

# 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

[ On the 7th of this month the entire Hindu world will celebrate the Natal Day of Krishna, the Master who gave us the *Bhagavad-Gita*. Below we extract a fragment from His life as recorded in the *Shrimad Bhagavata*.—ED. ]

Uddhava, the wise, minister and friend of Krishna, was charged in these words by his Master to proceed to Vraja, to Gokula :

" Friend, oblige me. Go to Vraja. My kin and companions feel lonesome. Convey my love to Nanda, Yasoda, Rohini. Next, give my message to the Gopas and the Gopis and give it so that their suffering due to separation from me is removed. Do that for me, O amiable Uddhava. "

Thereupon Uddhava repaired to Vraja. When Nanda and the others saw him, they welcomed Uddhava as if the servant was the Master himself.

Nanda said: " Does Krishna remember us? Does He speak of His calves and cattle? Does He recall Vrindavan sometimes? And the Mountain Govardhana? Will He, will He come to us for a while?

We are His kinsmen, are we not? We repeat and remember Krishna's exploits; we recapitulate them all, one by one; and more—do we not talk about His sportive, side-long glances? And how He laughed and made us laugh? And all His tricks of speech? And when we do that our work goes slack! Ah! true our work goes slack, but our minds? We become full with His Life when we behold the places where He sported, the forest and shore where His Feet wandered. We become full, full of Him. "

Then Uddhava said: Nanda!, Yasoda!, you are blessed ones; do not feel pain; Krishna will come—nay, has come. Like fire within the wood, He is within your heart. He has overcome the sense of separation; because He has no " I, " no " my, " no " mine "; He has no one especially dear to Him, and none to whom He is inimical; He is equan-

imity embodied and, therefore, He does not see anyone as superior or inferior. Nanda !, Yasoda !, Krishna is not the son of you two only. He is the son of all, father of all, mother of all, Master of all—Why ? How ? He is the Inner Soul of everyone. ”

Having visited the home of Krishna's kinsmen, Uddhava proceeded to the Gopis ; all of them flocked round Uddhava and exclaimed : “ He has sent you to His parents ; we are lonely and have only them to look at. We feel so lonely that we can hardly remember anything else. ”

Then Uddhava said with a benign smile : “ You dear people, you are persons who have achieved your purpose. Do you not see that you are the persons whom the whole world worships ? Your minds have become one with the Master ; your offering has been accepted by Him ; your mind is His ; He is there. By a variety of ways, by devotion, by study, by sacrifice, by prayer, and

in other ways you have sought the Master ; you have secured His Grace. I have brought a message from Him for you. Listen to His own words. They will make you happy. He has instructed me to repeat to you this ; listen now :—‘ I am your Master, beloved of you. To your sight I am very far away. This should spur you to use your mind, thinking about me. And when you do that you come close to me, you feel me, you know me and you aspire to realise me all the time, continuously. [Mortal minds forget their dear ones when those dear ones are present ; but mortal minds long for the absent kin, absent friend, absent lover. Therefore, I am within you but not within your sight. Make your minds receptive, let your minds absorb me and you will be with me, as I am with you now. ’ ”

After delivering this message, Uddhava took leave of the kin and companions of Krishna at Vraja and returned to the Master at Mathura.

## KRISHNA ! KRISHNA !

The dawn had drunk deep  
Of the spirit of silence ;  
So like a toper of truth  
She lay listless.  
Not a leaf stirred ; not a bird sang,  
And yet her bosom  
Heaved happily in rhythm.  
Involuntarily my soul called out,  
“ Krishna ! ” “ Krishna ! ”

The nightingale burst into song.  
The dawn awoke  
And the out-spread boughs shed tears,  
When the wandering wind  
Touched them into music.  
The sun rose,  
The door of the house opened,  
And out came a child,  
And my soul, in ceaseless joy, said,  
“ Krishna ! ” “ Krishna ! ”

# SHAKESPEARE, THE MASTER-BUILDER

[The many-sidedness of Shakespeare's genius is attested not only by his works but also by the spontaneous homage he evokes from men of every calling, every race. The range and extent of his knowledge are only less remarkable than the depth of his insight into human nature and his consummate literary skill. His legal and medical knowledge, for example, are so wide that it would be an interesting study to go through his works for evidence of his acquaintance also with the engineering field. **Mr. Thomson King**, an American engineer, writes of him as the Master-Builder of word structures. There is a level on which the arts merge. Madame de Staël well called architecture frozen music; and in such plays as Shakespeare's best the architectonic and the dramaturgic blend and the lost canon of proportion used in the mighty structures of antiquity is recalled by the perfect balance in plot development which the master playwright only can achieve.—ED.]

He had as large a charter as the wind :  
His monument shall be his gentle verse  
He built a fortified residence against  
The tooth of time and rasure of oblivion.

I have been asked to write of Shakespeare as an engineer, but I think the request was made because I am an engineer of sorts; not because Shakespeare was any sort of engineer. He was a master-builder, but his materials were not those used in engineering. They were more vital, more enduring. He built for all mankind and for all time structures of words made imperishable by their meaning, by harmony, by beauty that is a joy forever.

He created characters that live today, that will be loved and hated as long as man continues to climb the upward path, so long as he can feel and think of love and hate, of triumph and despair. Above all he created dramas, those colourful tapestries woven of the threads of human life and character, whose patterns

truthfully portray with infinite pathos and understanding the struggle and travail of our lives, the eternal conflict between good and evil. He attained a pre-eminence that is unique among the creative artists of the world.

If it were possible to assemble a jury composed of persons familiar with all the creative art of all the world and ask them to vote for the greatest name in sculpture, in painting, in music, in dramatic poetry and the other great divisions of art, I believe there would be a great diversity of choice, except that the selection of the greatest name in drama would be unanimous. I hope the noble and sympathetic Euripides would be given second place, but for first Shakespeare would have no rivals.

Let us try to examine very briefly the foundations upon which this assurance of pre-eminence rests. What is it that infuses, inspires and lifts the work of Shakespeare above that of other great writers? What do we know of the man himself? If we begin by asking if he was born a perfect and inspired writer the answer is a clear and positive no. There are many faults to forgive, particularly in his earlier work. When he was learning his craft he frequently violated the three great fundamental ideals every writer must remember: Brevity, clarity and euphony. There are times when he is rhetorical and diffuse. The two long poems and the earliest plays would never have raised him above his great contemporary, Marlowe. During his apprentice period he was experimenting, developing his faculties, testing his genius. The assurance of the master craftsman in the fullness and perfection of his powers came later.

If we ask how this master worked, the scanty records of his life can tell us next to nothing. Perhaps the most revealing bit of evidence comes from Ben Jonson, who tells us that it was said of Shakespeare that he never struck out anything he had written; he adds that it might have been better if he had done so. Whether this amazing statement is true or not, it is certain that he must have written readily and rapidly. In about twenty years he produced two long poems and one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, and wrote or

collaborated in the writing of at least thirty-seven full-length plays, if we count the parts of *Henry IV* and *VI*. If we would know more we must find it in his work itself.

It has been said, and it is a true saying, that Shakespeare was a mirror in which men might see themselves and all nature. In a sense this is true of many great writers, and especially of Shakespeare, but it is not the whole truth or the key to an understanding of his greatness. The simile is too passive. Others have described and depicted both man and nature with fidelity and exactitude. The man who is supremely great in any form of art must be more than a mirror or faithful recorder. The master-builder must be an originator, a creative genius. He sees more in nature and in life than the ordinary man, and through the magic of his art he makes what he sees visible to ordinary mortals. This is the essential difference between a good photograph and a portrait by Rembrandt.

In the building of word structure and the creation of characters Shakespeare showed tremendous creative power and rare originality. When he began to write, the makers of plays among the Western nations were still dominated by the ideas of the great writers of Greece and Rome. Tragedy and comedy were separate and distinct and never the twain should meet. A tragedy was unrelieved by any lighter interlude. In his earliest period Shakespeare wrote, or at least collaborated in a

play that is all stark tragedy without one iota of the other side of life. It is *Titus Andronicus* and his worst. It is so bad that we wonder how it can be his work, yet the evidence seems conclusive that he wrote at least a good deal of it. I think the reason it falls so far below his other work is that he was trying to imitate the style of others. His genius was benumbed and subordinated. The play is wooden, lifeless, drab and terrible.

Very early he broke the shackles of the classic tradition and disregarded the oracles by showing tragedy with interludes of comedy. His feeling for and fidelity to life were so great that the older method seemed unnatural. He began to write of life as he saw or imagined it. He followed no man or fashion whose dictates were foreign to his genius. His building of drama is characterized by a glorious originality and freshness. As the Parthenon and the Taj Mahal have been the inspiration of architects and the despair of imitators through the centuries, so the word buildings of Shakespeare have stood the supreme tests of time and change to enthral us today with matchless grace, dignity and beauty.

In the work of all great writers, teachers and philosophers we find something transcendent, almost divine, in the master's knowledge and portrayal of human nature, coupled with very human qualities. "Gods for they knew the hearts of men; men for they stooped to fame." Frequently Shakespeare gives us the

whole summation of a character or a situation in one unforgettable brief sentence. Old Lear, hopeless, witless, broken in body and spirit by "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" hears Gloucester ask, "Is't not the king?" The question strikes something submerged, but still alive; for a moment memory and pride return and he replies, "Aye, every inch a king." In those five words we see what he has been, what manner of man he was, with a clarity and an intensity that no elaborate description by a lesser man could produce.

The builder of words and drama, to an even greater extent than the builder in stone, must choose his materials from the common mass available to all. The grace and dignity of the completed edifice, the beauty of workmanship, come from the brain and skill of the architect and builder. The combinations of words, of sound and sense, the creation and delineation of character by words and actions, are found in the mind and imagination of the writer. In this respect Shakespeare is the superb, supreme prodigal of all time. There seem to be no bounds to his fancy, no exhaustion of his coinage of expressions, so apt and pertinent that they have become the heritage of every man, and are used every day by thousands without an idea of their origin. How many who say "To make assurance doubly sure" know they are quoting Macbeth? Who says "And none so poor to do him reverence" with the thought

that he is quoting Antony? It is this quality that fills us with continuous admiration and amazement. We read and reread him all our lives and in the end can say "Time cannot wither, nor custom stale *his* infinite variety!" In each play he pours out such a wealth of thoughts and observations, such wisdom and fancy that one feels the treasure-house must have been emptied, but the next is equally rich with jewels of fancy and the refined gold of wisdom.

This master-builder of drama, otherwise the most original of writers, did not invent the plots of his plays. He preferred to use incidents from history, the old chronicles or old stories and plays. He has not told us his reasons, he was not interested in autobiography. Perhaps it was because there was no such thing as a new plot. The basic emotions and situations in human relations are limited in number. The details, the way they may be presented and described are of infinite variety. Perhaps his audiences could better understand and appreciate plots of which they had some previous knowledge.

So he took the plots and principal characters of his historical plays from Holinshed's *Chronicles* and Plutarch. For non-historical plays he drew on Boccaccio and others who had in turn taken them from earlier sources. He took these plots and characters as a great sculptor takes a block of marble that other men have taken from the quarry and hews and shapes it into a statue

of beauty and meaning to adorn a stately capitol or temple. Let any person of understanding read Plutarch's story of Antony and Cleopatra and then Shakespeare's. The bare bones of the story are in Plutarch, but the life, the interest, the passion, the beauty and the pathos are Shakespeare's. Compared with his writing, Plutarch's "Is as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine." It is not the stone of the building, or the plot of the drama that compels our interest and admiration; it is the design and workmanship of the master-builder.

The range and scope of Shakespeare's power to picture and express covers all that man has felt and thought. He is no pessimist, but Macbeth, amid the ruins of the ambitious schemes for which he sold his honour and his soul, utters the most pessimistic words ever spoken.

" Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
Till the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief  
candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor  
player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the  
stage,  
And then is heard no more; it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing."

After the black despair of this, consider Romeo's description of the dawn full of the freshness of the morning:—

" It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale: look, love, what envious  
streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder  
east:  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund  
day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain  
tops."

He knew the well springs of human  
conduct and pictured all sorts and  
conditions of men and women, who  
live forever in his plays:—

The generous spirit of Antonio,  
The cunning avarice of the envious Jew,  
Who would feed fat the ancient grudge he  
bore.

The simpering, effeminate Osric,  
Old Siward, rugged, sharp and few of  
words.

Bitter remorse that only death could end  
Of him who loved not wisely, but too well  
His Desdemona, innocent and sweet  
To the last gasp of truth and loyalty.  
The wanton, wily serpent of old Nile,  
The chaste and noble matron Brutus loved,  
Adonis cold and Venus hot with lust.  
The pompous statesman, tedious old fool,  
The soul of wit, who jested as he died.

All lovers of Shakespeare desire  
greatly to know more of the man  
himself, but they are always baffled;  
we have no private papers, no  
memoirs, not a letter. The plays  
tell us nothing directly. The son-  
nets may be more revealing, but  
we are never quite sure whether he  
is really writing about himself or  
about an imaginary character, or  
perhaps an imaginary self. Then  
there is the impenetrable riddle  
as to why he seems to have cared  
nothing about the correct publica-  
tion of his plays. The master crafts-  
man knows that his work is good;

almost invariably he is intensely  
anxious that it should be preserved  
for posterity without mutilation  
or alteration. During Shakespeare's  
life-time many quarto versions of  
single plays were published. They  
abounded in errors and omissions.  
So far as we know he made no effort  
to have a single play printed as his  
own correct and authentic work. It  
was not until seven years after his  
death that two of his fellow players  
collected his works and published  
the Folio. In this respect he had  
something in common with several  
great teachers who, though they  
felt they had a vitally important  
message for the world and could  
write, so far as we know, left no line  
of writing. We think of Christ and  
Socrates.

So we come to the end of a brief  
study of Shakespeare as the Master-  
Builder. After three hundred years  
of the most comprehensive and  
searching study, comment and  
criticism, what he built in words and  
drama stands firm-based and fair  
for all the world to see. The man  
himself will remain forever an  
enigma.

From the dark backward and abysm of  
time

He brought the master spirits of each age,  
That eyes not yet created might o'er-read  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown,  
His words compel attention like deep har-  
mony.

The rest is silence.

THOMSON KING

## THE DOG, THE FERRY-MAN AND THE DEVIL

[ **Mr. Sadath Ali Khan** of the Hyderabad (Deccan) Public Service has had varied experience at the B. B. C. in London and contributing to British periodicals. From 1939 to 1945 he "saw a good deal of the war and its repercussions upon society." In this essay he has confined his consideration to Western views, ancient and modern, on the after life and especially on hell. Other religions than the Christian also have their hells and purgatories. And the concepts of heaven of the modern Spiritualists as of uneducated Christians and Muslims are equally materialistic if less unpleasant. If, as all religions teach, the human soul always receives according to its deserts, must not post-mortem dreams be in terms of correct beliefs or of illusions held or created by oneself during life? And where can the reactions from man's evil deeds be justly reaped save in the field where they were sown? Is not earth-life the greatest of all hells?—ED. ]

It is a strange reflection that man should describe with sadistic delight and cruel satisfaction the sorrows and sufferings rather than the felicities of life hereafter. Perhaps the knottiest problem since the day when Cain slew Abel has been the problem of death and of life after death. Some of the most acute brains and most imaginative minds have in the past tried to paint the existence beyond the grave in a language which can hardly be called temperate. Dante knew the topography of hell as well as if not better than the streets and byways of his native Florence. But what amazes one is why the sorrows of the Inferno have been described so vividly at such painful length rather than the luxuries and spiritual happiness of the soul in heaven. The reason is perhaps that there lurks in the human mind a deep-rooted desire to inflict

pain not only upon others but upon one's self, thus "making fear longer than life" as Plutarch so succinctly puts it.

In the story of Circe's enchanted palace Homer tells us how Odysseus visited the world of the dead and saw there his dead mother who had been alive when he sailed from Ithaca. He inquires about her fate and wonders what lingering disease has brought her there. She answers giving him news of his home-land and of his aged father who, she says, "has given up sleeping in laundered sheets and blankets on a proper bed. Instead, he lies down with the labourers at the farm in the dust by the fire and goes about in rags. But when the mellow autumn days come round he makes himself a humble couch of fallen leaves anywhere on the high ground of his vineyard plot. There he lies in his misery nursing his grief and yearning

for you to come back, while to make things worse old age is pressing hard upon him. That was my undoing too; it was that that brought me to the grave."

On hearing this sad news of his parents, filial love wells up within Odysseus and he stretches his hands to embrace his mother. "Thrice like a shadow or a dream she slipped through my arms and left me harrowed by an even sharper pain."

Now Odysseus was known in Ithaca for his wisdom and cunning and he had in his time tricked many a monster successfully but, alas, here he is made to play the fool and to chase vainly the shadow of his dead mother. How deeply the wise Odysseus must have felt the humiliation! Later, having interviewed a host of spirits, he meets Achilles "who in stature and in manly grace was second to none of the Danaans." Odysseus comforting him speaks of the glory and fame of former days, but the hero who had fought with such distinction on "the windy fields of Troy" finds little consolation in the memory of old times.

Speak not soft words concerning death to me,  
Glorious Odysseus: rather had I be  
A thrall upon the acres to a man,  
Portionless and sunk low in poverty,  
Than over all the perished day below,  
Hold lordship.

From this it would seem that Achilles was not having a very enjoyable time in Hades after all! Indeed how could he find comfort in a place where "the dead live on without their wits"?

The tortures and sufferings inflicted upon Orion, the great Hunter, Tityous, son of the earth, and Tantalus who suffers the pangs of eternal thirst seem commonplace and mild when compared with the sorrows of Dante's *Inferno*. The fate of the classical dead seems rather sad than horrible. Hades is a dull place like a reformatory where spirited children pass their days uneventfully. Imagine Tom Sawyer or Huckleberry Finn in a reformatory, living a life of eternal boredom! The humanism in Homer and the poetic rhythm and grandeur of his story capture the heart and the imagination of the reader. The dead in Hades are not so very dead. Even after departing from the world of affairs and the hurry and bustle of life, they take an intelligent interest in those whom they have left behind.

"The mourning ghosts of all the other dead and departed passed round me now, each with some question for me on matters that were near his heart."

The catalogue of horrors in Dante's hell is too long to be quoted here. The feverish imagination of Gustave Dore has left for posterity the illustrations of Dante's poem. The *Inferno* abounds in references to the political squabbles of the day and Alighieri, whose malice has a very sharp edge to it, has thrown in blackest hell not only those of his contemporaries who opposed his political and religious inclinations but also, it seems, some of his friends

and acquaintances. We come across, among the blackest souls in hell, Farinata, Tegghario, Arigo, not to speak of Framcesca de Remini, Cardinal Ubaldini and Dante's own tutor Brunetto Latini, who are treated with scant consideration. Besides, Dante's *Inferno* is of considerable zoological interest. It is teeming with a large population of animal-monsters of all varieties who mechanically perform their unsavoury duties. There is Cerberus with triple gullet, "his beard" greasy and black, and red his eyes, and belly big and fingers clawed. He is called the fierce and monstrous animal—a very noisy, clamorous monster placed there to punish the gluttons.

The administration of hell is well planned, the classes of sins and the distribution of the damned are defined with great care. In Canto XI we are told that because God loathes fraud more than any other sin therefore the fraudulent are placed beneath and assailed with greater pain. Thus Dante has punished all the importunate tradesmen and crafty money-lenders of Florence at whose hands he certainly did suffer.

In the matter of sheer torture Dante has not much to learn from the Nazis. The *Inferno* is, as someone has suggested, a vast mediæval kitchen where the devils practise their culinary art with grim determination. The Tuscan poet has even invented a place, neither hell nor no-hell which is infested by hornets and wasps. Here he has placed those whom he despised:—

Wretches who never were alive and who were slowly stung upon their bodies nude by hornets and wasps that thither flew.

In the last analysis it seems quite clear, regardless of the beauties of Dante's poem, the width of the canvas upon which he painted his great picture and the force of his imagination, that two basic but very human emotions were the main factors in the conception and execution of his work, namely, personal animosity and intolerance. It is the lot of the mute and the unimaginative to hate in silence but hate becomes a great creative force in men of genius. The idea that God is love and that the act of forgiveness is "divine" seems a huge jest to the reader of the *Inferno*. There is no reprieve, no respite from eternal punishment; the devils presumably are never in need of a holiday and no one can persuade them to take a day off from their grim occupation if they do not wish to do so!

Milton's hell has been made familiar to generations of school-children by the indefatigable toil of editors and commentators such as Verity, Browne and Wright. Such is the malignity of Milton, says the good Dr. Johnson rather severely, that hell grows darker at his frown. In spite of what the genial Doctor has said, Milton's *Paradise Lost* with all its "ever burning sulphur," "doleful shades" and "fiery deluge" is in a sense less physical and the spirits of evil are less corporeal than in the *Inferno*. There is real, convincing sorrow—not purely physical

—in the speech of Belial during the great debate—

... Thus repulsed, our final hope  
Is flat despair ; we must exasperate  
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage ;  
And that must end us, that must be our  
cure—

To be no more. Sad cure ! for who would  
lose,

Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through  
eternity,

To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated Night,  
Devoid of sense and motion ?

This seems like an echo from  
Shakespeare.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;  
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot ;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice ;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round  
about

The pendant world ; or to be worse than  
worst

Of those that lawless and incertain  
thoughts

Imagine howling :—'tis too horrible !  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

Claudio, that windy rogue, expresses in picturesque language the fear of death. The references to classical and mediæval aspects of hell in this passage are worth noticing.

But not all descriptions of hell are either so terrifying or so melancholy. The terrors and tribulations of an after life have been wholly lost on some eminent writers and poets ; others have found consolation in the fact that as only children between

the ages of seven and twelve and idiots of all descriptions will go to heaven, there will at least be good society in hell. This notion cannot entirely be discredited. The names of some of the most distinguished personages in the history of the world appear in the list of the damned, who are made to suffer eternal pain or only *ennui* in the Inferno.

Rabelais gives a very jovial account of hell in *Pantagruel*. It is, indeed, extremely refreshing to come across this piece of healthy vulgarity after the sad and sombre descriptions of hell. The account of Inferno given by Epistemon is too interesting to be left out. He said "that he had seen the devil, had spoken with Lucifer familiarly and had been very merry in hell and in the Elysian fields affirming very seriously before them all that the devils were boon companions and merry fellows." The punishment meted out to the damned is as interesting as it is novel. For once, they are put to work and are not allowed to pass the slow hours of eternity either in boredom or in ludicrous suffering. Alexander the Great spends his time mending and patching old breeches and stockings, Xerxes is a crier of mustard, Cicero a fire kindler, Pope Alexander a rat-catcher, Cleopatra a crier of onions. So, it seems, great Lords and Ladies and Princes of the blood eke out "a poor, scurvy, wretched living there below," but on the contrary the niggardly philosophers who walked in rags on earth appear attired in

shining raiment. Diogenes (perhaps the reader will recall this excellent philosopher who passed his days lying in a tub) wearing a rich purple gown and with a golden sceptre in his right hand; Epictetus gaily dressed in the French style sits in the company of handsome ladies frolicking, drinking, dancing and making good cheer. The only pain which is inflicted on a large number of the inmates of the Inferno, says Epistemon, is "a certain disease" which those who did not get it in this world would get in the other.

Shelley, in his poem "Peter Bell," has also made irreverent fun of the

tortures and stench of hell, offering thereby a contrast to other hells of literature.

Hell is a City much like London—  
A populous and a smoky city;  
There are all sorts of people un-done  
And there is little or no fun done;  
Small justice shown and still less pity.

Here, in the end, is the incomparable Wordsworth in a half-serious, half-jesting mood:—

It is a party in a parlour,  
Crammed just as they on earth were  
crammed,  
Some sipping punch—some sipping tea;  
But, as you by their faces see,  
All silent, and all—damned!

SADATH ALI KHAN

## LEADERSHIP

The responsibility of leadership rests not alone upon those recognised as leaders, since each in the measure of his equipment and capacities shares it. There is none so humble or so isolated that he exerts no influence on others. But formal leadership of the right type is a pressing need today.

An extensive outline on "Leadership" by Raleigh M. Drake of the Mary Washington College at Fredericksburg, Virginia, U.S.A., classifies leaders according to degree and kind of contact with those led, by methods of selection and by their interests and type of dominance. He finds of the utmost importance to social progress an increasing number of leaders of "wisdom and high social morality," serving as guides and counsellors, working for the betterment of their own groups' position without exploiting others. Mr. Drake discusses the part

which environment plays in the production of leaders, who to some extent both are products of the times and make the times. He also analyses factors in leadership from physical to psychological and mental qualities. It is discouraging but not surprising, in our day of blind leaders of the blind, to find intelligence taking rank after energy, strength, power, verbal ability and self-assurance among the qualities prominent in most leaders, with understanding of human nature and prestige bringing up the rear.

Mr. Drake might well have made more of the force of conviction as the source of enthusiasm in both leaders and followers. The quality of both leadership and following largely depends upon the depth and nature of the convictions shared and upon the level of the appeal, *i.e.*, whether to self-interest or to altruism and whether for material benefits or for such moral and spiritual principles as tolerance, justice and universal brotherhood.

## PARENTAL FEELING—IS IT LESS TODAY ?

[ If, as **Miss Elizabeth Cross** believes, the natural fondness for children in the normal adult, to say nothing of the normal parent, has suffered a decline in recent years, the fact constitutes a threat to the very basis of society—the home. Where is the explanation to be sought? So drastic a modification of emotional instinct cannot be wholly due to changes in food habits, though these may play their part. May the change, if it is fairly general, not be laid even more at the door of the ferocious selfishness encouraged by over-emphasis upon the separated individual and his “rights” in a world where unity remains the fact, however denied, and self-sacrifice the condition of self-fulfilment? Religion, with its teaching of the primacy of individual salvation, science with its emphasis upon material well-being, and the political, social and economic thinking that sets that interest of the nation or the group above the commonweal—all these must share in the indictment which Miss Cross brings in this article.—ED. ]

Are people becoming less fond of children than they were in the past? Some would put it more strongly and say that, as a general rule, British folk are becoming distinguished for their dislike of children. There is much evidence that points this way, even leaving out the shocking cruelty revealed in the Curtis Report. For instance, there is the difficulty in finding rooms or a house for a family with children. The moment a baby is expected also young parents may expect from their landlady a notice to quit. The landlady is not entirely to blame, for she has found that babies mean trouble in lots of ways. The other lodgers complain and, in addition to this, she may find herself landed with a lot of extra work when the parents go out at night leaving their baby to her mercies.

Many parents behave extremely well to their children but this moral

behaviour is very often more the result of a sense of duty than the expression of natural parental feeling. Many parents fuss over their children, examine their reactions, worry them with overmuch attention, nearly always because, in their hearts, they don't really like them at all and wish they hadn't to bother with them. At one time this dislike of children seemed to be the prerogative of the middle classes (the upper classes didn't count so much as they very rarely looked after their own children anyway) but now it seems as if the main bulk of the population is affected. Children are hurried off to school the moment the teachers can find room for them, often they walk a long way at an extremely early age, while their mothers are not particularly busy at home. Midday meals are provided at most schools and no one grudges this to the children in the least but

it can be taken as just so much more evidence that the school (and the teachers) are becoming more than ever a second home. The teachers must now take on the job of training in table manners as well as in the more general character training that has become more and more their lot.

One result of this shedding of responsibility is that children behave worse at home, know their parents less well and so become more unpopular with the average adult. Very few parents today seem to know how to take care of their children; they must have advice on the simplest problems, not only in the matter of general psychology but in general health and matters of upbringing. The truth is that parents and children see so little of each other that they are almost strangers. The kindly parents are apt to become more and more easy-going, allowing the children far too much latitude and so helping them to become general nuisances (and drawing a breath of relief when they are packed off to school), while parents of the other type alternate between bribes and slaps, and they, too, do their best to see as little of the children as possible; witness the long queues of children outside the cinemas, especially on the special days for children.

In fact it is quite a surprising sight, and one that is but rarely seen anywhere but in the remote countryside, to watch two parents and their children out for pleasure together. Here in this tiny village you can sometimes see mother and children

and the family dog, setting off for a picnic, or to go to meet father coming home from work. You may also see them going out on a Sunday for a picnic, or father taking the children out on bicycles. In the towns you may see mothers out with very young children (in prams), shopping, because they cannot leave them. You rarely see older children with their parents and there is a constant demand for "sitters," that is, people who will sit in at home and listen for the children so that the parents can go out together in the evening, while the less responsible do not bother about "sitters" but just go out and leave the children. (Many tragedies, such as the children's being burnt to death, have resulted.)

This is not meant as a condemnation of parents or of the average adult, who often feels very strongly that children must be taken care of and safeguarded from harm. In fact there has rarely before been so earnest an interest taken in the welfare of children, as most educated and intelligent Westerners realise that the future of the world lies in the hands of today's children, and that unhappy, insecure children mean trouble tomorrow. No, it is merely desired to draw attention to the fact that we seem to have lost our parental feeling. This "parental" feeling, for want of a better name, should surely be present in every normal adult, whether he or she be a parent in reality or not. The normal adult should feel kindly

towards young things, human or animal. The average adult animal, dog or cat or other creature, has this kindly feeling and will put up with a lot of trouble and nonsense from all young things. The average dog stands no end of rough treatment from the human baby, and few big animals will hurt a young one. What is more, the adult should find pleasure in watching and helping young things, whether they belong to him or not.

Some of us do still find this pleasure, but as a general rule we might say that, so far as pleasure is concerned, children are just not wanted today. They are a nuisance, they get on our nerves, they get in the way, they make too much noise, in fact we haven't room for them in our machine age.

How many people (including parents) enjoy making toys, dressing dolls, for children? How many would ask children to a party, to a picnic, for a ride, because they enjoy their company? Yet those of us who had some experience of childhood, however brief, before the 1914-1918 war must remember being made quite welcome by a host of grown-ups who had no possible reason for wanting to see us beyond the fact that they, quite inexplicably, liked children. Our parents, too, all say that they were welcomed by *their* own parents, aunts, uncles and adult friends. My mother, when a child, was always out visiting grown-ups as well as childish friends, she was taken for rides in the doctor's dogcart, out in

boats by bachelor uncles and so on. I, too, had a host of grown-up friends, and can remember a constant succession of social occasions in which adults and children seemed to mix happily—picnics, walks, visits to tea and so on, to say nothing of shopping excursions, when the shop-people were so kind. These people liked children, there was no doubt about it.

What has caused this gradual decline in kindly feeling towards children? It had begun many years ago, but has been accentuated sharply during the past decade. There may be many reasons but one theory seems to be of peculiar interest and well worth further investigation. This is the idea that our whole personalities are changing owing to a change in our food habits. There can be but a brief reference to the idea in an article of this length, but for those who are at all interested I do most heartily recommend a fascinating book, *Thoughts on Feeding* by Dr. L. J. Picton, published by Faber and Faber. This book includes the Medical Testament of Chester's Local Medical and Panel Committee. This comprehensive book gives us, in a most convenient form, a very great deal of information on the effect of feeding habits on personality as well as on health. There are references to the work of Sir Albert Howard and very full accounts of many scientific experiments dealing with food values and nutrition in general. What is more, the author gives evidence that should

convince any disinterested reader, on the vital importance of reformed agriculture. He shows just how important is the proper cultivation of the soil and how fertilisers affect growth and the food value of the vegetation. He shows too how improper cultivation of the soil affects animal health and, consequently, human health.

It is clear that improper feeding habits ( and the use of devitalised and processed foods which are lacking in vitamins, etc. ) can cause infertility in animals and man. This infertility, in the last stages, means a complete inability to breed. It is also quite possible that improper feeding can effect our whole emotional outlook, and that, although we may still be able to have children, yet the desire for them is absent and the normal reaction towards them is lacking. The normal adult should be ready for children, although in many circumstances prevented from having children of his or her own, and an adult attitude of mind would show kindly feelings towards young creatures in general.

If our whole personality is altered through wrong feeding it is perfectly reasonable to suppose that our emotional attitudes will be affected first of all. The emotions are, surely, part of our more elementary, or bodily heritage. We may build up an elaborate moral code, which will prevent us from any crude behaviour in the way of cruelty, whereas those less educated are more apt to break down and exhibit their fundamental

feelings, but it is becoming increasingly clear that these fundamental feelings of dislike rather than affection or tender regard towards the young are becoming more widespread. Our food habits have been changing very rapidly during the past years, more particularly when it comes to our cultivation of the soil. Food today is more and more cultivated by the use of artificial fertilisers, vegetation is becoming more and more a prey to diseases and parasites which are in their turn combated by chemical sprays. In fact, the whole balance of nature is being tampered with.

Remarkable yields of this and that quantity are recorded but little is said of the nutritional *quality* of these yields. Those who criticise this " Progress " are too often branded as cranks, and yet even those who feel that mechanisation in farming is necessary begin to feel, vaguely, that something is wrong somewhere.

No one will deny that the quality of the food we eat affects our bodies, so why cannot we go a little further and consider its effect on our minds and personalities ? Many behaviour problems might be solved if we went back to the fundamentals of right living which must, logically, depend on correct food habits. It is worth thinking over in the hope that more light may be shed on this problem by those who are in a position to watch different peoples. Incidentally, in the book on feeding, Doctor Picton gives an example of rats fed on a diet used by the Sikh people,

and shows how excellent the results were. It would be interesting to hear, from a first-hand observer, how

the Sikhs feel towards their children and just how their family pattern is formed.

ELIZABETH CROSS

## A NOTE ON THE ABOVE

[ Miss Elizabeth Cross's reference in her closing paragraph to the Sikh diet and its possible bearing on the problem she has been considering above prompted us to seek the reaction of a prominent Sikh educationist, **Principal Teja Singh** of the Khalsa College, Matunga, Bombay. We print his views below.—ED.]

The article of Miss Cross has left me unconvinced. The evidence she produces for the indictment of parents for their lesser clinging to their children shows only a transformation in the care they bestow on them. This is the age of the child and its welfare. The test of civilisation used to be the care for women. Now it is the care for children. In Russia the State has taken over much of the duty towards children which used to belong to parents. The same thing is happening in other civilised countries, where the child's upbringing is no longer left entirely to the idle coddling of parents but society in general has begun to share this grave responsibility.

Childhood is no longer considered an age of stupid nothingness, to be whiled away in embracing and kissing, but is looked upon as a period of the greatest importance. Nobody ever studied childhood and its problems so carefully as now. Even

Shakespeare did not know what to do with children. His little Mamilluses, Macduffs and Edwards talk like grown-ups. Even biographers of saints and prophets make them talk in childhood like wise adults. To most of them childhood is totally denied, as if it were a stage of life noted for nothing but puling and whimpering. Good and great men are supposed to have had no childhood. Guru Nanak and Buddha are given no childhood. It is omitted from the story of Christ. Coleridge says that he never had any childhood, and what unhealthy manhood he had as a result !

It is only recently that the child has come into his own. He is endowed with his own personality, claiming our attention for his own sake, and getting his due as a being at least as significant as any grown-up. This is the reason why his nursery, his pram, his school, his picture-books and his play have acquired so much importance. This

is the reason that the task of his upbringing—as that of a prince—has grown beyond the capacity of his parents and is being entrusted more and more to a well-equipped school, which to serve its true purpose must become a second home. It is not that the parents have become less fond of him; only his care has become more involved and more responsible, and requires to be placed in more expert hands.

I agree, however, with Miss Cross that in some cases *in the West* there is some wearing off of affection in parents on account of changed conditions in modern life. Too much poverty and squalor do not encourage affection. Well-fed and healthy children invite more love from grown-ups.

Food does have something to do with the formation of the mind. In old Hindu books food is divided into *Satvic*, *Rajasic* and *Tamasic* kinds. The *Satvic* or true kind of food promotes healthy feelings and thoughts, and the *Tamasic* or dark kind of food gives gloomy and vindictive

thoughts. In this way food plays a great part in developing or retarding our affections.

The Sikh food is supposed to be the most nourishing kind of food in India. It consists of wheaten bread, butter, lassi ( a preparation of churned milk ) and vegetables, varied now and then with meat. It gives good health and plenty of healthy normal affections. The Sikh parents love their children, and the modern conditions have not diminished their love. Only mothers do not want to have many children, and they take care to space them properly, so that they may have health enough to look after them. Still more daughters die among them than sons, who seem to have more care from their parents. Mothers bestow much attention on the toilette of their sons, who are decked out like girls and are taken out with great pride. Educated parents, however, are as fond of their daughters as of their sons. Only their love is less foolish and more wise.

TEJA SINGH

## NEW BOOKS AND OLD

### BUDDHISM AND VEDANTA \*

It is with great pleasure that we recommend Mr. Jennings's great work on Buddhism to the public. He has sifted the essence from the chaff, and presented the teaching of Buddha more or less in the words of Buddha himself. This teaching is not divorced from the life of Buddha. What Mr. Jennings has presented is the living Buddha, moving among men and himself living what he taught. Even an outsider, of a different persuasion, cannot fail to fall in love with this historical Buddha, and come under the influence of his austere and yet most human and kindly personality. The book may truly be said to be patterned on the Christian Bible where the life of Christ and his teaching are intermingled and reinforce each other. Only there is nothing supernatural or miraculous to lend a false halo to the completely human Buddha.

Buddha is touched quite in a human way by the suffering, disease, old age and death inherent in all life. He seeks deliverance from this. This is for him the problem of all problems. He has no guide or guru. He does not believe in any scriptural revelation or a supernatural being like a personal God. His only guides are reason and the earnestness of his own purpose.

He seeks deliverance, not only for himself but for all life. When the light

dawns upon him, he can no longer sit quiet and enjoy a kind of personal blessedness. He goes out to teach and to deliver. For him all life is one. His message is essentially ethical, not metaphysical.

The things which knowingly I have not announced to you are more, and those which I have announced are few....[The former] are without profit, are not concerned with the essentials of the holy-life, and do not lead to detachment, to absence of passion, to cessation, to tranquillity, to highest knowledge, to full enlightenment, to Peace.  
(p. 555)

Mr. Jennings has tried to construct, on the basis of the sifted Pali texts, the consistent teaching of the real Buddha in his Introduction and the various appendices. His views appear most plausible. He distinguishes ancient Buddhism from later accretions by a simple test,—there is no individualistic karma in the former. Neither is the individual reborn (which is the view of popular Hinduism), nor is his karma communicated at the time of his death to another individual who may be said to step into his shoes (which is the view of later Buddhism). The karma is not annihilated either. The good and the bad consequences of what we do continue inexorably, and they may be said to infect the body politic or, more generally, humanity at large.

\* *The Vedantic Buddhism of the Buddha.* A Collection of Historical Texts translated from the original Pali and edited by J. G. JENNINGS. (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, London. 42s.)

It is all the world...that suffers or gains by the deeds, words and thoughts of every fleeting individuality that manifests for a brief life-time the phenomenon of separate being. (p. 573)

There is such a thing as collective karma. This view of karma follows necessarily from Buddha's teaching that there is no permanent soul—the doctrine of *an-atta* (not-Self). All individuality is transient and of the nature of the not-Self.

Whether Buddhism in its denial of rebirth and its insistence upon collective karma is a kind of reformed Brahminism, as Mr. Jennings suggests, is, however, another question. Buddhism does not deny personal responsibility for our actions. If there is such personal responsibility, then personal self-identity is a necessary presupposition. The Hindu doctrine is more consistent in this respect. The personal self-identity may not be real, but only illusory, and yet it is a necessary presupposition for the sense of moral responsibility.

According to Vedanta, there is a confusion of the Self and the not-Self (*cit-acit-granthi*). The real Self or *ātman* does not act and is not reborn. But through our ignorance or error we transfer to it the attributes of the transient individuality or the ego; and, with this false attribution, there arises the *appearance* of individual responsibility, individual suffering, individual rebirth and individual liberation. In truth, all such language is delusive. We cannot, therefore, agree with Mr. Jennings's statement that "the illusionist or idealistic view of life is that of a refined egoism searching for its own purification." (Introduction, p. xvii) We have not reached the truth if we

retain any trace of egoism, however refined.

The title of the book suggests that there is something in common between Buddhism and Vedanta. This is an important point which has been brought out by Mr. Jennings. Buddha was not an atheist. He disbelieved only in a personal and finite God. Mr. Jennings says:—

The somewhat puzzling and difficult word *amata*, which occurs in various parts of the Canon, may perhaps be rendered "the impersonal (Eternal)." It is this impersonality which remains when the personal, superimposed upon the impersonal, perishes. As one reads the Suttas one becomes conscious that in Gotama's theory the Soul, though individually it is transient, is essentially divine.... (p. 506)

In other words, Buddha does not deny the reality of what we call in Vedanta "Brahman," the Absolute.

[Where] no origination is perceived, no decay is perceived, no separation from the steadfast is perceived,—these are the three signs of the unity of the uncreated.... When thou knowest the destruction of individuality thou knowest the uncreated, O Brahman. (p. 578)

Buddha went further. He even identified, although only indirectly, the unity of all life and being with the Self or the *ātman*.

When one regards all material-form whatsoever...and thinks "This is not mine, this I am not, this is not my permanent self," then one regards it with right insight as it really is. (p. 522)

The implication is plain that the changing and the transient is not my real self. The real self can only be that which is unborn, unchanging and eternal. Lastly, it may be noted that the joy of liberation is something very positive. Nibbana is not negation or nothingness. The one who is liberated

knows that "closed is individual existence, lived is the holy-life, done is what ought to be done, there is nothing beyond this state." (p. 70) With a slight difference, these are the very words in which Vedanta describes the feelings of one who has attained to *mokṣa*.

The similarity between Buddhism and Vedanta is thus very striking. So much is this the case that Sri Sankaracharya is even regarded as a concealed Buddha. But there is an important difference about the *way*. That individual and finite existence is the root cause of all the sorrow and pain of life is common to both systems. But how can this individuality be eliminated? According to Vedanta, the cause of it is mere ignorance; and ignorance can only be cancelled through right knowledge. Thus *knowledge alone is the way*.

According to Buddhism, ignorance is only the first hurdle. We wrongly take the separate individual for a permanent self that is born and reborn, while in fact it is impermanent and of the nature of the non-self. This ignorance leads to craving (*taṇha*), the craving for sense-pleasures, the craving for individual existence, the craving for super-existence, etc. It is this craving that leads to sorrow. What we need therefore is not only knowledge, but also ethical or altruistic activity based upon that knowledge.

This method of Buddhism may appear more reasonable to some people, as it does to Mr. Jennings. But it involves, in our opinion, an inadequate understanding of Vedanta. It raises the whole question of the *realism* of Buddhism. Ethics does require a realistic metaphysics—the world is real

and so are other individuals. But is such metaphysics consistent with the ultimate monism, which is the common ground between Vedanta and Buddhism? *Māyā-vāda* or the theory that the world is illusory may be repugnant to practical-minded people and to common-sense. But the rejection of it reduces the ultimate monism of Brahman to a myth. Certainly a monistic or non-dualistic reality cannot exist *side by side* with a real world and a real multiplicity. We cannot have it both ways, a real unity and a real multiplicity. Mr. Jennings says:—

Buddhism, which is often regarded as based on the Sankhya philosophy, is rather a development of both Vedanta and Sankhya, being both monistic and realistic in that it accepts the reality of the visible universe and finds a fundamental unifying force in it. (pp. 583-4)

This is to reconcile the irreconcilable. There is no middle position between Sāṅkhya and Vedanta, and if Buddhism stands for such a position, it is self-condemned.

An important question arises, why has Buddhism been driven away from its homeland? Because it was unorthodox? But Jainism was unorthodox too; and yet Jainism continues and thrives on the Indian soil. Mr. Jennings has given a reply which is somewhat evasive. Where Hinduism has encountered other religious philosophies in prolonged conflict, he writes,

the reasoned self-transcendence of Buddhism has been overcome by the disciplined hierarchy of caste and by the fervour of monotheism. With other opponents it has met and compromised. (pp. 582-3)

That Hinduism has triumphed because of its caste system and its consistent monism, is not the whole truth. We ourselves can only attempt a guess.

Unlike Jainism, Buddhism combined the most orthodox ideas of the Upanishads, teaching the non-dualism of reality, with unorthodox ideas about the method of liberation. This tended to produce confusion in people's minds and a lack of faith in the scriptures. Small wonder, then, that the concealed foe was mercilessly exposed and was ultimately driven out from the land of its birth.

Buddhism was a product of the soil and grew out of Hinduism. It accepted the general ideas then prevalent, and then proceeded to change them. It accepted the karmic theory and then modified it out of shape. It accepted the ultimate unity of being, but it was not disposed to carry this belief to its logical conclusion and confused it with a realistic outlook upon things. There can be nothing but

praise for Buddhism's high and noble ideals of altruistic conduct, and its preaching of love, kindness and compassion for all living beings; but its over-emphasis upon the eightfold path or the method of ethical activity challenged orthodoxy and brought about a revolt and a reaction.

Mr. Jennings has shown real appreciation of both Hinduism and Buddhism, with a certain leaning towards the latter. This is quite intelligible when we compare the wholly rationalistic outlook of Buddhism with the transcendentalism of a revealed religion like Hinduism. But whatever the merits of the two systems, Mr. Jennings's work has been most painstaking, accurate and thorough. He has done a distinct service to the cause of Buddhism.

G. R. MALKANI

## A PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY \*

The very fact that an abridgment of Professor Toynbee's bulky *Study of History* has been thought desirable is evidence of the response which this monumental analysis of historical growth has found everywhere.

Like everything in our time, historiography is passing through a revolution of outlook and approach. The nineteenth century had approached history as a mainly descriptive discipline, from the angle of national politics, which in most cases meant those of the European nations. Since then the approach and outlook have widened immensely. European history has grown to world

history, comprising all nations and races down to the "primitives" of the jungle and of prehistoric periods. The conception of history has expanded from political action to economic and social problems, religious, artistic and literary manifestations. Historical methods developed from sheer description to analysis with the methods evolved in each of these individual fields of research. Earlier or later these discoveries and re-interpretations, dispersed in innumerable specialized studies, had to find another synthesis.

The last decades have, therefore, seen a series of much-discussed attempts at

\* *A Study of History*. By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE. Abridgment of Volumes I-VI by D. C. SOMERVELL. (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, for the Royal Institute of International Affairs. 25s.)

a "philosophy of history." Such synthetic interpretations are, of course, not new; they go back to Burckhardt, Marx, Hegel, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Bossuet, Macchiavelli, Ibn Khaldun; but notwithstanding many excellent observations these lacked breadth of outlook and of approach. Quite a school of historians had therefore discouraged the resumption of such an interpretation of history as unscientific, because, unlike physics or chemistry, historiography has no opportunity to check the analysis of such complicated processes by simple experiments. The very postulate of a restriction to completely certain results, however, is unscientific because science never knows an ultimate certainty. It knows at best merely a maximum probability, a working hypothesis, correct within its limits, but always pregnant with illimited undiscovered vistas. Modern natural science has achieved amazing discoveries originally merely postulated as working hypotheses, and history can become an analytic science only by the same procedure, provided, of course, the unavoidable gradation between unquestionable facts, probabilities and possibilities is never lost sight of.

It is characteristic of all these new syntheses that they are in terms of world civilizations. The nation has proved too small and ephemeral a unit, race a protean bastard of feudal prejudices, and mankind one organic unit, an inarticulate colossus defying a more than superficial analysis. Of the various constructions attempted, Kroeber has not progressed beyond a statistical analysis of phases of development. Spengler and his follower H. Piper have apprehended behind that periodicity

of phenomena a rigid, inexorable destiny imposed on the individual civilizations, and have forced their interpretations in order to demonstrate that iron mechanism driving each of them in lonely isolation.

Though accepting the same periodicity of historical types, Toynbee is far from such a mystic fatalism. Not isolation, but interaction, not fate, but challenge and response, not rigid curves of evolution, but all the variety of success and failure, of arrest after temporary success, of successful return after failure. The laws of history lie in man's own soul, in his creative reaction to the problems confronting him; tragedy lies in man's own creation, the growing social structure which earlier or later defies adaptation and breaks up into an imperialism of the dominant minority and a "church" of the proletariat, both seeds for another civilization to come. Thus Toynbee's interpretation of human history becomes a picture of the working of ethic forces, a vindication not of the morality of the obedient child or citizen, or of the saint and ascetic, but of creative responsibility and maturity. Aware of all the tragedies and horrors of history, it is, in the last instance, a philosophy of optimism and acceptance of life.

Though most fascinating reading, Toynbee's first six volumes dealing with the genesis, growth, breakdown and disintegration of civilizations, fill more than 4,000 pages full of learned footnotes and appendices; and yet they represent hardly more than a third of the stupendous work envisaged by him. How many people can afford the leisure to work their way through such an encyclopedic survey? Mr. Somervell's

careful abridgment, which has the approval and blessings of the author, cannot be applauded enough. For both a too limited, superannuated outlook on history and inability to make sense of the recent revolution not only in Western civilization, but also in the

cultural life of other races with which it has come in contact, are among the principal psychological reasons of the crisis of our time. A modern mankind needs also a new conception in time and space of human civilization. May this book serve that end!

H. GOETZ

*Modern Islam in India : A Social Analysis.* By WILFRED CANTWELL SMITH. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. Revised Edition. 15s. )

To write history without assumptions is nowadays recognized as neither possible nor interesting. This present book is definitely written from a point of view. I am a Socialist with pronounced ethical convictions; and I believe in the scientific method.

In his "Definition of Terms" the author states clearly "the main conscious assumptions" from which he starts. In the propaganda-fed world of today this scrupulous honesty cannot go unrecognized; the author adheres to it from the first page to the last; he does not hesitate to criticize any person or any movement, or even a phase in the development of one person or one movement. Even the great Iqbal does not escape the author's penetrating "Social Analysis." His analysis of social, political and religious trends in modern Islam in India, from the days of Sir Sayyid Ahmed up to the winter of 1945, is objective and dispassionate, and therefore exact; it is sympathetic, without being in any sense partisan. Very definitely this is one of the few recent books of intrinsic merit which must be read carefully by any one who really wants to understand the background of the sorry spectacle that is India today. The first part of the book deals with "Intel-

lectual Movements" in favour, respectively of: (1) contemporary British culture; (2) Islamic culture of the past; (3) a new culture of the future: Progressive; and (4) a new culture of the future: Reactionary. The second part deals with various political movements, from Pan-Islamism and Communalism to the new "Islamic Nationalism." Especially valuable is the author's interpretation of the interaction of Muslim movements with contemporary non-Muslim movements. In the third part is given a very brief account of "Some Organized Theological Groups." This may well be dilated upon in the next edition in view of the fact that the hold of such groups on the Muslim masses is still tremendous.

The author has had the inestimable advantage of close contact with Muslim youth and Muslim intellectuals of all shades of thought and has brought his undoubted powers of close observation and shrewd analysis into full play in this remarkable book. In fact he has done a signal service to the cause of dispassionate understanding of the contemporary situation in India, and its appreciation in the wider context of the present explosive world situation, yet pregnant with idealistic possibilities. More careful proof-reading, by the way, is called for in the next edition.

A. G. CHAGLA

## DARK CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF THOUGHT \*

The bibliography at the end of this book lists over four hundred books on the subject of witchcraft, and its contents suggest that the author is familiar with the contents of as many. That is the first impression one receives from this erudite exposition of that mania which seized the people of England in the days of Queen Elizabeth and continued to inflame dark passions and dethrone sound judgment for four hundred years.

Witchcraft may have two parents, namely, the dogma of a personal devil as author of all evil and a contender with God for supremacy in the Universe, which is the central thesis of the Manichæans' co-eternal Satan; and, for other begetter, that lust which seizes man in the mass to satisfy his appetite for cruelty under whatever social, political or religious cloak may offer.

With the latter aspect of witchcraft this author is not concerned, for he is preoccupied with the historical aspects of witchcraft and concerned to measure the rôle of the mania in the articulation of the Great Rebellion.

Since witchcraft has ceased to influence events outside a few remote villages where the evil-wisher is still to be found, the caster of spells and the vendor of love philtres, the thesis of this book has an interest midway between the historical and the antiquarian and is of little value for tomorrow. It does, however, serve to remind the research student of the importance of bringing under review the picture, and the whole picture of any period that is the subject of historical enquiry.

Mr. Trevor Davies comes to no definite conclusion as to the part of witchcraft in the rise of the Commonwealth. But his suggestion, and the evidence he adduces in support of it, constitute a brilliant piece of imaginative research, leaving on the mind of the reader the thought that elsewhere, unmeasured and forgot, may lie buried in the libraries of the world clues to much that is now obscure, or merely the subject of speculation on the part of the specialist.

It is a matter of regret that the author has not probed further back to add a chapter on the origins of witchcraft, and in particular, on the influence of the Manichæan teaching. Nor does he deal anywhere with the psychology of his subject, one, surely, full of interest to an age which has witnessed the rise and fall of Hitlerite Germany, with its manifestations of "witch-hunting" under the form of racial hate, in turn the masked expression of that latent sadism which disfigures human nature when confronted with its own infirmities.

But even more notable an omission is the side-stepping of the central issue, namely, whether witchcraft is the merest mumbo-jumbo or a manifestation of the powers of the spirit of evil. We leave the book without any knowledge of the author's own personal opinion here, and it would have been worth having.

There is a wealth of cases quoted and authors are cited extensively in these crowded pages; the whole builds up in the reader's mind into a picture

\* *Four Centuries of Witch-Beliefs.* By R. TREVOR DAVIES. (Methuen and Co., Ltd., London. 13s.)

of a humanity bereft. Not least in this gallery of fanatics and fanatical crime and cruelty is the story, once more told here, of the notorious Matthew Hopkins, between whose obsession and the hard-hunting squire and the Jew-baiter the psychologist may find some element in common.

A word upon the book as object. There is scarcely a pleasant page in the 203 and, upon many, a quarter, a third even, of the type area is made

up of foot-notes and references. Many of these, indeed the majority, could with propriety have been incorporated into the text. As it is, the appearance of these pages is repulsive to any reader for whom a pleasant page is good breeding in a book.

Probably few books are more stuffed with erudition than *The Golden Bough*: yet there the foot-note is used sparingly, and the page comes pleasantly to meet the enquiring eye.

GEORGE GODWIN

## SHAKESPEARE AND THE SUPERMAN\*

In his latest book of Shakespearian interpretation Professor G. Wilson Knight gives a penetrating description of the poetic process, and also of the function of poetry—commonly so little understood:—

Poetic language is itself an incarnation, not a transcription of thought: it is a seizing on truth beyond the writer's personal thinking through submission to the object. Such submission conditions the deepest self-realisation, since what normally passes for thought is merely a cheap currency drawn from and touching the mental centres only; and in its terms no deeply-felt subjective emotion or knowledge can be handed on.

Thus, poetry alone can be trusted to convey truth. It is probably precisely because it has this power that it remains neglected by a world which cannot, as Jesus said, receive the Spirit of Truth. Professor Knight's approach to poetry and great literature is, finally, the only type of "criticism" of value, since it alone works *from within*, from the *source* of artistic creation. An essay in this volume on the writing of *Pericles* recalls Professor Knight's

remarkable analysis of the creating of *Macbeth* in one of his earlier books, *Principles of Shakespearian Production*. In discounting the mental centres, in the reference to thought as "cheap currency," he is near the teachings of Eastern philosophy, where the mind is equated with *Avidya*. Unless fertilised by the deeper self, it is ignorant and destructive.

"The crown of life" is wisdom, and Prospero, in the finest essay of the collection, "The Shakespearian Superman," is seen not only as Shakespeare's creative self, but as a "god-man, or perhaps the god-in-man... the accomplished personification of that super-state hinted in *Hamlet*, but which Hamlet himself never attains." Conceivably, the creative self of the great artist is the "superman"; it remains to *live* that superhumanity, a very different matter. Hamlet had acquired through suffering the power to see deep into life, but not deep enough. There is a stage in inner

\* *The Crown of Life*. By G. WILSON KNIGHT. (Oxford University Press, London, 185.)

development when the consciousness producing sharpened vision becomes a grave danger, and unless the transition to the further stage is successfully effected, madness and death can ensue. But since in this evolution to a higher consciousness lie the seeds of super-humanity, the risk has to be taken. Prospero passed to the stage beyond suffering, and became a sage, transcending the delusive and destructive ego. Here again we are implicitly directed to the wisdom of the East, though actually, in every age and race, the "supermen" are working towards the same end, and the creative self of every great artist holds the master-key. Both the wisdom of the ages and the spirit of true religion transcend all geographical and racial boundaries,

and Mr. Knight wisely calls attention to Shakespeare's use of Christian phraseology as "*implemental* to his purpose" as "great Apollo," "great Nature" and "pantheism" were also. In their breadth of apprehension, the greatest poets cannot submit to any narrow religious sect, but must, like Ramakrishna, "belong" to all religions.

Similarly, in the last paragraph of the book, there is more than a hint that Shakespeare may have been intuitively working towards that "greater peace," a world-peace transcending nationalism, which his own nation has at last to serve in a world where a true brotherhood of man is recognised as the only hope for the survival of humanity.

DALLAS KENMARE

*Am I My Brother's Keeper?* By ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY. (The John Day Company, Asia Press, New York. \$2.25)

The pains taken by Robert Allerton Parker in his Introduction to these collected essays, and by the publishers in their blurb, to dissociate Mr. Coomaraswamy's philosophy from "the pseudo-occultism and syncretic theosophy that are volatilized by the self-appointed prophets of the 'cults,'" are supererogatory. It is as obvious that it has no connection with the phantasies of pseudo-theosophy as that it is in general in striking harmony with Madame Blavatsky's restatement of the "Perennial Philosophy."

Modern civilisation with its false values, its "blind faith in literacy," its illusion of progress and its frenzy of proselytising to the very institutions that have bred calamity, holds no glamour for him. "Your 'Christian' civilisation is ending in disaster—and you are bold enough to offer it to others!"

There is "a modernised, uprooted East with which the West can *compete*" but only with the East "that has never attempted to survive by bread alone" can the West *co-operate*. "Our mortal part," he writes, "can survive 'by bread alone,' but it is by the Myth that our Inner Man is fed."

The backward East, in so far as it is still "backward," is very much happier, calmer, and less afraid of life and death than the "forward" West has ever been or can be.

As it is the West which has turned from the metaphysics which "still survives as a living power" in that unspoiled East, the West must make the first move towards *rapprochement*.

Incidentally, Mr. Coomaraswamy casts a doubt upon the anthropologists' assumption that "primitive" peoples' peculiarities are of local origin. They may, he suggests, be "provincial or peripheral survivals of theories held by some or all of the more sophisticated communities from which the primitive peoples may have declined."

E. M. H.

*Muslim Contribution to Geography.*  
By NAFIS AHMAD, M.A. (Muhammad  
Ashraf, Lahore. Re. 1/8)

This small book attempts to describe in a concise and, sometimes, in an unduly compressed manner, the work that was done by Muslim scientists in the realm of geography. The geographer as such hardly existed prior to the nineteenth century and the Muslim scientists who have contributed most to geography are those on whom the claims of other departments of science and learning are already well established. The most outstanding of these is Al-Biruni and an appendix summarises Al-Biruni's description of India.

The book commences with a general survey and then the main part is divided into three chapters headed "The Geographers," "Cartography" and "Astronomical and Mathematical Geography." The chapter on the Geographers is a mere list of names; the author should have confined himself, in this small work, to mentioning and describing the work of a few leading Geographers, which would have been not only more readable but also more

informative. The more interesting portions of the book are those dealing with Cartography and Astronomical and Mathematical Geography.

The Muslims came surprisingly near measuring the true circumference of the earth, and the view that the earth was spherical was widely held, though no proof of its shape that could be called scientific had been discovered. The work of the extraordinary Arab navigators is mentioned. Long prior to and all through the middle ages there was extensive trade and intercourse between the Muslim centres and the Far East, through the Indian Ocean and the China Sea. There is little doubt that fairly accurate charts of these areas existed and were extensively used. It is surprising and unfortunate that no specimens of them have come to light. There was no doubt an element of secrecy about these charts, which were handed down from father to son, and the secrets were kept within the same family or guild, and this has probably been the reason why none of the charts have come down to us.

SAIF F. B. TYABJI

*Jane Boyd Asks Questions and Thanks Mrs. Hester Dowden.* (Longmans, Green and Co., London. 6d.)

It is hard to take seriously accounts of after-death states which so suspiciously resemble objective conditions. Surely it stands to reason that states after death can be no less subjective than one's consciousness in sleep. This Summerland runs true to form with minor embellishments like halos for

nurses' caps; a B.B.C. "but of a different type, which is somewhat promising; a disturbing obsession with the value of time, from which one might reasonably expect release by death; and—most depressing—*mediums*, more accurate and highly honoured, for communication with the next higher sphere! The style is early adolescent and platitudinous.

E. M. H.

*Sri Aurobindo Circle : Third Number.*  
( Sri Aurobindo Circle, Nair Hospital Compound, Bombay. Rs. 5/8 )

This valuable miscellany of poems, letters and literary criticism makes good solid reading, all centring round the literary work and teaching of Sri Aurobindo Ghose. It opens with the first canto of Book II of his epic poem, *Savitri*. In magnificent blank-verse reminiscent of Milton and Shelley Sri Aurobindo explains the upsurge of the Spirit-Self in matter. Selected "Prayers and Meditations of the Mother" make moving reading. Her message "To the Women of the World" stresses the need for awakening the intuition.

The new school of mystic poetry which has grown round the central figure of Sri Aurobindo is next presented. Poems by Nirodbaran, Sethna, Dilip Kumar Roy and others all breathe sincerity of spiritual effort and intensity of poetic perception.

Eight valuable letters of Sri Aurobindo's follow. In masterly limpid prose a dignified example of controversial writing is provided, in the course of which important conceptions of Sri Aurobindo's are lucidly explained. Any spiritual aspirant will find considerable help in Letter III, wherein valuable practical advice is given by a master of yoga. The last letter, on "Greatness and Beauty in Poetry," is a remarkable exposition of the meaning of inspiration. This section is the most valuable for its stimulating effect.

The volume contains, besides, a series of articles by writers belonging to the Aurobindo Circle. Haridas Chaudhury gives a cogent and informative account of the system of Integral Yoga as practised and expounded by Sri Aurobindo; the main feature is not the mere real-

isation of the Divine but a transformation of the nature, by a special technique, in order to manifest the Divine. The steps are clearly explained, in contrast to other systems. The short letter by Pavitra, written under direction, gives an insight into Sri Aurobindo's work as a practical teacher of Yoga.

Nolini Kanta Gupta, in an article on "Poetry in the Making," analyses the respective parts played by spontaneous creation and self-consciousness in good poetry; the poet needs the breath from higher altitudes, a spontaneity of vision.

K. D. Sethna expounds the special achievement of Sri Aurobindo as a poet who has wielded blank-verse with great success, though the frankly adulatory tone of the essay is likely to take away from its value as literary criticism.

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar makes a study of one of Sri Aurobindo's greatest poems, *Ahana*, explains the metrical skill displayed in the successful handling of the hexameter and expounds the symbolism of the poem as embodying a vision and a dream. He considers *Ahana* the *Gita* of Sri Aurobindo's teachings.

Kapali Sastry, with a wealth of Vedic learning, works out the Mystic Quartette, the fourfold nature of the human being.

Taken as a whole the volume gives a cross-section of the varied and valuable work done by the great seer, Sri Aurobindo, and his circle of followers. One may not accept the tributes by the disciples at their face value, but there is no gainsaying that Sri Aurobindo is one of the major factors in the renaissance of India. A study of the volume will amply repay the reader.

D. GURUMURTI

*Nervous Disorders and Character: A Study in Pastoral Psychology and Psychotherapy.* By JOHN G. MCKENZIE, M.A., D.D. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 5s.)

Psychoneuroses "have their roots in character-defect," declares Dr. McKenzie in these Tata Lectures, delivered at Manchester College, Oxford, in 1944. It is not frustrations that make neurotics, but reactions to them. Neurotics, he shows, are such not from lack of intelligence but from refusal to perceive their own mental processes. The faults they will not recognise in themselves they think others have. They rationalise their actions by giving themselves good reasons which are not the true reasons. He has not succeeded in showing the value of psychoanalysis to outweigh its dangers, but he has proved the need of honest self-examination.

Dr. McKenzie makes out an excellent case for the importance to mental health of a sound philosophy of life, though Pastoral Psychology, begging the question of apparent injustice and encouraging acceptance of one's own weakness and reliance on an outside God, cannot supply it. A constructive

suggestion offered is that there are in man two centres from which to react, one wholly moved by inclinations, one by will, the latter being the "real self" which "cannot be coerced" and is "the final arbiter."

Bringing behaviour tendencies under self-control, Dr. McKenzie writes, "is the solution of moral problems." Only the fully mature individual, with all his mental processes and drives under control, "directed by adult demands and adult ends," is fully adjusted to life. The rest of us, mature perhaps in certain aspects, may be adolescent or infantile in our weaknesses.

It is well to stress love of good more than avoidance of evil. An oppressive sense of guilt is obviously morbid, but surely it is wiser to recognise errors as debts incurred to the law of cause and effect, to be offset by countervailing action, than to live in a fool's paradise of unearned "absolution," which encourages man to go and sin again.

The book will do a further disservice if the dread it inculcates of "repression" of undesirable tendencies encourages the fallacy that entertaining evil thoughts, under however firm denial of expression, can fail to pollute character.

E. M. H.

*Mozart—His Character, His Work.* By ALFRED EINSTEIN, translated by ARTHUR MENDEL and NATHAN BRODER. (Cassell and Co., Ltd., London. 21s.)

To lovers of Mozart Dr. Alfred Einstein's book should prove worthy of study. The author's reverence for Mozart does not overbalance his critical judgement. He portrays Mozart the man faithfully: and it is a depressing picture! To balance it, Mozart was an absolute genius as a musician,

possessed of an unerring judgment on music and musicians and gifted with a perfect dramatic sense. There is a curious disconnection between the events in Mozart's life and Mozart's music.

Dr. Einstein's commendable penetration and analysis, his thorough knowledge and his constructive treatment enable him to present the life and work of his subject in a manner that is illuminating to the serious

student. This book is no light reading. Only a Mozart enthusiast and a knowledgeable one at that, could read through in detail Dr. Einstein's masterly treatment of Mozart's music. The book has a good index but would have gained considerably if the musical illustrations in the text were in larger print.

Mozart's key-note seems to have been perfection. Whatever the subject, the composer's genius clothed it in the right musical form and gave it perfect expression. The person who could play the clavier so beautifully at the age of four, and compose perfect little pieces from the age of six onwards, was an unusual being. He accepted the tradition of his day. He did not seek to be a musical Prometheus but was content to let what divine light illumined him shine steadfastly. Not all his music, therefore, was written

for eternity. Out of his vast output of instrumental works, only four or five symphonies, a dozen or so of the quartets, a dozen of the piano sonatas and a few other works are monumental. His piano concertos mark the peak of his achievement and almost all of them belong to the first rank. In his operatic works, he is, of course, a supreme master.

To read Mozart's life makes one unhappy. Fate dealt meanly with him. Why did she cast the events of his life in a petty mould—ensnared by the intrigues of petty women, the victim of the jealousy and fraudulence of small characters, cursed by stark poverty and deprived of the position due to his genius? Yet Mozart produced immortal music. One's heart aches for Mozart but gives thanks to God for sending him without whom our world would have been the poorer.

P. D. M.

*Logic for the Millions.* By A. E. MANDER. (Philosophical Library, New York. \$3.00.)

By its lucid and non-technical exposition, this book creates an interest in the principles and problems of Logic and may be recommended to the student and the general reader. Even the science of Logic, said F. H. Bradley, is in motion; we seem to forget this, and we continue to teach the old Aristotelian logic in the old way. How much of the Aristotelian Logic is to be retained and how much is to be combined with modern developments in Logic is not easy to determine without experimenting. But the topics discussed in Mander's ten chapters, such as ambiguity of language, beliefs, observation and evidence, general-

ization, explanation, theories, deductive reasoning, fallacies in reasoning, cover most of the topics with which the general reader should be acquainted if he is to be a "skilled" reasoner. In the discussion of terms that do not denote *existence*, I would include a brief discussion of the "theory of descriptions." But I agree with the general plan and purpose of Mander's book and with his thesis that thinking is "skilled" work, that we are all capable of it, but that it cannot be learnt without practice. It is true, as Mander says, there is "need for clarity in modern life"; I cannot help thinking, however, that "clarity" in modern life is dependent upon "sanity" in modern life.

N. A. NIKAM

*Russia Is No Riddle.* By EDMUND STEVENS. (Central Book Depot, Allahabad. Rs. 5/-)

The author is an American war-correspondent who has lived six years in Russia, including the years of the War, and has a Russian wife. His main purpose in this book is to interpret Russia to Americans in such a way as to bring about understanding and friendship between the two countries. What he records is what he himself gathered, saw and heard during his stay and extensive travels in Russia. Innumerable incidents are graphically described, leaving the reader to form his own impressions. Fluent in Russian, he accompanied Churchill to Moscow from Cairo as the latter's interpreter.

He covers in this book his visits to war-devastated areas and German-occupied territories in Russia, to Teheran where he went as press correspondent for the conference of the Big Three, to Kharkov where he attended the trial and hanging of war-criminals, to Roumania, and to the United States' air bases in the Ukraine.

Nor does he omit to tell us something about social life in Russia, the new attitude to marriage, divorce, parenthood and family life, tolerance

of religion and the like.

He explains various important measures, such as Russia's new policy of decentralisation which confers self-determination on its member states in regard to their foreign affairs, the Finnish peace negotiations and the attitude of Russia towards Poland, Japan, Germany, Italy, Britain and the U. S. A. In regard to what to an outsider looks very much like imperialism, our author assures us that Russia is not interested in acquiring new territory but only in safeguarding herself from attack by hostile nations. He is convinced also that it will take some decades for her to rebuild what has been destroyed in the last war, so that she will not easily rush into another war in the near future.

The book is opportune, as now more than ever it is necessary for us to understand Russia and her policies sympathetically. While appreciating our author's attempt from this point of view, one wishes that he had less hatred for the Germans. He appears also to be full of prejudice against the Japanese. In the post-war world there is much need to wipe out bitterness and ill-will. Otherwise there can be no peace.

BHARATAN KUMARAPPA

*The Tables of the Law.* By THOMAS MANN. (Secker and Warburg, London. 10s. 6d. )

A reader who first meets Thomas Mann in the course of reading this small book may be at a loss to understand how he achieved so high a reputation or how he could possibly have won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1929. The book (published

in a Limited Edition) is a retelling of the story of Moses, and the Bible stories are retold in a style much too naïve for the Children's Hour. Mann, moreover, treats the Mosaic wonder-workings from a rationalistic view. The waters were divided, so that the Israelites might pass over, because the wind suddenly blew from a changed quarter. The manna was "a sugary

tomentum, round and small, looked like coriander seed and like bdellium, and was highly perishable." Aaron's Rod was a serpent which, being constricted about the neck, became rigid. Small children would probably prefer less rationalism: adult readers would certainly prefer a less naïve style.

The new publishers advertise "the richly evocative prose of Thomas Mann." The best that I can do is to give the reader some samples. (1) "How great was their bewilderment! They were not even allowed to cut their faces in mourning, not even allowed to tattoo themselves a little bit. They realised now what it meant by the invisibility of God. It meant great privation, this business of being in league with Jahwe." (2) Moses, rebuked for taking a black concubine, says "What God has commanded me to be I am. How ugly of you, how very ugly, that you envy my pleasure and my relaxation on the breasts of

the Ethiopian. For it is no sin before God, and there is no prohibition among all the prohibitions which he gave to me which says that one may not lie with an Ethiopian. Not that I know of." (3) "It is very strange and peculiarly embarrassing if you are on the point of breaking out into a rage and the Lord takes the words out of your mouth and himself breaks out much more mightily than you yourself could have done it (*sic*)." (4) "I shall not go before them," said God, "to lead them into the land of their fathers. Do not ask this of me—I cannot depend on my patience. I am a jealous God and I flame up, and you shall see one day I shall forget myself and I shall devour them altogether."

The Bible narrative is at least dignified and never ridiculous. Let me add that the book has been very badly proof-read as the publisher will recognise if he turns to page 38, line 8, or to page 24, line 11.

CLIFFORD BAX

*Is the Roman Catholic Church a Secret Society? A Correspondence with the Late Cardinal Hinsley and Others About Parental Rights.* By JOHN V. SIMCOX. (Watts and Co., London: 2s.)

This small book, two editions of which appeared in 1946, is a danger-signal from within the Church ranks. Dr. Simcox, a Roman Catholic priest, for over twenty years Professor at an ecclesiastical seminary, makes a brave stand for Truth against Authority. He protests against Churchmen's misrepresenting Church doctrine in propaganda for parental rights in the education campaign of 1942-43. Meeting evasion

of his open inquiry whether the Church recognised the "moral right" of non-Catholics to bring up their children in "religious error," he apparently resigned his duties as a priest in protest.

All due honour to the moral courage of Dr. Simcox and his supporter Mr. Warren Sandell, but they do not challenge the Church's actual teaching on the point, which seems as dangerous as the deception charged. Quotations included show one "infallible" Pope, Gregory XVI, describing "liberty of conscience" for all as "madness." Pope Leo XIII pronounced it "quite unlawful" to defend or grant "uncon-

ditional freedom of *thought*, of *speech*, of *writing* or of *worship*, as if these were so many rights given by nature to man." Couple these with the proclamation of Pope Pius IX that "outside the Apostolic Roman Church no one can be saved" and the stage seems set for another Inquisition if the Church is ever in sufficient power. Meantime, expediency may, as Pope Leo XIII conceded it sometimes does, dictate the Church's not forbidding

"public authority to tolerate what is at variance with truth and justice." Apparently the best protection against an "infallible" Church bent on soul-saving is its minority status.

A hopeful note is struck, however, in the speech of a Catholic layman, Raymond Winch, upholding conscience as supreme and repudiating the Church's working through the temporal power.

E. M. H.

*Lights on the Upanishads.* By T. V. KAPALI SASTRY. (Sri Aurobindo Library, Madras. Rs. 2/-)

Mr. Sastry interprets the Upanishads, particularly the important *Vidyas* of the *Chandogya* and the *Brhadaranyaka* in the light of Sri Aurobindo's metaphysics and his Integral Yoga. The traditional view that the Upanishads are more important than the ritualistic sections of the Vedas (the mantras and the Brahmanas) is not accepted. The Upanishads, according to Aurobindo, are not mere books of wisdom but are psychological and ethical disciplines for the attainment of spiritual realisation. They are not

"philosophical speculations of the intellectual kind, a metaphysical analysis which labours to define notions, to select ideas and discriminate those that are true, to support the mind in its intellectual preferences by its dialectical reasoning."

On the contrary, the Upanishads

are the creation

"of a revelatory and intuitive mind and its illumined experience and all their substance, structure, phrase, imagery, movement are determined by and stamped with this original character."

Mr. Sastry argues that the Upanishads are not a radical departure from Vedic thought, but

"a continuation and development and to a certain extent an enlarging transformation in the sense of bringing out into open expression all that was held covered in the symbolic Vedic speech as a mystery and a secret."

All the chapters except one have already appeared in the journal devoted to the study of Aurobindo, *The Advent*, under the title "Readings from the Upanishads." Mr. Sastry's exposition combines panditic profundity with deep devotion to his guru Aurobindo's interpretation of the Upanishads.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

## CORRESPONDENCE

### “THE SIKHS . . . A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE RELIGION”

I.—BY JOHN CLARK ARCHER

Thank you for the copy of *THE ARYAN PATH* of April 1947. The book-review which Teja Singh contributes takes me by considerable surprise. My book was not “written in a hurry”; nor can it be accounted for by “a couple of months at Amritsar.” This is a most unjust observation. It took seven years to compose this volume. My acquaintance with India began in a personal way in 1908, and Sikhs were among the Indians with whom I enjoyed contacts. I had intimate relations with the Sikhs during World War I in Iraq and elsewhere. I lived in India several years to start with. I have been a student of things Indian during forty years. India is for me far from “a strange land,” nor are her people “strange” to me.

The book is not intended to be an exhaustive treatment of the Sikhs. I sketch their history in minimum fashion as an outline of the comparative study. I am using Sikhism as a field within the scope of my professorship of comparative religion. In so far as the Sikhs as such are concerned, I have at hand all the necessary sources for their history and religion, together with unlimited materials on India as a whole. I could show Teja Singh stores of material beyond anything he himself has ever dealt with.

There are mistakes, slips, etc. in the book. I alone must bear the responsibility for what the book contains, for

it is my work and none other's. Only after its publication have I consulted others about it. I am sorry Teja Singh had not read the book before I visited him in Bombay last September. Our time together was spent, instead, on his own research, in which, as I discovered, he has recourse to some very dubious historical procedure. Incidental historical items are of less account than the trends and explanations of general situations. The mistakes in my book have very little bearing, if any, upon the general thesis which is developed. Teja Singh, it appears, has failed completely to comprehend the objective of the volume. For one thing he took it to be a history of the Sikhs (thus his Macaulay-mindedness, as he terms it). For another thing, he over-emphasises the marginal errors. But even so, he indulges, I fear, in some extreme hyperbole when he intimates that “mistakes of fact” may be “found on almost every page.”

I am prepared to offer corrections for many pages, including 14 (corrected in part by p. 174), 23 (the Clock Tower is gone), 24 (Iraq, not Persia), 33 (Kaka was not of Atari stock), 43 (not tashdid, but tashahhad), 65 (Nankana for Rayapur), 96 (Batala is east of Amritsar), 100 (rasulullah, cf. pp. 43, 99), 188 (nine years), 191 (thirty-three), 195 (“as well as,” in place of “instead of”), 199 (Har Gobind for Teg Bahadur), 225 (Dhir

Mal, etc. should be deleted; Har Gobind for "him" in line 20), 227 (sirgum, or hair-plucked), 232 (delete "wife and" from line 10), 235-236 (several geographical corrections), 280-281 (delete "and the Masandis" and "and Gobind Singh"), 283 (illustration is taken from a gurdwara now torn down), 293 (Ganda Singh belongs to the Khalsa College, not to the missionary college), 366, (jagu, not "jaru"), 341 (patti, merely slate).

As I leaf through the book these alterations catch my eye, some two dozen pages in all—and there are 353 pages in the book. I have not listed all the corrections—the *Japji* needs some revision here and there—but I have wanted to satisfy myself that nowhere is the main thesis of the book at stake. These items are mostly incidental, as any one may see who examines them in the light of the real argument. I do hope to bring out another edition of the volume some time, and shall try to make even these small items conform with accepted fact. For this reason I should be grateful to Teja Singh or any other who might point out such items to me.

I must bear witness meanwhile to the miscellaneity of Sikh sources, to the carelessness and inaccuracy of many Sikh writers. Sikhism really has not been subjected to thorough analysis and summation by approved scientific method—by the method of historical and textual criticism which has been applied to Western religions, for example. Teja Singh merely hints at the composite character of the Granth. And apparently he is trying to make something out of a theoretical resemblance of the misal to the ancient Greek city-state.

And then a word about the national and international aspect of the review. Why does Teja Singh cast reflection upon "American" books? I am sorry that he vents his spleen in such direction—and quite unjustly. I am not sure to what extent he is acquainted with America and American book-making. But I do not want him to persuade any Indian or any one else that America is at all unfriendly to India and would allow misrepresentative books to be published within university circles. (I have only sincere apology to offer for many so-called "popular" books published about India. I'd like to strangle some of the authors!) I want India and America to know one another truly and to co-operate in every legitimate way. I am glad that Teja Singh concedes that my "heart is in the right place." I shall wait to see what contributions he may yet make to Sikhism, to real scholarship among the Sikhs—for it must be Sikhs themselves who will do this.

In any event I stand in peculiar debt to Sikhs of many sorts, am eager to remain on the friendliest of terms with them. I have too many friends among the Sikhs to name any one especially. My visit during this past year was most enjoyable and profitable, and I am grateful to a multitude, Sikhs and other Indians besides. I desire for the Sikhs, as for the members, also, of any of the great religions, that they make the most of their own inheritance and opportunity, all the time in sympathetic co-operation with men of faith and good-will everywhere who are striving toward the highest good.

JOHN CLARK ARCHER

*Yale University,  
New Haven, Connecticut,  
May 20, 1947.*

## II.—BY TEJA SINGH

The author consoles himself with the thought that the errors in his book are few, involving about two dozen pages, and only incidental, not affecting the main thesis. I still maintain that mistakes are found on almost every page and that they give a very distorted view of Sikhism. Let me give a few examples.

*Akal* to him is a warrior deity, and the Akalis are supposed to have scant respect for Allah. (In fact, the Gurus themselves addressed God many times as Allah in the Holy Granth.) He holds that there is little truly congregational worship at the Golden Temple. (From 2 to 6 in the morning and from 6 to 8 in the evening regular congregational service is held and hundreds, if not thousands, from all quarters of the globe attend it. And this has been going on for centuries without a break.) He says Nanak and his wife *separated* because he did not love her and was other-worldly. (Nanak went out, abandoning home and wife, just to teach the world that asceticism was bad and that man's duty lay in the domestic circle!) Nanak is said in one place to have left no group of followers in any village (p. 77) and yet on p. 73 he is said to have established a definite following of disciples, including his own son, Sri Chand. Lakhmi Das, his younger son, is described as "dissolute," without any justification. A very interesting origin of the Udasi sect is given. He says that Sri Chand, on being rejected by his father, began to mourn about it. Hence he and his followers were called Udasis or mourners! He thinks *Japji* to be the only composition of

Guru Nanak, and calls it a book of "Psalms," which it was never intended to be, as no tune is attached to it.

He flies in the face of all history when he says that "Arjun himself had had more than one wife." To him this Guru, owing to a defect inherited by the Sikhs from their Hindu origin, had a consciousness that the so-called "untouchables" were outcastes. On the contrary, Guru Arjun's free kitchen was open to all classes, including untouchables, and he was so much against untouchability that he went out of the common way to include in his Granth the sayings of untouchables which were to be revered to the extent of worship.

This friend of the Sikhs repeats all the absurdities ever invented by the enemies of Sikhism, *e. g.*, that the sixth and the tenth Gurus took up service under the Mughals, that Guru Har Rai kept a concubine, and that the Sikhs had leagued themselves with a Muslim zealot named Adam Hafiz. Here he is following Malcolm and Cunningham, who, basing their allegation on a wrong translation of *Syiar ul-Mutaakhirin* done by Raymond, accuse Guru Tegh Bahadur of living on plunder and making common cause with a Muslim zealot named Hafiz Adam, in extorting money from Hindus, as his colleague did from Muslims. A look at the original reveals that there is nothing like this in the text. But our author improves upon this baseless assertion and hauls in many Sikhs to boot.

Here are a few more statements of historical import, which are not merely incidental, but have a direct bearing

on the relationship between Sikhs and their Guru. Guru Hargobind "was once captured by a band of irregulars, whether they were Sikhs or Rajputs, and was detained by them in Gwalior fortress until a fine was paid for his release." (A band of Sikhs capturing their Guru and holding him for ransom!) "He (Guru Hargobind) himself slew two rivals to his office." In connection with the appeal of Kashmir Brahmins to Guru Tegh Bahadur, Professor Archer says, "The Sikhs declined the Brahmins' invitation."

He derives "*Ahluwalia*" from "*Ahl*," which is Arabic for "people." "*Bhangarnath*" he spells "*Bhang-anath*," and interprets it conveniently as "lord of bhang." "*Harmandir*" to him means "everybody's temple."

He writes, "Nanak himself came of stock which was predominantly if not altogether Hindu." What does he mean? Does he think that there is any doubt about the Guru's having

come from purely Hindu stock? And he builds his theories of Shaivism and Vaishnavism on the mere chance of the name Shiv Ram occurring in the family of Nanak! Who could guess the meaning of the following?

The Sikhs, therefore, have had their "classical" language in its own alphabet, and a vernacular, besides, which may be called Panjabi.

There is no use piling on such instances, found on almost every page. I am not the author's enemy. I want to improve his book, for the sake of readers and writers of books on Sikhism who want a true view of things presented to them, and in this task I am ready to do everything I can. But mistakes are mistakes, and no amount of protest can deter me from doing my duty.

TEJA SINGH

*Khalsa College,  
Matunga, Bombay  
18th June, 1947*

## OUR CONCERN NOW

Shri C. R. Reddy, Vice-Chancellor of the Andhra University, in his message entitled "August 15" has some wise thoughts to offer. We have space only for the following:—

The most foolish and futile thing to do is to indulge in criticism of the past and speculate on how things would have been, had the course of events been otherwise. The past is dead, never to be revived. We won't think of it except for drawing lessons with caution and with the understanding that they could never be more than probables. We must prepare for the future on the basis of the present. There is no other basis.

In view of the troubles, internal and external, that are very likely to assail our security and freedom, unity and discipline must be maintained. Internal differences would be there, they won't vanish in a day: ameliorations can't be completed at once: but unless we act as one body, under one efficient command, all of us would go down, sinking into indescribable miseries.

Unless the whole is saved, the parts can't survive and without the whole, the parts can have no power to survive. Law and order are our concern now: the armies and police are our national agencies: no need to hesitate to employ force and there is every need to organise it to its maximum efficiency.

# THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

In our May issue ( pp. 231-233 ) was published a short article introducing the plan, under development, of the Indian Institute of Culture at Bangalore. On Thursday the 17th July the Library of the Institute was declared open by the Chairman of the Advisory Committee, Rajadharmaprasakta T. Singaravelu Mudaliar in a felicitous speech. Sir J. C. Ghosh, Kt., D.Sc. Head of the Indian Institute of Science, delivered the Inaugural Address. Extracts from the reports of both of these are published below.—ED.

## I.—SHRI T. SINGARAVELU MUDALIAR'S SPEECH

Being very much interested in ancient Hindu civilisation, I believe, from what little I know of it, that India is the place where culture was very highly developed. I cannot quote a better authority on this point than Professor Max Müller who says :—

If I were to look over the whole world to find out the country most richly endowed with all the wealth, power and beauty that Nature can bestow, in some parts a very paradise on earth—I should point to India. If I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life, has found solutions of some of them which well deserve the attention even of those who have studied Plato and Kant—I should point to India. And if I were to ask myself from what literature we here in Europe—we who have been nurtured almost exclusively on the thoughts of the Greeks and the Romans and of one Semitic race, the Jewish—may draw that corrective which is most wanted in order to make our inner life more perfect, more comprehensive, more universal, in fact more truly human, a life, not for this only, but a transfigured life, again I should point to India.

It is also stated by another great authority that "India is the source from which not only the rest of Asia but the whole Western world derived their knowledge and their religion." We learn that the Hindus' civilisation,

whose antiquity is placed thousands of years B.C.—as also revealed by the recent excavations in Mohenjo-daro and Harappa—was carried to the distant parts of the world—so far as even America, Scandinavia and Australia—by their colonisation of those parts.

The advancement of this civilisation was hindered by various circumstances—some say that the hindrance was due to providential circumstances and others say that historical occurrences in India also stopped further development. We are the descendants of those highly civilised people but have not inherited fully their rich endowments. But what little we have inherited has enabled us to withstand the invasions of other nations and to preserve intact some of their high qualities, if not in spirit, at least in form.

Recent occurrences in the world have opened the eyes of the leading nations of the present-day world to the fact that they are not focussing their attention on right lines of development and it looks as if India will have to play her part again in pointing out the right path.

It is therefore in the fitness of things that this Institute is established in

India and particularly in Mysore which offers asylum to all institutions for the development of knowledge and religion.

I would like to mention briefly the work that has so far been done by the Institute to achieve its aims. A hostel called the William Quan Judge Hostel has been started and is working on non-communal, non-sectarian lines. There young men receive attention, not only for the development of their bodies through a planned, healthy diet but also for that of their minds and souls. It is common knowledge that our colleges educate, and universities confer degrees on young men but that real culture which broadens the horizon and deepens the perception of young men has not been emphasised. To achieve this object, lectures by competent speakers are given as they broaden the mental horizon of the student. In order to deepen perception, daily Devotional Meetings are held for 15 to 20 minutes. These lectures and the Devotional Meetings are also open to the public. The co-operation of the public in these activities is most welcome.

This Hostel and the Library which is to be opened today are parts of a wider scheme to which a reference was already made by Mrs. Sophia Wadia. I may mention for your information that in the village of Yediyur a plot of land has been purchased and the promoters have spent already Rs. 35,000. On this plot, buildings for Hostel, Library, Lecture Hall and Ladies' Institute will be erected. Since it will take time for the building scheme to mature, this bungalow has been rented for the Library and 700 choice volumes have already been collected. Another set of books selected is on its way from

abroad. We are planning to get new books every quarter. These books are selected by members of the Advisory Committee and we have appointed a special subcommittee for the management of the Library under the Chairmanship of Mr. D. V. Gundappa who is evincing very great interest in the activities of the Institute. For the running of the Library adequate funds are already provided by the promoters, who have set apart Rs. 20,000/- for building and hope to contribute more. I am sure that the public will co-operate and lend their support to such a great endeavour and I appeal to them for generous monetary contributions and personal service.

There cannot be a greater act of charity than the one undertaken by the Institute. To a Hindu, charity is one of the modes which is ordained for attaining salvation. It usually takes the form of building chatrams for destitutes to take shelter in or watering-troughs are constructed for quenching the thirst of dumb animals. Here is an Institute which provides for enlightening hungry and thirsty souls. As I said, there cannot be a greater form of charity than this. The door of this Institute is open to all who seek enlightenment.

Let me not keep you any longer. I know you are eager to hear Sir J. C. Ghosh. It gives me great pleasure to declare open the Library of the Indian Institute of Culture; may the Most High guide us and enable us to fulfil the noble objects of the promoters of the Indian Institute of Culture for which, I am sure, the public are very grateful. You will have an opportunity to look at the Library after you have heard the Inaugural Address of Sir J. C. Ghosh. I now request him to give us his address.

## II.—SIR J. C. GHOSH'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS

I am very glad that the Indian Institute of Culture will soon have a home of its own planned on an adequate scale in Bangalore. The State of Mysore has been very generous to the Indian Institute of Science, and I hope she will be as generous to this new institution. I am glad that you recognise that science may have something to do with culture and that you consider that the Director of a Science Institute may not be a square peg in a round hole when asked to give an address to the members of your Institute.

A man of science generally likes to define a thing accurately; but culture is something which baffles definition. It is a result of man's creative activity and expresses itself in a variety of ways—through language, music, poetry, art, through philosophy and religion, through social habits and customs, through political and economic organisations, and last, but not least, through the pursuit of Science. Not one of them is separately culture, but collectively they represent what we call Culture. It presupposes the existence of civilised society where men do not live by bread alone, but have sufficient leisure for the cultivation of the mind, where individuals are free to pursue their ways of life subject only to well defined laws, where toleration of values and ideals of life other than one's own is practised, as normal behaviour. Such civilisations have often in the past thrown up, as efflorescence, if I may use a chemical term, characteristic types of culture. Due to difficulties of intercommunication, each such type of culture has mostly influ-

enced men limited to certain geographical areas. Thus Indian civilisation and culture were primarily the concern of India and the countries which we call the Far East. The Chinese civilisation had little influence outside its immediate orbit. The Roman, Greek and Hebrew cultures were mostly confined to the Mediterranean basin. Decline of civilisation and culture in the past was a regional calamity but not a world-wide disaster. There was the possibility that other countries would take up the torch of civilisation and maintain human progress. But things look different today. In the pursuit of science, man has made conquest of time and space; the world has shrunk with disconcerting rapidity. One can talk across it in a second and travel round it within a week. Modern science has also brought about changes in the last two centuries which have made a greater difference to human life and culture, than the changes which occurred in the whole of previous recorded history. With increasing control over Nature, conditions are being created which make it possible for one human civilisation to function on a global scale—one world, one civilisation, one culture. Can man rise to the height to which this vision beckons him? I admire the wisdom of calling this place Indian Institute of Culture, and not Institute of Indian Culture.

If science has created the problem of a global civilisation, it has also fostered a global unity of intellectual life. It is commonly recognised that Science represents the great attempt of the human mind to discover the truths and laws of Nature. But it is not so easily

recognised that Science is something more than the discovery of facts and of principles correlating them. Science represents a method, a confidence, a faith. It is a method of controlled observations and experiments recorded with absolute honesty. It is a confidence that truth can be discovered. It is a faith that truth is worth discovering.

The contribution which this aspect of Science can make to the solution of human problems is too often overlooked. Confronted by a problem, what does a man of science do? He begins by sorting out pertinent facts. He discards the irrelevant critically. With infinite patience, he describes the known facts, classifies them, and, if possible, discovers correlations in the process. He then constructs a guiding hypothesis which explains the facts, but always tests its accuracy by designing new experiments and is always ready to discard or modify such a hypothesis in the light of new facts. It is the essence of the whole process that judgment is suspended when facts are being gathered, and that dispassionate intellectual honesty is always maintained. Surely such a mental discipline, which always enjoins the highest standards of intellectual honesty, has some meaning in the confused issues which are facing the world. They say that Truth is the first casualty in a war. Two global wars have left behind so many warring elements all the world over that mankind today has almost forsaken Truth. Science teaches that it is a crime to declare a moratorium on intellectual honesty even in times of war. Its method teaches patience; it stands for detachment and suspended judgment; it emphasises the value

of both imagination and doubt. In a world swayed by emotion and passions, it shows us what the weighing of wisdom means. A scientific outlook in a people is a guarantee against wholesale misleading by propaganda. I am sure this Institute will value intellectual honesty above everything else and claim kinship with the Indian Institute of Science at least on that basis.

The progress of science has often demonstrated the fundamental unity of modern intellectual life. Its discoveries are often the result of sustained thinking and skilful observations of many minds in many countries striving towards a common goal. Take, for instance, the discovery of atomic fission. Fermi in Rome cogitated on the problem—why should uranium (atomic weight 238) be the heaviest elementary particle in nature? Is it not possible to outwit nature and introduce into the core of the atom of uranium a particle which we call neutron with mass unity and electric charge 280? This was done and two new transuranium elements obtained called neptunium and plutonium. This work was taken up by Hahn and collaborators in Berlin, who showed that, on bombardment by a neutron, the nucleus of the uranium atom sometimes breaks up into two parts which in their turn undergo a series of disintegration, liberating an incredibly large quantity of energy and, what is equally important, many fast neutrons. These neutrons should be available for producing fission in a neighbouring uranium atom; and Hahn wondered why the areas of earth containing uranium in high concentration had not blown up. Bohr in Copenhagen show-

ed that it was not the abundant uranium of atomic weight 238 which undergoes fission, but its rare companion of atomic weight 235 which behaves this way; and if Uranium 235 could be obtained in a concentrated form, it could form the ingredient of an atomic bomb.

The sequel to this international collaboration which led to the discovery of atomic fission forms a very significant chapter of human history. Fermi, Bohr, and Madame Lise Mietner, a distinguished scientific colleague of Hahn's, after many adventures, reached the U.S.A. in war-time; all determined to go to any length to overthrow the Nazi-Fascist domination of the Old World. They were mainly responsible for Einstein's meeting President Roosevelt and persuading him that the collaboration of American engineers with the refugee scientists from Europe might produce a weapon of warfare which the Axis Powers would not withstand. As a result of three years' intensive effort, atomic energy was brought under the control of man; and its first manifestation was the destruction by an atomic bomb, in a few minutes, of the city of Hiroshima, with its population of a quarter million, in 1945.

The atomic scientists are now appalled at the evil consequences that may result from their researches. They have formed themselves into an International Committee for Maintenance of Peace and Einstein as their chairman has issued the following appeal:—

Through the release of atomic energy, our generation has brought into the world the most revolutionary force since prehistoric man's discovery of fire. This basic power of the universe cannot be fitted into the outmoded concept of narrow nationalisms. For

there is no secret and there is no defence; there is no possibility of control except through the aroused understanding and insistence of the peoples of the world.

We scientists recognize our inescapable responsibility to carry to our fellow citizens an understanding of the simple facts of atomic energy and their implications for society. In this lie our only security and our only hope—we believe that an informed citizenry will act for life and not for death.

Sustained by faith in man's ability to control his destiny through the exercise of reason, we have pledged all our strength and our knowledge to this work. I do not hesitate to call upon you to help.

It would be madness to turn a blind eye to the inexorable logic of events that are now shaping human destiny. The common man may not know, the intelligentsia may not appreciate, the wily politician may ignore, but the currents of human history are moving at a terrific speed with the advent of the atomic age. The atomic energy is a challenge to man. Our future civilization will depend on how this challenge is met. It demands a new world order in which all the nations must strive for concord in feverish haste against time, will have to live together if they are to survive, as one human family in mutual interdependence. It is now one world or no world hereafter!

There was a poet and seer in India who had the vision of one world of the future long before the two global wars had forced this idea into the mental make-up of the world's statesmen and thinkers. Culture, no doubt, is difficult to define, but when we see one who is the embodiment of Culture, it is very easy to recognise him. Such a person was Gurudeva Rabindra Nath Tagore. He looked back through the windows of History, and discovered that the mission of India had always been that of a hostess who had to

provide proper accommodation for numerous guests. Her civilisation and culture had, therefore, the appearance of a mosaic—the richer and the more picturesque, the more numerous the elements that have entered into its composition. A spirit of underlying unity, however, informs the diverse expression of her cultural life. But this unity has never been a dead uniformity—a living unity never is. Conflicting cultures have struggled for supremacy here; they have, however, in the end joined together in a mighty strain of new synthesis, each such entry marking a new level of achievement of the human spirit. Tagore recalls how a confluence of mighty rivers is regarded in India as the most appropriate place for divine worship, and transfers this imagery to the world of culture and sings passionately:—  
*Hey More Chitta*, etc., the first few lines of which may be given the following somewhat ineffectual English rendering:—

Awake, my sleeping mind, awake in this holy land of Ind.,  
At this sacred confluence of streams of many people,  
Here on the shore of vast and complex humanity  
Do I stand with arms outstretched to salute Man divine  
And sing his praise in many a gladsome pæan.

He wanted mankind not merely to pay lip-service to this ideal, but to live it in everyday work and worship. Hence he founded, about forty years

ago in a corner of Bengal, Santiniketan-Viswabharati—*Yatra Viswam Bhavati Ekaneedam*—where the whole world dwells, as it were, under one roof,—an international centre of learning and culture where people from many parts of the world live in amity, engage themselves in scholarly pursuits, preach and practise the gospel that Humanity is the only religion, Justice the only worship and love and reason are the two torches. One hopes that Santiniketan Viswabharati will continue to attract pilgrims from all over the world, who will congregate there to breathe in the atmosphere of this noble aspiration and recall to memory a devoted soul who lived there in harmony with all creation and often held festivals in which people from many lands joined to discover one another.

What better wish can I have for the Indian Institute of Culture in Bangalore than this—that its members may learn to live in harmony with all creation as the Gurudeva did, that the young folk here may receive an education which not merely gives them knowledge, but brings them up in sympathy with all existence! May they expand in love of Nature, of Beauty and of God, and attain fulness through His Grace!

## ENDS AND SAYINGS

“ \_\_\_\_\_ ends of verse  
And sayings of philosophers.”

HUDIBRAS

It was a great speech which Pandit Nehru delivered to the Constituent Assembly on the 22nd of July. It was retrospective but it also held out to the view of the entire world the prospect of what India aspires to achieve. He pointed out how for long ages India was

an international centre, sending out her people abroad to far countries, carrying her message, and receiving the messages of other countries in exchange. But India throughout was strong enough to remain embedded on the foundations on which she was built, although many changes took place.

But those ages were followed by a cycle of degeneration :

India's periods of decay are those when she drew herself in and refused to look at the outside World.

Turning to the future Pandit Nehru hoped that in their newly gained freedom and new-found strength Indians would not copy imperialistic kingdoms. He saw that danger, and that of India's becoming "just like other nations, which seem to live in a kind of succession of conflicts." To be different from the conflicting imperialisms of the entire Occident, from Moscow to San Francisco, this great country should plan its internal administration and its foreign policy in accordance with the fundamental ideal of Universal Brotherhood. The Occident is still in the grip of the devil of competition and each power group is obsessed by the false notion that might is right. These powers cannot free themselves

from their militarisation, industrialisation, party-politics.

Is India going to repeat the blunders and reap the misery which has enveloped Europe? Some omens are visible on the Indian political horizon and we hope that Pandit Nehru and his colleagues will secure the active co-operation of Gandhiji who can show how they can be dispelled. In matters of sanitation and hygiene, of labour legislation, of town-planning, etc., Gandhiji's *Hind Swaraj* will provide the right basis for making future plans. India was truly great when her sons and daughters were inspired by the world of the Spirit—when the leaders of the country were philanthropists, free from the lure of lucre, of name and fame; when the Kshatriyas were chivalrous and protected the realm; when the shopkeepers and the men of big business were honest, regardful of the good name of their clan and country, and had in mind the service of the Community through trade and commerce; and when the peasants and the labourers did not live in hovels and in ignorance but lived by the sweat of the brow, making our villages smile in green profundity, in fine simplicity, and in striking beauty. The ghastly poverty of today is but a reflection of the terrifying adversity of the soul and the spirit. India stands now at the crossroads—one road will lead to chaos through competition and war; the other, rooted in Plato's World of

Ideas, to the fourfold prosperity of body, mind, soul and spirit.

This speech of Pandit Nehru's, which strikes the note for a new cycle in India's long history, was made on the occasion of the unfurling of the New Flag of the Motherland.

The month of July seems to be auspicious to lovers of liberty. The U.S.A. celebrates the Declaration of Independence Day every year on the 4th; on the 14th the French Republic commemorates the fall of the Bastille. And now on the 22nd, every year, Indians all over the world will salute the Flag of India. The Constituent Assembly has put the seal of official sanction on the National Flag. The Flag is tri-coloured, saffron-white-green, with a blue Chakra on the white. As Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru passionately and pertinently observed in presenting the Flag to the House,

It is not, I hope and trust, a flag of empire, a flag of imperialism, a flag of domination over anybody but a symbol of freedom not only for ourselves, but for all people who may see it.

Indeed, India's aspiration always has been to live and let live, and so to be on terms of equality and amity with all the nations of the world. This has now been re-emphasised by placing in the centre of the Flag the Wheel of Righteousness associated with Asoka's ever-memorable reign. As Panditji exclaimed,

The Asokan period in Indian history was an essentially international period of Indian history. It was not a narrow national period. It was a period when India's messengers went abroad to far countries, not in the way of empire and imperialism, but as messengers of peace and culture and good-will.

The colour scheme of the Flag too was interpreted in the same light by

Sir S. Radhakrishnan who said that

in the centre of the flag was white, the path of light, truth and simplicity. The wheel of Asoka represented virtue, *dharma*, and *satya*, and these were the controlling principles which would guide all our work under the flag. The saffron colour represented the spirit of renunciation and humility and green represented our relations with the soil. Under the flag all communities would find a safe shelter.

All Indians will express their deep appreciation to Chaudhry Khaliqzaman, Leader of the Muslim League Party, for his words of support to Pandit Nehru:—

I hope that the people of India will forget the bitterness of recent months and work jointly to carve out a new history for the country in which every individual will enjoy a place of respect. The flag, although it is only a piece of cloth, really represents the aims and objects and the moral and spiritual aspirations of the Nation. There is no room for difference of opinion on this matter. I am confident that every Muslim and Christian who is a citizen of India will take pride in hoisting the flag and honouring it.

And, as Shrimati Sarojini Naidu said, while asking the House to honour the Flag, "There is no division of the heart of India"; nay, we may add, no division of the heart of humanity.

May India, then, under the ægis of the National Flag acquit herself once more as a harbinger of world harmony and hopes!

From times immemorial the cow has occupied a central place in the village economy of India, for she has been the foster-mother and mainstay of the farmer's family; hence the almost filial sentiments which the latter cherishes for her. But ever since the introduction of the machine—of which war is the culmination and crown in these

days—she has been dethroned from her rightful position. The Second World War, moreover, played havoc with the cattle in our country, the army having literally made mince-meat of them on a surpassingly large scale. Perhaps this could not be prevented, because India was forcibly dragged into the sorry business of killing brothermen, against her own honourable and holy wishes. But, now that she has come into her own, she should enact a law and incorporate it in the Constitution, that the cattle wealth of the country shall on no account be permitted to be dissipated either for the purpose of providing food or for the sordid object of bringing more silver to the coffers of the ingenious but often unethetical tradesman. In this way alone could our cattle wealth be kept intact and the cow in particular be restored to her previous position in the home of the peasant. Seth Ramakrishna Dalmia, therefore, has done well in bringing the matter to the foreground of the public mind. Inaugurating the formation of the Govadh Nivarak Sangha, an association for the purpose of preventing cow-slaughter, at a gathering in Delhi in July last, he appealed for the banning of the pernicious practice by law, even in the areas which have seceded from India. Incidentally he observed, "Today, in China too, cow-slaughter is prohibited," as it was in India in the time of Kings like Akbar, Humayun and Babar.

But, while the urgency and necessity of penalising cow-slaughter by legislation is obvious, it is equally incumbent upon the farmer to treat the cow in a more considerate manner than he usually does. It was to draw the

earnest attention of the sons of the soil to this callousness on their part towards the animal that some years ago Gandhiji sponsored the Go Seva Sangha at Wardha—the association for the service of the Cow—the work of which has been conducted so efficiently, first by the late Seth Jarnalal Bajaj and then by his worthy wife Shrimati Janaki Devi.

"The geographical division of India is a small thing compared to the psychological division," Shrimati Vijayalakshmi Pandit, India's Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., declared in her convocation address, delivered in Hindi, at the Indian Women's University, Bombay, on July 12th. She emphasised the part that the women of the country could and should play in bringing about a reunion of estranged hearts.

It is up to you, young women, to bring about a social revolution in this land, and thus let the millions live in a spirit of good neighbourliness, in unity and in social equality.

Without social freedom, national freedom would be a farce, she said. For our people to live in honour and in dignity, for India to take her place among the great nations, Independence would have to permeate Indian society and the Indian home.

It was in the homes that freedom and progress must begin, she said, spreading from the home to the neighbourhood and in an ever-widening circle ultimately to the world.

The responsibility rested especially upon the educated in this country to improve the condition of the masses and to show the world the way to peace.

The time will come, in the not too distant future, when the West will look to us for the message of peace in a troubled world.

But for the message of our country to be sought or heeded, requires the application of the truth we preach!

For centuries in the West the emphasis has been on doing rather than on being, on actions rather than upon ideas. The dynamic power of thought has been borne in upon the world by the havoc to which perverted ideologies have led. UNESCO's recognition of how vitally it matters how men think was well brought out by Mr. Archibald MacLeish, Chairman of the Program Coordinating Committee, in his report to the UNESCO General Conference at Paris last December, which Dr. Howard E. Wilson of the Carnegie Institute for International Peace includes in his study of "The Development of UNESCO" (*International Conciliation* No. 431, May 1947):—

...what passes in the minds of men is a reality—and a reality which may well affect the great issue of peace and war—of life and death.

He perhaps overstates the dangers of educational inequality among the nations, in urging the world's duty to the less educated peoples. It is not illiteracy that threatens world peace but false information, prejudiced teaching imparted in the guise of history. A blow is aimed at the root of the latter evil by the proposals to spread knowledge of the distinctive national cultures and to stimulate sympathetic respect for the ideals and aspirations of other nations and appreciation of each other's problems.

Whether modern science on the present materialistic lines will justify its votaries' faith in it as the principal field for activity directed to the "increase of men's knowledge of them-

selves, their world and each other" is very doubtful. But it is hopeful that religion and philosophy are not outside the purview of UNESCO. Mr. MacLeish defined "the philosophic problem of UNESCO" as "the problem of finding common ground for understanding and agreement between diverse philosophies and religions." It is as certain that this is an "important problem for philosophy directly related to the cause of peace" as that it is not, as Mr. MacLeish calls it, "new." It was a problem recognised and tackled by Ammonius Saccas and his Philaletheians in the third century of the Christian era as it has been by modern Theosophists for the last seventy-odd years.

We deeply regret to learn, as we go to press, of the death at Bombay on August 18th of a valued contributor and friend, Sir Bomanji Wadia, former Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University and former President of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. Sir Bomanji was a lover of the best in English literature, a deep student of Shakespeare and an admirer of Milton. He was a man of deep convictions and of much quiet strength. In his last contribution to our pages, in April 1946, he made a firm stand against "the materialistic values that at present vitiate our problems and politics" and declared that "if humanity were to devote even half the time, the energy, and the wealth which are spent on the material embellishments of life, in realizing the latent possibilities of its own spiritual force, many of our problems would wear a different aspect altogether." That attitude is needed very much today.