THE ARYAN PATH

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

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GREAT IDEAS

[The Muslims hold sacred the month of Ramzan. This was the chosen month during which Muhammad used to observe fast on Mount Hira. When he was forty years old "the first revelation" came to him during such a fast. The second chapter of the *Koran* (185) enjoins on Muslims the observance of the fast. It is appropriate, therefore, to quote this month some of the Sayings of the Prophet.—ED.]

Allah careth not about his leaving off eating and drinking, when the keeper of the fast doth not abandon lying and detraction.

Say (O Muslims): We believe in Allah and that which is revealed unto us and that which was revealed unto Abraham, and Ishmael, and Isaac, and Jacob, and the tribes, and that which Moses and Jesus received, and that which the Prophets received from their Lord. We make no distinction between any of them, and unto Him we have surrendered.

There are two benefits, of which the generality of men are losers, and of which they do not know the value, health and leisure.

The best of almsgiving is that which springeth from the heart, and is uttered by the lips to soften the wounds of the injured.

To spend more time in learning is better than spending more time in praying; the support of religion is abstinence. It is better to teach knowledge one hour in the night than to pray the whole night.

Who are the learned? They who practise what they know.

The Lord doth not regard a prayer in which the heart doth not accompany the body.

The most excellent Jihad (Holy War) is that for the conquest of self.

Muhammad once referred to strife, and said, "It will appear at the time of knowledge leaving the world." Ziad said, "O Messenger of God, how will knowledge go from the world, since we read the Koran, and teach it to our children, and our children to theirs; and so on till the last day?" Then Muhammad said. "O Ziad, I supposed you the most learned man of Medinah. Do *the* Jews and Christians who read the Bible and the Evangel act on them?"

The love of the world is the root of all evil.

A WORLD CO-OPERATIVE DEMOCRACY

[The principle of co-operation, which is the natural relation between man and man, has proved its efficacy in the economic field in recent years, as **Mr. James Peter Warbasse,** President Emeritus of The Co-operative League of the United States of America, brings out in this article. The essentially democratic basis of organised co-operation provides for its gradual expansion to include an ever greater portion of the population and affords a stabilising force in a period of rapid and far-reaching change. But the co-operative movement renders its greatest service, not in the economic benefits that it confers, but in the demonstration that it offers in convincing terms that the interest of all is the interest of each. When the corollary is also accepted, that the welfare of each—member or non-member of a co-operative society—is the concern of all, a world co-operative democracy will be an accomplished fact. For what indeed is true democracy but a great co-operative enterprise?—ED.]

The profit business system, which controls the economic affairs of the world, causes international hostilities which threaten the destruction of civilization. The movement toward totalitarian stateism is expanding. As the prevalent profit method of supplying human needs fails to serve effectively, governments go into business more and more and engage in economic functions. This leads ultimately to total state ownership, and the compulsory and coercive control of things and people. *The only force operating in the economic field to prevent the development of an autocratic state is the consumer co-operative way.*

The co-operative way of business and of life is based upon the principle that human beings need one another. It conforms to definite methods. The first of these is democracy, not as an emotional ideal, but as a practical way of action. Co-operation is dedicated to the immediate service of the participating individuals. Thus its fundamentals are direct ownership and direct control of business by the people served. Open membership and neutrality in politics, religion, and race make this co-operation a common ground upon which all people may unite.

The co-operative movement here considered is a moving form of co-operation. It cannot remain static. Two individuals may compose the beginning, but there is no end as it moves on toward embracing more and more people. Co-operation will always be restless and unsatisfied. As it is important that individuals unite to form the primary co-operative society, so is it important that societies unite to form a national co-operative society. By the same token, it is equally important that national co-operative societies unite to form an international co-operative society.

When 10,000 commercial banks in the United States failed after the first World War, it became obvious that these disasters were due to the neglect of a simple business principle. The banks had not been run in the interest of the people who needed banking service, the depositors and borrowers. They had been run in the interest of stockholders and officials, who had supplied only seven per cent. of the capital on which the banks made their profits. On the other hand, co-operative banking run in the interest of depositors and borrowers survived the depression and has proved to be sound banking business.

This is equally true of businesses supplying other needs. The inadequacies of the present business system which leave the majority of people illy fed, clothed and housed, and which are the major cause of international wars, stand out in striking contrast with the peace-promoting nature of business addressed primarily to the supplying of human needs.

The co-operative method took root and expanded a hundred years ago because profit business then was inefficient, exorbitant in its prices, and poor in the quality of its goods. Profit business remedied these deficiencies. It became highly efficient. Its mass production brought down prices. It produced goods of usable quality. But by the time it had attained these ends, it had wrought its own undoing. Industry and self-sufficiency had become so widespread abroad that export business declined at a time when exporting was absolutely essential to take care of the surpluses which the people at home could not buy. Capital investments overdid productive expansion beyond the consumers' purchasing power. Up and down swings of the economic cycle marked constantly recurring crises. Advertising, credit, and instalment selling became necessary to move goods into consumers' hands. Local and national competitive struggles, in a profit economy, curable only by monopolies, flared up in international competition. These international hostilities promoted wars. The profits of wars were eaten up by increasing taxes. Now a business system which for a hundred years has brought to the world its greatest advancements in wealth, in science, in the arts and invention, and in the humanities, begins its last chapter in a climax of chaos engendered out of its very nature.

All this is transpiring while the dominant profit system, now at the end of one of its wars, shows no purpose of putting into operation the changes necessary to prevent the recurrence of wars. It offers no plan for removing the conflicts which are making for its own destruction. It offers imperialism, international power politics, and international monopoly in the form of the cartel.

In the presence of these conditions, the natural hunger for democracy, the desire of the people to control the economic circumstances by which

they are supplied, and the innate tendency among human beings to unite with their neighbours in the spirit of mutual aid to help themselves, have resulted in the continuous expansion of the co-operative movement.

The national federations of co-operative societies in forty countries are united in the International Co-operative Alliance. This organization, with headquarters in London, was formed in 1895, and has held its international congresses and performed its multitude of international services since that time. Before the Nazi National Socialist régime, the Alliance was a federation of 124,000 co-operative societies in 39 countries, with 100,000,000 members. This is real membership. The name and address of every one of these people, with the amount of each one's co-operative investment, are available.

Within the International Alliance is the International Co-operative Trading Agency, composed of the national wholesales of twenty countries. Before the war, it was carrying on an international exchange of goods among its constituent societies. The societies in membership in the Alliance were doing an annual commodity business of 15 billion dollars. The yearly business of consumer co-operatives amounted to 33 billion dollars, with housing, banking, and insurance included. The forty national wholesales in the Alliance were doing a commodity business of 9 billion dollars a year. This international wholesale business included not only the exchange of surpluses from the factories of the national wholesales, but there was an international production of tea, coffee, olive oil, electric-light bulbs, and other commodities.

The businesses thus created have supplied every useful commodity in the fields of food, housing and clothing. The public utilities which co-operative societies have developed have brought these services to millions of consumers. Electric power, telephone service, water supply, transportation, radio, medical service, education, banking, insurance, housing, recreation, and other public necessities have been successfully developed and administered by the people needing these services without calling upon the political state for gifts of money or other aid.

All the national wholesales before the last war conducted manufacturing plants, several of which were the largest in their respective countries. Among these were the co-operative flour-mills of Great Britain, Sweden, and Switzerland.

Europe during the past century has been slowly evolving into a co-operative continent. The total membership in the International Alliance before the war, translated into families, represented about 400,000,000 people. Outside the Alliance are some 600,000 other societies with about 60,000,000 more members, which are not internationally federated. In 1946 there were 143,000,000 persons in membership

in co-operative societies in 43 countries. The total membership shows that over one-fourth the population of the world are connected with co-operatives.

The International Alliance held its first congress after the last war at Zurich, Switzerland, in September 1946. It was composed of 367 delegates representing the consumer co-operatives of 24 countries. The international congresses of the Alliance represent a league of peoples dedicated to the purpose of helping one another get better access to the things they need. All transactions are open and public. There are no secret treaties or agreements, no commercial rivalries, no inarticulate minorities. Everything that is done is in the interest of bringing the peoples of all countries and races closer together. The discussions are for free trade and freedom of international intercourse. They seek the elimination of those political devices which keep peoples apart. Of all the world assemblies, the congresses of the International Co-operative Alliance stand out pre-eminently as congresses of a constructive economy and of peace.

This world co-operative movement now after the war is springing into united action. The members that have been deprived of their democracy have not been converted to autocracy. Their desire for democracy is greater than ever before. The tyrants who had hoped to crush out democracy will be found to have promoted the desire for the democratic way of life by the terrible contrasts they have exhibited to the people.

So far as the co-operatives are concerned, they may go on as they have for the past hundred years, quietly and without ostentation building a democratic economy. So far as the peoples of the depressed countries are concerned, co-operation offers them an opportunity. Those instrumentalities which come with good-will and succour to the stricken people may wisely lend a hand in restoring their co-operatives. Waiting and ready for their use is this co-operative movement to aid them in their work.

The co-operative way is the voluntary way of self-help. If the people of the distressed countries are to be saved, the best results will accrue from their having as much of a hand as possible in saving themselves. They are ready. They have tested their co-operatives. They want democracy. If there is value in practical democracy, it is something more than a pleasant-sounding phrase, and the plain man must take a part in the peace to come. If self-help is better than philanthropic or autocratic help, then the plain man as a user and consumer of things must control the production and distribution that serve him. If abundance is better than scarcity, the plain man who needs things must be allowed to produce and distribute the things he needs.

JAMES PETER WARBASSE

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM OF MAURICE AND KINGSLEY

[**Mr. Guy Kendall**, long Headmaster of University College School, Hampstead, is the author of several works in prose and poetry, of which his just-published *Charles Kingsley and His Ideas* is germane to his present theme. The subject is instructive and holds encouragement for the student of man's halting progress towards a juster, kinder world. For those who struggle for man's liberation, "Each failure is success, and each sincere attempt wins its reward in time," as *The Voice of the Silence* puts it. The Chartist demonstration of 1848 was a fiasco but from its ashes rose the Christian Socialist movement. The "associations" of the latter, for co-operative production, failed; but time has already seen accomplished some of the objects for which the Christian Social Union strove. The star of Socialism is now in the ascendant but it is of the first importance that the ideals which are its soul shall not be lost sight of in satisfaction with material gains. The higher socialism does not seek the welfare of the working-class alone, but a fair deal to all, not the well-being of a nation or a group of nations but the good of all as brothers in the human family.—ED.]

It was the gradual debasement through the centuries of the moral and social standards of Christianity that called for the protest of the "Christian Socialists" led by F. D. Maurice, Charles Kingsley, J. M. Ludlow and others. They looked into their New Testaments and found —not the Gospel of getting on, but that of denying oneself and of regarding the accumulation of possessions as a snare to the soul. From Deuteronomy, with its warning not to "harden thine heart nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother"; from the earlier prophets Isaiah, Amos, Hosea, Micah, with their bold assertion that it is justice, not sacrifice, that Yahweh requires of his people; through the parable of the Good Samaritan with its enlarged conception of the meaning of "neighbour," to the Epistle of St. James with his denunciations of the unsocial rich, they found in the Bible the same duty urged—of love towards the brethren and its practical manifestation.

In the earliest history of the Christian Ecclesia, they found a handful of Christian believers at Jerusalem observing a custom of communism in respect of their property. Had they lived a generation later, they might have found in a newly discovered document, probably of the early second century, entitled "The Teaching of the Apostles," the words, "Share everything with your brother, and do not say, 'It is my private property,' for if you are sharers in common of immortality, how much more should you share that which is mortal?"

How had the change come about which seemed to make it the habit of wealthy people, who called themselves Christians, instead of sharing everything with their brothers, to say or to imply by their acts, "Share nothing with your neighbour, but condescend to give a few mites out of your abundance, as a great favour for which he should be duly grateful"? Much, no doubt, of the original enthusiasm had been lost in the dark ages. But in mediæval times something of the tradition of Christian *Agape* or love,[1] still survived. Charity had, it is true, largely acquired the material meaning that is almost its primary connotation. But the worker was not left to fend for himself all by himself in the struggle of commercial competition; and usury, in the sense of any sort of interest on loans made to a fellow Christian, was forbidden by the Church. It was the Reformation and the general cult of individualism —the gospel of getting rich quickly —that debased the coinage of charity most severely. The industrial revolution is now regarded as having more truly begun at the end of the sixteenth than of the eighteenth century. But the doctrine of *laissez-faire* was at its sinister height when the European revolutions of 1848 broke out. In England the revolutionary movement took the form of "The People's Charter"—the "Six Points" of electoral and Parliamentary reform which represented the artisans' protest against a Reform Act which had enfranchised the middle-class capitalist while doing nothing for the "working-class." He, in his turn, drove them, in old age or in time of serious illness, into the grim, inhospitable and detested workhouse, the creation of the new Poor Law, which was the first-fruit of Parliamentary reform. Chartism was a political move primarily; but beyond the claim to universal suffrage was the working-man's intention to get back his own from the unscrupulous capitalist.

Already an English economist, William Thomson, had anticipated the doctrine of Marx that labour is the sole source of wealth. According to S. A. Mellor,[2] "The aim of the deeper movement was nothing other than the revolutionizing of Britain in a complete socialistic sense." The great Chartist demonstration of 1848, when a monster procession threatened to march upon the Houses of Parliament, was the occasion for the launching of the Christian Socialist movement.

The Rev. F. D. Maurice was the father of the movement. In his book *The Kingdom of Christ*, published a few years earlier, he had insisted that the Kingdom of God was not only to be looked for in another world in the future.

[1] Through the Latin *caritas* we get the English "charity," the original meaning of which still survives in such phrases as "to take the most charitable view of his conduct," and still more in the negative "uncharitable," though the debased meaning, as in "None of your charity!" is commoner.

[2] *Hastings Dictionary of Religion and Ethics*, art. "Socialism."

If the foundation of this kingdom were the end of all the purposes of God, if it were the kingdom of God among men, the human conditions of it could be no more passed over than the divine; it was as needful to prove that the ladder had its foot upon earth, as that it had come down out of heaven.

Elsewhere he wrote :—

The Church is Communist in principle; conservative of property and individual rights *only by accident* [italics mine]; socially the Church is a community in which no Christian has a right to call anything his own, but in which there is spiritual fellowship and practical co-operation.

The latter words embody the spirit of the whole movement which is known as Christian Socialism. They acted as a call to the little group which used to gather in Maurice's rooms at Lincoln's Inn, to which society he held the post of Preacher, for Bible reading and discussions of Christian principles. Prominent among them were Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley in Hampshire, then a young man of nearly twenty-nine, and J. M. Ludlow, who had interested himself in the ideas of social reform which were being disseminated in Paris by Louis Blanc and Proudhon. In fact the industrial experiments of the group were initiated mainly by him. One day, a stalwart young man walked into Maurice's chambers and asked to join the group. The other members, who only knew of him as a fine cricketer, were reluctant to admit him, but Maurice overruled their objections and Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's School-days*, became their most vigorous fellow-worker in the cause of social justice.

On the day when the great gathering of Chartists on Kennington Common took place (April 10th, 1848) and London was in a state of something approaching panic at the prospect of their threatened march on the Palace of Westminster, Kingsley happened to have come to town with the junior partner of his publisher's firm, John Parker, Junior. That afternoon he proceeded to Lincoln's Inn where he was introduced to Ludlow, and the two set out for Kennington Common.

The result of the demonstration was a fiasco. How far it was due to the downpour of rain, how far to the carefully prepared defences which had been drawn up by the Duke of Wellington, is uncertain. But Kingsley spent the night composing the words of a placard which was to express sympathy with the Chartists as champions of the downtrodden working-classes. He had known the poverty of the agricultural labourer, his round of long toil at an insufficient wage, and the looming terror of the workhouse at the end. With that pitiful story his four years' tenure of the Rectory of Eversley had already made him familiar, and he was shortly to describe it in his first novel, *Yeast*. He knew enough about the town worker (probably having learned it while residing at his father's rectory of St. Luke's, Chelsea) to be aware of the unutterable squalor and absence of

sanitation in which a working-man and his family lived. He was familiar with the conditions of work in trades like piece-work tailoring, where one sweater gave out work to another sweater till it came down to the marginal sweated worker, as we may call him (or often her), whose whole life was one long struggle to keep his head above water in a day of twelve hours, or more, of exacting toil. He afterwards described all that in *Alton Locke* and the pamphlet *Cheap Clothes and Nasty*, which, along with Tom Hughes's memoir of his friend, will be found to precede *Alton Locke* in the edition of 1879.

The manifesto took a bold line: "Another day is dawning for England," it declared, "a day of freedom, science, industry." But he warned the agitators that the political franchise would not in itself secure them their rights. "There will be no freedom without virtue, no true science without religion, no true industry without the fear of God, and love to your fellow citizen." With rather doubtful justification he declared that the "working clergy" knew of the labourer's wrongs by personal observation. The working clergy?—Or was it the ideal clergy of his dreams? If the phrase included the bishops, had not these voted by a substantial majority against the Reform Bill? Had they shown any enthusiasm for the Mine or Factory Acts? It had been left to evangelical laymen, Wilberforce and Shaftesbury, to do the spade-work. Kingsley's view was that as soon as the working-people were fit to be free they would attain to freedom. But he went further than that. He rose at a meeting largely attended by Chartists, and stated with his usual (and possibly effective) stammer: "I am a clergyman of the Church of England—and a Chartist." This was misleading, for it could only mean that he was in favour of the whole Charter with its uncompromising demand for universal suffrage, annual Parliaments, and the rest, whether to be attained by moral, as some Chartists held, or by physical force.

After these storms were over, the Christian Socialist group applied themselves to solid work in two directions.

(1) They launched a periodical *Politics for the People* (later transformed into *The Christian Socialist*) in which Kingsley wrote several "Letters to Chartists," and Ludlow a series of articles on "The True Democracy." (The first of these began: "The true democracy is socialism"; but he was really a Tory democrat.) Maurice confined himself, as usual, to the general principles of Christianity, set forth in his quiet philosophical way.

(2) They organized and financed a number of "associations," that is to say, industrial undertakings in which the management should be for the most part in the hands of the workers themselves. The associations failed after about eight years of struggling experiment; but they left their mark by calling attention

to the wrongs inflicted by contemporary "capitalists" of the less scrupulous kind, and the principle of "each for himself, and devil take the hindmost," otherwise known as "*laissez-faire.*"

As we shall probably hear more in the near future of "labour" in management, it is worth while to devote the rest of this article to consideration of these schemes. More than one method has been tried of giving the working "hand" an interest in the prosperity of productive business. There is co-operative production, in which the workers are the sole capitalists. There is labour co-partnership in which labour, though it may not provide any of the capital, has a voice in the management. There is profit-sharing in which a proportion of the profits is set aside as a bonus for the workers, and is usually proportionate to the annual total realized, or to the output. The plan adopted by the Christian Socialists belonged to the first of these categories. The capital had to be borrowed and was lent by sympathisers—probably on easier terms than could have been obtained in the open market. The difficulties at once became apparent. Were all to be paid on the same scale? Or should the better workers receive a greater reward? It was vaguely laid down in the constitution of the associations that a wage fund would be set aside "representing the wages of the competitive system" according to "the talent and industry of the individual." But might they compete among themselves, if, for example, two tailoring "associations" were set up in the same or neighbouring towns? Questions of this sort created some bitterness from the first, and it tended to grow. Maurice wrote that "godless, warring tendencies" were making associations impossible and must be extirpated if the system was to survive.

Others who took part in the movement were F. J. Furnivall, a barrister, two men of letters, David Masson, the editor of Milton's works, Clough, the poet, the two Macmillan's who founded the publishing firm, and above all Vansittart-Neale, a man of wealth, who threw himself and much of his capital into the work of the associations, launching enterprises on a fairly large scale, especially the Atlas Engineering Works. He is said to have lost as much as £60,000 in these ventures. Smaller undertakings were established for shoe-making, building, baking and the manufacture of pianos.

One of the common drawbacks of co-operative production is that the workers are jealous of an efficient and well-paid manager, and their views as to policy are short-sighted. The failure of the "associations" was largely due to these causes. The managers were insufficiently paid, and, in one instance, definitely corrupt.

One opportunity, which might have made the experiment a regular part of our industrial system, was lost through no fault of the associa-

tions (which by that time were working through a central advisory council). The Amalgamated Society of Engineers entered into consultation with this council with a view to investing £10.000 of their funds in co-operative undertakings. The whole scheme was unfortunately wrecked by the great engineering strike of 1852, which left the Union beaten and nearly ruined. They had nothing left to invest. On the occasion of a later strike in 1897, the leaders of the Union were invited to take over some of the firms and work them for themselves. But by that time nationalization was being made, by "the new trade unionism," the first plank in the industrial struggle with capital; and the unions have always been chary of anything like labour co-partnership with capital, or profit-sharing. But now that labour has the upper hand from more than one point of view, and enjoys a "seller's market," such schemes are likely to be revived; at least it is difficult to guess what else the Conservative Party means by a system of private enterprise which will give an interest in production to the worker—if they do not envisage at least labour co-partnership or profit-sharing.

Kingsley, who took little active part in the running of the associations, except to defend and promote their cause with his pen, was of opinion that, despite their failure, the experiment had had valuable results of a moral kind; or, as Maurice put it, the principle of co-operation is "a protest against the view that selfishness is the basis of society and the law of the universe." He maintained that "all the great work which has been for society *in its existing form*, has been achieved by the mutual co-operation of men."

Kingsley and Hughes, in the years which followed, interested themselves for the most part in the cause of public health and sanitation, and in promoting the education of the worker through such agencies as the Working Men's College in Crowndale Road, N.W. In the next generation their work was carried on by members of the "Lux Mundi" school such as Bishop Gore and Canon Scott Holland, and by some others, like Bishop Westcott of Durham, who came nearer to the "broad" type of Churchmanship represented by Kingsley and Maurice. These founded the Christian Social Union, which did some practical work by awakening the conscience of the ordinary purchaser of retail goods to a sense of responsibility for the conditions of wages, sanitation, security and comfort under which the goods were produced. At one time they kept a black list of sweaters, and of other firms which did not conform to Trade Union standards. Learning that this was illegal and libellous, they kept a white list instead. The successor to the Christian Social Union today is the Industrial Christian fellowship, which pursues the same objects—or such among them as have not already been accomplished.

In our own time, so far have the Church of England and the Evangelical Free Churches swung towards socialism, that Dean Inge, who styles himself an old-fashioned Whig in politics (though formerly a member of the C.S.U.), constantly declares that churchmen, especially advanced Anglo-Catholics, are going far beyond what their principles warrant in actively promoting state socialism. But what Maurice advocated was that Churchmen should seek to Christianize socialism rather than "christian-socialize the universe."

GUY KENDALL

PSYCHOLOGY AND LITERATURE

Writing on "Psychology and Literature" in the recently revived *Journal of the Annamalai University*, April 1943 issue, Shri P. S. Subrahmanya Sastri offers humility as a measure of the writer's age. We should regard it rather as a measure of his teachability and, later, of how nearly his moral stature matches his intellectual attainment. As the Mahayana Buddhist scripture, *The Voice of the Silence*, puts it,

> Be humble, if thou would'st attain to Wisdom. Be humbler still, when Wisdom thou hast mastered.

Shri Subrahmanya Sastri is right in seeing boastfulness as the characteristic of youth, and a becoming modesty as that of age, provided that we recognise that youth and age pertain not only to the body's years but more particularly to the stage attained by the evolving soul within. No solon is as wise as some young graduates esteem themselves. The ill-stocked shop may have bare shelves but what it has will be in the show-window. So, near its mountain source, the stream is turbulent and noisy; as it nears the sea its volume is far greater but its majestic flow is almost silent.

Bhartṛhari's testimony, quoted on this point, is valuable:—

> When I had a little knowledge, I became blinded with haughtiness like an elephant and my mind became puffed up with the idea that I am all-knowing. When I learnt little by little from the wise, I realised that I was a fool and haughtiness left me like fever.

FIGS FOR HUNGER

[The problem of Onu, of whom **Dr. Bhabani Bhattacharya,** author of *Some Memorable Yesterdays*, writes here, is the problem of the world today, in miniature. It is easy to talk of brotherhood between all nations and all men when times are prosperous and even when demand exceeds supply, so long as the underprivileged are also inarticulate. Brotherly feeling is put to the test when general shortage demands a choice between austerity for all and plenty for the few with penury for the rest. The only hope for a united world lies in the more favoured peoples recognising, as Onu recognises, the inescapable compulsion of *noblesse oblige*.—ED.]

The fig-trees were all stripped of their little green pellets of fruits, save for a few bunches here and there on the topmost twigs far out of reach. But the boy could climb like a squirrel. He knew the strength and resilience of every tree limb and could tell by its feel if it would bear his load—it was strange how a thin frail-seeming bough would often bend under weight, yet not break. The boy was the envy of his companions who sat scattered on the lower branches, each with barely a dozen half-grown figs in his waist-cloth, while Onu crawled about high above their heads, hands busy, pocket bulging. Onu was no waster though. This was the last fig stock. It should be held in reserve, plucked with niggardly care. He took none but the fat well-rounded ones—they would be faintly yellowing in a day or two, losing juice and flavour.

"Pluck us a few," said the boys, looking up at him with injured pride, but helpless.

Onu plucked a bunch and dropped it on the ground. The boys clambered down and stood with faces lifted, eyes harassed by the sun. But the boy, perched high on top and half visible through screens of leaf, was plucking no more. He was creeping down.

"Drop a few more, Onu," shouted the youngsters, scowling, wondering what was his game.

Onu had made up his mind. Those figs which he alone could reach were his own secret treasure. The others had no right to them. Let those boys help themselves if they could.

Selfishness had been alien to his nature. He had always loved to share his best gifts with his friends. But hunger had debased his warm innocent spirit. He had become a hoarder. He hoarded for himself and his sister and mother the wild green figs on tree-tops which none but he could reach.

He came down, turned away from the boys and was walking off on a footway across the field. A moment's amazed silence, and then the boys broke out in a chatter and yelled, "Stop, thief!" They went forward in a rush.

His face burned with shame for he knew he had been mean, and his shame found relief in anger. "What is it you want?" His voice was a challenge.

With hatred they eyed the bulge of figs in his waist-cloth over the flattened belly and one cried "Thief!" and the others echoed, "Thief! Thief!"

"I am no thief," said Onu with a jerk of his head. "I plucked my figs. You pluck yours—plenty left. You have gone mad, mad!"

The others hissed in answer "Thief!" and in an instant, as though by a word of inner command, they fell upon him, hitting, pulling his hair, trying to snatch away his figs.

His bulging waist-cloth he clutched with one hand, fighting with the other. They were boys of about the same age, all bony-faced from hunger, friends a minute before, now pulled wide apart by their need for survival, three ranged against one. Onu fell, sprawling flat on his back, desperately struggled and sat up as he felt hands prod, dig, at his waist-cloth till the worn fabric came apart. His sweat-smeared ribs panted hard while his teeth found a grasping arm. A howl of pain, and arms pushed him back, pushed madly. Onu fell again. His head bumped on the edge of a half-brick, his eyes blacked out and he lay quite still.

The youngsters gazed down, pale with fear, silent. Then they turned and fled.

One came back, though. He looked down at his friend as he lay stunned in the hot sun, dust on his lips and nostrils, a trickle of blood on his scalp. The youngster mused and wiped his flowing nose and shuffled off to a pool near-by, plunged his *dhoti's* corner in the water and came back and bathed the injured head. He watched the closed eyelids and, bending, spoke in his ear: "Onu! Waken!" A sob in the voice. "*Bhai* Onu, do not get killed, *bhai*."

And the boy woke in a while and moved his head, his eyes blinking in the sun. He was dazed still, but he soon remembered the figs and sat up in alarm lest they were all gone. There they lay, scattered, bright spots on the pale grass. His *dhoti* was ripped, and at sight of the damage he pressed his lips together and glared. "Rogue!" he said and tightened his lips again.

The other did not feel the abuse. He smiled, his face joyous, and he started to collect the figs. Having collected all he put them in his friend's waist-cloth, first tying the ripped ends, and he shook his head murmuring, "I never hit you, Onu *bhai*," and he shook his head, over and over again as though by repeated denial a lie would cease to be a lie.

"It is all for the little one"—he gulped spit to ease his mouth—"only four years old. Her stomach is not strong like ours. She can't eat wild roots and water-plant stalks. She can eat figs boiled soft. The smile was gone from his face and his eyes began to fill. "Else why should

I fight you, *bhai?*" He hung his head, rubbed his eyes and sniffled.

Onu knew his friend's little sister. The father, like Onu's, had been struck down by the dread epidemic that had crushed the village with monster hands. Robi, like Onu, was the bread-winner of the house.

Onu loosened the strips of his waist-cloth and took out half the figs to offer them to his friend. "Every day we'll go halves, *bhai*, halves. That tree has plenty left, and—he seemed to be heartening himself rather than the other—"every little branch on the top I can reach with my hand."

Robi sniffled more because of his friend's kindness. "No, not so many. Just one fistful, *bhai*. There." He cupped his palms together.

"Take all this lot," Onu insisted. He too sniffled. It now came upon him like a shock that the boy who had flung him down with a mad push—that boy also had a little one in the household, a baby brother. Babies had to have figs. Vishnu had fought so hard only to earn figs for his starving baby brother. Onu felt his heart sink.

So many mouths to feed. Onu could see in his mind the figs that still hung on the tree and he cast up some accounts. Soon the figs easy of access would be gone and then he would have to creep along the outspread of branches and reach for the far thin ends. But he was so affrighted! What if he fell and broke his head and died? Or broke his legs and became a cripple like old Haru, who too had fallen from a tree—doomed to drag himself about on crutches? These days he could not climb to the tree-tops with his old ease because of his gnawing hunger and weakening—his hands shook, his head dizzied, his eyes dimmed, and he had to grip hard lest he fall.

Seized by dread and despair, Onu blinked to hold back the tears. He could not let his mother and sister live only on wild roots and herbs. And the babies, the tiny brothers and sisters of his friends, they could not eat wild roots at all. Onu must crawl to the tips of thin perilous tree limbs rocking dizzily under his weight. He was caught, helpless, in the snare of his own inner feelings. There was no escape.

BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

LIVING SANSKRIT

No better proof is needed that Sanskrit is a living language than its employment to record an incident concerning ordinary people, one that happened within the memory of living men. A poor railway watchman's chivalry and courage are perpetuated in a modern Sanskrit ballad which bears his name, *Gopa Hampanna*. Hampanna lost his life some years ago defending the honour of a young Hindu lady who fled to him for refuge against six drunken British soldiers. The murderer was exonerated by the Court on a plea of self-defence and by blackening the reputation of the lady as well as that of her brave defender. National public opinion was indignant at the verdict and a memorial was raised at Gooty for the heroic Hampanna. And now this more enduring memorial in "the language of the gods," from the pen of the distinguished Sanskrit scholar, Dr. V. Raghavan, which originally appeared in the *Amritavani*, 1947.

SWITZERLAND'S CONTRIBUTION TO EUROPEAN CIVILISATION

[In these days of the dominance of Great Powers it is in line with our objective of serving the cause of human brotherhood to remind our readers from time to time of the important contributions which the "smaller" nations have made to world culture. In our issues for April and for August 1946 we published studies of the cultural contributions of Hungary and of Belgium, respectively. This appreciative essay on the Swiss contribution is by **Dr. E. K. Bramstedt**, the author of several works on sociology and literature.—ED.]

There are few countries in Europe which can claim that they have made a double contribution to Western civilisation by their achievements in the two fields of political organisation and of true culture. In the course of more than six centuries Switzerland has not only developed a democratic, federative system, which today is the envy of many bigger, though less fortunate states; she has also become a focal point of cultural life on a European level, a clearing-house of the ideas and products of three major European nations: Germany, France and Italy. Switzerland has solved the two main political problems that have elsewhere proved again and again dangerous obstacles to a sane and practical political organisation: the problem of racial and linguistic minorities and the problem of making democracy a workable, effective system.

This small country, set between major passes of the Alps, the Jura and the Rhone, with a territory of about 16,000 square miles and a population of 4,200,000 inhabitants, is the roof of Europe, where many European contrasts fit together like the framework of a house-top. Switzerland is a large European watershed. Important rivers rising in the Alps such as the Rhine, the Rhone, the Ticino, flow through Europe in all directions, reaching the sea in the north and south of the Continent. In ancient times the first immigrants followed the rivers upward, ascended the deserted mountain valleys and settled there. Thus the various languages and dialects are, to some extent, correlated with the course of the rivers from the Alps. Today Switzerland is a multi-lingual country; out of every 100 of her inhabitants 72 are German-speaking, 20 French-speaking and 6 Italian-speaking. Until 1937 German, French and Italian were the only three languages recognised as national and official; since then, as a result of a national plebiscite, a fourth language has been added, Romansch, spoken by only 44,000 people, in the Canton of the Grisons. This recognition was a gesture intended to emphasise the

unrestricted equality of all racial and linguistic groups.

Instead of a common race or language, interracial co-operation, civic liberty and neutrality in international affairs have formed the bases of the Swiss Confederation. There is no Swiss nationalism of any significance, and the half-cajoling, half-threatening attempts of Nazi Germany between 1933 and 1945, which for "racial" reasons suggested the incorporation of Switzerland's German-speaking portion into Greater Germany, of the French cantons into France and of the Italian-speaking Canton of Ticino into Italy, fell on deaf ears. There can be no doubt that, if Hitler had attacked the country during the last war, the well-organised and well-equipped Swiss army would have put up a fierce resistance. Fortunately, this possibility did not materialise, and the Swiss record of peace dating back to the times of the Napoleonic wars remained unbroken. Moreover, through the International Red Cross, which gave practical aid to both camps, Switzerland did much to keep the small flame of humanitarianism alive.

The country has never known a monarchy nor has it experienced any form of absolutism or dictatorship. Even the President has by no means the strong position characteristic, *e. g.*, of the President of the United States. The President of the Swiss Confederation is a member of the Cabinet, the so-called "Federal Council", and is elected as the first among equals, for one year only. This supreme office has been filled by representatives of all the three or four racial and linguistic groups. Tolerance towards all of them is taken for granted in a state, the officials of which are accustomed to answer letters from citizens in the language in which they are written. This tolerance is indispensable as the linguistic frontiers do not coincide with the frontiers of the twenty-two Cantons of the Confederation. There is a large French-speaking minority in the Canton of Berne, a similarly large German one in the Canton of Fribourg, and in the German-speaking Grisons there are islands, both of Romansch and of Italian. As a result of this situation, many people are bilingual, and newspapers often carry advertisements in any of the three main languages, without a translation being regarded as necessary.

The strength of the Swiss federal organisation lies in the fact that it is a system of direct democracy. This means that the adult male citizen—the vote has not yet been extended to women—has the right to take a direct share in the moulding of the affairs of the community. He can exercise this right on a threefold scale, in municipal, cantonal and federal matters. Whilst in many dictatorships the plebiscite served as a mere instrument of camouflage, in democratic Switzerland it has become an unambiguous means of expressing the will of the people. The two institutions of the

"referendum" and the "initiative" give the people the possibility of vetoing new laws as well as the power to force a discussion of any subject which seems to be of municipal, cantonal or national interest. The fact that, for instance, such important controversial subjects as the control of the private armament industry, measures against unemployment, the new National Penal Code—which has since replaced the former twenty-two Cantonal Codes—were voted upon by the people, has given the man in the street a feeling that his own affairs are at stake, not merely abstract ideas.

There are two other reasons why the Swiss have reached a comparatively high level of political maturity and wisdom. The one is the happy balance we find in their political system between centralisation and regional autonomy. Each of the Cantons has its own parliament, administration and civil laws, and each is sovereign in so far as its actions do not clash with the Federal Constitution of 1874. The other reason is the rather fortunate course of Swiss history. When the three so-called "Original Cantons" of Uri, Unterwalden and Schwyz concluded a league of mutual trust and alliance in 1291, they did so in opposition to the foreign rule of the Counts of Hapsburg, later the monarchs of Austria. This opposition was later amplified to an antagonism against any aristocratic hegemony as well as against the mighty German Empire. Already in the fourteenth century the Swiss Confederation, which soon extended to thirteen Cantons, was rooted in the people—in peasants who would never know the meaning of serfdom, in burghers who did not acknowledge the claims of any nobility (though later there developed an oligarchic patriciate in some towns). The Swiss Confederation was a pact between rural Cantons and city-republics such as Zurich, Berne, Geneva, a pact which after many ups and downs changed from a loose alliance between states into one state on a federal basis. It is true, there were feuds between predominantly Catholic and Protestant Cantons in the past, there are marked economic differences between agricultural and industrial areas today; but all these contrasts in the long run have been unable to endanger the basic unity of the Swiss nation.

A country of this structure has, like Holland and the Scandinavian States, a particular function as a mediator and a channel of exchange between the great European civilisations. In the book-shops of Swiss towns one finds an excellent selection of recent French, German, English and Italian books. The leading Swiss newspapers and periodicals are remarkable for their width of outlook and their fairness of judgment. The Swiss theatre, too, is at its best truly European. At least five great European figures originated in Switzerland or found a spiritual home there. Erasmus of Rotterdam, the leading humanist and pacifist of

the sixteenth century, spent the last fifteen years of his life in Basle, which even then had an outstanding university. About the same time Jean Calvin formulated the religious creed for a large section of European Protestantism and made Geneva a "Protestant Sparta." Two centuries later another, no less powerful, thinker was born in the same town. Jean Jacques Rousseau trusted in that goodness of nature which Calvinism had denied. Rousseau, who put forward most dazzling ideas on education, disposed of his own children by sending them to an orphanage. J. H. Pestalozzi, a much greater educationist and friend of mankind, on the other hand, gained an ever deeper insight into the needs of youth out of his experiences at his experimental schools in various parts of Switzerland, though he encountered as much failure as success. Finally there is Friedrich Nietzsche, who, side by side with the eminent historian of culture Jakob Burckhardt, taught ten years at Basle University. In spite of his anti-democratic leanings, he felt at home amongst the Swiss and coined the sentence: "All Europe must become an enlarged Switzerland."

From Hans Holbein the Younger to Ferdinand Hodler, artists of first rank worked in Switzerland; the country has also produced a valuable literature of its own, both in German and in French. Though some of its leading writers were rather individualistic and kept "far from the madding crowd" (C. F. Meyer, Carl Spitteler), the works of most Swiss authors have an undercurrent of reformist, didactic tendencies in common. This is particularly true of two outstanding novelists of the nineteenth century: Jeremias Gotthelf and Gottfried Keller. Gotthelf, a country parson and a writer of considerable power, though with very conservative views, wanted to educate the peasants of his Canton, to expose their vices and follies and to make them useful citizens and happy human beings. Gottfried Keller, a native of Zurich, succeeded by means of an original poetical realism in depicting a wealth of German-speaking Swiss types of his time, average people and odd fellows, ambitious youths and capricious women. Keller, an outspoken opponent of all forms of hypocrisy and false pretence, was never tired of emphasising that eternal vigilance is the price of true democracy. Today the novels and stories of C. F. Ramuz, written in French, project the fascinating landscape of the Canton of the Valais between the Lake of Geneva and the Rhone Valley with a similar artistic intensity. The life of this region, the problems of its peasants and wine-growers have found in Ramuz a voice of such rare subtlety and beauty that some of his novels deserve a much wider reading public.

Strangely enough, the works of another novelist and poet of genius, by birth a German, who has long found a more congenial home in Switzerland, are also comparatively

little known outside the German-speaking countries. I mean Hermann Hesse, who at the age of seventy was last year awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. This refined, introspective mind combines the traditions of German romanticism with a penetrating modern probing into the depths of the subconscious and of the occult. He is the poet of the uncommon souls, of lonely tramps, of individualists who feel lost in the mechanism of an age of mass-production and mass-annihilation. In some of Hesse's more recent novels the influence of the theories of the outstanding Swiss psychologist, C. G. Jung, makes itself felt. Professor Jung, the author of the standard work on psychological types, plays a leading rôle in post-Freudian psychology similar to that which another Swiss scholar, Professor Karl Barth, does in the field of contemporary Protestant theology. Barth, in many ways a modern Calvin, has developed the system of "dialectical theology" directed against all attempts at minimising the distance between God and man. Even some opponents of this school acknowledge that it has contributed much to a deeper and more honest interpretation of the Christian creed.

Though it must be admitted that commercialism plays a big part in the everyday life of the Swiss, real achievements in the cultural field, particularly in scholarship and in literature, enjoy a greater prestige with them than in many other countries. The social position of Swiss university professors, for instance, is considerably higher than that of their American colleagues. Neither wealth nor birth are in Switzerland of the same decisive importance as in most other countries of the West. As the American writer Negley Farson recntly observed after a visit to Switzerland :—

> In Berne, which of all European capitals has preserved most culture, the aristocracy proper is not based on privileges of birth which have become obsolete and are seldom justified; nor is it composed of *parvenus*, of self-made men of recent date, for whom money is the highest authority. The aristocracy which I got to know in Switzerland, is an "aristocracy of talents." This and one's character are decisive for the positions held by men and women.

True words, which help to illustrate the point that today Switzerland is in more than one respect a model for democracy, an inspiration not only for the European civilisation of today, but also for a better world-civilisation of tomorrow.

E. K. BRAMSTEDT

THE FOOD OF PARADISE

[**Dr. Josiah Oldfield,** veteran physician and food-reformer and the founder of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, is the Earnshaw-Cooper Lecturer in Dietetics to the Lady Margaret Fruitarian Hospital, Sittingbourne, with which he has been connected for many years. He writes here on a congenial topic related to that dealt with in his article "The Food of Life" in our September 1945 issue. The æsthetic and the humanitarian arguments are only two of several against a meat diet. It is not necessary to accept the materialistic Paradise of any of the religions as the condition of the soul after death to recognise that food of gross type may well hinder the spiritualisation of thoughts and feelings here and now. It is not for nothing, surely, that gluttony has been called "of seven deadly sins the worst."—ED.]

Every age has dreamed dreams of Feastings: Every age has taken the habits of its own social life and of its own age in deciding upon the foods that they will feast upon.

When man therefore thought about the Feasts of his future Paradise he pictured to himself a Feast which satisfied his personal conceptions of food in the age, and under the conditions, in which he then lived.

If he suffers from Monotony in his diet, then he dreams of a land where he will have variety. If he suffers from Scarcity, then he will dream of a land where he has Plenty.

Throughout the history of the world there has been a more or less universal longing by all people that they should some time and somewhere come to the stage when they would have *every day enough to eat*, and that they would have for their food all the things which *they like best!*

This idea of future complete satisfaction is one of the great attractions in what people mean when they talk about "Heaven" in any religion.

To show the difference of these sentiments as to the foods of the post-earth world, we may remind ourselves that the priests and followers of Odin looked forward with rapturous fanaticism to a time when they should spend all their days in fighting enemies whom they would always conquer, and that they would spend their evenings in feasts of slaughtered cattle, and would even gorge upon the hearts and brains of their vanquished enemy Chieftains! Their idea of eating and drinking consisted of devouring unlimited supplies of varieties of slaughtered animals, and of drinking down unstinted amounts of alcoholic drink.

Today a picture of such evenings would repel most of us. This in itself shows what a great change in ideas has taken place with regard to evolutionary progress in the human concept of what the ideal Feast should consist of.

Today, there is in everybody's

mind an undercurrent of more idealism and more poetry and in its way more Spirituality in our concepts, not only of the Feasts we would like to have here, but of the feasts that we picture to ourselves that Angels have, and feasts in which we shall share, if we have the privilege of joining blessed Angels in the world to come.

Human nature, while loving its own habits and fighting for the things its appetite has learned to love, nonethe-less generally has some higher ideas as to what constitutes "better foods" and what constitutes "worse foods" than the ordinary diet upon which men are now living.

Shall I put it in this way:— "Would we today consider that supping on the products of the slaughterhouse and eating the same food that carnivorous animals love to gorge upon, is higher or lower than the feasts pictured by poets and painters?"

In the view of these classes of higher culture, the longings of men should turn to fruits and cakes, honey and wine, strawberries and cream, parched corn and purple grapes, and deep brown nuts.

It is on butter and honey, on corn and oil, on grapes upon a lordly dish, that the High ones of the future shall feed.

What we have to ask ourselves is this: "Which of those two lines of thought lead us from the consciousness of what we are, to that life which, in our innermost soul, we would like to live?"

Personally, I have no hesitation whatever in saying that the majority of cultured people, even those who live upon sausages and who wallow in the delights of liver and bacon, would say it is a higher and more æsthetical mode of living to ask the soul within to live in a body nourished by a diet which consists of "the Kindly Fruits of the Earth," rather than to offer to our Heavenly visitors in our bodily carcases, bodies built up as by the disciples of Odin, through gorging upon the bodies of the slaughtered.

Once we have settled this line of thought, nothing more remains to be done than to think out methods by which we may attain to our Goal.

If the "bloodless Feast" is a higher state of living than the Feast from "the shambles" then it is the duty of all who are leading humanity, and of all who profess to be guides of humanity, to work out first in Spiritual contemplation, and then in materialistic practice such a dietary for the human race as they shall aim to reach in due course and as will flexibly be acceptable to all men who are walking along the upward way.

The materialistic man is quite satisfied to rely upon what he *likes* best, and so he refers to his habit and upbringing as the excuse for continuing his old methods of living.

This burden of the fleshly mind, which is common to us all, is not, however, what we have in view when we are contemplating with earnest sincerity what is the *best*

habit of diet for progressive Humanity.

We, who would be of the great band of Teachers and Sages and Humble ones must set an example by ourselves, and must be always ready to *fast* in any time of difficulty.

We therefore assume that we shall, in some Place and at some Time, find ourselves invited to join in the Feasts of Paradise.

If there is one thing we have learned in our earth life, it is the difficulty of change and the overwhelming power of habit. Our earthly body has impressed it so much upon our consciousness that we are ready to bring forward all sorts of reasons and excuses to justify us in having to live upon the things *we say that we like.* If, however, we want to enter upon the pathway towards Paradise, we must begin to prepare ourselves for this new method of existence.

The disciples of Odin were ready to go from the battle field of Earth Life direct to the Valhalla, where they would continue their feasting in exactly the same way as that to which their earth life had accustomed them. They were ready to die and to begin their future life without any change. We, then, must ask ourselves, are we so living that we shall be ready to enter upon the new life and to enjoy to the full the Feasts of which we think we shall be invited to partake?

Will any change be required from our present demands for daily food?

The body and its habits are powerful. I well remember what happened for a long time after I had decided, as an undergraduate at Oxford, to give up the use of all dead animals as food. Long after I had entered on the higher path, the sound and smell of frizzling, frying bacon attracted my lower instincts, and my lower appetite. It was only the fact that I was steadfastly fixed upon attaining a goal, which enabled me to say to this particular form of craving—"Get thee behind me, O Satan!"

Every church has always taught, in every religion, that there is a higher stage of dieting for those who wish to feast in Paradise; weeks of Lenten Fastings, Days of Abstinence, are common to all great religions.

We must therefore be preparing ourselves for the new diet which lies before us.

A baby always has some trouble in giving up his mother's milk, and in changing on to a diet of cereals and fruits.

A large percentage of those men who were on their way to the Land of Promise with all its attractive glories, rebelled against the Manna upon which God was feeding them. Their Earthly memories went back to the "Flesh-Pots of Egypt," and so they ravenously fell upon the quails that came with the wind and strangled them, and cooked them, and ate them, even up to the point of gorging, and this while the Plague at the Kibroth Hataavah was spreading around them.

If then we want to be happy at

our new Feast we must begin well ahead to get rid of the habits of the lower man, and to put on the wedding garment of those who would take part in the Feast of their Lord.

Nature recognises the importance of change of food.

She gives to her babies while they are sucking their mother, a saliva which contains no Ptyalin, because the mother's milk contains no starch.

To give a sucking child, therefore, starchy food would not cause happiness but ill health and misery.

We too must develop a Spiritual Ptyalin which will enable us to turn away from the materialistic foods of life and to enjoy to the full the Benediction which accompanies "the diet of the Kindly Fruits of the Earth."

The Spiritual Ptyalin for the human race is a Spiritual thing, and therefore it is not an easy matter to develop it, [but the basis of it is Sympathy and Pity.

The higher the human race grows, the more are men desirous of fighting down the warring spirit, the killing spirit, the hunting spirit and the spirit which condones the infliction of pain and suffering upon gentle fellow-creatures.

The higher the human race progresses the more men become God-like in their outlook on the world, the more they feel that one of the most important things in Earth Life is to extend on to this earth the heavenly principle of Pity, Benevolence and Compassion.

Everything that reduces pain and suffering, everything that reduces Sorrow and Wailing, must then be part of the higher man's work in life.

It is not enough for any one of us to have accumulated earthly goods, unless we have developed some of those qualities which will equip us to enjoy the Feasts of Paradise to which we are already invited.

JOSIAH OLDFIELD

THE WEST NEEDS THE EAST

Asian Horizon : *A Journal of Renascent Asia* made its appearance from London in April. Edited by Nagendra Nath Gangulee with a panel of Associate Editors in India, Malaya, the Viet-Nam Republic, Burma and Siam, and published from London (The New India Publishing Co., W. C. 2), it promises to water the seed of mutual cultural sympathy sown at the Asian Relations Conference recently held at Delhi.

Interpreting "the dynamics of cultural changes" is a useful aim but in these fast-moving times we are glad to see coupled editorially with it attention to the stabilising force of cultural tradition. The title might be challenged if "Horizon" were taken as the limit of apprehension, but the magazine itself is published beyond the Asian horizon and the Editor vouches for its non-sectarian and non-partisan character.

"The commerce of culture between India and her neighbours" to which the Editor refers, is good but cultural free trade is necessary on a world-wide basis. There must be no tariffs with "most-favoured-nation" clauses! "The love for the Ultimate and the Universal," which the Editor quotes Okakura as having called "the common thought-inheritance of every Asiatic race" is needed by the Western nations with their preoccupation with "the particular...the means, not the end, of life." Theirs is a deeper need than Asia's for the West's technological discoveries and creature comforts.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

Folk-Tale, Fiction and Saga in the Homeric Epics. By RHYS CARPENTER. (University of California Press, Berkeley; Cambridge University Press, London. 14*s*.)

This finely printed volume contains the twentieth issue of the Sather Classical Lectures delivered by Rhys Carpenter, Professor of Classical Archæology at Bryn Mawr College, now Director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. He is too fanciful, in many sections of his book—which, by the way, is not altogether easy reading: it is overcrowded with names, geographical and other. But it is an interesting book, occasionally provoking, often provocative. In England the archæologists will not be disposed to welcome it, as it is rash and not wholly competent (or so it is reported). Yet it contains some highly original ideas, especially about the Nordic origin of the *Odyssey*, which are worth careful consideration. In any case, it will rouse the critics to action—no bad thing in its way. When quite novel views are sprung upon the learned world in connexion with works of such supreme fame as are the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* the author must expect opposition.

He starts off with making a distinction—doubtless desirable—between Folklore, Saga and Fiction. What do we find in the *Iliad* (which he dates in the eighth century B.C., the *Odyssey* having come to birth about a century later)? Surely Prof. Gilbert Murray was right in speaking of the *Iliad* as a written "traditional" book (in that respect like the Old Testament), not merely an "oral" tradition, thus accounting for the fusion of (sometimes) unrelated material in all Epic poetry. That behind our present *Iliad* there lurks some one great unifying genius, is not, we think, disputable; but it was constantly being worked over and modified by others 'till it reached its present form.

Carpenter has some rather surprising yet cogent criticisms about the Schliemann diggings and discoveries; and notice may be taken of certain Etruscan origins. He believes that for the *Iliad's* structural type-form we must find the key in Attic drama. In no case (he thinks) does the Epic describe a Mycenæan culture. His comparisons with the old North-Europe Sagas are interesting; but a bare mention must here suffice. When everything is taken into account, and perhaps a heavy discount allowed where the Professor exhibits some of his novelties of interpretation, we are disposed to welcome the book, as a whole; it is at least a stimulating piece of work and this is a thing not to be despised.

B.

Medieval Islam: A Study in Cultural Orientation. By GUSTAVE E. VON GRUNEBAUM. (The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $4.00)

This is an outstanding book, equally of interest to the scholar and to the serious general reader. Its scope is encyclopædic but the author, an

acknowledged scholar of high repute, manages to compress his findings in 347 pages of absorbing interest, quoting copiously from original Arabic sources. In the author's words, the book

> proposes to outline the cultural orientation of the Muslim Middle Ages, with eastern Islam as the centre of attention. It attempts to characterize the medieval Muslim's view of himself and his peculiarly defined universe, the fundamental intellectual aud emotional attitudes that governed his works, and the mood in which he lived his life. It strives to explain the structure of his universe in terms of inherited, borrowed and original elements, the institutional framework within which it functioned, and its place in relation to the contemporary Christian world.

On the whole the book achieves its purpose, though it may not be possible to agree with the author in all his findings.

In pursuance of his theme the author first interprets the "mood of the times" and describes the cultural interaction of Christendom and Islam in the medieval world. Then he proceeds to interpret the religious foundations of Islam: Revelation and Piety. "The Body Politic" of Islam is treated in two chapters—"Law and the State" and "The Social Order." A separate chapter is devoted to "The Human Ideal." "Self-Expression" in literature and history is followed by "Creative Borrowing," dealing with "Greece in the 'Arabian Nights.'" A final chapter rounds off the well-balanced work which has not a dull moment.

Though the author is usually careful to quote unimpeachable authorities in support of his views, a few misstatements have unfortunately crept in. For instance, when dealing with the change in the Prophet's "subjects of revelation" at Medina the author makes the entirely unwarranted and unauthenticated statement that "To make Islam secure, assassination and compulsion, trickery and bribery, were legitimate means." This runs counter to the author's own reading of the general situation at the period. It is a curiously out-dated statement at the present juncture when the latest research has proved many similar misstatements of nineteenth-century European Orientalists to be mere wishful thinking, if not worse. Lack of space forbids citing other, similar misstatements which it is to be hoped will be deleted in the second edition or else authenticated.

A. G. CHAGLA

Poets and Pundits: Essays and Addresses. By HUGH I'ANSON FAUSSET. (Jonathan Cape, London. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

The literary critic worth his salt is a creative artist in his own right who commands, besides, that rare power of imaginative sympathy which makes of reviewing the "spiritual adventure" which Mr. Fausset obviously often finds it. He demonstrates the possibility of which he writes, of entering with certain authors through imaginative co-operation "into a communion of spirit and even a combined labour of expression." In that communion his readers share.

Journeymen reviewers owe it to the art which they follow afar off to assimilate the Preface to these essays, some of them reprinted from THE ARYAN PATH.

Mr. Fausset enters imaginatively into consciousnesses as different as Rilke's and Whitman's, Donne's and Dorothy Wordsworth's, Tolstoy's and Thomas Paine's, and we, admitted by his masterkey of sympathy, see through their eyes more than their books reveal.

E. M. H.

Caste in India. By J. H. HUTTON. (Cambridge University Press, London. 18s.)

This is a painstaking and thorough presentation of one of the most fascinating of social phenomena, the caste system in India. In a well-documented and careful study, Professor Hutton expounds his subject in three sections. The first describes the distribution of the various castes in the vast subcontinent of India and illustrates the variety of people that inhabit the country, ranging from the Todas, numbering a few hundreds rapidly disappearing, to castes which number millions. The very great diversity of cultures and physical types has been held together and welded into "a stable society which has withstood and survived all military and political disturbances and the various vicissitudes of some three thousand years."

Next, the author gives an account of the structure of the system, its strictures and its sanctions.

> The caste system has afforded a place in society into which any community, be it racial, social, occupational, or religious, can be fitted as a co-operating part of the social whole, while retaining its own distinctive character and its separate individual life.

In the best chapter of the work, the functions of the caste system are ably analysed; its most important one being its integrating of Indian society into one community composed of various competing and even incompatible groups. It has acted as a political stabilizer, "serving as a sure basis of orderly government, as a defence against despotism, and a means of preserving the Hindu pattern of culture under the régime of alien conquerors." The system also provides for the various functions necessary to social life, each functioning independently while possessing at the same time a certain fluidity, a power of mutability within definite limits. The disadvantages of the system do not escape the author's careful scrutiny.

In the third section, after examining analogous institutions and their origins, the author gives his conclusions, chiefly that the Indian caste system is unique and could have arisen nowhere else, depending as it does on geographical isolation, primitive ideas of magic, belief in karma and reincarnation, clash of antagonistic cultures and races, and the development of classes with religious and social privileges.

The book is valuable but makes difficult reading and there are a few repetitions, perhaps not avoidable with the arrangement adopted. It is a useful compendium on this important subject of caste in India.

D. GURUMURTI

Economy of Permanence. By J. C. KUMARAPPA. (The All-India Village Industries Association, Wardha, C. P. Rs. 2/-)

Towards a New Society. By NOLINI KANTA GUPTA. (Sri Aurobindo Circle, Bombay. Rs. 1/12)

In the *Economy of Permanence*, Prof. J. C. Kumarappa in his usual matter-of-fact but lucid manner deals with the needs of a social life based on the well-being of the community as a whole. The social order must be planned so that, as in Nature, each unit has its place and can develop therein the faculties and powers inherent in it. It is the long view as opposed to the short-sighted view of

modern life, where immediate utilitarian methods are adopted at the sacrifice of the mass of individuals who are thereby deprived not merely of livelihood but of opportunity to develop and unfold their latent capacities. It offers the ideal of service in place of mere enterprise. In the present volume "Man : The Individual" is considered. A further volume is to follow.

Towards a New Society is a collection of essays written during the world war. They deal with some problems arising therefrom but chiefly with the rôle of India under the new world conditions, and the ideals of human unity necessary for the reconstruction of society on a sound basis. He offers, as the unifying bond between "Rights" and "Duties," the higher synthetic ideal of "Dharma" and outlines the pattern of the social order laid down by the ancient Rishees whose inner vision saw the principles and laws which ensure not only peace and stability but also provide the means for individual soul growth and fulfilment. This book is thus an analysis of certain prevailing social ideas and a restatement of those fundamental ideals which offer the only sure basis for the solution of the present problems and serve as a goal spurring individuals towards achievement.

Professor Kumarappa tackles the actual problems of co-ordinating the everyday life of the individual in such a way that he will be building for a future in which the elements of destruction will have been guarded against and the economic basis of life stabilized to provide the physical *upadhi* for the character development of every unit in the community. He suggests many specific ways in which the individuals in a group can support each other by all utilizing what the others can do, thereby developing a healthy integrated state of society. Large-scale production is the economy of transience; cottage industries make for the Economy of Permanence.

J. O. M.

Dragon Doodles. By HOWARD KELLY. (C. A. Watts and Co., Ltd., London. 6s.)

These Dragon Doodles represent the flights of fancy inspired by the symbols on the Chinese Emperor's robe depicted in a fresco reproduced on the inside of a lacquered Chinese cabinet. On the outside of the cabinet are pictured a number of old men searching for the Isles of the Blest. By a skilful association of ideas the delightful fantasies suggested by the emblems are made to lead on to considerations of practical, everyday interest. Thus the symbol of a three-legged crow in the Sun, which is the first sacred ornament, starts a dissertation on Chinese astronomy and is shown to open the door to the fascinating story of man's conquest of natural forces. And so on with the rest of the twelve sacred ornaments which only an Emperor could wear and each of which serves in the hands of the skilful author to open avenues of knowledge. It is the plea of the author that China, realizing the power that modern knowledge gives, should avail herself fully of that knowledge and that power and so, aided by her ancient wisdom, should transform this good earth into real Isles of the Blest.

The book is an interestingly written contribution to the understanding of the Chinese mind.

S. K. GEORGE

The Murder of Herodes and Other Trials from the Athenian Law Courts. By KATHLEEN FREEMAN, D. LITT. (Macdonald and Co., Ltd., London. 12s. 6d.)

This book consists of the actual proceedings in fifteen trials held in the fourth and fifth centuries B. C. in the court of the Areopagus and in some of the jury-courts at Athens. They are the first recorded instances of the working of a jury-system under a definite code of law which aimed at cheap and equal justice for all citizens, trial by one's peers and complete publicity. Speeches for the defence or the prosecution made at the trials have been translated by the learned author with introductory notes and illuminating comments, with a separate chapter on the underlying legal code and procedure and another on Rhetoric and the Orators.

There being a provision in the Athenian legal code against representation of the parties by advocates, parties were often driven to getting experts to compose their speeches for them; and thus grew up the profession of Logographos (speech-writers). A great many of the speeches in this book are by a Sicilian named Lysias who came to Athens at the invitation of Pericles; and some of them have been attributed to the great Demosthenes who, after he had lost his patrimony by the fraudulent conduct of his guardians, was for some time obliged to write speeches for his living.

These speeches not only throw considerable light on the working of the Athenian legal system but they also clearly show what life was like in the city which is famous for some of the highest achievements of the human intellect. They show the market-place, the interiors of the homes, men and women at work, at festivities, in all their ordinary relationships and avocations, buying and selling, fighting in the street, sailing the sea, going off to the wars. The speeches thus provide lively and interesting reading even for the layman. In some, the part called the "Narrative" shows the art of story-telling at its best—vivid, terse and effective; for instance, the tale of the seduction of Euphiletus's wife and the story of Lysias's escape from his captors. We are confident that this book will be welcomed by a large number of readers.

K. C. SEN

China Moulded by Confucius. By CHENG TIEN-HSI. (Stevens and Sons, Ltd., London. 18s.)

The task the author has set before himself in this book is that of giving a glimpse of the soul of China to the Western reader. He is eminently qualified to do that, having represented his country in the West for many years in various capacities, the latest being that of Chinese Ambassador at London. And it is more than a glimpse that he has given of his country. For the book contains detailed and well-authenticated accounts of Chinese beliefs and practices, of Chinese personalities from Philosopher-Statesmen to Marriage-Go-Between's, and of Chinese art and literature.

The title is justified by the fact, made abundantly clear by exposition and quotations, that Chinese civilization is saturated with the teachings of Confucius. "There has never been one equal to Confucius," exclaimed Mencius, his brilliant exponent and next only to

him in influence; and the book makes it clear that there is much that even the modern, sophisticated age can learn with profit from "the Master for all ages." In fact, if there is one criticism that can be offered by an Indian reader, sharing to some extent with the Chinese in the newly won legitimate pride in the treasures of our common ancient culture, it is that the author tends to be a little too apologetic in seeking parallels and justification for the Chinese outlook and practices in Western fact and fiction. The writings of Goldsmith and Johnson are ransacked to find defences and justification for the traditional Chinese virtues of filial piety and faithful friendship. No such justification is needed; for the age-old Chinese concepts of *Li, Jiun Tze* and *Ching* are sufficient evidence that, when the Western nations were still barbarians, China had developed codes of conduct which equal or surpass anything that even the modern West has evolved in the way of social behaviour.

The book ends, as most Chinese writings do, with a poem "most piously offered," expressing the hopes of the writer for a real understanding between East and West:—

May they have concord as the proverb says!
'Twill bring mankind so many happy days.

S. K. GEORGE

Modern French Literature, 1870-1940. By DENIS SAURAT. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

This book, a guide to the uninformed, written in lively style, has its value but it is marred by dogmatic statements. The chapter on the drama is particularly faulty, showing no true grasp of the subject. But we cannot be specialists in every branch of literature: as one would expect from the author of an excellent book on our own Milton, Professor Saurat is soundest on the poets. His chapter on Valéry is a pleasure to read; bringing home to the English mind a recent fundamental change in French poetic diction, one drawing it nearer to our own rich "spell of words." Rhetoric, that strength and weakness of the French language, has been discarded by the modern poets.

Professor Saurat has traced the main tendencies of French literature, the spread over a wider range of subjects, the ever franker treatment of life as a whole with a passing morbid emphasis on its more unsavoury aspects. Here French literature is in line with our own, deviating however in its over-emphasis on sex, its interest in politics and the cleavage between Catholic and agnostic. In poetry, always the truest manifestation of emotion and thought, the French appear to have moved only of late towards that true romanticism at its height here at the beginning of the last century.

There is one singular omission: except for a passing reference to the Comtesse de Noailles there is no mention of women writers. Is there no woman novelist of the stature of our Virginia Wolff or of Willa Cather? Should not Colette be included among the lesser lights? And are we to deny merit to Marguerite Audoux's *Marie Claire*, that simple masterpiece of direct sincere narrative? Surely *Marie Claire* has the literary excellence of the folk story.

DOROTHY HEWLETT

Giuliano the Innocent. By DOROTHY JOHNSON. (Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 25*s.*)

There could not be a book more original in theme and treatment than the one under review. This does not necessarily connote high praise. A work of common clay may hold more form and beauty than an exotic piece. *Giuliano the Innocent* is far removed from workaday life. It has been described by the author as a transcript of a vision. Miss Dorothy Johnson had a strange experience. Once for six weeks she led a life of double consciousness; while she remained her normal self, she seemed to see and hear in the depths of her being a curious drama of mediæval times, with Giuliano the Medici as its central character. History has had much to record about the famous Medici, Lorenzo the Magnificent, but almost no word about Giuliano, the younger brother. The intuitive knowledge of Miss Johnson would seem to redress the balance.

The inward vision of six weeks' duration took five strenuous years to transcribe as a biography in dialogue form. But the subsequent progress of the material is no less amazing than the vision. While the publisher, uncertain about the manuscript, was corresponding with the author, there appeared the personality of Lorenzo the Magnificent in her deeper mind (so it is claimed) and he used her as his unconscious scribe. Lorenzo thus insisted that the book was true to life in every detail, and that Giuliano had been the greatest of the Medicis, greater far than he himself. "It is quite certain," says the publisher, "that these communications contained matter that could not have come from Miss Johnson's conscious mind." The publisher felt convinced that the manuscript was a true record even if the way the record came to be produced was inexplicable. And the story growing out of such curious roots has anyhow a quality "which makes it a valuable and topical addition to the literature of the human spirit."

The average reader can hardly have patience to go through a half-million words of sensitive writing about an unknown Florentine who, presumably, was a living embodiment of the god in man. But such patience would be rewarded to an extent that could more easily be realized than imagined.

BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

Music and Society : England and the European Tradition. By WILFRID MELLERS. (Dennis Dobson, Ltd., London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Frankly, I opened this book with a sigh. In too much sociological art literature I have read lately, the author expects me to enjoy becoming lost in a collection of potted cultural history. His material is bunched into an impressive fog of annotated verbiage, from which he finds his way out according to the directions of Marx or Existentialism. But my sigh turned to one of relief when I found that Mr. Mellers knows precisely what he himself thinks and how to say it. His prose is clear, with the fluency of conversation, entirely free from the stiff jargon of the sociologist with an "ism." He lets his wisdom drop almost casually, like this:—

It's not so much that commercial music is vulgar that matters; vulgarity may be a genuine emotion and, in perspective, even a valuable one: what matters is that it's essentially *false*, and that breeding a taste

for the easy response it makes genuine feeling almost impossible to recognize. People come to prefer the bogus and particularly the pretentious to the honest, the decent, the direct.

Mr. Mellers writes of the relation of Western society to its tradition of music with the ease and breadth of a mind that has really perceived, not merely studied its subject. He treats the musical expressions current in the sixteenth century and the modern American idiom with equal felicity. The tone and quality of his narrative never flag. My interest was held from cover to cover, and I closed the book with a sigh of regret.

I was left with the full flavour of music as a social food, not a sociological sauce. There was no after-taste of "ism," but the memory of a disturbing contemporary conclusion:—

Machine civilisation prides itself on its efficiency; yet paradoxically it is inefficient at the only thing that is worth while—at making it possible for people to live creative lives.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

The Philosophy of Analogy and Symbolism. By LT.-COL. S. T. CARGILL. (Rider and Co., London. 21s.)

The tracing of the common ground-plan of Nature, the finding of an ideal pattern into which will fit harmoniously all facts of science, religion and philosophy, is an alluring project. The innate yearning for the recognition of a world of law predisposes to acceptance of Lt.-Col. Cargill's proposition

that the collected phenomena of the universe, from the most subtle and refined to the most objective and materialistic, from the most spiritual to the most gross, are capable of being classified on one archetypal system or model, which brings out the inner meaning and significance of such phenomena as no merely arbitrary schemes, differing for each separate department of knowledge, can possibly do.

But, despite the hard work which obviously has gone into this encouraging attempt, the book is disappointing. Its classification seems as arbitrary as the separate schemes referred to.

Madame Blavatsky—whose teachings Lt.-Col. Cargill regrettably confuses with the vagaries of pseudo-Theosophy—called the law of Analogy "the first key to the world-problem." She described "the world of Form and Existence" as "an immense chain, whose links are all connected." She offered valuable clues for studying those links co-ordinately in their hidden mutual relationships, some of the most important of which clues have here unfortunately been overlooked.

If symbols are, as she called them, embodied ideas, "combining the conception of the Divine Invisible with the earthly and visible," "glyphs, recording observed natural and scientific *facts*," their deciphering must be an exact science—one which has eluded our author's undiscriminating eclecticism.

The pity is that readers repelled by his arbitrary scheme may be deterred by his misrepresentation of Theosophy from investigating for themselves the ancient, consistent and complete, non-speculative system which Madame Blavatsky has partially restated for the modern world.

E. M. H.

The Prisoner. By J. D. BERESFORD. (Hutchinson and Co. (Publishers), Ltd., London. 10s. 6*d*.)

The central character of *The Prisoner*, Paul Barnet, is clearly an autobiographical projection. Barnet's career as a novelist, the motifs of his various novels, his adventures with ideas, the slow process of youth passing into manhood and manhood mellowing into old age, the pressure of two world wars, and the continuous beating against the self-forged bars of the human prison-house,—all these, as also innumerable literary echoes and revelatory touches, are obviously drawn from Mr. Beresford's own experience. On the contrary, the reader should resist the temptation of calling *The Prisoner* a mimicry of the author's life-history. *The Prisoner* is no more strictly autobiographical than is Mr. Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*.

Like Mr. Beresford's other novels, *The Prisoner* is carefully constructed and the significant events and experiences of about sixty years range themselves in, as it were, a preordained pattern. We are in no danger of ignoring the physical world, but the main emphasis throughout is on ideas. Paul's mind and its impact on other minds and the consequent tremors, ecstasies and serenities are the theme of the novel. Blind faith—rational inquiry—agnosticism — spiritualism — Ouspensky—spirituality: Paul runs through the whole gamut, reaching at last the position indicated in the credo :—

So long as you ask for things from life, immersed in the world, and subject, therefore, to its imperative rules, there can be no escape from bondage. Only by ceasing to ask, and being content merely to give, can there be any approach to personal freedom.

This spiritual pilgrimage is humanized and diversified by a host of interesting characters, the most important of them being Paul's wife Carol. It is difficult to adjudicate between wife and husband; in the end they are both "free," though each in a different way!

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Individual Countries. By PHYLLIS BOTTOME. (P. E. N. Books, George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 2*s*. 6*d*.)

These are discriminating portrait studies—objective, penetrating, understanding, painstakingly just—of five countries familiar to the well-known English novelist. Among the highlights are America's worship of youth—and underprizing of the values of maturity; France's being always "a great power because her soul is great; and the soul is immortal"; Germany's self-distrust beneath her boastfulness, her intensely conscientious "good" people's fear to decide for themselves what is right, and the superb heroism of those Germans who withstood the Nazis; Austria's genius, her friendly, tolerant spirit, urbanity and charm; Great Britain's basic steadiness, her people's kindness underneath the class distinctions, their combining with a capacity for lasting friendships a horror of expressed emotions, their outgrowing of mental indolence but needing "the constant spur of danger" to bring out their best.

A stimulating book.

E. M. H.

Prākṛtaprakāśa of Vararuci, with the Commentary of Rāmapāṇivāda. Edited by Dr. C. Kunhan Raja and Pandit K. Ramachandra Sarma. (Adyar Library Series No. 54, Adyar, Madras. Rs. 4/4)

It is a pleasure to read the publications of the Adyar Library, beautifully printed by the Vasanta Press. This pleasure is heightened by the freshness and variety of its publications on all branches of our ancient learning. The present edition of the *Prākṛtaprākāśa* of that great grammarian Vararuci, with the commentary of Rāmapāṇivāda of Malabar, is based on two manuscripts. The text of Vararuci's *Sūtras* commented upon by this very late commentator is substantially the same as that commented on by Bhāmaha (seventh century A. D.) " Rāmapāṇivāda knew the commentary of Bhāmaha as confined to the eight chapters of this edition," says Dr. Raja in his Preface. To Rāmapāṇivāda, Prākrit is not a language but only an artificial metamorphosis of Sanskrit. He has made use of the texts on Prākrit grammar, the commentaries on them and the texts of Prākrit poems that were familiar to him. His commentary is important because it reveals the distinctive character of the Prākrit that flourished in Malabar in his time. Secondly, he himself is the author of some Prākrit poems, recently brought to light by Dr. Raja and Dr. Upadhye. Students of the evolution of Prākrits in India will be grateful to the editors of the volume for giving them new material for study from South Indian sources.

P. K. Gode

Indian Architecture. By O. C. Gangoly. Revised Edition. Kutub Publishers, Windy Hall Lane, Bombay 5)

In this short guide to Indian Architecture, O. C. Gangoly stirs the imagination of those who wish to know more about this branch of Indian Art. While reading through this book, one wishes one could be transported as on a magic carpet to the sites of these wondrous temples, stupas and caves, not only to look at them, but more to study the minds and ideas of the people who built for ever the greatness of this country. The most significant fact revealed and emphasised as the author traces the growth of architecture from period to period is the fundamental similarity between them. Between the early Vedic mounds and the Buddhist stupas the resemblance is seen, and the conformity is traced from the Northern temples to those of the South. As Indian architecture developed, it lent itself to the prevailing religion at the time, deriving its peculiarities but never losing its identity with the whole.

One of the peculiar characters of Indian Architecture is its innate inclination to transcend its structural form. An Indian temple, be it Buddhistic, Jain or Hindu is a monument *par excellence* rather than a mere utilitarian covering. Indian Architecture always attempts to cover the form necessitated by its structural scheme under the cloak of a symbol; and its decided inclination is to achieve a plastic pattern. Fundamentally an image-house—the Indian temple aspires to the form of the image itself.

To understand this is, in the author's words, to understand the most emphatic aspect of Indian architecture.

Leela Shiveshwarkar

Dostoievsky. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. (John Lane The Bodley Head, London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Every man finds in an author what he brings to him and Mr. Powys, who declares himself to have been not so much a student as a passionate disciple of Dostoievsky for the last forty years and who also acts on the belief that we cannot write a single sentence of adequate criticism of anything or anybody without giving ourselves away to the limit, brings a great deal. Dostoievsky has little to say either to the literary æsthete or to the pedantic academic critic whom Mr. Powys abominates and objurgates. He is a novelist of a new dimension, of what Mr. Powys calls psychic reality, a Dionysian worshipper of life in its divine and satanic extremes, a medium for the eternal contradictions of the human heart, whose approach, however, to people and to the elemental mystery and melodrama of life itself was not, Mr. Powys insists, through his heart but through his nerves. Mr. Powys, who experiences a "pit-of-the-stomach shiver" when he reads him, regards him too exclusively as an inspired neurotic, but few would deny his claim that no other novelist has comprehended more intensely "the 'real reality' of the mental pain of this world."

For Mr. Powys the reality of common human experience "*is* something neurotic and perverted and queer and weird," and this abnormality fascinates him as the fissure through which something that transcends the human invades the human sphere. His essay is as much an interpretation of this fourth dimension and its impact on the other three as a study of Dostoievsky's four greatest novels. He gives no detailed attention to any one of them. But this is because they have become so much part of himself that he looks through them at life. In them, as projections of Dostoievsky himself, he discovers different angles of a vision of life "through imaginative *nerves.*" This vision, with its exaggerations and distortions but also its peculiar insights, is the real theme of his book and how it affects a man's view of love, of pain and suffering, crime and punishment, God and the Devil, politics and religion, Christ and anti-Christ, and even this post-war world and the significance for good or ill of Russian Communism. There is nothing trim or tidy about Mr. Powys's excursions into the "chaotic-cosmic Front" of which he describes Dostoievsky as a reporter. He exults in Nature's refusal to conform to any meaning pattern that the human mind may try to impose upon her from above. And, alike in his style, with its Carlylean surge and volubility, and in his sensational metaphysics, Dionysus spurns Apollo's constraining hand. But from the abyss of nature he does wring some striking secrets that are as much his own as Dostoievsky's.

Hugh I'A. FAUSSET

Dawn Mist. By ERIC HORSFALL. (Simpkin Marshall (1941) Ltd., London. 5*s.*)

This poem, for its use of allegory and symbol, its attempt at an integrating philosophy worked out in a moral order, should be noted, despite something naïve and pedestrian in its air. The Thinker, carried by an Angel to the hub of the universe, is shown the history of the earth and its civilizations, its spiritual teachers and searchers for

truth, its death through materialism and total war. In the Halls of the Moon he sees the great ones, past and present, the Halls of Science, Art and Philosophy, and the Hall of the Masters—Krishna, Laotze, Zoroaster, Buddha, Jesus, and others like them. He finds their successive counsel about the "good life" to be the same. Left in the Sanctuary to assimilate the wisdom, to hear his own inner voice, he sees, mirrored on the clear pool, further counsel about the fourfold Ignoble Path of Pride, and the means to create "Utopia."

Whether consciously or not the writer has embellished the poem with Theosophical ideas, though he has not created with them a real knowledgeable allegory, such as Dante gave. It is like the fanciful play of a child with grown-up tools which, later on, he will have to learn to use to serious purpose. What is of interest is that he, like other writers, is finding in the Ancient Wisdom and the ancient forms something that offers rewarding possibilities.

E. W.

The Political Philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi. By G. N. DHAWAN. (The Popular Book Depot, Bombay. Rs. 8/8)

Dr. Dhawan's work is a highly welcome accession to the ever-growing volume of Gandhian literature. It is a detailed and comprehensive exposition of the various aspects of Gandhiji's philosophy as well as of the technique of Satyagraha-*cum*-Ahimsa. It is his deepest conviction that there is no peace for individuals or nations without practising Truth and Non-violence to the uttermost extent possible for man. Examining the criticisms levelled against Gandhiji's ideals and principles, Dr. Dhawan shows how baseless is the charge that the Mahatma is but a visionary and a faddist. The "constructive programme" formulated by him and the numerous institutions engaged in country-wide activities on the non-violent lines chalked out by him constitute a sufficient refutation of that charge and confirm Gandhiji's own estimate of himself as "a practical idealist." He has, indeed, proved to be one of the greatest social and political revolutionaries of the age.

The most thought-provoking chapter in Dr. Dhawan's work is the last one, dealing with "The Structure of the Non-violent State." Gandhiji is a philosophical anarchist who holds that the ideal society is a "Stateless state," since, in his view, the State represents "violence in a concentrated and organised manner. "He, however, realises that such an ideal society will always remain an ideal unrealised and unrealisable in its entirety due to human imperfection. But he does believe in the possibility of achieving "a predominantly non-violent society" and he is working for it, he says. How such a society will function and can help man, individually and collectively, to fulfil his mission in life, are fascinatingly discussed by the author in the light of Gandhiji's teachings.

R. K. PRABHU

Ślokavārtikaṭīkā (Śārkarikā) of Bhaṭṭāputra-Jayamiśra. Edited by Dr. C. Kunhan Raja. (Madras University Sanskrit Series, No. 17, Madras. Rs. 3/8)

The present volume is a splendid addition to the series of important Sanskrit texts published by the University of Madras. The publication of commentaries on early abstruse Mīmāṁsā texts like the *Ślokavārtika* of Kumārila is a sacred obligation and Dr. Raja has tried to meet it by this edition of Jayamiśra's commentary on the basis of a single manuscript. If more manuscripts of this commentary are discovered hereafter it will be possible to produce a good critical edition of this work.

According to Dr. Raja, Jayamiśra lived before the eleventh century. His commentary is lucid and forceful. The position of the Buddhists is analysed and refuted with great effect. Though the commentary is fragmentary it is a valuable addition to the existing literature on Mīmāṁsā. Jayamiśra quotes profusely from Dharmakīrti's works and refutes them vigorously. Śrīdeva in his *Syādvādaratnākara* (the late eleventh or early twelfth century A. D.) refers to "Jaryāmasra" and his work *Śarkarikā*. These names are identical with Jayamiśra and his *Śarkarikā* Commentary, respectively, according to Dr. Raja. Nothing more is known about this commentator.

P. K. Gode

James Connolly: The Forerunner. By R. M. Fox. Illustrated. (The Kerryman, Ltd., Russell Street, Tralee, Ireland. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

"Before dawn on May 12, Connolly was brought down to the castle yard and placed on a stretcher in the ambulance. Fr. Aloysius went with him to the prison yard at Kilmainham. Here he was propped in a chair and shot."

"Was there any sign of reluctance or hesitation when the soldiers were ordered to shoot a wounded man?" I asked the friar.

"None," he answered. "They were soldiers and had to obey orders."

Just before he died, Connolly was asked if he would say a prayer for the men about to shoot him.

He answered enigmatically, "I will say a prayer for all brave men who do their duty."

Such was the sad but brave end of James Connolly, the Irish Patriot, labour leader and founder of the Irish Citizen Army. The story of his life is told by R. M. Fox in this moving biography of the Irish nationalist, who was a martyr to Irish Freedom, and to the cause of the poor. I think James Connolly belongs really to no country or age; he belongs rather to the poor wherever they are exploited. Connolly is not a socialist, or a labour leader, or a party politician, but a humanist and a hero. Connolly and his comrades were seeking to instil into their masters, the capitalists and Rulers, something of that human sympathy of which A.E. wrote in 1913 in *The Irish Times*, supporting the cause which Connolly championed:—

> The relation of landlord and tenant is not an ideal one, but any relations in a social order will endure if there is infused into them some of that spirit of human sympathy which qualifies life for immortality. Despotisms endure while they are benevolent, and aristocracies while *noblesse oblige* is not a phrase to be referred to with a cynical smile. Even an oligarchy might be permanent if the spirit of

human kindness, which harmonises all things otherwise incompatible is present.

James Connolly had in him a little of that human sympathy which qualifies life for immortality.

N. A. NIKAM

The Magic Arts in Celtic Britain. By LEWIS SPENCE. (Rider and Co., London. 18*s.*)

The author has been busy in this field since the appearance of his *Mysteries of Britain* in 1931. He writes :—

....that a very complete system of Magic, associated with a definite body of mystical dogma and arcane thought, was practised by the Magi of Ancient Britain and Ireland is apparent from trustworthy evidence.

He essays a definition of Magic, putting forward the recent view that it proceeds from the Melanesian term, *Mana*, a mysterious energy pervading the world which can be drawn upon by the magician. He has not noted the close connection of Magic and Magi with the Sanskrit Mahat, or Universal World Soul. And he finds himself unable to account for all the shape-changing so commonly recorded in ancient writings. Two possible explanations of the shape-changing phenomenon seem not to have occurred to him—(1) that it may relate to the inner double which may be withdrawn from the physical body of man and made to seem to take on any shape at will, and (2) that sorcerers may hypnotise beholders into thinking that they see, not the human physical body before them, but an animal form.

Mr. Spence has, however, brought into one focus a mass of well-documented evidence of the magical practices of the Druids, to whom he devotes much space. He recognises that the so-called Druidical ruins, *e.g.*, Stonehenge, must be pre-Druidical but does not connect these and the other gigantic stone ruins in Europe, Egypt, India, and even Mexico with the far earlier great Cyclopean builders, the Atlanteans, of whom the Druidical priests were the descendants.

Two chapters are given to Celtic mysticism and one to the Celtic belief in Reincarnation. While recognising the universality of the latter teaching, and even the difference between avataric descent and the incarnation of the ordinary mortal, Mr. Spence finds himself unable to reconcile all the facts, especially those of transmigration. Unless the functions of the astral body are understood, as also those of the "intelligences" which comprise the body itself, the stories of transmigration into animal forms will always appear a riddle, since transmigration does not refer to man the thinker at all, but to the atoms of his body, instead of refining which man may give such brutal impulses as to cause them to go into animal forms.

Nevertheless Mr. Spence's book, because of his painstaking sifting of ancient writings, will serve as a useful storehouse of facts, awaiting the day when the spiritual, psychical, and physical components of man's nature are better understood.

J. O. M.

Saṅgītarāja of Kālasena (MAHARANA KUMBHA). Vol. I. *Pāṭhyaratnakośa*. Edited by DR. C. KUNHAN RAJA. Sanskrit. (Ganga Oriental Series No. 4, Anup Sanskrit Library, Bikaner.)

This first volume of the great work on music called the *Saṅgītarāja*, by the versatile Rāṇa Kumbha of Mewar, contains the first of its five books, called *ratnakośas*. It is carefully edited by Dr. Raja on the basis of two rare manuscripts in the Anup Library, which contains also a complete copy of the work prepared in 1502 A. D. This is the biggest Sanskrit work on music so far available and we must heartily congratulate Dr. Raja and his collaborators, as also Major K. M. Panikkar, the learned Prime Minister of Bikaner, on their harmonious co-operation in starting its publication.

Besides the elaborate and scholarly Introduction and the Preface, in which Dr. Raja has given us a detailed account of the available manuscript material, we find in this volume a special note on Mahārāṇa Kumbha, in which we have an inspiring pen-picture of this fifteenth-century royal author whose picture appears as the frontispiece:—

> As a warrior undefeated in the field, as a scholar proficient in all the subjects known in his time, as a poet and author of high distinction, as a musician with but few rivals even among professionals, as protector of the people, as the upholder of religion, as a builder of fortresses, as a founder of temples, as a just ruler and as a firm administrator, there are few who can be compared with him in the history of Medieval India.

P. K. GODE

Transformation Scene. By CLAUDE HOUGHTON. (William Collins, Sons and Co., Ltd., London. 8*s*. 6*d*.)

A war novel, a crime book, a psychological essay—*Transformation Scene* is all these. While the "mystery" of the midnight murder is eerily enough suggested in the first half of the book, its solution is hardly convincing. But *Transformation Scene* is not a detective novel. It is rather a convenient frame of reference to plot the graph of war-time London—the frayed nerves, the crumbling values, the gamble of life, the thrill of action, the hopelessness of hope, the gleam of distant faith. Mr. Houghton's hero, Max Arnold, is a sensitive artist, high-strung, imaginative and uncannily clairvoyant. He is the medium who senses truth at a distance and gives it a tantalizing reality. Carol Norton, once his model, then his mistress, is at first the symbol of his slavery. After her death, however, the very same Carol becomes for him the symbol of his will to live, his will to believe. The kept woman is transformed into the dream-woman, the woman to whom he had been "sun, moon and stars." There are also other characters—Mervyn Maitland, Mrs. Norton, the murderer Eaves—who have a faint Dostoievskian cast. An unusual story and a vivid psychological foot-note to Hitler's war, *Transformation Scene* is one of the best things Mr. Houghton has done—and that is saying a good deal.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

The Significance of Indian Art. By Sri Aurobindo. (Sri Aurobindo Circle, Bombay. Re. 1/8)

Reading through this booklet, what strikes me is that to refute what a Westerner has to say about Indian art

is quite futile—it proves nothing. But what Sri Aurobindo himself has to say about the significance of Indian art (architecture, sculpture, painting)—the religious and the secular motives, the attitude of the Indian mind of the past which visualised it and was capable of execution in its completeness is a very profound analysis. Today the average Indian mind is as far removed as that of a Westerner from real æsthetic appreciation of Indian art. The value of this book is that it brings home the tragic consequences of an alien culture in deforming our vision.

Indian art, like all great art, is intuitive and spiritual. To understand it requires insight, sensibility and, above all, humility. At present Indian art no more belongs to us—it belongs to the world—and with the rest we too have to travel a long way to reach it.

LEELA SHIVESHWARKAR

Euripides and His Age. By GILBERT MURRAY. (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, London. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

In this study Professor Murray gives a vivid picture, not only of the great poet and dramatist, but also of "the Age of Enlightenment of Athens" under Pericles when such men as Protagoras, Diogenes, Anaxagoras and Socrates, followed by Plato, were alive. In the moral world, as in the scientific, great ideas were current. Euripides' youth saw perhaps the most extraordinary intellectual awakening in history. Athens became "the hearth on which the fire of Hellas burned," as great men of science, historians, dramatists, whose influence still endures, sought refuge there.

Euripides' great patriotism was love of the ideals which made Athens great. Athenians were fighting for democracy in the Peloponnesian War. Euripides had forty years of military service. It was in such a life that he, like Æschylus and Sophocles, found time to write his tragedies.

In his *Ion* we see the earliest bitterness against what his country was becoming, an irony accentuated in later plays, particularly *The Trojan Women*, the greatest of his tragedies for sheer beauty, high dignity of character and dramatic intensity. Professor Murray's account of the end of it is superb:—

> No friend among the dead, no help in God, no illusion anywhere, Hecuba faces that which Is, and finds somewhere in the very intensity of Troy's affliction, a splendour which cannot die.

In *The Trojan Women* Euripides reached a deeper plane of thought. Socrates reached it too, and they killed Socrates.

Was it the Athenians' capture of the little island called Melos, the massacre of its men, the enslavement of its women and children, that pierced the heart of the justice-loving poet, and culminated in *The Trojan Women*? In Thucydides' account of the incident of Melos he concludes:—"And the same winter the Athenians sought to sail with a greater fleet than ever before, and conquer Sicily." This was the expedition that brought Athens to her doom.

Andromeda, Electra, Iphigenia and *The Bacchae* too are there in the silvery lucidity of Gilbert Murray's translations and verse.

RUTH BOUCICAULT

CORRESPONDENCE

REPORT ON THE TURKS

[We hear so little at first hand of what is happening within the European countries, where such momentous issues are at stake, that we feel sure our readers will be interested in the information contained in this report especially prepared for THE ARYAN PATH by our valued contributor **Dr. Munir Abdallah Moyal, Ph. D.**, of Jaffa. He is himself of Turkish descent, his forbears having been Turkish governors of Palestine. He describes this report sent us from Istanbul just before the by-elections of April 6th as "an unbiased account of what I saw and heard in Ankara and Istanbul." The press of April 9th reported that in four Turkish constituencies, including Istanbul, the candidates of the Republican People's (Government) Party were returned unopposed in those by-elections. The Democratic (Opposition) Party did, as it was considering doing, boycott the by-elections because of the "existence of certain anti-democratic laws and regulations and the Government's inability to guarantee secret elections." This outcome will interest our readers in connection with the comments on the subject by Dr. Moyal.—ED.]

When on board the Turkish s.s. "Aksu," we became aware that the steady hum of the engines was slowing down to an intermittent throbbing, we asked the sympathetic first officer why. He proffered a limp explanation: The ship was slowing down because she was not allowed to enter at night the port of Smyrna, a hundred miles or so ahead. Some hours later she was again forging ahead at full speed. It turned out that some trouble or other had developed in the rather old engines and the chief engineer had fixed it up. I must point out that the limp explanation had not been proffered out of fear of a panic: the ship was sailing along the coast, it was broad daylight, the barometer was steady and the sea as smooth as a mirror. So help would have been immediately available in an emergency. The reasons for this untrue statement were rather complex—pride, an inferiority complex, chiefly fear of admitting failure under a semi-dictatorship—these together blended with the smiling Oriental turn of mind that avoids facing hard realities and is always hoping for the best.

Istanbul is unique in that the harbour is not flung far away from the city like any other harbour, as though out of shame, but is the city's throbbing heart. Hardly had I landed when the feeling of a strong and omnipresent government was confirmed. In every shop one saw the twin representations under all forms: photographs, paintings, etchings, little statues, bas-reliefs, of Kemal Atatürk and Ismet Inönü, like Lenin and Stalin in Soviet Russia. This iconolatry did not seem to reign in the privacy of the homes where I was invited.

Every fourth passer-by was in uniform. Before, I had thought the French soldier the shabbiest in the world, but he is a Beau Brummell in comparison with the Turkish common soldiers: felt gaiters frayed at the edges and coats with patches bigger than the hand. The jackbooted officers are rather smartly dressed. They are stiff and their grim faces seem to wear an

invisible monocle. They appear to be, in Istanbul at any rate, in the proportion of two to one to the men in the ranks. I have been told that if a private fails to salute even an N.C.O. he is sure to be struck even in public, though corporal punishment does not exist in the Turkish army, officially at any rate.

I made a small purchase of a street vendor. I had walked on when breathlessly my vendor ran after me to return some small coins. Unfamiliar with the currency of the country, I had mistaken the equivalent of a nickel for a dime. Such honesty would have been inconceivable in Egypt. In Palestine, the vendor would have been honest only with a fellow-countryman.

A Turkish-born foreigner, however, assured me that the services of a "formality maker" were indispensable for setting minor official wheels in motion. "He is ubiquitous; thrown out of the door, he comes back through the window. He knows the price of Remzi Bay's or Burhaneddin Bay's conscience. They are afraid to receive direct baksheesh from you: perhaps you will denounce them...and the Government in such cases is rather ruthless. But they trust him, he is a member of the corporation. So, as if by magic, all your troubles are over; in no time you receive the needed official stamps. Don't think that this graft has infected only the lower grades of officialdom. For instance, some years ago a general inspector at the Ministry of Agriculture knew in his official capacity that olive-oil rationing was contemplated. So he bought all the olive trees of the Smyrna region and made a fortune out of them. Not strictly cricket, eh? There are far bigger scandals but they are carefully hushed up.

"In business the Turks ignore the fair play, even the international regulations in force everywhere. World-known trade-marks worth millions and spelling quality are brazenly copied and the imitation is sold for the genuine stuff, of course under the same trade-mark which has been lawfully registered at the Turkish Patent Office. When the firm protests and wonders how the same trade-mark could possibly have been registered twice, the Patent Office answers coldly 'It is none of our business. It is up to you to sue your competitor.' So after some years of pettifogging the infringer of trade-mark is condemned to three days in jail and a fine of five Turkish pounds. Perhaps it is a deliberate policy of helping national industry, tinged with xenophobia. He who did not live in the halcyon days of the Capitulations does not know *'la douceur de vivre'*! The foreigner then was king; he could do everything short of murder. Now a foreigner and even a man born in Turkey who has left the country for even a short trip is confronted with the greatest difficulties on returning. What do you expect of a country run by Chauvinists?"

I heard in many foreign quarters these accusations of graft and xenophobia and of a semi-dictatorship levelled against modern Turkey. The corruption in the lower grades of officialdom is easily understandable, civil servants being wretchedly paid, far below the cost of living. The government had contemplated a substantial rise in their pay, but Turkey is a poor country and such a measure without any corresponding rise in the national income would bring formidable inflation and the government is already

bent upon curbing the rising cost of living brought by the devaluation of the Turkish pound. In the higher circles, this accusation is untrue. These circles, nurtured in Kemal Atatürk's high tradition of patriotism and honesty, would be a credit to any civilized country. And the masses are deeply honest. There are instances of small tradesmen who have gone bankrupt through hard luck and who have spent a whole life of toil and privations in order to pay back all their debts in small instalments.

Xenophobia? The proper word would be rather national self-preservation. Under the old régime, Turkey had been sucked dry by foreigners. All the banking and the trade were in their hands. They lived on the fat of the land and despised the Turks and their ways of living. As in all former Capitulations countries nationalism is an instinctive reaction against such abuses.

The accusation of a semi-dictatorship seems better grounded. One cannot deny that in the course of history Turkey had been used to such régimes. In these conditions to implement democracy at a stroke would have been a hopeless job. I doubt whether the leaders of modern Turkey, Atatürk excepted, have even contemplated this policy. But now that the tables have been turned on the dictators, Redjep Peker, the Prime Minister, in a recent speech made for the benefit of Istanbul youth, proclaimed that criticism of the government was not only a right but also a duty; he proclaimed also the equality of rights of all religious and racial minorities within the Turkish State. It is a hopeful sign but it is too soon to see whether it is only lip service paid to the ideals of the Occidental democracies. But a real step forward is represented by the existence of the Democratic Party which keeps a vigilant watch over the Republican Party of the People which has been in power for nearly twenty-five years; so one cannot wholly identify Turkey with its present policy.

The backbone of the Democratic Party is the professional men and the upper middle class. Djelal Bayar, the last Prime Minister of Atatürk, is its leader. A self-made man with a great reputation for integrity, he is a genuine democrat. He claims that if free elections without any official pressure were to be held now, his party would be swept into power. By-elections are due on the 6th of April in Istanbul and some other towns. But now, a week before, the opposition party has not yet made up its mind whether to take part or not. It claims that there were great irregularities during the elections of the "*mouhtors*"—a kind of village head-men—and wants more guarantees.

One cannot deny that Turkey has made some progress in democratic ways, specially in freedom of the press. To give an idea, here is the translation of an article by Ahmet Emin Yalman from the *Vatan*, an opposition paper, criticising Redjep Peker's last speech:—

Citizens with a critical sense will not blindly accept these wonderful words; without any doubt they will object; we have heard a great many such words, but acts have not followed. These words have been uttered only in order to mask ugly realities. All the ideology of the People's Party, all its ways, have denied this Prime Minister's declaration uttered for the benefit of youth. Redjep Peker himself during his whole career had been a democrat-baiter and wholly committed to a policy of violence and strength. Thus in the People's

Party he is the leader of the extremists. How, under these conditions, could we possibly believe in these wonderful words and in the implementation of a policy of tolerance and sincerity ?... If to the Prime Minister's words are added certain signs, one can believe that the era of mistakes of the party in power is drawing to a close. On the eve of the great convention soon to be held this party seems to mend its ways, for it needs to convince the masses to win their support and not to deceive them any more. Only in the course of time shall we see whether this new attitude is genuine. At any rate this speech uttered on the eve of the elections smacks of electioneering.

A new-comer cannot discern whether these criticisms are true or untrue but it is very valuable that they have been levelled at all. Some years ago, they would have been unthinkable.

The personal position of Ismet Inönü, the President of the Republic (his formal title is National Chief; Kemal Atatürk's, Immortal Chief) is unshakable. While his home policy has not perhaps always been above criticism, during the war and since his foreign policy has been very skilful; he may be compared to Abdul-Hamid in this respect. He was Atatürk's right arm and like him is more a national myth than a man. During last year's crisis Russia had asked his resignation before any other concession. This move, more than anything else, made of him the champion of national honour and integrity in defiance of foreign pressure.

The Republican and the Democratic parties may differ about home policy but they are both committed to the same foreign policy, which devotes 65 per cent. of the national income to the maintenance of an army of a million men, a very heavy burden for such a poor country. Russia for more than two hundred years had been the hereditary enemy of the Turks, for there are geographical factors so permanent that they cannot fail to leave their mark upon foreign policy. As long ago as the time of Peter the Great he declared "We must cut a window in the Turkish wall." Such a window in the hands of such an expansionist Power would spell the doom of all Occidental interests east of Crete. So the Occidental Powers, especially England and France, have always been anxious to bar Russia from the Dardanelles. By way of appeasement, they have consented to the loss of some Turkish Provinces which became separate Christian or Muslim states, joining the "Big Slav Brother"—as Russia was then called in the Balkans. But on the main issue they have always been adamant. They even went to war in 1854, "in order to maintain the territorial integrity of the Turkish Empire." Victors, they stipulated at the Congress of Paris that "all acts of a nature to endanger the national integrity of the Turkish Empire would be considered as of European concern."

Today as in 1856, the national integrity of Turkey is of world concern and the Balkans are "the powder-magazine of the world." The political cleavage between Russia and the Occidental Powers has only obscured the main issue. The rôle of France is thrown upon America. She cannot refuse it for it is a question not of an anti-Communist crusade but of a decisive balance of power. Today the frontier of the Occident and of Democracy is on the Bosphorus.

M. A. Moyal

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

We are writing on the 1st of June. Tomorrow will bring reports of pronouncements by and discussions between the Viceroy and the Indian leaders. The participants are making history, but as most of them are viewing things materialistically their suggestions and recommendations are coloured by a short-sighted view of Indian history, millenniums long. Again, there are those who do not see that their unpatriotic demands founded upon poisonous communalism are meaningless and purposeless. The ocean of Indian thought (mostly repetitive cerebration) is stormy; political waves rise high making noise. Fortunately, the cultural undercurrent continues to do its beneficent work.

Gandhiji is not materialistic and doubtless he remains the energiser and inspirer of millions. His work in Bengal and Bihar is an expression of spirituality and he has been rendering yeoman service whose real worth cannot be recognised today. When the dust raised by conflicts of sorts has subsided, the value of his words and deeds will stand revealed. Meantime Gandhiji has once again laid India under a deep debt of gratitude by his clear pronouncement at New Delhi on the 29th of May. It rings true and inspires. It has the unmistakable note of the great Abraham Lincoln. "There should be no surrender except to reason." He said :—

What was one to fight? Senseless correspondents would have him take to forest life unless he would ask Hindus to answer sword with sword and arson with arson. He would not oblige those correspondents by denying the whole of his life and by being guilty of advocating the law of the brute in place of the law of man. On the contrary, he would plead with leaders of all parties at least to have courage to refuse to yield to brute force.

People are intimidated by violent goondaism and political hooliganism and some plead in the name of non-violence to yield to murder and arson. That is not the way of the non-violent but of the coward. What is needed today is persistency on the path of courage—to hold fast to true ideas and suffer, if need be, as Lincoln suffered and as Gandhiji is suffering. The great leader's inspiring example should be humbly but confidently followed.

Speaking of Gandhiji's suffering, what pain has he been enduring because certain Hindus, in their bigotry and fear begetting revenge, would disturb his prayer meetings because the Koran was read! Courageously he refused to give way to such intolerance and ignorance. For centuries orthodox Hindus have been untrue to the teachings of Krishna and Buddha and Shankara of old, or of Ram Mohan Roy, the father of the Hindu religious renaissance in modern times. Brahmanical religiosity has worked havoc with the emergence of pure spirituality and even today when so sincere and ardent a Hindu as Gandhiji preaches his message of good-will, there are those who in the name of their creed and community

tarnish the fair name of their own Rishis. Whatever Muslim orthodoxy and fanaticism might say, the Prophet of Arabia was no bigot. Muslims misinterpret the term *Jihad*, Holy War, as Hindus do the Great War of Bharat. They forget what is recorded—"The most excellent Jihad is that of the conquest of self." Can there be any clearer statement in favour of religious tolerance than these extracts from the *Koran*:—

Revile not those unto whom they pray beside Allah, lest they wrongfully revile Allah through ignorance. Thus unto every nation have We made their deed seem fair. Then unto their Lord is their return, and He will tell them what they used to do. (VI. 109)

We make no distinction between any of His messengers. (II. 285)

The faithful slaves of the Beneficent are they who walk upon the earth modestly, and when the foolish ones address them answer: Peace. (XXV. 63)

There is no compulsion in religion. (II. 256)

(1st June 1947.)

But the band of truly religious Hindus is expanding (witness the throwing open of temples to the untouchables, as a sign) and there are a large number of Muslims who are better followers of their Prophet because they appreciate the teachings of other Sages and Seers and want to live in peace with members of other communities. One such good Muslim spoke out with candour and courage on the same day Gandhiji spoke, the 29th of May. A sane and very wholesome warning was issued to the youth of India by Sir Mirza Ismail, the experienced and front-rank statesman. Young in spirit, possessing a truly religious heart, he uses his mind with vigour and candour and his appeal shows what species of patriotism is true, what type of faith is real. Unequivocally he stands for a united India, learning from the follies and woes of Germany in particular and of Europe in general.

He offers the fruit of his experience to youth and reiterates the profound importance of clear thinking. He rightly shows how "moral prejudice is being insidiously disseminated." Discontent exists and foul advantage is taken by communalists and political sectarians. He draws a picture of India which is true and which is not looked at because demagogues are busy vociferating a variety of notions. Like Gandhiji, he too favours India's remaining one and indivisible. His words deserve very serious consideration, for he speaks out of intimate experience of friendly intercourse with people belonging to every class, creed and condition.

Today, at least not yet, our country is not threatened from outside; but it is threatened from within. As to that, my advice to you is to do your own thinking. The edifice of our nation is of many fabrics. Geographically we are an entity sufficiently isolated from bordering countries to have kept our historical processes detached for long periods. Our peoples have thus acquired a stamp of character which, though of various designs, is basically different from those of other lands. This we are proud to call Indian. And though our ways of life may differ and our religions and even languages be diverse, we remain Indians and as such are brothers, whether we be Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Buddhists, or subscribe to any other religious belief.

In these, as in many other matters, India has long been a living example of tolerance, and an example which the world today might well follow. Nor has this solid core of age-old tolerance been seriously undermined even by the gravity of recent communal disturbances and killings. Judged in the scale of our numbers and by the diversity of Indian life, we are probably still the most tolerant of all peoples, and it is vital that we should so remain, for we have many battles to fight—battles in which disunity will spell disaster....

What does the future hold for us? That is for us to decide—intelligently or foolishly. Relations between Britain and India are about to undergo vast and far-reaching changes. It is our duty to ourselves and to the rest of the world to ensure that those changes occur without convulsions, and to bring India peacefully but with strength, into the scale of nations.

Peter Grimm, President of the New York State Chamber of Commerce, was one of the seven representing the American Society for Russian Relief whose business it was to study the disposition of the relief goods sent to Russia and who visited the Soviet Republic in 1946. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in the March *International Conciliation* publishes Mr. Grimm's account under the caption *Russia Seen from Within.*

The world has been continuously asking what is behind the secrecy so systematically maintained by Russia. The "Iron Curtain" introduced to the world by Goebbels and popularised by Churchill is explained by Mr. Grimm:—

As one contemplates the impoverished state of everything one sees; the poorly dressed people; the bad condition of the housing, business and residential; the meagre supplies and lack of equipment at every hand, one begins to see some explanation, if not justification, for the so-called iron curtain.

Mr. Grimm also reports that Stalin refused to lift the "iron curtain" ever so little, saying "Not until the living conditions of my people are at least equal to those of our neighbours." While the world outside Russia is kept in the dark about her economic poverty, poor social conditions and political subjugation of the masses, what about the Russians themselves?

They accept complacently the present hardships, denials, and, in a great many cases, misery, either as a matter of course, because they know nothing different, or in the case of the better informed, because it is a price they are willing to pay for the end result, even though that be in the far distant future.

The mass of the people do not, I firmly believe, think much about other countries, and this is largely because they know very little about what goes on in other countries. In my opinion the Russian people, if one can hazard so great a generalization, certainly do not want war. But on that matter they are completely in the hands of their small group leaders that form the government. I am sure it may be safely assumed that they will follow this leadership blindly; I do not see how any resistance to this leadership could possibly be implemented, for there is neither free press nor free speech through which it could be expressed. Over all the life of Russia broods the strong and powerful secret police, known as NKVD. I have seen enough on my journey to cause me to be satisfied that no one would dare raise his hand or his voice while this all-pervasive force stands ready to smite him down at the slightest word or overt action.

This might have been written of Hitler's Germany. Unless the Russian writers and artists are allowed freedom to express what they themselves feel and think, unless at least a fair number of Russians are allowed and encouraged to travel and observe and contrast their own conditions with those of other peoples, the Soviet Republics will not become viable, will not progress. Mr. Grimm suggests to his own people:—

We should not permit ourselves either to be irritated or provoked, have a clear foreign policy, consistent with our own and Russian security, stick firmly to essentials, untiringly perfecting all possible means of amicable adjustment of issues, but above all, adhere firmly, fiercely to our foreign policy, having once made certain that it is consistent not only with our own security but fair to our associates of the United Nations. Such a course will wear down all opposition, even as the irritating, provocative course is designed to wear us down, and will have a virtue that will be certain, first to win the respect of the other members of the United Nations and then, perhaps of Russia itself.

One very commendable feature reported by Mr. Grimm is the care of the children and his observation compels him to remark :—

> We saw enough of this to cause us to wish that our government played a larger hand in the care of children, so that there would not be so much talk about the children of the under-privileged and the submerged.

A valuable work by Soviet scholars has been brought out in three volumes which are to be translated into English. *A History of Diplomacy*, edited by the Academician V. P. Potiomkin breaks new ground. If, as claimed by Max M. Laserson who analyses it in *International Conciliation* for March, certain factors discreditable to Russia are omitted and objectivity is sometimes sacrificed to special pleading, are any of the Western Powers in a position to raise a disapproving eyebrow ? One of its greatest contributions is the new light thrown on the antiquity of International Law. According to Mr. Laserson, it pushes the beginning of international law and relations far back of the establishment of institutional Christianity, from which it is conventionally dated. On the basis of newly discovered papyri manuscripts, he writes, it

> shows that the idea of stabilized international relations resulting in the creation of respective agencies and a specialized diplomatic bureaucracy is older not only than Christendom but also than Judaism or monotheism. The papal *nuntii* as the first ambassadors disappear from the horizon, they are overshadowed by figures of much older ambassadors and diplomatic agents in the Near and Far East.

Mr. Laserson mentions a fragment of an Egyptian papyrus, published in 1912, which shows the inviolability of diplomats recognised around the year 1100 B.C. The "general Soviet doctrine," he says, "is not inclined to support the traditional evaluation of the Universal pacifying role of institutional Christianity." Only good can come from pushing back the narrow Western cultural frontiers. Civilisation is not a modern product and the roots of Western culture spread much farther East than Greece and Palestine. We welcome the Soviet disposition to revise and re-evaluate "theories and dogmatic concepts in the light of the newest archeological and historical findings in the Orient."

Much valuable information about the Russian Communistic régime is being published in the U.S.A. and it is but meet that the Indian public should be educated in it. The Communist Party of India will do a disservice to their own country by over-emphasising the good points of the present Russian government and minimising and even suppressing its numerous weaknesses and defects. Whether Communism of the Russian type will suit India is a very fundamental question to be decided not on sentimental grounds but by the light of clear thinking based on knowledge. The study should not be one-sided. Even if India desires to be Communist it should not be merely imitative of the Russian ; it must be enlightened Communism, which implies that India has learnt from the defects and weaknesses of the Russian endeavour.
