment (in this case of patriotism). But it is the non-material concept that is the centre of an abstract sentiment.

These sentiments, abstract and concrete, are usually many and varied in the mental structure of an individual, and they come into conflict with one another. In recent times in our country often the tender feeling for a beloved parent, child or life-partner has come into conflict with one's sense of duty to the country. These mental conflicts have to be resolved through the formation of a scale of sentiment values, a hierarchical arrangement of sentiments in a graded order. In such a graded scale, it goes without saying, there should be a master-sentiment in terms of whose supreme worth all other sentiments are evaluated. At the present moment, in the minds of many, the Nation, the State, or social service is the master-sentiment. But it will be readily admitted that Love of the Supreme and the intense aspiration to be one with It should be the sovereign sentiment for human beings seeking to realise the highest and the best within themselves. This, however, is a question with which we are not concerned now.

One or two features of the mental dynamics of sentiment-organisation merit our attention. One is that the mind must express itself. I have touched on this point already. Literature is one of the forms which the expression of mental structure may take. The other feature is known in psychological language as "Sympathetic Induction." Our minds are all built of the same stuff. Hence, not surprisingly, both elementary emotions and more advanced and cultured sentiments have a tendency to reproduce themselves in other minds.

Literature is a very powerful force for this mental induction, which holds the secret of the æsthetic joy which we experience in reading or witnessing a great tragedy, although it may portray suffering and human degradation. Literary critics in the West as well as in the East have attempted in vain to explain this strange phenomenon of "enjoyment" of the painful. The secret lies in the capacity of the *Sahridaya* to catch and recreate in his own mind the joy which the author experienced in producing the tragedy. In other words, it consists in reproducing in our own mind the great sentiment in the mind of the author which found expression in the masterpiece of literary art.

Let us turn to our main problem. If we examine the works of literature which have universal appeal we find that many of them are the expressions of the fundamental emotions shared by all human beings. Con-

sider for a moment what a tremendous present appeal all over the world a novel, a short story or a poem will have which portrays the pangs of hunger. The food instinct is universal. Similarly poems, dramas and stories woven round parental feeling, fear or assertion will have a universal appeal.

If we pass from the lowest level of primitive emotions to the next higher, namely, concrete sentiments, here again we find remarkable identity of patterning in the minds of different nationalities and races. The great literary works dealing with romantic love, pure friendship, valour, selfless devotion to a master, are all built on more or less the same pattern and appeal readily to nations widely differing in their *Weltanschauung*. Which people is there that will not respond to the sublime appeal of *Sakuntalam*, of *Damon and Pythias* or of *Sohrab and Rustum* ?

Trouble arises when we ascend to the next level of abstract sentiments, for it is here that man's mind first begins to forsake its earthly attachments and seeks to discover its true nature. One of the methods adopted for self-discovery is self-identification with the nation, the State or the religious creed or dogma. Literature violently patriotic or sectarian is a fruitful source of trouble. There is a deep-seated reason for this. While man is fairly certain of himself and his feeling at the level of the primitive emotions and concrete sentiments, he is on rather slippery ground on the level of abstract sentiments. There is danger of his being swept off his feet here. So the unconscious defends him in his weak holdings. And is not attack the best form of defence ? So, literature expressive of the unripe abstract sentiments is often certainly a dividing force.

I have hinted at the fact that mystic experiences have a remarkable family affinity all over the world and that mystics' outpourings are universal in their appeal. The secret here again is that on the mystic level, after man has seen and realised the truth for himself, he is perfectly certain of himself, and so can penetrate through the sensuous symbolism of other mystics and appreciate their meaning, We find, therefore, that it is where the evolutionary structure of the mind is nebulous and unripe that there lies the danger of its breaking out into fissiparous tendencies. It is literature relating to the level of abstract sentiments and also to the border-lands below and above them, that has potentialities for creating bitterness and ill-feeling.

This psychological fact has to be recognised and attempts should be made to take the sting of bitterness from this region. Nature has not left us helpless there. She has implanted the great principle of "Sympathetic Induction" in human minds. This soothing and binding feeling must be quickened into dynamic activity by the efforts of men of letters. Complete understanding may not be brought about

in this region; still men must be made to realise that agreeing to differ will end in such a degree of agreement as will banish ill-will.

The following immediate steps are suggested to promote international good-will and brotherly feeling: Lists comprising 25 to 30 titles of books representing the best and highest contribution of each literature may be drawn up, and attempts made to have them translated. An anthology comprising the best sayings in each literature on such themes as love, patriotism and universal brotherhood may be compiled. The anthology may also deal with the best paintings and other such topics. Studies may be made of representative authors in each country who have a message for the world as a whole without distinction of creed, race, colour or caste. Often the universal or international character of an author's message is obscured by forces other than literary. These forces must be counteracted by suitable means. Books and articles which tend to foster ill-feeling should be exposed by authoritative criticism. Above all, the efforts of the P.E.N. Club towards international understanding and good-will must be intensified.

I have not lost sight of the difference between understanding another man's point of view and feeling at one with him. I also agree that unity will result only from oneness of feeling. But where disagreement exists it is better to take a step towards removing it than to sit idle. To see, on the cognitive level, the other man's point of view, to recognise his right to it and then to agree to differ will certainly lead sooner or later to unity on the conative level. And in this process literature is a most valuable aid.

P. S. NAIDU

II.—TRENDS AND INFLUENCE

[Few can be better qualified to analyse current trends in literature, as manifested in the periodicals of Great Britain, than **Denys Val Baker,** Editor of the Annual *Little Reviews Anthology* and author of *Little Reviews, 1914-1943,* who is besides a compiler of collections of short stories and the author of *Worlds Without End,* a book of short stories, and *The White Rock,* a novel.—ED.]

Little reviews, or literary magazines, make an invaluable reference to any survey of contemporary British literature. An author is unlikely to produce more than one book every two or three years. In the meantime he and his fellow writers are assimilating ideas and experiences, experimenting with new writing forms and techniques, evolving fresh critical standards and approaches, sketching out fragments of novels and other longer works—all of it the stuff of literature, needing and meriting the outlet of the printed page. Where would this

sort of writing secure publication if there were no little reviews?

Little reviews have a peculiar importance in peace time, whether as training-grounds, signposts or mere safety-valves, but how much more necessary do they become in war time! With books reduced to one-third of pre-war output, classics practically unobtainable and "contemporary literature," with few notable exceptions, represented by a steady stream of mediocre books, it is no mean achievement that the little reviews of Britain not only kept going but flourished through more than five years of war-time conditions.

What are the new post-war trends? The first is the tremendous increase in poetry magazines. Whether this is largely due to the convention that poetry always booms during war time can only be proved or disproved after a fairly long period of peace. Poetry certainly has its chance now. "With a more liberal education and the advances made in modern publishing there is more poetry being written, made public and read in this country than in any other," states *Poetry* (London). A poetry magazine in the '30's with a position roughly comparable to that of *Poetry* (London) was *New Verse*. Around it there developed a number of other reviews, all full of examples and studies of the so-called proletarian poetry that was then the rage. Today, in the field with *Poetry*, we have a number of independently operated but like-minded reviews such as *Poetry Quarterly, Poetry Folios, Dint, Outposts,*—only we find in *their* pages lyrical, individualistic and neo-romantic poetry predominating. Indeed, it is a hard search outside the pages of *Our Time, Seven, Million* and *Penguin New Writing*, to find the sort of poetry that was so popular with the intelligentsia of the '30's. And it was in no less a paper than *Penguin New Writing*, itself a development of the *New Writing* book collections so closely associated with the Left-Wing literary movements of the '30's, that John Lehmann, the Editor, commenting on the new trends in poetry and writing in general stated:—

> ...the centre of balance has shifted from a rather extravert, documentary type of realism to something more introvert, with a great deal more reflection and feeling in it ....There are certain younger writers whose tendency seems to be towards an extreme lyricism, sentimental rather than surrealist.

He went on to draw attention to tendencies towards, on the one hand, "an out-and-out pacifism and concentration on inner problems," and, on the other, "towards revolutionary action and complete domination by one group within the State in the interests of social change." Any one who studies modern little reviews as a group sees clearly a wide-spread majority movement away from the second of these tendencies, if not necessarily all the way towards the first. I shall say more about this later; the point to stress here is that the trend is

heralded, as is often the case, by the poets through their magazines.

Here might be worth mentioning, in passing, four technical developments that become apparent from a study of a wide variety of poetry reviews. These are towards (1) a greater proportion of work by new and unknown poets (*Poetry*, London, recently issued a whole number devoted to newcomers), (2) much longer poems, as well as complete scenes and acts from poetic dramas, (3) increased emphasis, by poets of many different outlooks, upon the need to reaffirm human values and the importance of individual freedom, and (4) greater attention and space to the nationalist and dialect poetry of Scotland, Ireland, Wales and other small countries—an example of the last being the appearance of *Poetry* (Scotland), aiming to provide a meeting place for the work of Scottish poets, much of it in Gaelic and Lallan.

This brings me to the second significant trend—the revival and revitalisation of nationalist and regional cultures. Significant because it occurs at a time of the most powerful arguments and movements towards a vast centralised administration of the world and its peoples. Everyone agrees upon the necessity for international understanding and world co-operation but not everyone, it is apparent, agrees that this can best be obtained via the machinations of a huge and artificially imposed bureaucracy. An alternative view for which there is increasing support—particularly among artists and writers—is that *world brotherhood will be more naturally established via communities of free individuals, freely federated on a basis of mutual aid.* In the economic sphere this would mean, in the words of Herbert Read, the evolution of "communities of self-governing industries, free alike from the unchecked rule of monopoly capital and the centralised control of the State."

In the cultural sphere there would be the happier tendency for art to develop on a regional basis, deriving renewed strength from local traditions and craftsmanship, becoming, as it should be, an intrinsic part of the pattern of everyday life. From this point of view it is encouraging to note the recent appearance of several reviews aiming at just such a revival.

A country's or a region's art soon withers and wastes if it lacks direction and, above all, a means of expression. "Too often the Scottish artist has succumbed quite unconsciously to the idea that all critical standards have their locale in London and must necessarily continue to do so," complains *Scottish Art and Letters*, and adds: "It is only when the writers and artists find an interest and encouragement among their own people that they are likely to use their best material." The revived *Wales*, heralding a Welsh Renaissance, suggests that Welsh writers and artists would do themselves no harm if they could tramp up and down their countryside and help to re-create a Wales where, in the words

of Matthew Arnold, quoted by a contributor,

> the past still lives, where every place has its tradition, every name its poetry, and where the people, the genuine people, know this past, this tradition, this poetry, *and live with it and cling to it.*

In Ireland *Irish Writing* and *Irish Harvest* are two lively new collections, and the *Bell*, now settled down as a vigorous outlet for new Irish writing, constantly protests against the fantastic censorship of the Irish Government and pleads for the right of expression of Irish writers and artists. I am not here assessing the worth of these publications—that would require an article on its own—but merely pointing what seems the obvious fact, that, because these magazines *exist*, Welsh, Scottish and Irish writers have today a much better chance of self-expression than for many a long day. Without their own publications—and the Welsh and Scottish writers at least have often been without them—too many of these writers are restricted to infrequent publication in English reviews—a haphazard and inadequate state of affairs from all points of view.

And so, fairly naturally, to the third trend, which may have developed quietly but should prove a lasting one. That is the appearance in Britain during the war period of a number of literary reviews published by and for the refugees from European countries that were occupied by the Germans. Many of them were circulated, via underground movements, in the occupied countries, thus providing a precious literary contact with the peoples there. At the same time, it is significant that many of these reviews print at least a part of their contents (or duplicate the whole) in English, thus providing British readers with an unusually intimate introduction to current literary trends and ideas of other Europeans. At the same time praise is due to many English reviews which have devoted considerable space to the work of overseas writers—notably *New Writing and Daylight, Horizon, Windmill, Our Time, Translation* and *Now*.

Conversely, there have been reviews such as *La France Libre* and the Belgian *Message*, to mention but two, which have published work by and about British writers, so that the introduction and acquaintance becomes a mutual one. Besides *Message* and *La France Libre* such reviews as the Norwegian *Norseman*, the Czech *Review-'43* and *Review-'44*, and the Greek *Hellas* have all maintained an excellent standard and have been carried on after the war. Certainly this sort of cultural interchange can do nothing but good.

An example of what can usefully be done in this direction is provided by an arrangement whereby *La France Libre* and *Penguin New Writing* occasionally reprint items from one another's pages. A variation, more particularly in regard to poetry, was envisaged by the editor of *Poetry* (London), in welcoming the establishment of *Poetry* (Scot-

land). He looked forward to the appearance of

> cousin-periodicals all over Europe, each local in the sense that it featured home poets most strongly; each international in the sense that it featured the finest new poetry of all lands in a smaller measure.

The work of foreign writers is also being given increasing space in the book-magazines or book-anthologies. These divide themselves into three groups—short-story collections, Services anthologies and anthologies designed to illustrate a particular theme, movement or way of life.

The development of numerous short-story collections was one of the most pronounced features of war-time literature, and one that has come to stay. It is only necessary to compare the pre-war attitude towards short stories, both of the reading public and publishers, with the attitude today. Before the war a book of short stories was the rarest thing, undertaken grudgingly by a publisher and read by the public with great unwillingness. Today, quite apart from the general collections, there are numerous books of short stories by individual writers being published, and in large quantities. William Sansom, Maclaren Rose, Alun Lewis, Mulk Raj Anand, Hsiao Chi'en, are just a few recent examples, without mentioning older established writers like O'Connor, Coppard, Bates, Townsend Warner, Maugham, etc. Now this development is not due to any emotional change of heart by the publishers but very largely arises out of the success of the various general short-story collections that are now so well established. *Modern Reading*, *Selected Writing*, *English Story*, *Penguin New Writing*, *Writing Today* and *International Short Stories*, together with more recent collections, have all helped to educate and create a wide public for the short story.

The Services anthologies had a curious up-and-down career. At first they were rather shocking. Just as in the '30's there was a fixed idea that anything written by a plumber or a miner or a shipyard apprentice must be worth publishing simply because he was a proletarian—so in the earlier part of the war anything written by anybody in any sort of uniform seemed automatically to be put into print. Later on some more responsible editing took place and so we had a number of competent, if not very exciting, collections such as *Bugle Blast*, *Poems from the Forces*, *Air Force Poetry*, *N.F.S. Anthology*. But the long war years rather dulled the edges. After Sansom and Henry Green on life in the N. F. S., Alun Lewis and Maclaren Rose on the Army, Fanfarlo on the Blitz, Koestler on concentration camps, and so on—the inevitable imitations fall flat, and even the writers mentioned go further afield in development of their craftsmanship. Today the highly topical, rough-and-ready Services collections are near their end. They have at the least been valuable practice-grounds.

But the other type of anthologies, those built up around specific themes or ideas, are a much more ambitious field of publications. It is through them, together with a number of reviews, that one can trace the emergence of a school of writing successive to that of the Auden-Isherwood group. I hesitate to plunge into this perilous business of labelling but it is fairly accepted that as from about 1938 there has grown up the Apocalyptic group of writers led by J. F. Hendry and Henry Treece. Writings by this group have since permeated into an increasing number of little reviews, as well as finding collective representation in three anthologies, *The New Apocalypse*, *The White Horseman*, and *The Crown and the Sickle*. On the other hand, the so-termed proletarian writing that was made too much of some years ago—the fault lying entirely, one feels, with the very un-proletarian intellectuals who tried, somewhat gracelessly, to enter a sphere quite beyond their comprehension—has now settled down to a more normal level.

More recently the Apocalyptic movement has, or so it seems, merged into a somewhat more mature though equally individualist movement. It is a loose and heterogeneous movement, which is all to the good, indeed it is perhaps more of a spontaneous trend—but there is no doubt that its ideas are widely spread among contemporary little reviews. Today one finds an increasingly individualist, but *responsible*, attitude in numerous places. It is practically impossible to sum up the new individualist outlook in contemporary British writing but I will have a try in conclusion by quoting from the editorial of *Transformation* No. 1:—

> We believe that man's freedom lies in the discovery of his vocation and his liberty to reside not in abstention but in action based on self-discipline and co-operation. Man's freedom can only come to him from within, for he alone can discover his vocation and be its final judge; no one else, no individual, no collective group can take away this duty and fight his personal battles in his personal world.

Taking this as a basis, working at the same time for mutual, freely-chosen co-operation between all peoples and communities, British little reviews and their writers can, and must, make their voices heard in a future which holds great peril for individual values and freedom.

DENYS VAL BAKER

COLOUR PREJUDICE : A WORLD PROBLEM

[**Prof. Oliver C. Cox, Ph. D.**, of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Alabama, U. S. A., sociologist and economist, seeks in this article the roots of colour prejudice. He finds it, fortunately, to be not innate, not natural to man, but springing, as most evils spring, from human selfishness. Once colour prejudice is seen in all its ugliness, as an attempt to salve the conscience of the privileged by justifying exploitation, it becomes an obvious moral weakness in individual or nation, to be confessed with shame and fought against with vigour by right-thinking men.—ED.]

Although the term colour prejudice is in common use, it is, none-the-less, a misleading designation for racial antagonisms. The term implies instinctual aversion on the part of one people for the colour of another, and this is supposed to be the basis of race relations in the modern world. Colour, however, is only the apparent motive for the antagonism against darker peoples in almost every nation.

Colour prejudice never suggests prejudice of coloured peoples against white people—and this is revealing. Elsewhere we have attempted to show that race prejudice is completely a European invention and never existed before about 1492. It would be very erroneous to blame all white people for injecting this poison into the cultural existence of this age, though the malady has afflicted the great masses of Europeans.

The reason we cannot condemn any people for race prejudice is that (*a*) race prejudice is not basically a problem for morality, and (*b*) it is an inextricable element of modern capitalist civilization. Its spread has been co-extensive with the spread of capitalism. Therefore, since capitalism has developed almost exclusively among Europeans and since it has been carried to every part of the world by white business men especially, we must study their motives and devices among the coloured peoples to understand the various patterns of race relations. Capitalism, although it is today fighting a losing battle, has been, on the whole, the most efficient and productive culture known. We are concerned here only with one of its attributes, which happens to be negative but which apparently can be abolished only with the system itself.

From the point of view of the economic interests of a certain class of white people, we may explain such variations in race relations as obtain in different countries. The pattern of race prejudice differs characteristically in Brazil, Mexico, Trinidad, the United States, England, India, Java and South Africa. A description of these differences would lead us beyond the extent of this discussion.

Let us look into the nature of race prejudice. Besides wars and other sporadic conflicts among groups, incited by immediate causes such as claims to land or disputes over sovereignty, there appear to be three standing possibilities of social division. These are based upon (*a*) group patriotism, (*b*) social status, and (*c*) political-class interests. In discussions of race prejudice these three have been frequently confused.

It is a universal characteristic of social bodies to believe that their way of existence constitutes the norm, which that of other similar groups can at most only approach. The customary ways of other groups may even seem ridiculous, as when the primitive Mozambique Negroes laughed at the early-sixteenth-century Portuguese adventurers because the latter wore clothes. Although this group patriotism tends to perpetuate estrangement between peoples, it need not be an antagonistic attitude. Its social function seems to be that of maintaining group solidarity. Race prejudice does not grow out of this.

Then, there are status divisions within societies—feudal estates, castes and social classes. In these status groups ordinarily each member of the society accepts his position naturally. Social estates may be thought of as larger or smaller groups occupying higher or lower social levels with rights and privileges rigidly determined in law or custom. In certain feudal societies of Europe serfs, yeomen, knights and barons constituted social estates. It seems very likely also that the social-status divisions among the early Indian Aryans were social estates instead of the atomized social groups later called castes. Social estates are never organized militaristically for protecting status prerogatives because lower estates, schooled in the social etiquette, tend willingly to concede the privileges of higher estates.

Castes are status groups with economic functions. There is a whole school of social scientists, especially articulate in the United States, which insist that caste relations are identical with race relations. Such Indian scholars as G. S. Ghurye (*Caste and Race in India*) and Nripendra K. Dutt (*Origin and Growth of Caste in India*) have supported this view. Although at this time we can attempt neither to describe the caste system nor to analyze the logic of these writers, it is important to realize that race relations are not caste relations. The caste differences divide society into a peaceful social structure, and the system, barring external interference, may continue indefinitely.

The status system of Western society, which may be observed at its highest perfection in the great cities, constitutes a gradient of social statuses. Each individual tends to carry his social status independently. For purposes of classification this gradient has been ordinarily thought of as divided into the upper, the middle and the lower class.

Here, too, the individual takes his social position for granted and, except during periods of great social change, he does not conceive of it as involving a social problem. Status rivalry between groups that approximate each other in social position never brings the system as a whole into question.

On the other hand, political classes, about which Karl Marx wrote much, tend to organize against each other in revolutionary struggles for power. In modern times the great political-class involvements have been the feudalists *versus* the bourgeoisie and the bourgeoisie *versus* the proletariat. The success of the bourgeoisie over the feudalists, as in the French Revolution, established capitalism with its proletarian complement. In order to appreciate race-prejudice phenomena in all their pervasiveness it is necessary to recognize the inevitability of the proletarianization of peoples under capitalism and the nature of the propagandist rationalizations contrived for its justification.

Capitalism can function only if it has a mass of workers whose labour can be exploited. Since the producer is interested in labour only as a cheap commodity, the worker is most conveniently conceived of as being non-human. All race prejudice has behind it this social drive to degrade human beings to the level of beasts.

The crucial business in hand is to observe the operation of this attribute of capitalism as it affects white and coloured people distinctly. The history of white workers in Europe under capitalism may be compared with that of coloured workers in other parts of the world. In England, for example, under early capitalism, there was the same tendency to "enslave" and brutalize the workers, to keep them ignorant and to suppress their every effort to improve their condition, as that which was directed against Negroes, say, in the United States. Quite frequently during the debates on the morality of slavery in the British Empire, the condition of workers in England was described as being worse than that of the Negro slaves in the West Indies.

In capitalist societies the selfish need for human exploitation must be rationalized. The exploiters must demonstrate logically that the exploited people deserve their fate, and this has been attempted in regard to both coloured and white workers. Race prejudice emerges from and is developed by this propaganda when it is the purpose of the capitalists to exploit an entire people. The propaganda is most successful when it is able to convince a public that a whole group of people, most easily classified by their colour, is only partly human, or subhuman.

The history of this process, which began its irreversible trend during the epoch of the great discoveries, is rather involved. It was made possible particularly because European capitalists found neither capitalism nor white people in any other part of

the world. The European adventurers looked upon all the American Indians and their resources as exploitable; in Java the Dutch conceived of the entire country as one great estate with white masters and coloured producers; in the West Indies workers were purchased like cattle in the open market; in India the French and English traders fought to the death for control of Mohammedan and Hindu puppets through whom the labour and resources of the people have been exploited. This is the real and effective basis of race prejudice; the propaganda justifies it.

Race prejudice, then, is simply an aspect of political-class prejudice and, although it takes different forms in different countries, the interests of the coloured peoples of the world remain nevertheless bound up with those of the working-class everywhere. For this reason, the greatest threat to the continuance of racial antagonism comes from the organized efforts of this class, especially in the great cities of the West. It need hardly be said that the substitution of native coloured capitalists for whites will not solve the social problems of the great masses of coloured people. The solution rests in the establishment of democracies and the complete liquidation of both feudalists and capitalists.

In the United States the institution most feared and hated in the South is the Congress of Industrial Organizations, a great labour union which has decided to organize black and white workers together. In Russia there is no race conflict, and all capitalist countries are panicky over Russia's potentialities for outspoken condemnation of race prejudice and discrimination. Because the entire economic life of Great Britain is geared to a world system of imperialism and exploitation of coloured peoples and their resources, even the present Labour Government becomes overwhelmed in its attempt to establish a people's democracy. It is probably safe to say that the world will be freed of "colour prejudice" just as soon as it becomes free from the need to exploit the labour and resources of human beings for private profit.

OLIVER C. COX

THE SPIRIT OF ASIA AND OF INDIA

[**Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastri** treats here a timely topic. What will an awakened Asia and a regenerated India have to offer to the world? India's greatness lies primarily in the spiritual and moral basis of her culture. It is not cults and creeds that the West needs from India today but the concept of man's divine potentialities and that of Dharma, the Religion of Duty and of Law, of Order which is Beauty, which have been the spring of India's own perennial vitality.—ED.]

Now that Asia is awake and fronts a new sunrise of her being with courage and confidence, it is for her to know herself as she is and also to realise the real motive force of her being, the heart whose incessant pumping of the rich blood-stream of the higher life has kept her in health and power. She cannot realise herself better than beholding herself in the magic mirror of Shelley's genius, especially in *Prometheus Unbound*, and she cannot realise her own heart, *viz.*, India, better than by beholding herself in the twin magic mirrors of Valmiki's *Ramayana* and Kalidasa's *Raghuvamsa*. I shall try in this essay in a brief and suggestive manner to assist in this task.

To know Shelley the poet we must know Shelley the man. He was a meeting point of Platonism and the French Revolution. Hazlitt said: "The French Revolution was the only match that ever took place between philosophy and experience.". I must urge that Platonism was another such match. A more exciting and successful match was played in the India of the Upanishadic Age, but that is by the way. Shelley posed as an atheist, but was really a denizen of the *Civitas Dei*. He was also a cosmopolitan, an internationalist, a supreme humanitarian. He loved liberty as intensely as he loved humanity. Benjamin Franklin once said, "Where liberty is, there is my country." That was the vision of Shelley also. Mentally he lived habitually in the ideal world of liberated humanity.

When such a spirit takes up the drama of the liberation of Man, we can well expect an atmosphere more rarefied, more ethereal, more divine, than that which we habitually breathe. I am not concerned here with an exposition of the true inwardness of the great mystical drama which is one of the marvels of the world's literature. Shelley's aim in *Prometheus Unbound* is to substitute divine love for diabolical passion and possessiveness, as the motivation of human action, and to defy tyranny of all sorts and degrees till perfect liberation is attained.

The defiant spirit of man as symbolised in Prometheus is the son of Mother Earth and is oppressed

and fettered by Jupiter. But he forgives his enemy and becomes full of the spirit of *Ahimsa*. He knows the doom of Jupiter. Panthea tells him that "Asia waits in that far Indian vale." Asia is the spirit of love. A wondrous radiance shines in and from her.

The tyranny of Jupiter is overthrown by his own child Demogorgon. All evil bears within itself the seeds of its own destruction. Prometheus is liberated. He addresses Asia as "Thou light of life, shadow of beauty unbeheld." He is united with Asia; the spirit of freedom is in blissful union with the spirit of love. Demogorgon's final pæan in praise of Prometheus is famous; from it a few lines may be quoted here :—

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent,
To love and bear, to hope, till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory.

Thus the reign of universal love and peace begins. We have in this great play a teaching of supreme beauty and value. The Spirit of Man must become full of *ahimsa* and love, it must defy all tyranny and achieve liberation. Only then can it be united with Asia, the radiant spirit of love.

In Valmiki's *Ramayana* we have in the *Sundara Kanda* a description of the expeditions sent by Sugriva, east, west, south and north to search for Sita. Though much of the geography seems to be fanciful, we have a reference there to trans-Indian countries such as Yavadweepa, Swarnaroopyaka, Yavana, Saka, Balhika, Cheena, Paramacheena, showing that India was in contact with the rest of Asia. Kalidasa's description of the military expeditions of Raghu shows how Raghu overran the countries of the Persians, of the Huns and of other peoples. In *Raghuvamsa*, iv. 31, Kalidasa says that Raghu's expedition was a civilising expedition and that he dug tanks in deserts, built bridges over rivers, and cleared the jungles. In another place in the poem he describes how the Indian expeditions never uprooted the political life of other lands but merely raised the standards of life there. He says in *Shakuntala* that Bharata was called so because of his protective effort in behalf of the whole world (*Lokasya Bharanâth*). When we study the religious overflow of Buddhism over Asia and the political overflow of India over South-east Asia, we see that no attempt was made to uproot and supplant. What was effected was a cultural transformation. As Swami Vivekananda says well :—

Like the gentle dew that falls unheard in the night but brings to blossom the fairest of roses in the morning, such has been the contribution of India to the thought of the world.

Thus India's exploratory overflow over Asia as described in the *Ramayana* became a military overflow, as described in the *Raghuvamsa*, and

eventually, as the result of Buddhism, became a cultural and spiritual overflow. Later yet, there was a colonial overflow, especially over South-east Asia and Indonesia. But this colonial overflow was not of the exploiting, imperialistic type as in the present vainglorious civilised epoch but was a civilising and cultural overflow, the Indians settling down in the new lands and raising the social, economic, political, cultural and spiritual life in the regions occupied by them. This was not done to drain their wealth into India but to spread a higher civilisation in the new regions. The highest achievements in this direction are to be found in Angkor Vat and Boro-Budur. Quite recently a manuscript in Sanskrit dated 856 A.D. was unearthed at Prambanan in Java where there is a famous Hindu temple to this day.

In ancient Indian geography Jambudweepa is Asia and Sakadweepa is Europe. Though, owing to political and religious cleavages, Asia tried to overrun Europe in the past and later on Europe overran Asia, yet in ancient Indian geography we find both together, *i. e.*, Eurasia, called Aswakrāntha, *i. e.*, "horse-shaped." If we look at the map carefully Europe does look like a horse's head and Asia like its body!

Apart from indications in poetry and geography and history, there is no doubt that Asia is the home and birthplace of all the religions of the world. The great function of Asia has been the humanisation and divinisation of man. She has always tried to synthesise philosophy and experience and to sublimate our petty life which is "rounded with a sleep." The vital force which enabled Asia to fulfil such a mission in the world came undoubtedly from India. India has been and is and will be the heart of Asia, the mother of religions and the saviour of the human soul. She is even today playing well the match between philosophy and experience.

One word must be said about the world's need of Asia. I have till now been referring to the vision of the supreme poets about Asia. The Indian politicians, as well as the Asian politicians outside India, have also given us their vision and their voice. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, who is India's as well as Asia's authentic voice on the political plane, said in inaugurating the recent Asian Relations Conference at New Delhi on March 23rd:—

> We have no designs against anybody; ours is a great design of promoting peace and progress all over the world....Asia, after a long period of quiescence, has suddenly become important again in world affairs.... There can be no peace unless Asia plays her part.

Here, he said, the mind of man had "searched unceasingly for truth and the spirit of man shone out like a beacon which lightened up the whole world." And India today, now emerging into freedom is, as Pandit Nehru said, "the natural centre and focal point of the many

forces at work in Asia."

Let me recall here Beaconsfield's words about Asia and Europe :—

Unhappy Asia ! Do you call it unhappy Asia ? The land of divine needs and divine thought ! Its slumber is more vital than the waking life of the rest of the globe, as the dream of genius is more precious than the vigils of ordinary men. Unhappy Asia, do you call it ? It is the unhappiness of Europe over which I mourn.

A revivified Asia will, as he predicted, act upon Europe.

Let us take heart from the united vision and voice of poets and politicians. Let us remember the beautiful and fiery words in which Shrimati Sarojini Devi, who is both poet and politician, expressed the dream and destiny of Asia in her presidential address at the Asian Relations Conference :—

Asia shall redeem the world....We move onwards and onwards and onwards, higher and higher and higher till we ascend to the stars. Who shall hamper our ascent to the stars ? Who will bid us "Halt ! Thus far and no farther" ? We do not cry for the moon. We pluck it from the skies and wear it upon the diadem of Asia's freedom.

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

SCIENCE IS ARRIVING

Prof. Michael Polanyi, in his leading article in the April *Nineteenth Century and After*, on "Freedom in Science," bases the scientist's claim to self-direction on the coherence of science. His individual impulses are respected in science only in so far as they are dedicated to its tradition and disciplined by its standards. Each scientist adjusts his activities to the results achieved by others, making science a co-ordinative effort.

Scientific research differs from working a picture puzzle, Professor Polanyi suggests, in that the scientist is given no assurance of an intelligible and discoverable ground plan. But surely this is negatived by his concession that

> ...every new discovery claims to form an addition to the system of science as transmitted from the past. There is inherent therefore in each new claim to discovery the practical affirmation of a coherent system of truth, which is capable of indefinite extension into yet unexplored regions.

Coherence and freedom in society, he writes, depend on "the extent to which men uphold their belief in the reality of truth, justice, charity and tolerance and accept dedication to the service of these realities." "It seems," he warns, "that unless we radically reaffirm to-day the transcendent foundations of our civilisation," the logical outcome of the inadequacy of the ideas of our time "will not be delayed for long."

Science, Professor Polanyi might have added, gives its own factual confirmation even of those transcendent values. It has established, for example, the indispensability of intellectual honesty to advance in knowledge; the operation of cause and effect in the material world and, more recently, in psychosomatics, in relations between the psychomental and the physical; the facts of interdependence and symbiosis, of the synchronous and rhythmic activity characteristic of health, and of bodily disease being the organic nutritive expression of the "sin of separateness" in the bodily tissue.

Scientists, he declares, dedicated "to the advancement of an intellectual process beyond their control" and to the upholding of traditional values, "form a community believing in a certain spiritual reality and covenanted to the service of this reality." A far cry, surely, from the scientific materialism of the closing years of the last century !

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A LITERARY CATHEDRAL *

Walt Whitman, a poet for untried youth and experienced age, is a writer of extremes, of the world *en masse* and the individual ; of purity and animalism ; of both rough and gentle quality ; of crudity and an idiom subtly wrought : in a word, he perhaps represents inspired natural man more closely than any other poet. He is more a man, cosmic man feeling out and forward, than pure artist. Those of finer æsthetic perception will at first reject him though ultimately they must come to appreciate his individual medium, the long, slow, irregular lines surging back and forth like the tides of the sea.

This new Everyman edition contains all the poems Whitman wrote, with an introductory interpretation by that fine scholar Emory Holloway of Queens College, New York City. Professor Holloway likens that vast accumulating construction *Leaves of Grass*, in its nine editions from 1855 to 1892, to a Gothic cathedral with its entrance (in "Inscriptions"), its "nave, with its reminders of nature in its branching trees of chiselled stone and its sunlight stained by high windows...devoted to the education, the functions, and the divine capabilities of the individual personality" leading on "toward the elevating beauty of the altar in the distance." There are "little chapels exfoliating in all directions, each a miniature, in its way, of the edifice as a whole." Perhaps readers may retort that Whitman's earthy conception of one aspect of man, his emphasis on sex and his hints at a physical relation between males, can have no fitting place in the temple of God ; but to Whitman man was God's temple, ideally a strong splendid temple of creative beauty. From what we know of his life much of the rather gross talk of procreation, of physical caress, was almost certainly, since man and idealist were so closely interknit, the expression of a wish-fulfilment : Whitman is giving vent in words to feelings he could not physically relieve. That same impotence led him, whom many who knew him felt to have been of innate honesty and purity, to childish lies about himself ranging from an exaggeration of the sales of his books to the statement that he had begotten six children.

But we in this outspoken, more scientific age can more easily swallow the grosser, falser aspect of Whitman than could his nineteenth-century contemporaries ; finding it rather more pitiful than shocking. That Whitman was a poet, a genuine mystic poet, there can be no doubt ; in Keats's definition a "chameleon poet" continually "filling some other body." In "Sparkles from the Wheel," a perfect etching of a knife-grinder with children watching him, Whitman writes of

* *Leaves of Grass*. By WALT WHITMAN. (Everyman's Library, J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 4*s*.)

Myself effusing and fluid, a phantom curiously floating,
now here absorb'd and arrested,
The group (an unminded point set in a vast surrounding),
The attentive, quiet children, the loud, proud, restive
base of the streets,
The low hoarse purr of the whirling stone, the light-
press'd blade,
Diffusing, dropping, sideways-darting, in tiny showers of
gold,
Sparkles from the wheel.

It was Whitman's avowed intent to range first over the vast, sprawling, ever-widening stream of American life and then beyond it, interpreting, exhorting, praising man and his work; to sing for those who were dumb; to open the eyes of those who were not yet aware of the beauties of life. As an interpreter of the joy of nature he stands high. But, dear as nature in all its forms was to him, he turned in greater ardour to his fellow-men, liking to live in a city, to rub shoulders with the masses, the common man. The low, the despised, the criminal, he could encompass in love and understanding.

To his own generation Whitman came most forcibly home in those terrible, pitiful poems of the Civil War, "Drum-taps," outcome of his work among the wounded. In these he presents an unforgettably vivid picture of that sad conflict, its pain, its cruelty. The tragic death of Abraham Lincoln, another national grief, linked him closer to the people with his "O Captain, My Captain"—verses which incidentally prove how right he was to avoid in general a regular poetic form. The greater dirge for Lincoln "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" is perhaps his finest poem, more closely constructed than much of his work, a rich embroidery on three emblems, the star of the national banner, the lilac (his own poignant loss) and the bird (triumphant death). The thrush "shy and hidden" "Sings by himself a song, Song of the bleeding throat, Death's outlet song of life," "With pure deliberate notes spreading, filling the night":—

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

What has Whitman to offer us in our racked world today? Vitality, I think, hope and a sense of largeness, of bounds beyond our own circumscribed, threatened lives. To some of us his voice may be too loud, too confident, but none can stop his ears to him.

With music strong I come, with my cornets and my drums,
I play not marches for accepted victors only, I play
marches for conquer'd and slain persons.

Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?
I also say it is good to fall, battles are lost in the same
spirit in which they are won.

DOROTHY HEWLETT

Meet My People. By DEVENDRA SATYARTHI. Sangam Publishers, Ltd., Lahore. Rs. 7/8). This book represents the harvest from Shri Devendra Satyarthi's indefatigable tilling of the Indian country-side. This lover of the Indian peasant and his songs for years has travelled up and down the country, recording the folk-songs in many languages. He translates many of them here. Their *naïveté* is often touching and attractive, but the themes are very frequently commonplace. The imagery is sometimes exceedingly crude, by sophisticated standards, and the abandon of some of the songs—among them, perversely, the most poetic—makes their unexpurgated rendering highly vulnerable to the moralist's attack. The songs and the story of Hindu-Muslim clashes centuries old are ill-timed. Dr. Mulk Raj Anand contributes, by way of introduction, an interesting independent essay, which bears, however, only a quite oblique relation to the book itself. Both writers are moved by their sympathy with the village folk, but Shri Satyarthi is less the iconoclast than the æsthete. The book is as delightfully illustrated as it is carelessly bound.

E. M. H.

INDIA, ANCIENT AND MODERN *

Indian culture, like the mighty Ganges, has been a continuity of Aryan thought and civilization through the ages, giving unity and meaning to the lives of races and centuries as it has passed through them, carrying immense promise, unassailable certainty, And, like her, Indian culture has been capricious too, in the sense that it manifests itself at different times in different shapes. In one age it is through epics that it sends out its message; in another through love lyrics and romantic stories; in yet another, through folk-songs and witty tales; or it may be in the austere form of religious texts and moral precepts. But whatever it is, its tone and temper, its strength and spirit are unmistakable, authentic, authoritative. The interpreters of its different facets have been many and varied. Each new writer has discovered in it something to revitalize his own age, to infuse into it the spark that will keep burning the beacon-fires of the higher life.

Among the masterpieces that enshrine the quintessence of our culture the *Ramayana* is indisputably the leading one. From the time of Valmiki till today, it has kept its pride of place as the book that presents an ideal world, ideal kingship, manhood and womanhood. To countless millions it has been an unfailing source of inspiration, guidance and strength. Principal D. S. Sarma, whose several books on Hinduism are deservedly popular, has in *The Prince of Ayodhya* attempted a purely literary approach to the *Ramayana*. He considers the story as a tragedy, a romance and an epic. He narrates the story in simple language for the young. His view is that Valmiki had a high purpose in composing the *Ramayana*, namely, the depiction of the conflict between Rama and Ravana as not so much between two races as between two civilizations, two ways of life. Its central purpose, according to the author, is to show that the true progress of humanity lies in its moral and spiritual evolution, not in material and scientific development. Valmiki's message, he points out, anticipates in part Gandhiji's message to our generation. The volume is typical of the author's clear thinking, sane interpretation and simple style.

Relating to the same theme but with a slightly different emphasis is the *Life and Teachings of Sri Rama* by M. R. Sampatkumaran in the "World Teachers Series." In a short compass the author presents a brief but vivid account of the sublime life and example of Sri Rama. As divine Redeemer he embodies the noblest and most lovable qualities, and remains the highest exemplar of the virtues to which human nature can attain. Written with admirable scholarship, with penetration and in a pleasing manner, this

* *The Prince of Ayodhya*. By D. S. SARMA. (Sri Ramakrishna Math, Mylapore, Madras. Rs, 4/- Boards; Rs. 6/- Calico)

Sri Rama. By M. R. SAMPATKUMARAN, (Natesan and Co., Madras. Re. 1/-)

Witty Tales of Badshah and Birbal. By M. S. PATEL. (N. M. Thakker and Co., 140 Princess Street, Bombay. Rs. 6/12)

Eastern Light of Sanatan Culture. By MAHARAJ RANA SIR UDAIBHAN SINGHJI, RANA OF DHOLPUR. (Thacker, Spink and Co., Ltd., Calcutta. Rs. 5/-; Library Edition, Rs. 7/8)

Golden Jubilee Souvenir. (Sri Ramanasraman, Tiruvannamalai. Rs. 10/-)

little book should be read by all those who revere the *Ramayana* and its message. The last three chapters make very useful reading.

In medieval India, with the advent of the Mughals, Indian life and thought received support from a new tributary. Of all the Mughal Kings that ruled India, Akbar was the best, a patron of arts and letters, a great inspirer, and a famous wit. Birbal was the chief luminary at his court, and their intellectual comradeship produced radiant sparks. Endowed with keen intellect, the poetic faculty and flashing humour, Birbal has become a household word for wisdom, wit and repartee. The tales attributed to him constitute a mine of precious gems—brilliant in lustre and practical in use. Eighty short tales are presented in English translation for the first time by Prof. M. S. Patel in *Witty Tales of Badshah and Birbal*. Great credit is due to the author for his pioneering attempt, and to the publishers for the artistic get-up. The cover-designs, specially drawn by Mr. Iqbal Husain, whose ancestors claimed close relations with Akbar and his court, are indeed well done, and give the reader a glimpse into the pomp and pageantry of the Mughal dynasty at its meridian. The volume embodies one aspect of Indian culture as it manifested itself in medieval times.

Eastern Light of Sanātan Culture brings us to modern India. The author, H. H. Maharaj Rana Sir Udaibhan Singhji of Dholpur, is a philosopher and a devout student of ancient Hindu religion and culture. Born and bred in an illustrious Hindu family, he has a rich background of religion and thought. With this as his sheet-anchor, he raises his voice in favour of the revival of spirituality. Like many others, he is appalled at the way in which the world has been moving down to materialism and selfishness. Yet he is not disheartened. He holds that Religion, as envisaged in *Sanātan dharma*, can alone save humanity. The book deals with different topics relating to the Hindu religion, and bears testimony to the author's faith in renascent Hinduism as a solvent of all human ills. The Sanātan culture, as he conceives it, is truly light from the East. One wonders how many of our rulers share the sentiments of this scholar-prince!

One important aspect of the renaissance in modern India is the emphasis that certain individuals have been laying on spiritual experience. One such is Sri Ramana Maharshi of the Ramanasraman at Tiruvannamalai in South India. The life history and spiritual development of this great soul reads like a romance. From his fourteenth year till today his has been a life of search and fulfilment. And many have been the pilgrims to whom the Maharshi has proved to be a beacon. Even foreigners from distant lands have acknowledged their indebtedness to this sacred man of India, and sung his praises. The present volume contains tributes to the Maharshi from his disciples and admirers, as well as interpretations of his teachings. The volume commemorates the day, 15th September 1896, when the Maharshi as young Venkatraman consecrated himself to transcendental life. The volume is bound to be a source of inspiration to those whose ambition it is to realise the Eternal Truth, the Self Supreme. India has

been known through the ages as the home of saints and sages. That she still retains this proud title is proved by Sri Ramana Maharshi and his Abode of Peace. *The Golden Jubilee Souvenir* is a repository of the religious and spiritual aspects of the culture which has vitalised India down the centuries.

V. N. BHUSHAN

The Timeless Moment. By WARNER Allen. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

A mystic is one who encounters an experience different in kind from those preceding it. He has travelled the Damascus Road. He has glimpsed a new heaven and a new earth. All attempts to describe this timeless tryst with the Eternal are only variations on the theme: "Behold I show you a mystery." This is the reason why all accounts of mystical experience have an approximate air. Words seek to evoke what they are impotent to express. And therefore it is that, in the same way as genius is fully revealed only to genius, so the mystic is fully understood only by mystics. He can only invoke collaboration: he cannot compel by logic.

To Mr. Warner Allen, on the threshold of fifty—when he was listening to a performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony—came an experience of this order. Before this illumination, "the works of the great mystics, Christian and Pagan, did not appeal" and were attributed to "the obscurity and irrational emotionalism of self-deception." But, as a result of illumination, there occurred that process of "reversal" so profoundly described by Martin Buber in his fundamental work *I and Thou*,

> There is a time of maturing, when the true element of the human spirit, suppressed and buried, comes to hidden readiness, so urgent and tense, that it awaits only a touch from Him, who touches in order to bring forth.

The Timeless Moment is the first result of this process of reversal—the

> process whereby that which was at the circumference moves slowly towards the centre; while that which occupied the centre abdicates—and journeys towards the circumference.

Mr. Allen's book—as the Contents page shows—is a super-conducted tour through Mysticism, but, in a foreword, he expresses the hope that at a later date he will "round off this preliminary inquiry into the nature of what is sometimes called mystical experience with a fuller study of its significance in daily life." Many readers will await this fuller study impatiently.

It is not possible to review *The Timeless Moment* in a few hundred words, but this notice will have achieved its purpose if it attracts the attention of those to whom this book belongs.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE *

This is not a history of European philosophy in the ordinary sense. It bears the impress of Russell's personality throughout. He does not merely put together the reasonings of a few selected philosophers of different schools. He goes beyond the schools to the social *milieu*, and analyses the trends of thought, social, economic, political, religious, etc., which dominated the age and the community and found expression in some outstanding thinkers of the time. These thinkers were, according to Russell, products of the *milieu*, and they in turn directed the thought of the community into definite channels, and provided a kind of working philosophy for political leaders. According to him, writers like Rousseau and Nietzsche have inspired in our time Fascist dictators like Hitler and Mussolini, while Marx is the spiritual guide of Russian totalitarianism. Russell has included in his masterly review ancient philosophy dominated by Christianity, and modern philosophy largerly influenced by science and technology.

The book offers a clear statement of the doctrines of all eminent philosophers and of many less known thinkers who had great influence in their time, together with a running criticism of their views from the stand-point of logical empiricism; and also much other historical matter presented in a new perspective of intense interest. It shows an unusual combination of breadth and depth of thought.

There is, however, one important defect. It relates to Russell's special stand-point. He thinks logical Empiricism the culmination of philosophical thought, and the most rational and scientific way of tackling philosophical problems.

> In the welter of conflicting fanaticisms, one of the few unifying forces is scientific truthfulness....to have insisted upon the introduction of this virtue into philosophy, and to have invented a powerful method by which it can be rendered fruitful, are the chief merits of the philosophical school of which I am a member.

He forgets that that system of thought is itself the product of the scientific and mathematical formalism of the present day in the West, and the decay of spiritual idealism. He is accordingly unable to go beyond it to adopt a critical attitude towards it. He would even recommend a separation of the scientific from the religious aspect in philosophical thought.

> Philosophers, from Plato to William James, have allowed their opinions as to the constitution of the universe to be influenced by the desire for edification: knowing, as they supposed, what beliefs would make men virtuous, they have invented arguments, often very sophistical, to prove that these beliefs are true. For my part I reprobate this kind of bias, both on moral and intellectual grounds....

The virtue of scientific truthfulness or the habit of basing beliefs upon observations and inferences which are as far as possible impersonal is a virtue which is restricted to the narrow sphere of science. It is impossible to transport it into philosophy, which is at least as closely allied to religion as it is to science. Science is the lowest form of our theoretic consciousness. It is when we are dissatisfied

* *History of Western Philosophy*. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 21s.)

with this, that we begin to be reflective. Philosophy is born of such reflection. It begins where science ends. If there is no "higher" way of knowing, by which we can discover truths hidden from science, there is no need of a philosophy at all.

The traditional proofs about God and other metaphysical entities may all be spurious. But reason may find in our own experience grounds for a new approach to reality, which may lead to unthought-of results in the field of knowledge itself. We cannot rule out a personal search for the reality within us, guided by reason based on certain fundamental intuitions.

In any case, the present condition of Europe is a commentary upon its philosophy of life, which is dominated by the growth of science and technology, and inspired by the will to power. The great idealistic system-builders of European philosophy may not have given us philosophical *truth*. But they at least stimulated thought, and kept it tied to a moral and religious outlook. The modern empiricists are simply rattling the dry bones of logical formalism, which has no bearing whatsoever upon the life of the community and which is strictly confined to the learned precincts of the schools—a sad commentary upon the leaders of philosophic thought in Europe.

G. R. MALKANI

A New World. By W. B. BASHYR-PICKARD, B.A. (Cantab.). (The Woking Muslim Mission and Literary Trust, The Shah Jehan Mosque, Woking, Surrey, England. 6s. or Rs. 3/8)

To every man his vision, and, pre-eminently in this transition period when ideas are in flux, it is valuable for men of different view-points to share their dreams of a better world. This book makes plain how closely Islam is in sympathy with many aspirations of leading Western thinkers. Mr. Pickard's philosophical premises will satisfy neither Advaitists nor orthodox Christians nor reincarnationists but, by his different route, he reaches much the same desiderata. Mr. Pickard condemns all class-monopolies and calls for equal opportunities, and for good-will as the surest foundation for peace. He proves that true Islam stands too for tolerance, quoting reassuringly the *Quran* (2: 256): "There is no compulsion in religion."

If the author had thought things through, could he proclaim that "every one of us must be at the work nearest to our hearts"? There are monotonous tasks necessary in our civilisation, even repulsive tasks, that, unless justly rewarded in proportion to their distastefulness, surely none would do except by fair rotation or from either economic compulsion or selfless dedication to the commonweal.

Some of the ideas set forth are trite, for all the fresh approach, but some are admirable, *e.g.*, Mr. Pickard's insistence on the dignity of work, on the possibilities of leisure as distinct from idleness, on the sanctity of family relationships and on "health of body, mind, soul and spirit" as the positive side of peace.

E. M. H.

A DREAM-LIKE POEM *

Laurence Binyon, Mr. Bottomley tells us, had pondered the theme of Merlin for many years before his death, always hoping for the leisure to devote himself to it entirely. This he was never granted. But although the poem upon which he had worked amid constant interruptions for so long remains a fragment, lacking the Parts II and III he had planned for it, it consists of no less than fourteen scenes and forms a sufficiently self-contained poem, particularly with the hints of what was intended to follow, which Mr. Bottomley has gleaned from letters, to stand by itself. Though cast in dialogue, such action as it has is a slender thread that holds together, rather tenuously at times, an essentially spiritual drama. Binyon was drawn to the theme by learning of another Merlin than the Arthurian, a Northern Merlin whose legend was that of a defeated fighter fleeing from the battle of Arderydd with a disordered mind, to find refuge by the waters of the upper Tweed. Eventually he based his story on Geoffrey of Monmouth's poem and his Merlin became a Welsh Prince Myrddyn, who in the height of battle was horrified by the spectacle of those who had fallen to his sword and, casting it away, took to the forest, there to search for an immaculate wisdom that could not be violated. In such a story Binyon could express a contemporary as well as a timeless meaning. Was not T. E. Lawrence such another Merlin in our own day? In this Part I of the poem, Merlin seeks to escape the unresolved anguish of the spiritual man, caught in the great web of existence, by making himself invulnerable and independent of everyone. He longs to hear always the eternal music that he once heard for a moment long ago.

> It rose like the beginning of the dawn
> Out of the silence; it was like the voice
> Of one commanding; Come!
> I knew no want, no boundary, no impediment.
> It flowed into my body, it was I.
> It was my heart beating:
> The world was within me.
> It was to hear that music I was made.
> I have lost it.
> It is deep in the dark water.

But Taliesin, the bard, who sings of "the last wisdom of sorrowing mortals" as

> ...the smile which enters the hard heart
> Which overcomes sorrow with all understanding,

would teach him that the ecstasy of that pure music must be humbled through love and suffering to human needs, if it is not to prove a dizzy rapture that imperils the soul. "The powers of the Air" as Saint Kentigern also says,

> ... are in wait
> For the Soul that is so tempted.

Merlin acknowledges their truth. He sees that he has sought a freedom that is "not for mortal mind" and he is frightened by his abstract vision. But his dilemma remains. For to humble himself to his fellow-men seems to involve acceptance of the cruelty and corruption of existence.

> Could I but drink of the waters of ignorance,
> Then would I not be importuned, no, nor accused,
> Then would the sap again be running in the stem.

* *The Madness of Merlin.* By Laurence Binyon. With an Introduction by Gordon Bottomley. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. 6s.)

Then were mere breath sweeter than all things else ;
Then would I be contented and companioned,
Judging not ancient terrors but accepting each,
Innocently cruel and happy in corruption.
Then would I be unwounded, questioning nothing,
Embrace my kind and turn to the sun rejoicing.

At the climax of his suffering he is tended by a country girl, Himilian, and knows the comfort of her love, only to recoil from it as from the snare of the flesh. But Himilian is no Vivien, no sensual enchantress. She is homely goodness and womanly devotion. And though Merlin dreads in her the enclosing bondage of earth and its generation, we know that eventually his wisdom must be reconciled to and completed in her love, his height in her depth. Such in brief is the essential theme of the poem. It is written in verse which is at once free in its rhythms and controlled by a regular syllabic basis. It is a dream-like poem but the details are never blurred and it contains passages as beautiful as any Binyon ever wrote. The integrity of true seership, so hardly won from every sort of upstart idealism, was a subject that few were better qualified to handle than he. As ever, the tension of his verse is seldom high, but it never fails in grace of insight and expression.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

The Way of Acceptance: A New Version of Lao Tse's Tao Tê Ching. By HERMON OULD. (Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 5*s.*)

The Way of Life according to Laotzu. Translated by WITTER BYNNER. (Nicholson and Watson, Ltd., London. 4*s.* 6*d.*)

Probably more translations have been made of Lao Tzu's *Tao Tê Ching* than of any other book in the world except the Bible. Its small compass—about 5,000 words in the Chinese—and the deceptive simplicity of its tersely worded sentences have lured many to essay a task which was far beyond their powers. The result is that dozens of versions now exist which can hardly be recognized as representing the same text.

Here we have two new attempts which bear very little relation to each other, but have at least one feature in common : neither of the two authors is able to read Chinese ! Mr. Bynner makes this astonishing avowal quite frankly, and adds : "Through various and varying English versions...I have probed for the meaning as I recognize it...prompted by hope to acquaint Western readers with the heart of a Chinese poet whose head has been too much studied." Mr. Ould, for his part, claims only to have produced "a readable and intelligible paraphrase of a famous manual of philosophy." He too has read and collated, though much more conscientiously, a number of different translations, which "led to the discovery that in spite of inconsistencies, contradictions and obscurities, an intelligible meaning did emerge." He admits that his version "contains a considerable element of guesswork," which he prefers, however, to call "intuition." He appears to have relied mainly on Waley's translation, but makes his own more congenial by discarding points of abstruse scholarship and polishing up the style

generally. We feel that he is genuinely concerned to present Lao Tzu to the public as accurately, and at the same time as attractively, as he can. Mr. Bynner's object is something different: he wants above all to give vent to poetic fancies of his own, draped as it were over the bare skeleton of Lao Tzu's sayings. Accuracy is not one of his aims.

Let us take a few examples. Translated literally, the first sentence of Chapter 5 runs; "Nature is not benevolent: she treats all things as if they were straw dogs" (used in sacrifices). Mr. Bynner: "Nature, immune as to the sacrifice of straw dogs, faces the decay of its fruits." Another simple sentence comes at the end of Chapter 9: "When your work is done, retire into the background; for this is the Way of Heaven." Mr. Bynner: "Do enough, without vieing. Be living, not dying." Chapter 30 contains a grim warning, now being brought home to us all: "In the track of great armies there must follow lean years." Mr. Bynner quite obscures the meaning with "Conscription of a multitude of men drains the next year dry." Mr. Ould has: "In the wake of marching armies follow years of drought." This would be correct but for the word "drought," which is neither in the Chinese nor a natural consequence of war.

In summing up, we may say that Mr. Ould, who does not claim to be a translator, has somehow succeeded in piecing together an elegant version which comes nearer to the original than many of its predecessors. Mr. Bynner has written what might be described as an interesting poetic dissertation on the eighty-one chapters of Lao Tzu's work, containing something of his thought, but little of the form into which he cast it. Both writers must be warned not to expect much leniency from their critics. For what sort of reception would be given to a new translation of Plato made by someone wholly ignorant of Greek? And why should the verdict be different just because the language happens to be Chinese?

LIONEL GILES

A Garland of Indian Poetry. Chosen by H. G. RAWLINSON, C. I. E. (Royal India Society, London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Of these thirty translations from the Vedas to the seventeenth century, some must enrich readers unfamiliar with India's spiritual treasure. Others will find the garland thin, for all the richness of individual flowers. Anthologies legitimately reflect personal taste. But the description of the nightly deep-sleep state from the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* captioned "The Sleep Eternal" is misleading. Also Emerson's magnificent line is better rendered in "When me they fly, I am the wings," than in the version adopted.

E. M. H.

Man and Society: The Scottish Inquiry of the Eighteenth Century. By GLADYS BRYSON. (Princeton University Press, Princeton, U. S. A., and Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, London. 22*s.*)

Enlightenment and progress are concepts apt to evoke more derision than sympathy nowadays. History has taught us that our precious "enlightenment" was but the harsh glare of a Photoflood lamp, brilliant while it lasted, but soon burning itself out and leaving us, dazzled, in a more impenetrable darkness than before. In comparison, the medieval "darkness" now seems light, and the ancient world the bright morning of mankind. There is, admittedly, an element of nostalgia in this—and a degree of truth.

As for the progress fetich, it is no longer negotiable currency. It is now merely the specialized prerogative of plumbers, surgeons and atomic physicists. We no longer "believe" in it, and we even resent the credulity of the centuries which did believe in it, for we are paying the price. Better, we feel, to nail overselves up in our coffins with the aid of Pascal, Kierkegaard and Baudelaire than be blown to smithereens by progress. "The greatness of man," said Pascal, "is in that he knows he is miserable. A tree does not know that it is miserable." Nor a believer in progress.

But the group of eighteenth-century Scottish thinkers discussed in this book cannot lightly be dismissed, even though they were to a considerable extent dyed in the Optimism of their day.

> Over the discussions (of these men) there lingers a note of optimism, of which too much has been made by commentators; for not only have too many of the commentators said too much, but the optimism itself they have exaggerated. Still, there is little doubt that there was considerable "relish" attached to being alive in a century when, for the first time, men really came to believe that they could guarantee a future which would be full of happiness for the human race.

However much history has given their optimism the lie, their empirical approach to the problem of man and the social structure, their insistence on human experience as the starting-point of inquiry, their repudiation of reason in an Age of Reason and (by corollary) their vindication of the validity of emotional experience—these are all factors which ally them at least to the *methods* of the twentieth century at its best. As for the scope of their enquiries, Miss Bryson rightly points out that "to be a moral philosopher in the eighteenth century was to take for one's self just such a comprehensive programme [as that of the social investigator today], within the limits of the knowledge of the time." She goes on:—

> By twentieth century investigators, so given to this same endeavour, this effort should be appreciated for what it was—a concerted effort to find the facts about human association—what enters into association and what it leads to in the making of culture patterns.

Nevertheless the book is heavily academic. It cannot untether itself from its foundation of facts and honest scholarship: at no point does it descend into the abyss or scour the heavens for a more apocalyptic truth. There isn't time nowadays for less. Our greatness may be in the knowledge of our misery; but even the Misery of Man, as Pascal well knew, generates energy for salvation.

J. P. HOGAN

Plato's Theory of Man. By JOHN WILD. (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, U. S. A., and Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, London. 28*s*.)

Because Plato was a poet and a mythologist as well as a dialectician, many people have tended to regard him as an idealistic dreamer and to range him against the scientific-minded Aristotle. But so far from true poets being unrealistic, their grasp of reality is exceptionally intimate. Plato was an abstract thinker, but his abstractions, unlike those of most modern philosophers, were closely related to the concrete life of men. When he called philosophy "the noblest pursuit of all" or "the thing itself," he meant that archetypal wisdom which is not only the supreme good, from which all other goods derive, but a perfect expression and elucidation of the nature of man and the basis of all sound human culture. The sickness of the Athenian culture which he diagnosed was in some ways like our own. So his philosophy both is relevant to human nature in all ages and sheds light, as Dr. Wild writes, on some of the most vexed problems of the contemporary world, on the use and misuse of the arts and techniques, for example, on tyranny and how it is to be avoided, on the relation of the individual to the community, and on the true order of human life and how it becomes inverted.

This last problem is the basis of all others and it is on Plato's treatment of it that Dr. Wild concentrates throughout his searching survey of Plato's thought. In each of his chapters, with the exception of one in which he presents and interprets the famous image of the Cave, he expounds first the true order as Plato conceived it and then the characteristic inversion or deformation to which in turn the human arts, the social life, individual life, and the nature of Being, as set forth in the *Parmenides*, and of Knowing, in the *Theaetetus*, can succumb. He ends with an account of Plato's picture of the Sophist, who confuses his own subjective ideas with real being, and man with the Creator "which is precisely what Plato, in the deepest opposition to modern thought, has analyzed as the first root of moral and social disorder."

The most obvious sign of the inversion of the true order of knowing and being is the explanation of the higher in terms of the lower, or of spirit and intelligence as mere properties of matter. This is that confusion of the material condition with the real cause which reduces everything to the same insignificant level. It is, of course, the typical heresy of today, and it results in a denial not only of the self-sustaining cause, which is the ultimate reason because of which everything is what it is, but of the whole hierarchy by which each cause, as each faculty or each art or social function is sustained by one higher than itself.

To apprehend something of the true hierarchical order of things as they proceed from their ultimate source was for Plato the goal of education. To quote Dr. Wild, it was

> the revolution of the Soul away from the less intelligible things (subjective sense data in us) which happen to be better known *to us*, towards more intelligible things (existing in themselves) which are less well known to us. In this moving process the human soul passes from a social or individual subjectivism, in which man, both social and individual, is allotted his proper subordinate station, and

God, not man, is finally known as the measure of all things.

To achieve this revolution it is not necessary to undertake the arduous task of dialectical analysis which Plato embraced and Dr. Wild so industriously epitomises. But those who would grasp the structure of reality intellectually, as a preliminary to a more direct spiritual insight, will find in this book a clear and cogent exposition alike of its true form, and of the characteristic falsifications of it to which man is so perennially prone.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

The Gospel according to Gamaliel. By GERALD HEARD. (Cassell and Co., Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Anyone interested in the common background of modern Judaism and Christianity will be grateful to Mr. Heard for this cogent little book. Hillel, "by his deep learning, piety, humility and passionate love of peace, brought the thought of Judaism into that form which has made it able to survive as a lofty ethic until the present." In Hillel's time, "the Temple with its blood sacrifices was becoming increasingly a spiritual anachronism." Most of the Chosen were no longer in the Promised Land; the synagogue was the real religious centre, the reading of the Law and the practice of prayer were the real worship.

Gamaliel, Hillel's grandson, was born about ten years before Jesus and carried on the Hillel tradition. Jesus, the poetic prophet, is described as

spiritually of Hillel's school. Seventy-five per cent. of his sayings have been found in the utterances of that school. The favourite maxim of Hillel's group was the Golden Rule. His teaching, stressing humility, love, patience, that the meek inherit the earth, that gentle righteousness and unwearied forgiveness is the one sacrifice for sin that God requires, that man is forgiven and sanctified by that relationship alone, that all mankind is God's child and men are all brethren—all this is Hillelism delivered with the magic of a poet, the power of a healer, and the drama of an identifying personality.

Mr. Heard's book is about Jesus and Paul and Peter as seen through the eyes of a sympathetic contemporary; but it is also about the "speculative and mystical interpretation of the Law, which makes the Law not a dead code but a way of life and light and love"; and yet again—the motive probably which prompted it to be written—about the crystallization of Hillelism into Christianity. Says Mr. Heard towards the end of his Introduction:—

Anything which will help Gentiles to understand how much their Christ owed to the Judaism of his day; anything which will help Jews to regard Joshua (*i.e.* Jesus) as great with all the greatness of their beloved prophets, may do something, however slight, to help rid our civilization of one of its worst blots.

The narrative, as such, is absorbing; the drama inherent in the narrative is managed with great skill. Evidently in Mr. Heard, as in others before him, the religious man includes the artist.

J. P. HOGAN

The Rapier of Lu: Patriot Poet of China. Translations and Biography by CLARA M. CANDLIN. (Wisdom of the East Series, John Murray, London. 4*s.*)

This latest addition to a famous series, now edited by the son of the late Captain L. A. Cranmer-Byng, tells more of the life and work of Lu Yu, "the Patriot Poet of China" than appeared in *The Herald Wind* in 1933. The output of this twelfth-century poet of the Southern Sung Dynasty was prodigious, and the contents of these forty pages are chosen from 2,000 poems. He was, as we are told in the Preface, essentially a war-time poet, and his principal theme was urging his countrymen to take up arms against the invader rather than submit to peace with bondage. This may have been a laudable use for the poet's brush, but we who know no Chinese cannot share with the translator his greatness as a poet. For in the true sense of the term there can be no such thing as a translation of a Chinese poem. There can be a transcription, describing the subject, the mood, and even a trick or two of technique. But the result in English is not a poem, and the vogue of Chinese poetry in the West today derives from an interest in China rather than in the poems as poetry. And Miss Candlin faces the difficulty. "After reading the original over and over again till the thought, quality and rhythm wrapped me about like a cocoon, I saw it in its Chinese setting in my mind. I then transferred the poem into as exact an equivalent in English as the differences of the two languages would allow." The result is at least charming, if rather a long way from Lu.

T. C. H.

Elegy for Two Voices and Other Poems. By DALLAS KENMARE. (Burrow's Press, Ltd., Cheltenham). This slender volume is the latest of several books of poems published by its author, who is equally well known as an essayist and a critic. Miss Kenmare's is a sensitive and mature talent. All the poems are in *vers libre*, musical but gentle as the flow of quiet thought, except the few topical pieces, which are moving if sometimes less effective than the rest.

The title poem, subtitled "The Coming of Winter," is made up of two soliloquies, by the aging Abbess Héloise and Abelard, the brilliant scholar-lover of her youth. "Nicolete in the Wood" is as delicate as gossamer in its charm. "Mid-Winter," almost as restrained and as frugal of words as a Chinese poem, is as sure in its evocation of a mood.

If any adverse criticism could be offered it would be of the monotony of the collection as a whole, a monotony not of treatment but of note. *Il Penseroso* never yields the page to *L'Allegro*. There is an autumn melancholy running through these poems. Youth is all fire and ice and vivid contrast—leap of joy and stab of pain. But youth could hardly feel the deep peace of detachment, of withdrawal, that finds expression in Miss Kenmare's closing poems, "Another Eurydice" and "Requiem."

E. M. H.

Vedic Bibliography: An up-to-date, comprehensive, and analytically arranged register of all important work done since 1930 in the field of the Veda and allied antiquities including Indus Valley Civilisation. By R. N. DANDEKAR. (New Indian Antiquary Extra Series No. VII). (Karnatak Publishing House, Bombay 2. Rs. 15/-)

Dr. Dandekar is already well known as Secretary of the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute for the last seven years and in several other capacities. But more important than these is the capacity to carry on research in the subject of one's choice and to forge the tools necessary for such research. The present *Bibliography* is one such tool forged by its author by dint of perseverance, not only for his own use but also for the use of brother scholars who must ever remain indebted to him for this dependable and effective instrument of specialized research.

Prof. Louis Renou of the University of Paris published his monumental *Bibliographie Védique* in 1931, giving a complete record in about 6500 entries of all that had been done about the Veda in any country up to 1930. Dr. Dandekar has followed Renou's plan with slight modifications in producing this extensive analytical register of all significant writings dealing with the Veda and allied antiquities that have been published between 1930 and 1945. A special feature of Dr. Dandekar's *Bibliography* is the first critical and analytical record of all work to date in the field of Indus Valley civilization. The list of periodicals, etc., and the indexes of authors and of words enhance the value of this record.

It is our firm conviction that systematic bibliographical work should be planned and executed by learned bodies like our universities by maintaining a special staff for compiling and publishing annual bibliographies for different subjects for the use of postgraduate research students. At present an individual scholar, after having laboured on a bibliography for a number of years, has to run after unwilling publishers or astute patrons of learning with a view to collecting doles for putting the results of his labours in print.

We congratulate Dr. Dandekar on the successful completion of this single-handed scholarly labour, commenced by him about five years ago, as also the Karnatak Publishing House for adding one more creditable volume to this series. All scholars will be thankful to both for their disinterested co-operation in the service of Indology.

P. K. GODE

How Life Goes On. By ADAM GOWANS WHYTE, B.SC. (Watts and Co., Ltd., London. 4*s.* 6*d.*)

Six Scientific Years. By PROFESSOR A. M. LOW. (Pendulum "Popular" Science Series No. 1, Pendulum Publications, Ltd., London. 2*s.*)

These books are both well written, each excellent of its kind. They are, however, in sharp contrast in approach and treatment. In the first, the reader, child or adult, enters reverently with the writer the presence of the Great Magician, Life. Beside the marvels Life achieves in providing for the carrying on of all the countless living species from the amœba up to man, the technological achievements which Professor Low describes with such enthusiasm seem rather second-rate—

like prestidigitators' feats.

It is a wonder world of power and of speed to which Professor Low conducts us, a world of power from the atom, of dashing through the air, of radar and of television, of medical advance and of potential plenty. Gadgets are glamorous and power over Nature is a heady wine. The marvels of applied science arouse wonder without reverence, appeal to the brain-mind but leave the heart unquickened. The heart is quickened by Mr. Whyte's account, with its suggestion of the unity as well as the resourcefulness of life.

E. M. H.

Folk-Songs of Chhattisgarh. By VERRIER ELWIN. (Oxford University Press, Indian Branch, Bombay. Rs. 15/- or 25*s.*)

W. G. Archer claims in his introductory comment that Verrier Elwin has done for Indian poetry what Arthur Waley has done for the Chinese. It is no reflection on the value of Elwin's translations to say that this is misleading. Waley has chosen classical Chinese poetry as his field, the elegant blossoms of a highly cultivated past, whereas Elwin works among tribal seeds sown in the hard aboriginal land of the present. India still waits for an adequate English translator of her Sanskrit and Urdu classical poets.

Of the five hundred folk-poems in this collection, most are concerned with the reactions of primitive men and women to the basic matters of human nature: birth and love and death. They describe the outward form of things, without revealing much inner awareness. The imagery and symbolism are closely in touch with Nature, relating the ardours or sympathies of the human situation to a village flower, or a forest animal, or a season well-noted by people of the fields. Elwin seems to catch the primitive spontaneous image in English without losing the beauty and directness of the unsophisticated original:—

> The baby breaking from the womb as
> the silk-cotton
> Bursts from the pod of the bombax tree.

> On the river bank
> Stands the stork with white wings.
> What does it know of pearls ?
> It is an eater of shells.

Only a bilingual critic is competent to judge how faithful these translations are, but there is no doubt of their charm. "Chhattisgarh is," Elwin writes in his Introduction, "a delightful, vigorous and flexible language: in its wit and punch it often reminds me of Elizabethan English and especially of Shakespeare's prose." Perhaps this similarity has inspired him to use free rather than rhymed verse with such happy effect.

Many of the love poems are nearer to Herrick's lyrics than Shakespeare's:—

> Plough the little field
> Sow it with new rice
> To the waist hangs her hair
> She ties it up with flowers
> She ties my heart in her hair.

A few resemble the modern poets in their erotic frankness and audacity. All of them dote on the sensual qualities of the beloved to the exclusion of the beauty of a mature spirit. In this they are representative of the adolescence rather than the classical adulthood of India.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

Shadows on the Wall. By KRISHNA HUTHEESINGH. (Kutub Publishers, Bombay. Rs. 4/8)

The author of these stories is a daughter of the Nehru family which has played so important a part in the life of this country in recent years. She took an active share in the country's independence movement and went to jail. There she met other women who had come to jail for political reasons and other reasons as well and, being sensitive above the average, sympathised with the sorrow and the suffering reflected in those lives. The stories in this collection are the outcome of this experience.

The stories are told very simply. They seem to be almost transcripts. An incident or two read like an exaggeration of official error. This is inevitable in what is almost a factual record made from one side. On the whole, however, it was a reliable record. A sketch like "Mathaji" describing an old lady who shared in Satyagraha and went to jail seems indeed to come very near home and to describe the author's mother.

The language is good working English. Occasionally it slips but that is what we all do, using this foreign language. The fact that it is foreign makes it also inadequate, for one often feels that the author could say something more but that her words are in the way. I wish that Sowbhagyavati Krishna would write in her mother-tongue first and make translations from the original so written, or get others to do the translation. The communication would then be definitely deeper.

The book is all the same a valuable contribution to our literature of patriotism and common humanity.

M. VENKATESA IYENGAR

Sculptures in the Allahabad Municipal Museum. By SATISH CHANDRA KALA, M. A. (Kitabistan, Allahabad. Rs. 15/-)

Mr. Kala's book makes us aware of the colossal amount of material already available and the equally great amount waiting to be found—and of the serious lack of any significant or intense research in this branch of art. Today, whatever serious publications there are, are Western; it is the Westerners who have made it possible for the world to admire the exquisiteness of Indian sculpture. It is high time that books like the present small volume and much more ambitious ones should be brought out.

From the vast storehouse of material just stacked for want of proper accommodation in the Allahabad Museum, Mr. Kala in his book has described and illustrated some twenty-six sculptures which have hitherto been little known, especially the sculptures of the Bharhut railings. The history and description of these few sculptures make very interesting reading and cannot fail to arouse the interest even of the layman in furthering his knowledge. I hope Mr. Kala will in the near future do justice to the Museum and to India by bringing out many such volumes, bigger and more copiously illustrated.

LEELA SHIVESHWARKAR

CORRESPONDENCE

MAGIC : WHITE AND BLACK

Magic has been defined as the art of producing marvellous effects by employing forces of nature ; these forces may be occult powers or commonly known forces. When they are used for the benefit of humanity, it is White Magic ; and when employed for selfish ends and for the destruction of our neighbours, then it becomes Black Magic ; witches in former days were sent to the stake. With the widening of the intellectual horizon it is now accepted that all that had in the past been deemed mysterious is nothing but the operation of the laws of nature which are immutable, universal and eternal. Moreover, these forces of nature are free to those who have developed their receptivity. The mysteries of the past have thus become commonplace.

The founders of religions invariably employed these forces of nature, the operation of which they understood. Picture a strong man lifting up a stone weighing 100 pounds. A frog sheltering under it would deem the feat a miracle, while to the man it is an ordinary muscular action. Men with wider vision, with greater intellect and higher spiritual powers, can similarly perform deeds which to the ordinary man appear astounding and miraculous.

The radio we employ every day, television pictures sent by wireless and reproduced in the newspapers, would have appeared as miracles to our forefathers. Our aeroplanes and, last but not least, the atomic bomb, are the results of the use of natural forces hidden from our ancestors and discovered during our generation. The more philosophers and scientists continue with their studies and experiments, the greater will be our advance, almost to the stage of superman.

Our very thoughts are vibrations, and they are impressed on the invisible ether around us. They are forceful and dynamic, and even eternal. When our receptivities have been trained, we can tap those we are in tune with, much as our radios tap the music and the speeches from all parts of the world. A story is told of an African king, living in the remote uncivilised tracts, who had never travelled outside his kingdom, and accordingly, had never seen ice. A traveller visiting his kingdom told him that in his country water would solidify and rivers become frozen. The king expressed strong indignation at what he deemed to be shameless falsehoods of the boastful foreigner. There are many amongst us who are at no higher mental level than the African king, and who deny anything that is outside our experience. Most of us are lop-sided in our development. Some materialists are spiritually blind, and some more spiritually developed souls are ignorant in things material. The best plan is to cultivate all-round development. We need to make the most of ourselves for the sake of others, and this should become a catholic faith which, unless a man believe, he cannot be saved. For the improvement of ourselves, our health, physical, mental and spiritual, there

are forces within us and around us, and they are free; we can appropriate them without money and without price, if we develop the dominant desire for them. They are definitely super-normal and can aid the welfare of humanity.

We can learn much from the Latin proverb "*Demon est Deus Inversus.*" The forces in nature may be prejudicial or beneficial to humanity, according to the way they are employed. Electricity in our modern cities has been most useful; yet the same electric power, as lightning, has destroyed human lives and homes. The forces which can be employed for unselfish ends and for the good of humanity, in the form of White Magic, can also be a curse to humanity when employed by fiends for selfish ends, to the injury of others, even though they are aware that Nemesis will eventually overtake them.

We live in more worlds than one, for there are the invisible mental and spiritual worlds, in which we move and have our being, and by which we are strengthened, upheld and blessed. Strong vibrations are ever present around us, transmitted by the more powerful minds. Many are injured by the evil vibrations, but some are benefitted by the purifying vibrations transmitted by high-souled persons.

Occult forces in nature have been applied sometimes for the good of humanity, and sometimes for mankind's eventual injury. The use of Holy Water in some of the Christian Churches does some definite good, for the water has been magnetised with some mineral, besides having been impregnated with strong thought force in the form of incantations and prayers. The vibrations that these forces emit help to neutralise any evil vibrations that may be hovering about. Some people employ amulets which some omniscient intellectuals dub superstitious. Many of these amulets have been impregnated with powerful thought forces. Vibrations, though unseen, are definitely emitted by these, much in the same way that radium is constantly emitting rays that have been stored up from the rays of the sun for millions of years.

There are also cases where faked articles are sold as amulets; they have not been impregnated with any thought force, and yet similar results are effected. What is the explanation? The real cause of healing in a case like this lies in the mental expectancy awakened. Christians have purchased crosses alleged to have been from the original cross on which Christ was crucified. The thought of the patient that it was a piece from the original cross, though in fact it was not, aroused the dormant faculties in the subconscious, and these did the real healing, not the cross which had started the thought. The performance of magicians on a public stage is trickery, though some may employ their psychic powers if they possess any, even at times causing mass hallucinations. They employ many camouflages to divert attention and perform sleight-of-hand tricks. We who are witnessing the show know that we are being tricked but we cannot detect how. Psychic powers have been employed in fortune-telling for pecuniary gain, and many of the prognostications have turned out correct. These have evidential value in spite of the general fraud practised on the gullible public. Palmistry, astrology and phrenology are but pseudo-sciences. They deal with mat-

ters of calculations or delineations, according to accepted rules of the science. Yet some possess the capacity to balance the contradictory indications, and judge accurately between them, and many of their statements, though very general, have had some evidential value. Many of them having psychic powers latent in them, have consciously or unconsciously employed them. There is nothing about them that is mysterious. Natural forces are being employed. The laws of cause and effect help them considerably in their fortune-telling. Their statements generally are so made as to fit most people.

Mesmerism, though scoffed at by the omniscients, has been employed by many (Elliotson in London and Esdaile in Calcutta) to perform major surgical operations without the patients' feeling any pain. This was a valuable contribution before the discovery of chloroform. The performances appeared mysterious to most people, but were only the result of forces latent in nature and in the mind of man.

There are many forces and faculties in our minds, and in nature, which can yet be discovered, which would be of considerable aid for the welfare of mankind. We term incidents magical and mysterious, when we do not understand the laws of nature in operation. All forces of nature can be used for the good or for the injury of mankind.

WILLIAM L. BARRETTO

[Our correspondent calls attention to several important points as to the existence of forces not now understood in a materialistic age but nevertheless operative. We agree that, as he brings out, all powers latent in man—of which he here has but touched the fringe—can be used for either good or evil ends. It is for that reason, among others, that we would discourage the attempt to force the development of the hidden powers before humanity has reached a far higher moral level. Eastern psychology draws, moreover, a distinction between psychic and spiritual powers. The former are fraught with danger. The latter lend themselves but to the perfectly pure in heart.

Spiritual progress is not a matter only of developing receptivity to higher influences but also of acquiring the knowledge which is power, and of developing the altruism and the self-control which alone can make that power safe to wield.—ED.]

"SUGGESTED MECHANISM OF PSYCHICAL OPERATIONS"

I wish to express my appreciation of the publication of my article, "The Suggested Mechanism of Psychical Operations," in your March issue, but I am pained and surprised at your introductory remarks, and can only hope that you will give equal publicity to this disclaimer, having regard to the wide circulation of your excellent journal, and my published writings on such matters.

Admitting that I liken the human body to a "walking wireless set," I did not suggest for a moment that humans were "Robots" or a species of "Automata" or that they were

devoid of Consciousness or other animating *Force*, which you appear to infer.

Were you familiar with my works, you could not help but observe that I continually stress the "Spirit" that animates Man, without which all else is nothing; the God-Force that was breathed into him at birth, forming the attributes and basis of his personality, the detachable portion of him which persists after physical demise. It is this Spirit that constitutes the "Vital Spark" which sets the human mechanism in motion, and is as inseparable during earthly life as we are from the Universal Mind of God.

I am afraid you have completely misconstrued the "inner meaning" of my article and—far from being a Materialist as hinted at by you—I am a very old Spiritualist and Psychic Researcher. I can only trust that your readers will not take a view-point similar to your own.

LOUIS VERNON-WORSLEY

Salford, England.

[We regret having misunderstood Mr. Vernon-Worsley's premise, but, as the concluding paragraph of his article may have conveyed to some of our readers the implication which it did to us, we are glad that our comments brought from him this very satisfying clarification of his position.—ED.]

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

Mr. Melville Chaning-Pearce's review of my book, *Jesus: Myth or History?* in your February issue reveals a wide divergence between us on philosophical issues, on which I do not propose to comment.

But I must join issue with my critic when he charges me with factual error. He takes exception to my statement that the deity of Jesus does not figure in the triple (Synoptic) tradition, and adduces in disproof the terms "Son of God" and "Christ of God." This does not convict me of error. "Son of God" is not the same as "God": it is applied in ancient literature to many who were not gods. In the New Testament itself all who accept Christ are called "children of God." "The Christ of God" is the equivalent of "the Lord's anointed," applied in the Bible to any king of Israel. My point is that in the Synoptic tradition Jesus is not called "God," and that in the Fourth Gospel he is. That is plain fact.

Again, I nowhere say that the conception of the "suffering servant" took shape in the first century. As my critic says, it occurs in Isaiah long before. What I do say is that the identification of this sufferer with the Messiah dates from the first century, or at any rate is difficult to trace in earlier writings. There is no such identification in Isaiah.

It is extraordinary to me that a writer in THE ARYAN PATH, the express object of which is said to be to combine the philosophies of East and West, should take up the cudgels for the specifically Western dogma of the deity

of Christ, which throughout medieval and modern history has been a factor of division between East and West and a pretext for aggression and imperialism.

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

Oxford, England.

[In clearing himself in the above letter from certain charges raised by his reviewer of factual inaccuracies in his *Jesus: Myth or History?* Mr. Archibald Robertson scores a point or two for Rationalism against Christian orthodoxy. The truth, which doubtless lies somewhere between the two extremes of view, is served by this bringing together of diverse views, which THE ARYAN PATH often does deliberately. It is not its aim, express or other, "to combine the philosophies of East and West," as Mr. Robertson suggests in his last paragraph. That would be an almost impossible feat of syncretism. It is the common core of truth in all the systems of religion and philosophy which we would have uncovered, as it is only on that basis that mankind can unite, discarding the accretions of rite, of dogma and of superstition and the unique claims that divide man from man. We believe that free discussion and criticism are in the interest of that object. And we allow reviewers and contributors full freedom of expression in the conviction that "from the clash of opinions springs truth."—ED.]

THE B.B.C. AGAIN

In "The B. B. C. and Religions," a note in our April issue, we mentioned approvingly the memorandum submitted to the B.B.C. on October 15th last, which urged the extension to religion of the full freedom of discussion on the air now allowed on other subjects. The issue is again raised in an open letter of 5th March from A. Gowans Whyte, Vice-Chairman of the Rationalist Press Association, to the Assistant Postmaster General. It appears that, in spite of occasional small relaxations of its policy, the B. B. C. still stands firmly on restricting religious broadcasts within "the main stream of the Christian tradition."

The object of protecting listeners against offence to their religious convictions cannot be urged with justice, in view of the wide diversity of beliefs. Dissenters and heretics in Britain and the millions of followers of other religions overseas also have their rights which are infringed by the monopoly of the radio by churchian orthodoxy. There is point to Mr. Whyte's question whether the real motive is not to protect Christian creedalism from the ordeal of open discussion.

Only blind belief fears challenge and discussion. Reasoned conviction welcomes both. As Milton wrote:—

> ...all controversy being permitted, falsehood will appear more false and truth the more true; which must needs conduce much to the general confirmation of an implicit truth.

Mr. Whyte quotes another comment of the same great defender of freedom of discussion:—

> Let truth and falsehood grapple: whoever heard of truth being put to the worse in a free and open encounter?

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

The insistence of Shri C. Rajagopalachari on April 26th in the Convocation Address of the Tata Institute of Social Sciences, Bombay, on the immediate necessity of stopping the mounting spiral of distrust was timely. There is need, Shri Rajagopalachari urged, for trust in the new Government's *bona fides* and its plans. He saw a useful channel for social service in interpreting to the people the rigorous, unpopular controls devised for equable distribution, controls which he depressingly announced were here to stay. But an even more urgent need is mutual trust between communities and individuals. He commended to the graduates the effort to inculcate such trust as a most useful work.

But has social work on the Western pattern much to contribute to the inspiring of trust in one another and in society? Shri Rajagopalachari had no doubt that it would altogether supersede private charity in time. Has it been such an unqualified success in the West as to justify India in fancying it the solution of her social and economic ills? Do its positive achievements in some cases make up for the havoc wrought sometimes by well-meant interference in the lives of others—sometimes dire havoc, which no experienced social worker can truthfully deny? Has its real menace to the freedom of the individual, as it grows in power and prestige, been properly assessed? Has the ancient Indian pattern of social service been examined for what it has to offer, its combination of public and impersonal benefactions with the obligation to respond to need—wells dug for all, shade-trees planted and rest-houses built, for all, and food shared with the hungry at the giver's door?

It is certainly not that conditions here as elsewhere do not need improving; they do! But well-considered social legislation, providing better housing, employment opportunities and protection against exploitation on the one hand, and the encouragement of individual responsibility for relatives, friends, neighbours and the helpless stranger on the other, are surely a more promising solution than social service on the Western lines.

Az-Zarnuji, writing early in the thirteenth century, recognised the duty of acquiring knowledge as incumbent upon every Muslim, man or woman, from the cradle to the grave. Sound educational precepts appear in his *Ta'lim*, on which Theodora M. Abel and G. E. von Grunebaum base their study "A Contribution of a Medieval Arab Scholar to the Problem of Learning" (*Journal of Personality*, Durham, N.C., U.S.A., September 1946 issue, lately received).

Among his suggestions of permanent value are the need for choosing a teacher carefully and of staying with him long enough to master the subject-matter, not skipping off to another

teacher with half-digested knowledge in one's head. He stresses the importance of understanding before memorising, and of reflection and inquiry about what is learnt. "Posing questions is better than 'a month of repetitions.'"

The student is advised to learn slowly on the principle that only "in a slow fire can a stick be straightened."

And interruption of the course of studies is advised against because of the waste of time involved and also because of the difficulty of getting back into the proper setting. The moral purpose in learning is not slighted. Aspiration and assiduity, interest and exertion, are both recognised as indispensable.

More than one precept of the Muslim jurisprudent is paralleled in Hindu and Buddhist educational ideals, *e.g.*, the honour in which the teacher should be held and the importance of good company. Association with scholars and men of learning is encouraged. On the other hand, az-Zarnuji warns:—

If he makes companions of the loquacious and non-reflective individuals as well as quibblers, the student loses his ability to maintain a high intellectual level of thought. The impact on the student of inconsequential and frivolous individuals is like a contagious disease.

What is a Liberal? That is the question, asked by a fourteen-year-old, which Robert St. John answered in a radio broadcast on which is based his "Letter to Judy" in the first, March, issue of the monthly *47 : The Magazine of the Year*, a co-operatively owned magazine published from New York. A liberal, he declares, "is a dreamer—an idealist, a perfectionist." In our topsyturvy world those are all used as terms of reprobation. Many need to be reminded, with Judy, that Christ and Socrates, Plato and Lincoln were idealists,

and all the other great men of history. All our great poets and artists and writers and musicians have been idealists. Our civilisation has been made by dreamers. They point the way.

The liberal, Mr. St. John continues, believes in the dignity of man and refuses to be swayed for or against an individual by his birth or social status. Recognising that there are good people and bad in every race and creed and of every colour, he refuses to judge a man by his labels. He believes in freedom and in the rights of the common man.

The ideal has to be upheld by those who once have glimpsed it, upheld through misunderstanding, misrepresentation, attack. There is nothing else for them to do. Trying to translate those dreams into reality means indeed, as Mr. St. John whimsically says,

reaching for the stars. Of course, you don't always capture a star. But many times, you come back with a bit of stardust in your hands.

Mr. Richard Hughes, author of the first play written for broadcasting, writes in the Winter *Virginia Quarterly* (Charlottesville, U.S.A.) on "The Second Revolution: Literature and Radio." Following the printing-press, the spoken literature had abdicated in favour of the printed page. Radio started a swing in the opposite direction. "The Voice had come back," which the writer welcomes, holding it to be not good for books to be "Seen and Not Heard." The probable early outmoding of the purely listening play by television will not affect the need

for literature suited for broadcasting—not necessarily "a *separate* radio literature." He predicts a profound and gradual effect upon literature itself. When writers generally "write as much for the ear as for the eye" all literature will be suitable for broadcasting.

But Mr. Hughes's most interesting comment is apropos of the danger, especially in the U.S.A. with its sponsored commercial broadcasts, that "radio might go the Hollywood road to fatuity," for which, he implies, the divided allegiance incompatible with sincerity is responsible. The religious painters of the Middle Ages, whose universal patron was the Church, produced great art because they "believed heart and soul in what they were painting." The universal patron of the modern film director and the script writer, he says, is Finance.

> As the medieval painter was conditioned in his work by worship of God, so the film man today is conditioned by the worship of Mammon. If he really *believed* in Mammon, that might be all right, in a queer way. But he does not, we none of us do, if we are honest with ourselves. We are brought up to pay lip-service to Mammon, but in any really momentous issue, we soon find that belief in him has no real roots in us.

That is a great negative reassurance, when the service of Mammon seems so discouragingly one-pointed and widespread. A high ideal to which his full allegiance can be given is the pressing positive need, not of the artist only, but also of every modern man.

It is a truism that it is not only by the misstatement of facts that wrong impressions may be conveyed. Equally by the suppression of pertinent considerations do historians betray their great responsibility. This is underlined by Aubrey Haan in "Books Make Bigots" in the Spring 1947 *Common Ground*. The article refers specifically to the majority of the American textbooks by which the stereotyped thinking of the dominant majority is impressed upon the plastic youthful mind.

It is not only Negroes that have suffered from suppression of their considerable contribution to the history and culture of the United States but also other minority racial groups in the American composite culture. Nor are the bad effects confined to making children of the dominant Anglo-Saxon, Protestant group both prejudiced and smug. The children of the unfavoured groups suffer from accepting the implied unworthiness of their race.

The children are our hope for release from the old sorry round of prejudice, fear, hatred, clash. Text-books properly written, bringing out the fundamental equality of races and the essentially co-operative character of the human adventure, could go far to change the attitudes with which misguided parents have handicapped their children. But, alas,

> We build our daily prejudices while the world cries for understanding.

Our age is one of unprecented opportunities neglected or misued. Almost universal adult literacy in some countries, the cinema, the radio—what could not wise employment of their possibilities achieve! We cling to our rags and crusts of separateness when a world of beauty and of plenty is ours for entering upon *together!*