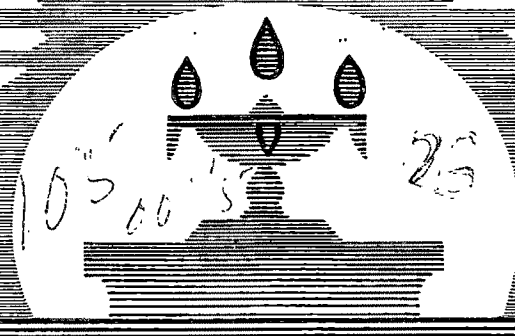
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The ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH

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

VOL. XXXI JANUARY 1960 No. 1

"MODERN" IS NOT ENOUGH!

[WITH the beginning of the new volume, we open a series of Guest Editorials, which some of our esteemed contributors will write in turn. We are glad to publish this first essay by **Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar,** well known to our readers.—ED.]

IT IS GOOD to feel that one is "modern": not nineteenth-century but the twentieth, not Anno Domini '60 but Anno Bombini 16. But the epithet "modern," says a writer, is as a rule an epitaph: "Men cannot eat their cake in time and have it in eternity."

The "modern world" is pre-eminently the world of science and technology, of democracy and political liberty. But where have peace and happiness gone? Science makes newer and newer discoveries; technology assiduously applies them; and no settled order is possible. New gadgets give place to the old; new records of speed supercede those of yesterday; and the 1960 model of a car or a pen or a gun renders all previous models obsolete. The race of restless modernism is the race of continual exasperation, and quick extinction is the price things pay for trying to be fastidiously modern.

The ballot-box and the extension of franchise have not ushered in the millennium. Razing the ceilings down has not appreciably raised the floors. The conquest of distance has not obliterated our sense of frontiers. To be rich in possessions is not to rest contented, but only to seek more possessions. To move with speed is not to move with sobriety and a sense of liberation, but only with greater disquiet and trepidation. Of what use is this vaunted Book of Modern Knowledge? As the late Charles Morgan wrote:—

> ...we are tall in power and rich in knowledge; the book of life is neatly printed and lies open before us; but the letters do not make words, the

figures do not add up, the pictures are nightmares and the pages rise up against us like the walls of a prison.

Where, alas! is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge? The clue to happiness eludes us still.

The nations of the East, awakening after the seeming slumber or stupor of centuries, have now accepted Western science and technology, Western social and political institutions, Western secularism, democracy, party politics and planning; these have come almost all at once, and into a few decades the past is trying to compress the West's history of a few hundred years. But the Asiatic and African intellectuals are not happy; they have their second thoughts; and the masses, not having yet tasted the bitter-sweet fruit of massive industrialization and ruthless technology, go on as before, clinging to the old ways for what they are worth, sheltering amidst the ruins of the ancient faiths and trying to keep at bay the remorseless invasion of the "modern world."

Is the "modern" West any happier or more certain of her aims and attainments? Almost fifty years ago, F. W. Bain remarked:—

> For Europe also is disappointed: there seems, after all, to be something lacking to this Liberty, something wrong. With her Utopias ending in blind alleys, or issues unforeseen: with her sages discovered to be less sages than they seemed: with her Science turning superstitious, her Literature wallowing in the gutter, and her women descending from the pedestal of sex to play the virago in the contamination of the crowd: with so many other things...to raise a doubt, whether this Liberty is taking her just where she wished to go, what wonder if even Europe should begin to meditate on means of emancipation, even if only from vulgarity, and steal a furtive glance or two towards the East, to see, whether, by diligently raking in the ashes of ancient Oriental creeds, she might not discover here and there a spark, at which to rekindle the candle of her own.

In fifty years the malady of the century has only worsened still further, almost defying arrest. The ashes here, the expiring candle there; the lame here, the blind there. Before the last spark too extinguishes, before the candle expires completely in an atomic holocaust; before the lame, because he cannot move, starves himself to death, before the blind, because he cannot see, canters into the abyss; before West and East achieve co-extinction, could not the wise men of the world come together in purposive understanding to start the rebuilding of the human family?

To deny matter, to decry science, is vain; for we cannot escape the imperatives of the material universe. On the other hand, to deny the Spirit

—although it seems an easy and even a "modern" thing to do—is even vainer; for the affirmation comes in a hundred different ways in Beauty's forms, in Love's intimations, in the echoes of Infinity in the obscure chambers of the heart. Although much has changed because of modern science and technology, modern politics and economics, the essential human situation remains unchanged. The shadow that falls between the impulse and the response, the desire and the spasm, the striving and the accomplishing, can as little be chased away in the Sputnik Age as in the Paleolithic; and albeit we have conquered space and can circle round the earth, what does it profit us if we cannot banish fear away or enjoy inner peace?

If we cannot reconcile the nations yet, if we cannot still forge enduring social harmony, it is because we are unreconciled to ourselves and have been unable to establish inner poise. The darkness within is not lifted; the insurrection within is not ended; the deserts of the heart have not been traversed and left behind; the Himalayas of the soul have not been braved, nor has Everest been sighted. But the ancients speak of an "imprisoned splendour" that is awaiting release; there is the world within from which open windows upon the Infinite; there are the prerogatives of the soul that can transform man's everyday routine to one of cosmic responsibility. No doubt, the Way of Salvation is the veritable razor's edge; but once set on it, the movement can be easy, swift and sure.

One sees a scene at the bathing *ghat* at Banaras or anywhere near an Indian river fringing village or city: the river flowing, the pilgrims bathing, the fires burning, the children playing, the priests droning, the ashes dissolving; Life and Death mingling and mixing, the past flowing into the present, and both running into the future. "And nobody amazed," noted Professor Bain, and exclaimed: "It is curious, this peace, this indifference, this calm." But this outer behaviour is only the translation of a perennial philosophy of acceptance and transcendence. One accepts everything, and one transcends everything; one goes on with one's life without fret but one does one's best all the same. The inner light guides, the inner poise sustains; but if the light fails, if the poise cracks, neither science nor technology, neither knowledge nor power, can take their place. Hence the need for spiritual roots, for a re-cultivation of the inner life; and the need too for the blossoming of the "secret splendour" that alone can mediate between our failures in time and our hopes in Eternity.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

THE LIBERATING FUNCTION OF EDUCATION

[**Dr. John E. Owen** is a teacher in the Department of Sociology, University of New Mexico, U.S.A. His article offers ideas of the utmost value to educators today.—ED.]

MANY VOLUMES have been written on the aims of education and the type of personality and character that an educational system would ideally produce. They range from the narrow view that education should simply train a young person for earning a living through the acquisition of technical skill to the more balanced concept of education as preparation for constructive citizenship.

Modern educators in several countries stress the need to train the pupil into a man or woman who will be able to understand the world and its problems, who can come to terms with it and find his place within it, adapting himself to its demands through useful work which he competently performs and with a philosophy that gives meaning to his experience. In the educational systems of even the most industrialized nations, it has come to be seen that technical ability and vocational skills *per se* are inadequate as educational goals, and that wider culture and self-knowledge have to be inculcated if life is to be lived intelligently and meaningfully.

One of the significant insights of the social sciences is that the human personality, far from being permanently fixed or predetermined at birth, is the product of the culture in which it receives its moulding experiences. What is termed "human nature" is in effect a vast combination of habits, patterns of behaviour and thinking, responses and instilled levels of aspiration that are not inborn but are the consequence of acquired learning under the all-pervasive influence of the home, school and other sources of human conditioning. An individual lives by means of his culture, his world of human contacts, with its economic demands, social customs, expectations and learned ways of behaving that surround him from childhood, ways to which he is made to conform.

Educational systems prepare the oncoming generation for adult experience in the society and the educational process hands on to the child the knowledge and skills of that society, and as the years pass he acquires its traditional outlook, which is incorporated into his personality structure. Through living in a culture the individual derives his source of satisfaction and joys, his problems and his moral guidance. It is from his experience in an organized society that he learns how to think about his world; its

l customs become his own and, unless he has the widening f foreign travel, he spends his whole life within its orbit. But ure has its myths, traditionally perpetuated errors and miscon- entrenched areas of injustice and similar moral "blind spots." unately, an educational system may also hand on all the prejudices myths of the culture, which then become a part of the outlook and haviour of its members.

It is the theme of this article that a mature education, a *liberal* education in the best sense, would have the function of freeing the human mind from the all-pervasive cultural pressures that perpetuate the psychologically stultifying forces of every age. Without attempting to discuss the ultimate aims of a liberal education, it is possible to indicate a few areas to which its liberating functions might be directed. For the civilized man, the mature human being, is the free man, and, while his freedom is never absolute, he enjoys and experiences an appreciably greater freedom than the uneducated man who is unconsciously enslaved by his prejudices, narrow loyalties and ego-supporting misconceptions.

An educated mind, while never wholly freed from the influence of its environing society, is nevertheless able to recognize that influence. It can see beyond its boundaries and is not enthralled by them. It learns to understand the psychological sources of its own thought-patterns and to see whence its own ideas, beliefs and emotional compulsions arose. It learns to acquire a healthy objectivity to the society around it, and, while recognizing national accomplishments and reasons for pride in its group traditions, is still not blind to the ways in which that society might be improved. The uneducated mind, on the contrary, is often the victim of an excessive devotion to its own culture, manifesting a type of flag-waving, tribal self-adoration that regards any criticism of its society as destructive and disloyal. It uncritically absorbs the plausible rationalizations, facile stereotypes and conventionally approved prejudices and superstitions which are less intellectually demanding than the responsibility for becoming *aware*.

It is admittedly very difficult to acquire a mental detachment from one's own culture, since the climate of opinion and the psychological ethos are as real as the air one breathes. Yet the educated mind should be aware of this ethos and tradition, and should be capable of impartially observing its society and the values of its historical heritage without being blind to their vices, limitations and defects, and without the unhealthy ego-involvement of the "My country, right or wrong" philosophy.

Joseph Conrad once said that it is very difficult to express patriotism

graciously. In all cultures and epochs, the majority of me ethnocentric, so emotionally bound by the narrow loyalties o tribe, clan or nation-state as to be indifferent to the achieve sometimes even the existence of other cultures. Even within the b nationalism, sectional interests, race pride and religious bigotr enveloped the outlook of large segments of mankind, and formal educa instead of diminishing the force of group prejudices and provincialism, a too frequently has the effect of instilling and perpetuating them. Yet in the changed world in the mid-twentieth century no education is worthy of the name that does not impart a sense of the need to think in world terms, an awareness of the fact that all cultures have their own distinctive achievements and that no one race can lay claim to any innate superiority. In a world of nuclear threats, isolationism has been found to be as geographically impossible as it is morally invalid. It becomes too expensive an attitude to maintain and its force has been considerably weakened in the last two decades. School children today are more aware of other nations than were their parents at the same age. The effect of World War II, of aviation, of the UN and UNESCO, has broken down the pre-war parochialism. Race prejudice is harder to eradicate, since it is an emotional reaction that cannot be solved merely by pointing out the scientific facts of race. But no liberal education is complete if it leaves an individual with the same intolerant or hostile racial attitudes that he acquired in his early childhood or community conditioning.

Similarly, a mature education would liberate its participants from the compulsive egoism of which race hatred is one expression. Significantly, the prophets of all the world religions have spoken of the necessity of transcending the self. Aldous Huxley has written of the blight of egoism from which man needs to be released, and a prominent American theologian defines sin as the collective selfishness of large groups.[1] The tendency to identify the individual ego with one's race, class or nation is a factor in the tensions of modern group conflict. The realization that all life is one, that the same energy flows in all, that selfhood is partial and finite, is a lesson only slowly learned by mankind. Training of the emotions, the instilling of the fundamental principles of human living together and the inculcating of the primary values and virtues have seldom been made a part of educational curricula. Usually it is only when a child breaks the law that a conscious attempt is made to re-train him in more constructive habits and behaviour. It is an ironic commentary upon an educational system that

[1] REINHOLD NIEBUHR: *Moral Man and Immoral Society* (1932).

individuals can be exposed to its influence and still manifest attitudes which are essentially rooted in egoism and restricted group loyalties. The average man in all countries is bound by his prejudices and moral limitations, and he is resentful to the point of being terrified by any demand that he transcend them. He will crucify the prophet who makes a call for greatness, for a new level of thinking; he will fight to maintain his customary ignorance and selfishness and will attack those who are more farsighted than he.

This suggests a related area in which vital education would function to liberate the individual mind. It would relieve the burden of inflexible attitudes that cling to religious dogma and superstition. It is a basic principle of any sound educational philosophy that no child should ever be made to learn something that will have to be unlearned, often very painfully, in later life. But the view of the world that children receive in their religious upbringing frequently proves untenable with the greater knowledge and insight that come from the passing of the years. Many individuals, in more than one of the traditional world-faiths, have nagging suspicions that their religious beliefs are invalid and unfounded but are afraid to give them up or to think through to a more meaningful and satisfactory philosophy of life for themselves.

Religion is no longer central to the experience of great numbers of people, nor does it constitute the driving force that guides their conduct. It is possible for the human mind so to compartmentalize its beliefs and experiences that even individuals trained to think and reflect with the scientific temper may keep their religious beliefs secluded from the clear light of reason and inquiry, on the mistaken ground that it would be sacrilegious to apply their reasoning powers to a realm that is self-evident and sacrosanct. Religious world-views contain a vast variety of degrees of insight and enlightenment. Even in the so-called advanced nations of the world, there can be found a great ignorance of the history and teachings of their dominant faith, combined with the prevalence of a type of superstition that was wide-spread several centuries ago. Yet the free mind is not imprisoned in the tenets of its own faith through ignorance of its religion's origins, its literature or the factors in its growth. In connection with Christianity, Professor Hocking has said that of all the intellectual aids to its diffusion, the most important would be a realistic philosophy of its history in its relation to civilization.

There is no valid reason why traditional religion should remain pre-

[2] WILLIAM E. HOCKING: *Living Religions and a World Faith* (1940), p. 249.

scientific in its conceptions, nor is there anything irreligious in the process of bringing religious beliefs more in accord with the mature principles and attitude of science. An education which is liberal in the true sense would create a questioning temper of mind. While respecting the value of tradition, it would nevertheless not be afraid to combine reason with revelation or to break the bounds of narrow orthodoxies that cannot fulfil the enlightened demands of the intellect.

A liberal education, in any country, would also awaken the realization that value inheres in other religions than its own, and that other cultures with different traditions have produced their own prophets who perceived various sides of the prism of truth. This type of education would instil the sense of participating in the religions of mankind, transcending localisms and provincial fixations of doctrine ("the one true faith" dogma) through the knowledge that the ultimate values and goals of all faiths are fundamentally identical. To quote Professor Hocking again, "*Whatever in its nature belongs to all men will be sought by all men*—this is the principle which is automatically making for world unity."[3] A liberal faith is willing to receive truth wherever it may be found, including cultural traditions other than its own. It is not afraid to expose its world-view to the same tests of intellectual morality that have been found valid in other areas of human experience, nor is it unwilling to revise its conceptions to keep pace with man's growing knowledge of the universe. Its validity is not grounded upon any set body of unchanging doctrine, and its psychological certainty is that of being on the right road rather than at the end of a religious journey.

A further sphere for the functioning of the educative process is that of ensuring liberation from mediocrity, from the cult of the average and from the pressure of "the herd mind." Conformity to a mass pattern and "adjustment" to the standards of a group are shoddy educational goals. Progress seldom originates with majorities. It is rather from the heretic, the nonconformist, the creative thinker and the prophet who has the ability to see through the injustices and hypocrisies of his age that progress usually ensues. In a B.B.C. talk a few years ago, Baron James of Rusholme, a prominent English educator, pointed out that if our democratic faith means anything, it means that society must be prepared to tolerate heretics. It is highly essential that the crowd standards of the public mind be constantly scrutinized, he claims, by a minority possessing a keener intel-

[3] WILLIAM E. HOCKING: "Aids and Obstacles to World Civilization," in *Measure*, Vol. I, p. 95 (Spring 1950).

ligence, a more enlightend conscience and a more discriminating wisdom than the majority. The two great streams of thought to which Western civilization owes the most were founded by Jesus and Socrates, men who were alike in that they were both persecuted as heretics by their own age.

Similarly, Sir Richard Livingstone, former President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, claims:—

> A fundamental principle of education should be to make the pupil realize the meaning of excellence, of the first-rate, and to send him out of school and college persuaded that it is his business to learn what is first-rate and to pursue it....I would also try to give the pupil at school a better idea than he sometimes gets of what *is* first-rate in literature, architecture, art—and, above all, of what is first-rate in conduct and life.[4]

This freedom to pursue the best, and the perception to appreciate it, have been inherent in sound educational practice in both East and West, since the ancient philosophy of the Orient and the academies of classical Greece.

A mature education would also create attitudes of mind free from cynicism and defeatism. It would instil the belief that problems can be solved or alleviated; it would make the world safe for intelligence and the application of intelligence to the pressing tensions of the age. Among the hopeful portents of the mid-twentieth century is the fact that for the first time in human history, world-wide efforts are being made through such bodies as the World Health Organization, the Food and Agriculture Organization, the International Co-operation Administration and UNICEF to relieve conditions of poverty, illiteracy and disease that were for centuries taken for granted as an inevitable part of the human lot. International tensions and misconceptions are also being attacked through the educational and scientific work of UNESCO, which Dr. S. Radhakrishnan has termed a new cell in the world-brain. A global effort to solve age-old human problems in the best spirit of science is showing results in several areas, where populations are realizing that a better way of life is open to them and are striving for its benefits.

Such a view of the future is often derided as "unrealistic" by the convinced nationalists and by the isolationist remnant in the more prosperous countries. In actuality, the *world-outlook* is the only realistic one to take at the present time.

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[4] SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE: "The Meaning of Civilization," *The Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. 191, p. 43 (March 1953).

> The new conception of international relations has not penetrated into our normal way of thinking or become an automatic reaction to political problems. It involves a transformation of our natural outlook. But this is the way in which the world is destined to move. . . .[5]

It is problematical how long such a transformation will require. The creation of an international viewpoint and the breaking down of narrow group-bound sympathies and compulsive egoism, the replacement of religious superstition by a rational faith and the inculcation of a striving for excellence free from defeatism are timeless endeavours. They are also a constructive task that should appeal to all educators and citizens of creative good will.

JOHN E. OWEN

SCIENCE AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

SPEAKING on the important subject of "Science and Brotherhood" at the Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore, on November 19th, 1959, Dr. M. R. Rajasekhara Setty felt that the advent of science had made people drunk with its achievements. He thought that the attempt of religion and philosophy to reawaken the higher aspect of man had at first failed because they did not provide a realistic answer to the problems raised by science.

Further he felt that religion, philosophy or science could not individually bring about universal brotherhood. Living in an age of synthesis, we had to know something of each of these branches of knowledge. The speaker deprecated the tendency of scientists to look down upon others. Man is the only being in the world who knows what is going on around him and as such does not need to resort to violence for his betterment. He did not, however, think that man should wait for another hundred years to change his character. The existence of man was the very last product of evolution and if man had been able, within the latter half of this process, to reach the pinnacle of evolution then man could immediately try to develop, not love only of his own country but love of the world. Man, the speaker said, is not merely an organism but is an organism plus a cultural being. He thought that there was nothing wrong with science, that it was man who used it in evil ways.

Dr. P. Narasimhayya, who presided over the meeting, declared that it was interesting to note that both scientific and philosophical minds agreed on the point that man is not an organism or animal but is a composite being with a higher and a lower self.

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[5] *Ibid.*, p. 44.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MARTIN BUBER

AN INTERVIEW WITH MAURICE FRIEDMAN

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra,** till lately of the UNESCO's Education Department, is well known to our readers from his monthly "Leaves from a Paris Diary." Upon a recent visit to the U.S.A., Shri Dhingra had an interesting talk on the philosophy of the famous Martin Buber with Professor Maurice Friedman, translator of Buber's works and a profound student of his ideas. Buber's concept of "dialogue," or real communication, is of great importance. — ED.]

I SPENT two restful days in Pendle Hill, a Quaker Centre not far from Philadelphia. There are few spots like this in America. For here is a rich community life, active, independent yet richly co-operative. I met many interesting people in the Centre and found to my delight that the brilliant Maurice Friedman, well-known Professor of Philosophy at Sarah Lawrence College, New York, translator of Buber's works in English, and author of *Martin Buber : The Life of Dialogue,* was in the midst of some work on the *Modern Image of Man,* a study of various novelists. I have been deeply interested in Martin Buber, so while we talked I naturally took advantage of the occasion by asking such an authority as Maurice Friedman some questions. Readers may recall that Martin Buber once wrote an open letter to Mahatma Gandhi on the sufferings of Jews under Hitler. Gandhiji advocated *ahimsa* and *Satyagraha.* Martin Buber is not a votary of non-violence.

Baldoon Dhingra : How did you come to be interested in Martin Buber?

Maurice Friedman: I spent three-and-a half years during the Second World War in camps and units for conscientious objectors. I came to Martin Buber only after an intense intellectual search that took me from an active concern with labour problems and social reform, through immersion in Hindu, Buddhist and Christian mysticism, to a place where I was ready for a philosophy such as Buber's that combined mysticism with social action and a movement, such as the popular Jewish mysticism called Hasidism that Buber has spent his lifetime interpreting, which represents a communal mysticism of love and joy in the world, rather than the lonely turning away from the world and the self that other mysticisms largely seemed to me. Buber was not afraid to look on the reality of evil, and, like the Hasidim, he believed that one could serve God with the "evil urge." Although at first I looked at Buber only through the eyes of a mystic, a voice spoke to me in his works that has led me step by step to a

concern with the "lived concrete" and with the "life of dialogue" that "knows no fulness but each mortal hour's fulness of claim and responsibility," as Buber himself puts it in describing his own "conversion" from the exalted hours of mysticism to the Hasidic "hallowing of the everyday." I wrote my doctoral dissertation on Buber in 1950 at a time when few people knew of him in America and only a very few of his works were translated into English. Since then I have come into close personal correspondence, contact and friendship with Martin Buber, and I have spent the largest part of ten years in work on his thought. My book on him is the product of a dialogue with him, but so also are the books by and about him which I have edited and translated—*Pointing the Way, Hasidism and Modern Man, The Origin and Meaning of Hasidism, The Legend of the Baal-Shem, The Tales of Rabbi Nachman, Eclipse of God,* and the forthcoming *Philosophy of Martin Buber* volume of "The Library of Living Philosophers." Through this dialogue, my own thinking has been immeasurably enriched and deepened in relation to religion, ethics, education, psychotherapy, social philosophy, epistemology and even art. One door after another has opened up to me, and I remain convinced now, as I was at the beginning of this decade of work, that the voice of Martin Buber is of immense significance for the men of our time and of the generations to come.

B.D.: What, in your opinion, is the basis for this significance that you see in Martin Buber's works? To what extent is Buber's significance a universal one and to what extent is it as a modern interpreter of Judaism?

M.F.: Martin Buber is at once, more than any other, the spokesman of Judaism before the world and one of the truly universal men of our time, comparable with Mahatma Gandhi, Albert Schweitzer and Albert Einstein. Such widely different men as the Swiss novelist Hermann Hesse and the Protestant theologian Reinhold Niebuhr speak of Martin Buber as one of the few wise men living on the earth today. Yet many like the Catholic theologian Karl Thieme, see Buber's chief significance in his interpretation of the Hebrew Bible and his translation of the Bible into German in collaboration with Franz Rosenweig. No one has done more than Buber to bring about a rebirth of Judaism in the modern age: his philosophy of Judaism, his recreation of Hasidism have made a lasting contribution to Judaism and to mankind. When Hermann Hesse nominated Buber for a Nobel Prize in 1949, it was on the basis of his *Tales of the Hasidim* with which, according to Hesse, "he has enriched world literature more than any other living author." Buber's most decisive and influential contribution, however, both to the interpretation of Judaism and to world culture in general, has been his philosophy of dialogue, the classic presentation

of which is his poetic masterpiece *I and Thou*. Buber's distinction between an "I-Thou" relation of mutuality, directness and presentness, and an "I-It" subject-object relation of knowing and using has penetrated to all parts of the world and all aspects of culture. It has had a revolutionary effect upon contemporary theology and philosophy of religion, but its equally profound significance for psychotherapy, education, and social philosophy is increasingly being recognized. In 1951 Buber was brought to America by the Jewish Theological Seminary, but in 1957 he was brought by the Washington School of Psychiatry to deliver the Fourth William Alanson White Memorial Lecture and conduct a seminar for psychiatrists in the theory of the unconscious: Perhaps above all Buber is a philosophical anthropologist, one who is concerned with the problem of man in all his variety and in all his concrete uniqueness. Buber sees human existence as set on "the narrow ridge" between the abysses of subjectivity and objectivity, individualism and collectivism, freedom and discipline, capitalism and communism.

B.D.: What would you say is Martin Buber's contribution to education?

M.F.: Although he has no formal philosophy of education, Martin Buber is first and foremost a teacher and educator, and he himself has always been concerned with the implications of his philosophy for teaching. The teacher is able to educate his pupils, according to Buber, only if he is able to build real mutuality between himself and them. Learning takes place, first and foremost, through the dialogue between the teacher and the pupil, in which the teacher makes the pupil present and experiences his side of the relationship while the pupil communicates to the teacher his own experiences on the subject under discussion. Buber sees his approach to education as an alternative alike to the old, authoritarian theory of education which does not understand the need for freedom and spontaneity and the new, freedom-centred theory which does not understand the need for communion. The former he characterizes as "the funnel"—pouring in knowledge from above—the latter as "the pump"—drawing it up from below. In their place is proposed an education based upon real contact. The propagandist imposes, the true educator helps to unfold; but this unfolding takes place through real meeting with the "other" and is never mere self-expression and self-realization.

In addition to his career as Professor of Religion at Frankfurt University and of Social Philosophy at the Hebrew University, Jerusalem, Buber has been particularly concerned with adult education. He was director of the Central Office for Jewish Adult Education in Germany where he was

responsible for the training of teachers for the new schools established as a result of the exclusion of Jewish students from all German educational institutions. In 1949 he founded and until 1953 directed the Institute for Adult Education in Israel that trained teachers to go out to the immigration camps, and he is now Editor-in-Chief of the *Israel Encyclopedia of Education*. Buber sees adult education as a means of creating a certain type of man demanded by a certain historical situation. Necessary for this purpose are personal contact, living together in community and individual instruction in accordance with what each person needs. The teacher must enter the conversation without restraint and be prepared to learn from the unique experiences of the student. He must be ready to deal with the personal lives of the students in order that they in turn may learn to live with people in all situations of their lives. The students learn the classics, but they do so not for the knowledge itself but in order that they may become whole persons able to influence others.

B.D.: You spoke also of Buber's social philosophy. What is his attitude toward social patterns and toward international relations?

M.F.: Buber's social philosophy is an extension of his philosophy of dialogue. Buber distinguishes between the "social" in general—the sphere of indirect interpersonal relations—and the "interhuman"—the sphere of direct, dialogical relations. This latter sphere is not restricted to the relation of two people. There is an "essential We" as well as an "essential Thou," and true community and "communities of communities" are as essential for the healthy social restructuring of society as genuine dialogue between one man and another is for personal relations. "Man will not persist in existence," writes Buber, "if he does not learn anew to persist in it as a genuine We." Buber advocates a topical rather than a utopian socialism, a federation of communities in which the members stand ready to deal with one another and with the members of neighbouring communities. To Buber the best example of such a producer-consumer full co-operative commune is the signal "non-failure": the *kibbutz* in Palestine, especially before the growing politicization of recent years. Buber sees direction of social restructuring as a third alternative to capitalism and communism as to individualism and collectivism.

Essential to Buber's philosophy of dialogue is that one meets others and holds one's ground when one meets them, experiencing their side of the relationship but not losing sight of one's own. One of the central emphases of Buber's Zionism, accordingly, has been his insistence that the Jews in Palestine "live *with* the Arabs and not just *next* to them." But by the same token he rejected Gandhi's statement that "it was inhuman and un-

just to impost the Jews on the Arabs" in Palestine in favour of the recognition of the claims of both sides and the affirmation that "where there is faith and love a solution may be found even to what appears to be a tragic conflict." Buber has expressed this view in practice in his leadership of Ichud, an Israeli association for Jewish-Arab peace and *rapprochement,* in his emphasis that Zion must be attained *bmishpat,* "with justice," and in his acceptance in 1953 of the Peace Prize of the German Book Trade, pointing both to those who killed millions of his people in an organized cruelty without comparison in human history and those who underwent martyrdom because they could not accept what was going on. What is needed is not an objective disposal of conflicting claims but a genuine dialogue between the sides. Modern man has lost his trust in existence, writes Buber, and the most acute symptom of it is that a genuine word cannot arise between the conflicting camps in the so-called cold war.

> I believe, despite all [said Buber in 1953] that the peoples in this hour can enter...into a genuine dialogue with one another. In a genuine dialogue each of the partners, even when he stands in opposition to the other, heeds, affirms, and confirms his opponent as an existing other. Only so can conflict certainly not be eliminated from the world, but be humanly arbitrated and led towards its overcoming.

Genuine dialogue, to Buber, is not identical with international conferences. In fact, Buber has used the General Assembly of the United Nations as a prime example of that "talking out of the window" to a home audience that so often today takes the place of real conversation between leaders of different nations. In an address at Cambridge University in June 1958, Dag Hammarskjold, Secretary-General of the United Nations, called for a resumption of real talk across frontiers in closely similar terms and quoted at length from Buber in analyzing the mistrust that stands in the way of such talk. Mr. Hammarskjold has several times in press conferences expressed his intention of translating into Swedish some essays in the "Politics, Community, and Peace" section of Buber's *Pointing the Way,* a book of collected essays that I edited and translated. "I think that Martin Buber has made a major contribution," the Secretary-General said, "and I should like to make it better known."

B.D.: How does Martin Buber conceive the world of the future?

M.F.: Buber has tirelessly described the varieties of monologue that masquerade as dialogue and has pointed repeatedly to the dominance of the "It" in the modern world. Not only mechanization, collectivization, technicization, but the growing psychologism, sociologism and historicism of the modern world all stand in the way of dialogue, not to mention that

"existential mistrust" between man and man which has grown into a mistrust of existence itself. For all this, Buber has always refused to turn this modern sickness into a description of human nature or the human condition. "Man is as man redeemable." Although the "I-Thou" relation has gone into the catacombs, something is taking place in the depths that even tomorrow may bring it forth with new power. There is one front of representatives of true humanity, who fight together without knowing it, each in his own place. If men with no other authority than that of the spirit come out of the camps and talk with one another, they may yet be effective, as no merely political representatives can, in sifting out of the alleged amount of antagonisms the real conflicts between genuine needs. The social restructuring of society must begin with the establishment of a true, positive and creative peace between peoples. This peace cannot be attained through political organization, writes Buber, but through "the resolute will of all peoples to cultivate the territories and raw materials of our planet and govern its inhabitants, together." Co-operation in control of raw materials and regulation of world markets will enable society, for the first time, to constitute itself as such. It must be based not on a gigantic centralization of power which will devour all free community, but on a confederation of commonwealths all of which are in turn based on "the actual and communal life of big and little groups living and working together."

BALDOON DHINGRA

I HAVE LEARNT

I have learnt to be still
when the mist changes course
and the way is lost in silence
of the mountain cold.
I listen and look, small as a dust speck
on huge loneliness of the chapel floor,
until the sun puts a finger through blurred windows
around all the prayers.

Beautiful that blur of light
when the mist moves
And one step forward I can see
before I must hold still again,
and wait.

ODETTE TCHERNINE

THE NEO-REALISM OF S. ALEXANDER AND THE AMERICAN REALISTS

[IN this article, **Dr. S. N. L. Shrivastava, M.A., D. LITT.**, Head of the Department of Studies in Philosophy, Jabalpur University, deals with another branch of modern Realistic philosophy. He examined the work of G. E. Moore and T. P. Nunn in our July 1959 issue, and "The Realism of Bertrand Russell" in that of September 1959. We hope to publish some more essays by Dr. Shrivastava shortly, completing, together, a broad survey of trends in contemporary philosophy. — ED.]

IN THIS PAPER, which by no means claims to be an exhaustive account of the subject, many philosophers who have made their own specific contributions to the modern realist movement have to be left out. I cannot, however, resist the temptation of making a brief reference to S. Alexander, the arch-prophet of the space-time matrix of the universe, the matrix from which the Deity himself finally emerges. For one thing, at least, Alexander is unique amongst the modern realists. In general contrast to his contemporaries in the school, he gives us a completed "system" of thought from his own empirico-realist point of view. In Alexander's philosophy we have a blend of all the leading tendencies of the times, naturalism, realism, empiricism, emergent evolutionism and democracy — Alexander claims that his metaphysics is "democratic" in spirit, refusing any "prerogative" to mind or spirit in the economy of the universe and giving only a "plain description" of the world in which we live and move and do our thinking. "Philosophy," wrote Alexander in *Mind*, (1921) "proceeds by description: it only uses arguments in order to help you to see the facts, just as a botanist uses a microscope."

The empirico-realistic-democratic approach of Alexander to the problem of knowledge and the place of mind in the universe could not be explained better than in his own words:—

> Now the effect of the empirical method in metaphysics is seriously and persistently to treat finite minds as one among the many forms of finite existence, having no privilege above them except such as it derives from its greater perfection of development.... *prima facie* there is no warrant for the assumption, still less for the dogma that, because all experience implies a mind, that which is experienced owes its being and its qualities to mind. Minds are but the most gifted members known to us in a democracy of things. In respect of being or reality all existences are on an equal footing. They vary in eminence; as in a democracy, where talent has an open career, the most gifted rise to influence and authority. This attitude

> of mind imposed by the empirical method is and may rightly be called in philosophy the attitude of realism, if a name which has borne so many meanings may be so used:...[1]

Alexander formulates a naturalistic evolutional philosophy with space-time as the primordial matrix from which higher and higher levels of existences develop successively. The primordial matrix of space-time has no quality save the spatio-temporal quality of motion. The successive emergents from space-time are matter, secondary qualities, life, mind, and deity. Each higher level of existence emerges from the lower and though rooted in it possesses a new quality appropriate to its level and has its own special laws of behaviour. What makes each higher level of existence the bearer of a new quality is a certain complexity, grouping or constellation of the processes of the lower level. A certain complexity of physical and chemical processes, for example, comes to have the quality of life; "a neural process of a certain level of development possesses the quality of consciousness and is thereby a mental process."[2]

The last quality to emerge, "the next higher empirical quality to mind, which the universe is engaged in bringing to birth," is deity. "That the universe is pregnant with such a quality," says Alexander, "we are speculatively assured. What that quality is we cannot know; for we can neither enjoy nor still less contemplate it. Our human altars still are raised to the unknown God."[3] Analogically speaking, Alexander calls Deity "the colour of the universe." Just as colour is the quality which emerges in material things in attendance on motions of a certain sort, so also Deity is a quality which "emerges when certain complexities and refinements of arrangement have been reached."

It should be remembered here that "deity" for Alexander is a "quality," and not God. What, then, is God?

> God is the whole world as possessing the quality of deity. Of such a being the whole world is the "body" and deity is the "mind." But this possessor of deity is not actual but ideal. As an actual existent, God is the infinite world with its nisus towards deity, or, to adapt a phrase of Leibnitz, as big or in travail with deity.[4]

One may well wonder why Alexander should feel the necessity of accommodating God in his thorough-going naturalist-empiricist-realist system of philosophy! If Alexander has chosen to do this, it is because he finds

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[1] *Space, Time and Deity*, Vol. I, p. 6.
[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 5.
[3] *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 347.
[4] *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 353.

himself unable to non-suit the reality of the religious emotion and "the passion for God," and in a philosophy "its failure to make the religious emotion speculatively intelligible betrays a speculative weakness."[5] That Alexander should grant the necessity of making the religious emotion speculatively intelligible is significant, whatever be our opinion about the success with which he has done it.

The two schools of realism which developed on American soil are known as the New Realism and Critical Realism, named after volumes co-operatively published by two different groups of American realists. *The New Realism*, published in 1912, was a collection of essays by R. B. Perry and E. B. Holt from Harvard, Marvin and Spaulding from Princeton, and Pitkin and W. P. Montague from Columbia. The common methodological postulates which these six American philosophers accepted were that philosophers should follow scientists in making a co-operative study and work individually, and that they should follow scientists in tackling problems one by one or piecemeal.

Their two main common epistemological doctrines were as follows.

First, that objects exist independently of our knowing them and our knowledge makes no difference to them when they are known. The two phases of this doctrine may be named "existential realism" and "subsistential realism." When it is said that some, at least, of the particulars exist when we are not conscious of them, the principle is one of existential realism: the main argument for this being that the behaviour of the object in the presence of our consciousness does not show any signs of being affected by consciousness. When, on the other hand, it is said that some, at least, of the essences or universals of which we are conscious *subsist* when we are not conscious of them, the principle is one of subsistential realism. That $7+5=12$, it is argued, is entirely explained by the natures of seven, five and twelve, and not in the least by the nature of consciousness.

The second epistemological doctrine of the New Realists is that the particulars and universals which are real are apprehended by us directly and not indirectly through copies or mental images. Theirs is a presentative realism as distinguished from representative realism.

From New Realism let us now turn to a brief account of Critical Realism. The volume called *Essays in Critical Realism* was published jointly in 1920 by Durant Drake, George Santayana, C. A. Strong, A. O. Lovejoy, J. B. Pratt, R. W. Sellars and A. K. Rogers. The word "Critical" is

[5] *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 353.

suggestive. The Critical Realists were not satisfied with the naïvety of the New Realists. They agreed with them in holding that the "objects" of our knowledge are outer things and not cognitive states and that physical things exist in their own right and prior to and independently of our awareness of them; but whereas for the New Realists there are only two terms in the cognitive relation, the knowing mind or the organism and the object known, the Critical Realists analyze the cognitive relation into three terms: the knowing mind, the data of experience, which they call "essences" or "character-complexes," and the physical objects. The "essences" intervene between the knowing mind and the actual physical objects, the latter being inferred from the former. The two-term theory of the New Realists, argue the Critical Realists, according to which we always have a direct knowledge of physical things, cannot explain things like errors, illusions and hallucinations. If nothing intervenes between the knowing mind and the things known, there is no reason why knowledge should not always be veridical. The Critical Realists therefore abjure the theory of "direct perception." Perception, in the beautiful phrase of Santayana, is "a salutation, not an embrace." We are put in touch with reality according to him by what he calls "intent," not by infallible intuition.

By "Intent" Santayana means that uniform characteristic of all our cognitive experiences which may be called their direction upon the objects or reference to the objects. Our experiences, of course, can be different from objects as they really are. The assumption of their identity is what Santayana calls "animal faith." It is by "animal faith" that we know that our experiences refer to objects as well as that they are true of them; as C. A. Strong puts it, "as we know only by animal faith *that* anything exists, so we can know *what* things are only by the exercise of more animal faith."[6]

The most intriguing part of the philosophy of the Critical Realists is their vague and shadowy conception of what they have called the "essences" or "character-complexes" or "phenomena" (the term used by C. A. Strong), which they interpose between the knowing mind and the object known. These, they say, are neither mental nor physical, neither parts of the mind nor parts of physical things, but just "logical entities" of an intermediary status. Nothing but a deep sense of mystery is imparted by these words of Durant Drake:—

> An essence is a "describable somewhat," a character or complex of characters; it is, in fact, anything mentionable, without regard to its

[6] *Contemporary American Philosophy*, Vol. I, p. 284.

> existence or non-existence....[The essences] are neither mental states nor physical existents, but data of experience. There is a physical atmosphere about our earth, but *it* is not blue; there are vibratory strings and air-waves, but they are not noise or music; there are vast globular masses of matter which we call sun and stars, but the dazzling disc and the twinkling points of light which we see are something quite different. Nor are these essences which confront us mental existences, unless in a restrained and misleading use of the terms "mental" and "existence." Nor are they this or that "physical object out there." They are, in a word, suppositious physical objects, essences of physical aspect to which perception, whether rightly or wrongly, imputes existence.[7]

The modern neo-realist movement, as I pointed out in my article "Trends in Contemporary Philosophy" (THE ARYAN PATH, July 1959, p. 298), has been a continuous crusade against Idealism. Have the Neo-realists understood the idealistic position aright? We venture to say they have not. They have accused idealists of denying the very reality of the external world and reducing it to a set of ideas in an individual mind. No great idealist has ever done this. According to T. H. Green:—

> The fact that there is a real external world of which through feeling we have a determinate experience and that in this experience all our knowledge of nature is implicit is one which no philosophy disputes.[8]

> If the reader believes [writes Bradley] that a steam-engine, after it is made, is nothing but a state of the mind of the person or persons who have made it, or who are looking at it, we do not hold what we feel tempted to call such a silly doctrine; and would point out to those who do hold it that, at all events, the engine is a very different state of mind, after it is made, from what it was before.[9]

Even Berkeley, who has gained universal notoriety as the subjectivist *in excelsis*, has unequivocally declared:—

> By the principles premised we are not deprived of anything in nature. Whatever we see, feel, hear or anywise conceive or understand, remains as secure as ever. There is a *rerum natura* and the distinction between realities and chimeras retains its full force.[10]

Most of the age-old bickerings between the Idealists and Realists would vanish if it be remembered that "Idealism" has not all been "idea-ism" pure and simple.

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[7] *Ibid.*

[8] T. H. GREEN: *Works*, Vol. I., p. 376.

[9] F. H. BRADLEY: *Ethical Studies* (Second ed.), pp. 66–67.

[10] FRASER: *Selections from Berkeley*, p. 57.

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The chief *vexata quaestio* of Idealistic philosophy has been what has been termed by Professor R. B. Perry "the ego-centric predicament," the predicament, *viz.*, that since objects are known to be what they are only when they enter into cognitive relation with us, objects outside this relation do not exist. The Realist has always sought an easy victory over the Idealist by pointing out that the conclusion is simply *non sequitur* from the premise.

Now, Idealism does not really commit us to ego-centricism or subjectivism. It does grant that things can and do exist which are not known by us, but it regards it as incontrovertible that they cannot be rendered *intelligible* to us except when they enter into a knowledge-relation with us. The world exists and is rendered intelligible in the medium of knowledge —not knowledge in the narrower psychological sense of a stream of psychical presentations in an individual mind but in the larger metaphysical or what Hoernlé has called the "Universe-revealing" sense. There are ever so many things outside of knowledge in the former sense, but nothing can be outside of knowledge in the latter sense.

But what about the Neo-realists' programme of bringing philosophy down to the common-sense level? Has not Neo-realism in its transition from the naïve to Critical Realism reached a degree of sophistication far removed from common sense by its conception of the "essences" or "character-complexes" which are neither mental nor physical and by its denial of the direct knowledge of physical objects? That physical objects exist and agree with our actual data of experience, is an "inference," "animal faith," and so on. Is this realism?

The Realists always pitched themselves against the Idealistic contention that the mind has an essential and inevitable interpretative rôle in all knowledge and experience, but in the philosophy of the Critical Realist Roy Wood Sellars,

> knowing is regarded as more than the awareness of abstracta to be called logical ideas. It is an interpretation of objects....Our mental activity sustains for us an experienced structure in which we sense ourselves as interpreting objects in terms of predicates revealing their characteristics.[11]

In conceding this the Critical Realist has walked, perhaps unawares, into the idealist's camp and justified Bosanquet's apt remark that the familiar terms Realism and Idealism are but "traditional battle-cries and watch-words rather than names of precision."[12]

S. N. L. SHRIVASTAVA

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[11] *Contemporary American Philosophy*, Vol. II, p. 270.

[12] B. BOSANQUET: *Meeting of Extremes in Contemporary Philosophy*, Preface, p. v.

THANKS TO MEGATONIC MISSILES

[**Mr. Roy Bridger's** championship of the Back-to-the-Land movement and of ecological sanity in general is familiar to our readers. We do not profess agreement in every point with his scathingly ironic essay. But it is a provocative piece of writing, and raises questions that we must gravely consider. Are we not permitting strong economic interests to arise which are contrary to the welfare of mankind? Are we not uncritically absorbing propaganda in favour of devices which, in the last resort, only alienate us from healthful, natural ways of living and intensify our leanings to self-indulgence and sensation? — ED.]

THE PRESENT POPULATION of the world is about 2,750,000,000. Its rate of increase is so rapid that, according to recent estimates, it will have reached 6,000,000,000 by the end of the century. Another six hundred years — all other factors remaining constant — and there will be only one square metre of land per person.

It is usual, of course, to assess the problem in terms of food supplies and other physical needs. No less disquieting, however, is the reflection that the new arrivals will not be content to function as mere consumer units. All these people will have something to *sell*.

The situation in this respect is already desperate enough as it is. Introduced in early times to simplify unwieldly barter systems, money was eventually to become a commodity in its own right. Today a new runaway stage has been reached. The social fabric, and the natural resources upon which it rests, can no longer accommodate the frenzies of the blind monster money has become.

Everyone has to live. Everywhere wives are wanting new hats. As things have been all along, this means that everyone has to make money. So far the system has worked, more or less, but the combined pressure exerted by vast numbers of individual money-making drives is adding up now to some ugly net outcomes.

Take the question of health. Nature's way to health is not particularly complicated, nor is there anything very strenuous about it. Given right living conditions and the right food, the rest follows quite harmoniously. Nevertheless there are serious objections, it seems, to this sort of life. The trouble is there is no money in health. It doesn't pay, whereas disease pays handsomely. So it is tacitly agreed that the best thing to do is to pile up an enormous burden of disease, whereat there will be pickings for everybody — doctors, chemists, drug houses, manufacturers of X-ray apparatus, hospital contractors, dead-monkey interests: half the population.

Or take the question of food production. Nature has been successfully turning out supplies of wholesome food for millions of generations of exacting customers, and the way it is done is so very simple that it is hardly worth putting down on paper. Just a quiet, harmless, unpretentious little process involving green leaves and the roots of plants and trees and the returning to the land of organic residues. This may suit some of us, but there are large numbers it doesn't suit. From the big chemical combines down to the hordes of research personnel devoted to the ever-growing complexities of mineral balances and trace-element reserves, a tremendous pressure of tacit assumption is exerted in favour of artificial farming plus an immense disease superstructure. Think of the poor agricultural journalist with no better copy to send in than: "Nothing fresh. Crops sown, grown, harvested, on usual lines. Call me back next year." No new hats for *his* wife. But happy the chap who can babble of mysterious new diseases, of ever more wonderful new "cures."

Again, there is a movement afoot to further the cause of unprocessed foods. Its nutritional arguments are in the best public interests, but its too sweeping success could be at disastrous expense. The ramifications of the food refining industry are complex in the extreme. Is it proposed to drag the whole thing to a standstill, with all its legions of scientists and salesmen, its armies of canners and packers and bottlers?

According to the processing interests, all foodstuffs on sale are uniformly health giving. Every possible item of food and drink is good for you. You owe it to yourself to buy the whole lot—for your health's sake. Moreover, a stake in the good work is now being claimed by a further group—the canning interests. The container itself is being glamorized in advertisements, using key wording to link "wonderful meals" with the "high standard of living" that "modern life" is bringing within reach. "Elegantly designed" cans, as well as their colour-faked, taste-rigged, freshness-simulated contents, are held to form "an essential part of good living."

In respect of refined carbohydrates in particular, there is a certain amount of wild talk about their being bad for the teeth. What do these people want? Do they want all the sweet factories closed down? Perish the thought—far better to go on as before with the sweets and the rotten teeth, the dentists and the dental appliance manufacturers, to say nothing of the toothpaste trade and the fluoridation firms.

The case against compulsory fluoridation has been marshalled exhaustively over and over again—the anomaly that in the whole of its long history the human race has managed on ordinary water; the evident ability of animals to avoid dental decay in spite of alleged deficiences in

their drinking water; the multitudinous hazards of mass medication irrespective of whether the consumer is young or old, a human being or a water closet; the question of whether the next compulsory additive will be, perhaps, Epsom salts; the misleading identification of naturally occurring calcium fluoride with sodium fluoride, a by-product of the aluminium industry formerly used in rat poisons but now superseded and seeking new outlets; the overwhelming futility of not taking nutritional shortcomings into account; the Looking-glass-Land illogicality of introducing substances to treat the teeth as if the rest of the body did not come into the picture at all; and all the rest of it. Everything. It would convince a brick wall. But it never has the slightest effect on fluoridation sales pressure.

As for the even wilder talk about smoking being injurious to health, this is sheer anarchy. If everyone gave up smoking and drinking, the whole economic structure would be undermined. The country would be finished. They are getting a taste of this in America, where falling alcohol consumption is stated to be causing "concern." Drinkers have decreased from 67 per cent to 55 per cent since 1945, the sharpest decline being among the younger age groups.

It is in the armaments field, however, that the most alarming incongruities are to be observed. Britain alone is spending ten times as much on military *research* (not the weapons themselves) as on research for health, agriculture, fuel and power and colonial problems. With so much money being paid out, it follows that somebody must be paying it in equally handsomely. Suppose, at the wave of a wand, the whole thing were called off. Instead of war, it was disarmament that broke out. The results could be disastrous. No more new hats. No more bubble cars.

At the administrative level the policy is full employment. What people are employed on doesn't matter. The workers, too, no longer seem to bother very much, as long as the pay is good. And on any project connected with "defence" the pay is always very good.

By the end of 1957 it was generally conceded that the U.S.A. was in the throes of an economic recession. But "market tone" received a "strong stimulus" as a result of the NATO conference in Paris, when increased military expenditures of all kinds were decided upon. "From now on the emphasis is on guns," commented the Secretary of *Commerce*. Business matters and military matters were fast becoming interchangeable. The American aircraft industry is now saying that it considers its interests "seriously threatened" by the Army's policy of making and testing its own rockets.

A row seems to be blowing up over German arms "progress." Germany

has not been giving Britain her "fair share" of contracts. There has been quite a series of "disappointments" in this field (writes a Diplomatic Correspondent), including the cancellation of an order for armoured troop carriers. What is said to "particularly annoy" British manufacturers is the fact that a £50-million deposit by the German Government towards support costs is not producing a single arms contract. One reason is that an American military mission in Germany has been doing some "high-powered salesmanship." Their M48 tank is being ordered because the M47 had been supplied in considerable numbers *free of charge*.

In military matters, closely identified as they are with commercial matters, intolerance and ruthlessness are running wild. The "other side" does not need now to go much out of its way to be considered as having made a show of challenging activity. In fact it is getting to be enough that it exists at all. One's right to police the world is launched, as it were, into space, there to remain for all time, an unalterable fixture against which the disruptive activities of a world of opposition groups must be condemned.

"Murder does not begin on the battlefield," says Laurens van der Post in *Venture to the Interior*. "There, in a sense, is the least of it. The murder is in our hearts, in our deepest selves...."

Referring to the new nuclear-powered submarines, Rear-Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, U. S. Navy, has pointed out that with the 1,500-mile missiles they carry "you can knock out almost any part of the world." We will say nothing about the nuclear-powered submarines. We will pass over the 1,500-mile missiles. But to realize that there are people in existence, and in supreme authority at that, who can think in terms of knocking out "parts of the world" is anything but the least of it.

How terrible, it is being said, if an atomic war were to break out! But what if it has already broken out, the battlefield stage a mere filling in of technicalities, the crux of the process having long since passed? May not one read the build-up details in each and every day's news, seeing annihilation in a line of print?

Least of all is it necessary to go beyond the financial columns of the newspapers. "Tobacco Fears Relieved," runs one headline. The smoking and health "scare" had been intensified, it seems, and the City had "feared the worst." But sales were proving satisfactory after all; the news was "particularly welcome." As to the references to the armaments industries' affairs, one needs nerves of steel to peruse them. A little more discretion is observed, it is true, but underneath the surface one senses the missile fears, the peace scares, the welcome news of renewed orders after all.

Earl Russell has expressed the fear that by the end of the present century mankind may be extinct. Another forty years —he would seem to be the world's greatest optimist. The H-bomb stockpiles look ominous, of course, but there is also the cumulative threat of innumerable other pointers, many of them seemingly of no more than thistledown significance. Things said. Even more disquieting, things not said. And all of them interconnected and needing to be tackled simultaneously.

Nobody is arming in sorrow these days. One of Britain's new H-bombers is said to be "ahead of anything in the world." The chairman of the firm making it has told the 7,000 employees that the possibilities are "tremendous." A missile firm has been advertising for "keen, enthusiastic" engineers. Another claims its development team to be the most "successful" in Europe. But there may be an "opening" for *you*—if so, you are assured of an "attractive salary" and a "congenial future."

Perhaps the most outrageous distortion of a noble language comes from a top executive whose firm has developed, he says, a "sophisticated" new guided missile, capable of following and destroying any target, whatever the efforts of that "target" to avoid destruction. Surely the Government will have the sense, he hopes, not to throw away money on an "inferior" article, when their product can do so much BETTER.

Everyone has to live. But the snag about the present system seems to be that it entails everyone else having to die. And since nobody will want to live less wonderfully, less elegantly, than the can-happy, be-bubble-carred Joneses, the possibilities really are tremendous.

ROY BRIDGER

BECALMED

Who has not suffered is a ship becalmed,
We need a storm to speed us to our haven,
A sunny sky can cloud the inner eye,
Rough seas are medicine for the blind or craven.

Who dwells in light perpetual is a star
Whose brightness is unseen ; it needs the night
As background for its brilliance, and to give
Others a guidance and a borrowed sight.

HERBERT BLUEN

MUSIC THERAPY IN A PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL CLUB

[**Mme. Juliette Alvin** is a well-known violoncellist and player of the viola da gamba, who has given recitals in most musical centres in the world. She has lectured in many universities in Great Britain and the U.S.A. She is also Honorary Secretary of the Society for Music Therapy and Remedial Music. It is out of her work with St. George's Hospital, London, in connection with music therapy, that the present article has come. The picture of human minds struggling patiently back to firmness and self-respect through the healing effects of music and the moral sustenance of fellowship with other sufferers will touch many readers' sympathies. — ED.]

FROM time immemorial, Eastern and Western philosophies, magic and the art of medicine have recognized the influence of music on the behaviour of man. Music is a creation of the mind of man, and expresses the whole range of human emotions, from a primitive impulse with the beat of a drum to very complex feelings in a modern symphony for full orchestra. These emotions are re-created in the performance, and may, in turn, deeply influence the listener and the performer himself.

Since music is mental and emotional communication at different levels of culture and consciousness, it may be an invaluable therapeutic agent in cases of mental and emotional disturbance. Mental illness will be much discussed everywhere in the near future. A World Mental Health Year is to be observed in 1960. It seems therefore appropriate that the British Parliament is at the moment [July 1959] passing a new Mental Health Bill.

This Bill opens a new approach to the treatment of mental illness. It will lead to the creation and the development of many local social and medical services within the community, for people suffering from mental disturbance. A few of these services already exist, for instance, the Psychiatric Social Clubs, of which the Minister of Health has said:—

> A successful form of support for mentally disordered adults, particularly after hospital treatment, is the provision of social centres or clubs where they meet together, often under the guidance of a psychiatrist or a psychiatric social worker, and acquire increased confidence in their ability to make contact with others. Some experimental work in this field is being done, but much more is needed.

I have been working for some time as music therapist in one of these

clubs. The object was to create a music group among the members of the club, and to make of this group a living part of the club.

This Psychiatric Social Club, called the Friday Club, is part of St. George's Hospital, London, and was founded ten years ago by Dr. de Mare, one of the Hospital's psychiatrists. "The Club," he says, "was created with the aim of getting patients whom their psychiatrist considered in need of socialization, people who are shy and isolated and who have other problems requiring social rehabilitation, to communicate with one another."

The working basis of the Club is the spontaneous formation of small groups of people—some number from three to eight is best—which are left to develop their own entity and which integrate with the whole organization, much in the way that living organisms develop and grow. It is an essential part of the work that such groups should be left to develop their own activities without being opposed or imposed on, starting from a rudimentary contact round a cup of tea, and growing from a simple social club into a Community Centre operating quite ambitious organized activities.

Most of these small groups are spontaneously centred on a leader. When special skills are needed, such as in music, painting or dancing, a leader has to be found who possesses the necessary experience and knowledge, and the right personality.

The Friday Club has about forty members, who meet once a week in a large house that is part of St. George's Hospital in Knightsbridge. Members belonging to different sections, painting, music or dancing, gather in different rooms at seven-thirty p.m. At nine all the members meet in a large common room where coffee and biscuits are served. One of the members, the elected chairman, discusses with the members the different activities to be organized, reports on progress and makes various proposals. Out of the talks, some plans may mature, others fall flat amid general apathy; potential leaders emerge; and a network of contacts develops. It is interesting to watch communication being established, and to observe how small groups are formed and grow. Older members take care of newcomers, who often look sadly isolated, indifferent or uncontrolled. The Club is open until eleven and most members stay till the end.

My work in the Club has been to form a music group among the existing members and to let the group develop spontaneously along its own lines, as freely as possible. At the same time, I have tried to build up a structure solid enough for these activities to be creative and rewarding, and to avoid disintegration. This small group has been made to develop from within the Club, that is, exclusively from elements existing in the Club. Each of the

members brings to the group his or her own personality, musical participation and various needs, all of which become integrated in the activities. From the beginning, I have refrained from working on a preconceived scheme. The elements brought in by each of the participants have slowly moulded this music group. A similar group in another club would present a different character and may develop other kinds of musical activities.

Music is of the greatest value in social rehabilitation. It can help to restore the patient's confidence in his ability to be part of a group and to communicate. Making music is beneficial to the integration of personality since it is an occupation in which the emotions, the mind and the body are actively united. Music brings emotional release to performers and listeners alike. Moreover, performing with others requires continuity of attention and purpose, self-control and a sense of responsibility towards the group, all of which are essential in social rehabilitation. Participation in a performance is a realistic activity, but, by its nature, music belongs to a world of phantasy and dream which is deeply satisfying to this type of patient.

The music group at St. George's fulfils outwardly two functions: the performers play for themselves, but at the same time cater for anyone who comes in and listens to the music. They sometimes get a request for a specific piece. In this way, the music group, although an entity in itself, belongs to the whole Club. It has become a centre of attraction and pleasure. Several listeners who first dropped in casually have now become keen performers.

The atmosphere of the music sessions is easy-going, almost improvised and seemingly unplanned. Members are left to choose their own programme. Many of them bring their own music, which is very much to be encouraged and I myself provide what is necessary. Throughout the evening, I make only loose suggestions, and give advice only when requested or when it could be beneficial. Each member is given an opportunity to take responsibility, to make any criticism, to express a wish or a choice, to take any initiative that could benefit the individual or the group.

The working of these relationships is the most exacting part of my task. It requires constant alertness and contact, understanding of the members' reactions, immediate adaptation to the mood or the needs, keeping everything going whatever the situation and knowing in advance when something could go wrong. Nothing should disturb the easy atmosphere of enjoyment for everyone in the room. It may also happen that this easy atmosphere develops into a deeper and more significant mood; for instance, when a member asks to hear some great music, or displays a personal interest in

some aspect of music.

At the beginning we had three members, all men, all pianists. Now we count an equal number of men and women, fluctuating between six and ten. A few can sing; others just hum. We have three or four pianists of different ability, a good recorder player, and myself as jack-of all-trades, cellist, conductor, adviser, teacher or listener, as the case may be.

Coffee time is the occasion to mix freely with all the Club members, to make contact, to find out whether in one way or another music could help them, and whether they could be induced to come to the music room. These talks are very revealing of the way in which music therapy can be beneficial. To many of the members, music is mixed up with memories of childhood, pleasant or unpleasant; to others music is yet an unopened world. A few mention a piece that has struck them on some occasion, or the name of a composer. If we can provide an appropriate piece, this is the occasion to invite them to attend and to make contact with the music group.

"Growing from within" could be the motto of the music group, which includes as well the choice of the music. Most of it comes from the members' suggestions. My task is simply to make it possible for them to perform it, in a way which is within their technical ability, and suitably arranged for the group.

Since we also cater for some listeners, the performance has to be of a standard sufficient to be pleasurable. This side of the work taxes to the utmost one's knowledge of music and one's skill as teacher, performer and therapist. And this for many reasons. The players fluctuate in number every time; they also differ in taste, ability and education. The music must be in a form to fit into the musical and psychological situation of the moment. We have pieces arranged in such a way that most performers can join in. There must be easy parts for poor readers; pieces to which I can add and play myself an improvised part in order to fill a gap or to give strong support or continuity. A breakdown in the performance must be avoided at any price, since it means a failure and inability to go through to the end. Every help has to be given unobtrusively for the performance to be, if not musically, at least psychologically, successful.

Each performer should be given an occasion to participate every time in a way that gives him confidence and personal satisfaction; he should also feel part of and needed by the group.

The music group are eclectic in their taste; so, whatever its type, music is there in its own right. We have Bach and Brahms, Chopin and traditional music, very popular tunes and sing-song. Traditional music rooted

in folklore gives pleasure to everyone and always brings emotional release. The singing and the playing of the group are often rough. To suggest a more polished performance would spoil their spontaneous pleasure, and the group may even oppose it. But, sometimes, great music creates a different atmosphere. Because of its transcendental quality, it seems to lift up everything to a higher plane, including the willingness of the performer to work for a better standard. Whenever the music group are making such an effort, however small, I can detect healthy signs of growing self-confidence and self-respect which are very different from the unconscious emotional release brought by a carefree performance. The two approaches are equally important in music therapy.

Music has also brought a new interest to a few members who have expressed the desire to learn singing or playing an instrument. In that case, everything possible is being done to answer their wish. If they pursue, music may give them a new outlook and interest in life.

The surroundings are all-important in creating an atmosphere of ease, informality and security, and the room in which we meet is ideal for the purpose. It is situated at the top of the building, and quite spacious. There is a large window, and two small doors on the side walls. In the middle wall a large sliding door opens on a passage where people come and go. We half close this door, and use a screen to make a cozy corner round the piano.

People in the passage are able to peep in, to stop in front of the door in a non-committal way. They are simply curious to see what is going on. This idle curiosity may lead them to the wish to come in or to participate; it then becomes a commitment they have to face. But listeners and performers are free to come in or to leave without being noticed. The arrangement of the room has helped tremendously the success of the experiment, and has not spoilt the respect for the music or for the performers. I rarely have to ask people to be more silent during a performance.

Some members drift in and out; others stay for a long time in silence and go; some clap at the end of a piece. The performers take little notice of them.

This small group does not make much noise, nothing that could be disturbing in the other parts of the building. It does not impose itself. Nevertheless, the sounds that penetrate bring a feeling of active purpose and life, as well as enjoyment, which no radio or gramophone could produce, and which is beneficial to the whole Club.

In these various ways, music helps to fulfil the chief aim of the Club, which is to establish communication at different levels. Performers and

listeners share in the same experience, which brings contact and makes them accepted and needed by a group. But with a patient really sensitive to music, the results may even reach further. When he can identify his emotions with those expressed in the music, they become sublimated and purified. Music may bring to the disturbed and suffering mind in search of inner harmony peace with itself and with the world.

JULIETTE ALVIN

YOUNG PEOPLE AND THE WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM

As part of its educational policy, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom arranges summer schools, or vacation courses, from time to time. In a different country each time, a limited number of participants study and discuss topical subjects of world-wide significance. According to the facilities available, the numbers taking part vary from fifty to a hundred students. They are drawn from many countries and professions. Their ages range from eighteen to thirty-five years, a large proportion being university students.

Courses are conducted in German, English and French, students being expected to know one language in addition to their mother tongue. Whilst older interested people are very welcome, younger ones have prior right of discussion and of preparing the syllabus. There is no racial, religious or class discrimination in these International Vacation Courses, and everyone participates on equal terms.

The organizers expect that all will abide by the principles of peace and liberty, and efforts are made to maintain a balance between extremes of thought, no one point of view gaining dominance in discussion.

These young people, drawn from all over the world, meet on a basis of equality, seeking to know and understand each other with tolerance, while accepting their diverse ways of life and thought. In the brief week or so available, they endeavour to develop the same friendly spirit that they long to see in the larger community of nations.

In some years this work of the League has been aided by a grant from UNESCO, which prefers the summer schools to be held in an underdeveloped country, but this is not always practicable.

Enquiries as to past and future summer schools for young people should be addressed to: Mme. Andrée Jouve, 9, bis rue Gazan, Paris IV.

FLORENCE E. PETTIT

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY*

In view of the author's closeness to his subject, both in time and association (John Middleton Murry died in March 1957), this is an astonishingly well-tempered book. It is also beautifully written, and the vast amount of source material drawn on has been marshalled and presented with great clarity. It is not easy for those who knew Murry, or even for those who only felt the impact of his writings, to maintain a balanced attitude to this complex and sometimes baffling character. Mr. Lea knew him as well as any man since D. H. Lawrence and Max Plowman, and that he has succeeded, with all the handicaps of an official biographer, in elucidating the mystery is largely due to his method of approach: reverent where reverence is due, in assessing Murry's most important works; sympathetic to his self-lacerations of mind and heart where these led to an enlargement of consciousness; and wholly irreverent in detailing the succession of *amours* that all too often (though not always) led only to self-deception and paralysis of will.

Murry was a brilliant interpretative critic, both of literature and society, but no saint or hero (which he never set out to be). It is no disservice to his memory to see in his relations with women the Achilles' heel that is a common feature of human anatomy. As Mr. Lea says: "His own vocation was to realize a way of life appropriate, not to the philosopher, the artist or the saint, but to the common man." He regarded himself as extraordinary only by virtue of his "ordinariness." This is a little less than the truth, although Mr. Lea seems to accept it at its face-value. It is no ordinary man who, in a lifetime much of which was beset by financial worry and appalling domestic circumstances, produces more than fifty books, all of which were significant and some of outstanding originality; or, if he is English, who marries four wives.

But, first and last — almost literally from the cradle to the grave — John Middleton Murry was a "woman's man," and proud of it. Mr. Lea does not share this pride, believing that it is the duty of the "man of destiny" (another of Murry's self-evaluations) to uphold the "eternal verities" at all personal cost. Murry was ultimately to believe that the eternal can only be comprehended *through* the personal: specifically through what he called the "man-woman relationship" based on a somewhat laboured concept of physical-spiritual love. The shifts in his philosophy, otherwise inexplicable, followed closely (as his biographer clearly shows) the shifts in his domestic life: with Katherine Mansfield he was literary; with Violet le Maistre (also doomed to an early death from T.B.) metaphysical; with Betty Cockbayne (a good cook but a poor scholar) socialist and, under the stress of reconciling the irreconcilable, pacifist; with Mary Gamble, who provided him for the first time with the married bliss he craved, he was to become — bucolic.

Between Murry's view and his biographer's, both subjective, there is little to choose except temperament and circumstance. Murry's increasing, and at

* *The Life of John Middleton Murry*. By F. A. Lea. (Methuen and Company, Ltd., London. xi + 378 pp. Illustrated. 1959. 30s.)

times absurd, preoccupation with sex was due more to the influence of Lawrence that dogged him all his life (not always advantageously) and to his own three disastrous marriages than to any objective findings; and he shares in the guilt of the betrayal of intellect by sensation that has contributed so much to the present crumbling of values. But Mr. Lea's generalizations from these untypical experiences do not seem justified by independent evidence (his only supporting witness is Nietzsche); marriage, surely, should be rated as a discipline rather than the indulgence he implies it to be.

Nevertheless, this is a first-rate biography and it is impossible in a short review to do justice to its scope and perceptiveness. For the fascinating and agonizing story of the Mansfield-Lawrence period alone it is well worth its price, and there are some excellent photographs. It grips to the end on the level of sheer narrative, is illuminating on many other levels, and has a rare combination of wit and scholarship.

MARGARET TIMS

Our Experience of God. By H. D. LEWIS. (Muirhead Library of Philosophy. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 301 pp. 1959. 30*s*.)

This is a valuable contribution not only to the Muirhead Library of Philosophy but also to reflection upon a supremely important and profound theme. How do we know that religious assertions are true, in the sense of corresponding to reality? What is the answer to the strictly empirical position of many contemporary philosophers? Professor Lewis finds it essentially in the fact that all men, whether their beliefs are primitive or advanced, know themselves at times to be encountering "the beyond" — something or someone transcending our powers of explanation and calling forth the experience of awe in the presence of mystery. The object of this feeling cannot be described as it is in itself but only apprehended in the form of imagery which nevertheless, if it is to be accounted valid, must accord with what we experience as real in our historical, daily, even mundane, activities and relationships.

Thus stated, the argument may seem open to challenge, but Professor Lewis's treatment of his subject is so thoroughgoing and at times subtle that no attempt to sum it up in a few words can be at all adequate. He discusses history and dogma, idolatry and material factors in religion, symbolism, the preternatural, miracles and prayer, morality and, finally, encounter and immediacy.

He writes as a Christian but does not confine his argument to that religion alone. He blends, without confusing, religion, theology and philosophy, though he seems a little sceptical about the relevance or worth of psychology in this connection — surprisingly so because some passages in the book manifest true psychological insight. So rich, indeed, is the content of this fresh and illuminating study that more than one reading is necessary in order to appreciate it fully. Even the most critical reader can scarcely fail to find in it much that is both stimulating and constructive and to be deeply impressed by the writer's sincerity, lucidity and integrity.

BASIL YEAXLEE

My Philosophical Development. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 279 pp. 1959. 18*s*.)

It could be said with truth that for the right reader the mere title and signature of *My Philosophical Development* by Bertrand Russell give a

sufficient stimulus to intelligent interest. Because Bertrand Russell is so lucid a writer and so painstaking in revising his own conclusions, not to speak of other philosophers', this deliberately autobiographical report on his methods and theories during more than sixty years should not depend at all upon the measure of a reader's agreement with all that he maintains: the book is an intellectual experience, and it encourages an awareness of a world of values that seems to be increasingly neglected in our age of "getting and spending."

My Philosophical Development is also a reminder that one should not expect an infallible or ultimate expression of truth from any philosopher even though his work has been so influential and stimulating as Bertrand Russell's. This veteran thinker is young enough to end the account of his beliefs with the statement that

> philosophy cannot be fruitful if divorced from empirical science. And by this I do not mean only that the philosopher should "get up" some science as a holiday task. I mean something much more intimate: that his imagination should be impregnated with the scientific outlook and that he should feel that science has presented us with a new world, new concepts and new methods, not known in earlier times, but proved by experience to be fruitful where the older concepts and methods proved barren.

C. D. DIMSDALE

The Comparative Study of Religions of the East (excluding Christianity and Judaism). By E. O. JAMES. (Reader's Guides: Third Series 5. Published for the National Book League by Cambridge University Press, London. 32 pp. 1959. 3*s*.)

The National Book League Guides occupy very little space on the bookshelves, but are invaluable for reference to the non-specialist, "educated and intelligent reader" who desires to extend the range of his understanding. In this number, on comparative religions, Dr. E. O. James, Professor Emeritus of the History of Religion in the University of London, has selected some hundred books, recent or out of print, that he considers will give the foundations for a knowledge of the subject as a whole and of the different religions of the East — prehistoric and primitive, the dead religions of the Near East, the living religions of Hinduism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, the Chinese philosophies and Islam. The lists of books are preceded by a very brief but lucid outline of the history of the religions. Naturally, as with all selections, there can never be full agreement on the respective inclusions and omissions, and one would have liked to have seen a few more listed on Hinduism (14 including Jainism) as against Islam (22) and Buddhism (25), but this proportion doubtless mirrors popular interest. In any case one can be grateful to Dr. James and the National Book League for indicating these sources of religious exploration.

L. MARR

The Castle and the Field: An Essay in the Psychology of Religion. By HAROLD LOUKES. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 80 pp. 1959. Cloth 6*s*.; paper cover 4*s*. 6*d*.)

Mr. Loukes' Castle represents authoritarian religion, and the Field is the empirical world of Nature. As the Castle has succumbed to successive attacks from Copernicus, Newton and Darwin, so the Field has come to play a dominating part in our attitudes to religion. The real substance of the lecture, however, is the part where the author considers the final and most devastating attack on the Castle begun by Freud,

in the supposition that the Castle itself is an illusion, and that no religious reality exists outside the mind of man. It is the attempt to reconcile modern psychological views with a religious belief which concerns Mr. Loukes. He begins with Freud: "If religion may be the projection of infantile dependence, may not atheism be the projection of infantile hate?" but finds most fruitful the researches of Maslow and Gordon Allport into the psychological integrated personality.

Quakerism, with its emphasis on a personal, experimental religion is one answer to this problem of living in the Field. He uses an interesting passage from Robert Barclay, the seventeenth-century Quaker writer, analyzing how men can use religion to further illusions, which, when a reference to "the tender, yet real glances of God's light upon his heart" is omitted, could be sound Freudian doctrine. It is the demonstration of these links between the psychological and the religious approach which is the real achievement of *The Castle and the Field*. Although the author tends to use perplexingly dry expressions such as "self-actuality" and "reality-principle," the questions he asks and the answers he offers make stimulating reading.

M. WHITEMAN

What does Methodism Say? The Declarations of the Methodist Conference on Social Questions. Summarized by EDWARD ROGERS. (Christian Social Aims and Duties. The Epworth Press, London. 16 pp. 1959. 9*d*.)

Methodism has been charged with failure to work out the implications, social and ethical, of its doctrinal standards. Today, however, the Department of Christian Citizenship is doing much to meet that criticism. Edward Rogers, its able secretary, has produced in *What does Methodism Say?* a summary of the declaration of the Methodist Conference on social questions, *e.g.*, Peace and War, Racial Policy, Gambling, Total Abstinence, Marriage, etc. The statements are compact and may convey more to those familiar with the preceding arguments and debate. Yet to the discerning reader the booklet conveys a very fair idea of how the Methodists of the mid-twentieth century understand the social aims and duties of the Christian.

MARCUS WARD

An Introduction into Lamaism. By R. P. ANURUDDHA. (Visveshvaranand Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur. 212 pp. 1959. Rs. 8.00)

This book may well serve its avowed purpose of introducing the new reader to the subject. Excellent in parts, however, it is not an even work. Some misconceptions are eradicated, but why leave the greatest one, the word "Lamaism" in the title and throughout the book? It is no more in the eyes of the foreigner than a derogatory term applied to supposed exploitation of a peasantry by a priesthood.

In the early chapters one wonders why it was necessary to stress so much the connection between Hinduism and Buddhism. This leads to the strange statement on p. 8 that from the two *Dhammapada* verses beginning "If a heedless man recites even a large portion of the scriptures," etc., "it is made clear that the Buddha considered it to be a blessing to know the sacred Scriptures, *i.e.*, the Rg, Yajur, Sāma and Atharva Vedas"!

On p. 18 there is a fortunately isolated example of Ambedkarism, for the author quotes as a single reference the

oft-repeated reason the Buddha gave for withholding certain knowledge, that it was not conducive to better living, and says: "These last sentences are certainly Theravadin additions and could not have been uttered by the Buddha himself." Yet they are the very kernel of His system! Another lapse of scholarship on p. 43 makes him assert, without evidence offered, that Christ "was a pupil of Indian, Hindu and Buddhist Gurus," a legend that may be true but is only a legend. The footnote on p. 126, where the word "God" should be omitted and "gods" left in, and that on p. 152, where he says that "Lama" is the title of superior priests only, forgetting that "Lama" is Tibetan for *"Guru"* and may be accorded to layman or monk, are misleading.

On the whole, however, this book will be useful to the Western beginner for whom it is written. The serious must dip into the more authoritative works listed in the author's Bibliography, or, better still, learn actually at the feet of a *Guru* in a Tibetan monastery.

SRAMANERA JIVAKA

The Buddha's Philosophy: Selections from the Pāḷi Canon and an Introductory Essay. By G. F. ALLEN. (Y. SIRI NYANA.) Foreword by A. L. BASHAM. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 195 pp. Frontispiece, Maps and Charts. 1959. 25*s*.)

Had this book kept rigorously to its main theme, a study of the *Muni* ("tranquil sage") with special reference to the *Sutta Nipāta,* and developed it fully, it might have carried more weight. For the few pages devoted more or less exclusively to this topic, and to the monastic and moralistic stages of development, offer something of interest. As it is, we are persistently worried by questions of what is "early" and what "later," and, while the introductory sections in Part I ("Buddha and Dhamma") on, for example, the Aryans, the Brāhmaṇs (*sic*), *Nibbāṇa,* the three Characteristics, Meditation, Silence, Peace here and now, are too short and dogmatic, some statements unfortunately are only partially true. To show how and why they are wrong would take too much space. It therefore must suffice to emphasize that *Nibbāṇa* is *not* "the result of the annihilation of ignorance . . . of sorrow," for, being *asankhata,* it is uncaused and the result of nothing. The extraordinary assertion on p. 73 should also be challenged:—

> Whereas in the macrocosmic Pāli Canon the student learns to differentiate between the books of which it is composed, when we come to the microcosmic Sutta Nipāta we have to differentiate between the individual discourses and dialogues.

This sounds as if one were expected to swallow each great Nikāya whole.

Part II ("The Teaching: Dhamma and Discipline") contains about thirty pages of translation from the "Early Portions" of the *Sutta Nipāta.* Here, though neither the Pali grammar nor the balance of the verses is always faithfully followed (to the detriment of the original) nevertheless an obviously honest and not wholly unsuccessful attempt has been made to present the gist of these ancient and difficult verses.

On the other hand, Part II also contains material hardly relevant to philosophy: "The Buddha's Code of Mere Morality" and a list of 145 *Pātimokkha* rules (*Sekhiyas* are omitted) are out of place in a book of this title, as are also, if not Appendix A on Buddhist Mental Culture, then certainly B, C and D: The Pali alphabet, a list of "important items" in Pali commentarial and other post-canonical literature and an "alphabetical index of the principal sections and suttas of the Pāḷi Canon." All this is mere padding

to a book that fails to come to close its title.
grips with the subject expected from

I. B. HORNER

Archaeology in China. Vol. I: Prehistoric China. By CHENG TE-K'UN. (W. Heffer and Sons, Ltd., Cambridge. xix+250 pp. 1959. £2.2s.)

Three more volumes of *Archaeology in China,* on Shang, Chou and Han China, are under preparation. This first volume solely devoted to "Prehistoric China" is "a modern synthesis of Chinese prehistory," bringing together all that has been done and summarizing the inaccessible work of the last thirty years since the "Peking Man" was found at Chou-K'ou-tien with a unique bi-polar pebble industry. Against the geological background of China, the palæolithic, the mesolithic and the Gobi cultures are discussed in detail in four chapters.

These are cultures peculiar to China and their diffusion to other parts of Asia is yet to be ascertained because of the paucity of research in the regions of Indo-China, Malaya and Burma.

From the neolithic period onward, however, the cultural osmosis is well treated in the subsequent six chapters. We in India can trace a few parallel neolithic traits in the Eastern part of India, especially to the squared and shouldered adzes of the Hsiao-Tun culture. The gap in our knowledge of the prehistoric culture of Burma and the Far East has been bridged by the timely appearance of this volume, which we in India should welcome, as drawing our attention to Far Eastern art and archæology on the basis of authentic data from large-scale investigations covering the whole of China. The value of the book is further enhanced by a copious bibliography of 128 research items and picturesque plates and diagrams.

V. D. KRISHNASWAMI

The Rhythm of History. By ARTHUR OSBORNE. (Orient Longmans, Calcutta. 139 pp. 1959. Rs. 4.50)

Has history a meaning and a purpose or is it a fortuitous succession of incidents and events? The argument is developed in twelve brief chapters. The author's view of history is neither parochial nor partisan, but catholic and wide in scope, taking in the main civilizations from about the fifth century B.C. to our own time. Mr. Osborne discovers a rhythm in the process. He finds it in the parallels and coincidences between one civilization and another which cannot be explained by the theory of progress, the influence and impact of one individual or nation upon another or by the play of accident. There is one common cause operating everywhere and shaping the course of history, with whatever inevitable local variations of stress and time. Vested interests, great men and established customs strive in vain to assert themselves against the imperative "spirit of the age" or "current of events."

The author's observations on progress, caste, Chinese society, xenoprobia among Eastern peoples, "Oriental despotism" and the irrational and philosophically untenable foundations of Communism, his interpretation of the Renaissance and his views on mechanization are at once candid and stimulating.

Mr. Osborne agrees with Professor Toynbee's opinion that the world today is witnessing a return to religion. But what religion? Is it one of the traditional religions, a creed or a set of dogmas? Or rather a religion of the Spirit — a new manifestation — superior to all sects and schisms? The author, as if he were one who swears by traditional

religions, draws a conclusion endorsed by them all: that the world cannot escape a cataclysm and that only a remnant will be left over to start a new cycle. This oversteps the limits of history, which deals with what has already happened and not the speculative future.

Slight misprints and a slip or two of expression should be rectified in a subsequent edition.

A. VENKAPPA SASTRI

Renaissance Cavalier. By JOHN S. WHITE. (Philosophical Library, New York. 66 pp. 1959. $3.50)

Mr. White devotes this small and engaging work to a study of Castiglione's *Courtier* and a contrasting of it with Machiavelli's *Prince,* and seeks to evaluate the comparative relevance of these two Renaissance works for the modern man. The question with which modern man is faced is posed thus: "Is the principal aim of education the formation of personal values, or should it lead the individual to subordinate himself to the laws of a community placed above him?"

Castiglione's philosophy is an "æsthetic individualism," with its glorification of "style" and form, of honour and fame, of wit and refinement. Machiavelli, on the other hand, is a republican, and raised the nation and the people high above the ideals of individual perfection. Yet both were humanists. However charming Castiglione's æsthetic individual might have been, his ideal man has become problematic in modern times, and Machiavelli's shines all the more in contrast. Jacob Burckhardt has pointed out in his *Civilization of the Renaissance* that Castiglione's Courtier "would have been out of place at any court." It is, however, heartening to find that Castiglione himself shows, in the Fourth Book of his work, an awareness of the problematic character of his personality-cult: "What is the purpose of all this effort?" he asks. His answer takes a definitely ethical turn and an attempt is made on the political plane to synthesize monarchy, aristocracy and democracy.

Except for insisting on the collapse of extreme individualism, Mr. White does not show his sympathies clearly enough, and does not give us an appreciation of Machiavelli which could satisfy the reader's natural curiosity.

The book contains, besides, an admirable account of the contents of Castiglione's work.

J. N. MOHANTY

The Science of Society: The Identity of Each as Godlike Embracing All. By MARY BURT MESSER. (Philosophical Library, New York. 237 pp. 1959. $5.00)

The purpose of this book is to show that Christian Science can be applied to the problems of society as well as to individual bodily healing. This might have been an interesting subject, but it fails to attract because the author's style is wordy, obscure and full of generalizations that lead nowhere. The reader very quickly feels frustrated.

Beneath the obscurity certain ideas are discernible which, being universally true, hold out the hope that the author may, after all, have something of importance to say. Christian Science, we are told, conceives man in his true nature, derived from God directly:—

> He does not struggle up to God, try to resemble Him, build a bridge across a gap to Him, form a merely mental concept of Him. There is no nearness and no farness. Man is actually God-expression. He is at the point.

Therefore what is needed is not reform or self-improvement but *recognition,*

> the discovery of the man behind the mask, the real man always there. The human will be changed indeed, and this is healing. But it unveils, it does not fabricate.

Recognition of the true nature of man leads to a new conception of sociology:—

> Men must be seen in a new relation to each other.... Identity in its fullest meaning is the key. It includes divine capacity in each to function with the rest.... The vital point is that the real society begins inside. The spiritually mental individual, reflecting God as all-inclusive, himself includes his fellows. Here is the key statement in the science of society....

But the author fails to develop the universal implications of the science of society. We are left with the impression that it merely spans the centuries from Jesus to Mrs. Eddy.

IRENE R. RAY

The Key of the Mysteries. By ÉLIPHAS LEVI. Translated from the French, with an Introduction and Notes, by ALEISTER CROWLEY. (Rider and Company, London. 215 pp. Illustrated. 1959. 21*s.*)

The author claims that the occult attributions of the Hebrew letters are the key to the Qabalah and, therefore, to the esoteric parts of the other traditions. What he has found by using this key, he tells us in the four parts of this ambitious book.

Part I is concerned with religious mysteries. Levi here attempts to prove the existence of God and give an idea of Him satisfying to all minds. He also reveals the one true universal religion, evidenced by charity but expressible only in the paradoxes of dogma.

Part II, on philosophical mysteries, is short. Our author maintains that being, truth, reason and justice are the common objects of the researches of science and the aspirations of faith. This is developed in the first of two series of questions and answers. The second series deals with the subtle body of man.

The first section of Part III is concerned with the action of the astral light in mesmerism, somnambulism, hallucination and the phenomena of the séance room. In the second section we learn that magic is the direction of the astral light by the will and the word, and are warned of the dangers of its misuse.

Part IV concludes the book. In it the author professes to reveal the practical secrets of magic. Your reviewer does not think he has done so.

C. A. WINYARD

Bālacaritam of BHASA. Edited and translated into Hindi by S. R. SEHGAL. (Munshi Ram Manohar Lal, Delhi. xvi+43+176 pp. 1959. Illustrated. Rs. 12.50)

The *Bālacaritam* is one of thirteen Sanskrit plays. In 1912, MM. Ganapati Sastri of Travancore chanced to discover one set of their manuscripts. He edited them and ascribed them to the great poet Bhāsa, who is believed to have lived long before Kālidāsa. This ascription has since been a matter of keen controversy among scholars.

As regards the present play, Dr. Sehgal's view is that it

> cannot be accepted as an original work of Bhasa. It may be a distorted version or adaptation of one of his original dramas of the same or similar name.

It consists of five acts and has for its plot the birth of Kṛshṇa and the destruction by him of demons, the last of whom is Kaṁsa. The whole is a very

tame affair.

Dr. Sehgal has made his edition very useful by the addition of a learned introduction, both in English and in Hindi, a *pāda* index, Sanskrit and Prakrit indices, a metrical analysis, etc., besides a verbatim translation into Hindi of the entire play. His Hindi is simple and idiomatic. Here and there, however, his translation is not exact, *e.g.*, of the word *kūrpara* (p. 44). He translates it by *thūk*, "spittle," first, and then emends it in the errata into *ghuṭnā*, "knee." It really means *kehunī*, "elbow." There are more misprints than those listed in the errata at the end.

The present edition is a distinct improvement upon the earlier ones and testifies to the erudition and critical acumen of its author.

B. CH. CHHABRA

THE PARABLE OF THE MAPS

A PARTY of twelve explorers resolved to explore a distant and very inaccessible country, where it was rumoured there was an immense and wonderful treasure to be found by a persistent seeker. But a difficulty arose at the start because four of the explorers insisted that there was only one recognized map of the territory and its approaches, according to properly attested ancient traditions. They declared that it was dangerous and quite unprofessional to depend on any other map. That map, however, was very difficult to follow, and there was not really very much on it, beyond certain landmarks which were clearly labelled, even if their nature hardly seemed clear. Another four of the explorers accepted the same map as authoritative, subject to a few simplifications in the neighbourhood of the landmarks. Of the remaining four explorers, three favoured the use of quite other maps, which admittedly seemed rather confused and in conflict with each other, while the last of all (who was a young woman named Theopaede) was too diffident to make up her mind about any of the maps, and turned first to one and then to another, taking a bit of each, according to how intuition led her.

Several preliminary meetings were held for the purpose of settling on a route, but none of the explorers was willing to accept the authority of maps other than his own. So eventually it was agreed that the eight first mentioned should set out in a party by themselves, and that the rest could join in so far as they wished. Unfortunately the eight had not gone very far before disputes arose as to the proper course to follow. The four who were in complete agreement went on, but all they were able to discover by keeping strictly to their map was that there were indeed certain objects more or less corresponding to the landmarks located on it. They were not able to reach any of the landmarks, and eventually returned home, forgetting their lack of knowledge in confident descriptions of the territory as they conceived it to be.

The second four, after parting from their erstwhile friends, skirted the territory for a while, going their own ways. But not finding any clear path into it, one and all decided that it would be safer not to make the attempt to go further — in fact, that it would be presumptuous fantasy on their part to dream of adding anything to the particular map that had been handed down to them. So they returned home, and continued in their former way of life.

Now it happened that Theopaede, on her way to one of the preliminary meetings, became involved in an armed hold-up by gangsters, and was wrongfully imprisoned by the police. Her

plight came to the knowledge of a far greater explorer who was in retirement, incognito, a man who was in fact intimately acquainted with the whole of the territory in question. Since he had certain secret means of influence over the authorities, he was able, in due time, to secure her release, though she was ignorant of the way in which it came about. Coming face to face with her as she was liberated, he said, "My child, I know the desire of your heart, how you long for that treasure beyond anything in the world, and how from the beginning you have been ruled by obedience to my teaching. Put now your trust in me and I will give you my son as companion and guide, without whom no one in this town or any other could hope to reach that land. Be watchful, and presently you will find him beside you. And in the course of the years, when you have been further prepared for this tremendous undertaking and are able to travel with him right into that land, I will myself give you his hand in marriage. For he has long loved you from afar." She looked at him with awe, knowing him at once, and knowing also that what he said was true and that all her doubt and insecurity were ended. And in due course it came about as he said.

J. H. M. WHITEMAN

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** in his brief communication describes the famous Abbé Pierre's philosophy of social work. Abbé Pierre has visited India and Shri Dhingra quotes his opinion in favour of compulsory social service.

Social service, of course; but compulsory? The light of sacrifice goes out of compelled deeds. Also, is there not some risk in our day of forgetting that, however useful physical labour may be, other forms of service too sustain the social fabric? What was meant by the King whom Kalidasa represents as saying that the ascetics and sages of his realm yielded a precious revenue, for they bestowed upon him a portion of their spiritual merit?—ED.]

ON NOVEMBER 24TH, 1959, I met Abbé Pierre, the renowned Catholic priest and social worker, in his small apartment on Rue de Bordeaux, Charenton les Ecoles, on the outskirts of Paris. He spoke of many things, especially his recent visit to India, where he spent three entrancing days with Vinoba Bhave. The Abbé seemed deeply concerned about the numerous social problems that confront the Indian people during these critical times. He was delighted with the suggestion Shri Jawaharlal Nehru made to him on the subject of a mutual exchange of social workers. For in the proper fulfilment of one's duty to society and creative cooperation lies salvation.

According to Abbé Pierre liberty is given to man as a means of expanding in love. Liberty, when it becomes gratification of self-interest, is satanic. It is man's privilege that he is at liberty to carry out his duty or to neglect it; that he can, if he will, play a creative part in evolution. It is because man is free to do evil that he wills the good, that he believes in God. The burden of all this teaching is that "thine" cannot and must not become "mine" by physical incorporation; its constant theme, the rights of the other person, of the "not-self" as against the self.

Abbé Pierre's work is similar to the remarkable work of another Catholic priest, Danilo Dolci, whose *To Feed the Hungry* tells the story of so many people, tinker or tailor, who have lost their hold on life. They are the unwanted, broken souls. Both Abbé Pierre and Danilo Dolci feed these people, not only with food but also with the will to do. They become, not the discarded souls of the world, but the ones who, being poor, can help the poor. Abbé Pierre has restored thousands of people, frustrated, lost, woebegone, to normalcy. He has given them the courage to work. He has made them feel they can contribute to society — indeed, everyone can, in his own way — and he has helped these people to believe in themselves and by so doing to work for the alleviation of human suffering by giving others, through their own efforts, human dignity, the wherewithal to go ahead, and, *du lieber Gott,* work Yes, work, work which restores the spirit and the body. It is not for nothing Abbé Pierre's bi-monthly journal is called *Faim et Soif* (Hunger and Thirst).

So far as India is concerned the Abbé feels that social service should be a compulsory part of school and university training. In Mexico, the Abbé said, no doctor of medicine can ply his profession till he has, first of all, worked for five long years in the villages. This gives the doctor a direct communication with the masses and gives him, or should, the sense of humility. Why can we not, in India, do something of this kind? A Sarvodaya worker who was with us at the time said that Indian students think only in terms of office jobs and are not willing to sacrifice. Abbé Pierre said he would be happy to talk to university students in India and if a chance arose

he would greatly welcome the opportunity of coming over to India in 1960.

Have the young people in India become entirely slothful? Passion, anger, can be channelled, but indifference, sloth, is satanic, the accursed thing; only for the slothful is there little hope. Sloth shirks the duty of life, the duty of movement, struggle and search. I know Vinobaji has done much to rouse the youth of today. So has Shri Jayaprakash Narayan. Is the problem as serious as all that? I wonder.

BALDOON DHINGRA

LANGUAGE AND EDUCATION IN INDIA

AN EMINENTLY PRACTICAL VIEW of the present deterioration in the standards of education in India is suggested by Professor A. L. Basham, a well-known authority on Indian history and Professor of the History of South Asia at the London School of Oriental and African Studies. According to him, the standards of education in Indian universities now "are not perhaps as good as they used to be." In an interview to *The Statesman* (New Delhi), he expresses the view that one of the reasons for the decline in the standards of education is the confusion prevailing now in the universities about the medium of instruction. The report adds:—

> When English was the medium of instruction, students joining colleges fitted in smoothly. But now the medium in schools was the regional language and boys joining colleges knew very little English, with just enough knowledge to read it and write it badly.

He therefore urges the need to decide quickly whether the country should revert to English or forge ahead with the national language. If it were to be the latter, the professor strongly recommends that the Roman script should be adopted for this simple reason:—

> It is simpler to adapt and quicker to write and would put India in line with other nations, such as Indonesia and Viet-Nam and Turkey, which have adopted the Roman script; China is reportedly thinking of adopting it too.

Another interesting point made by Professor Basham is with regard to the value of university education, which has added significance in the present context, when everything is assessed in terms of material utility. He says, according to the report:—

> Education is not a means to a job but something which "fits a man for life." And he asks: "What is wrong with university graduates working as clerks and bus conductors? The purpose of a university degree is to improve their minds. Young Brahmins in the olden days learnt the Vedas and studied the various skills and sciences not to become rich or to get a job but to become better men." A graduate with a third class in his B.A. should not regret his college career just because he has to take up a low-paid job.

S.S.R.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

The recent finding of the Dead Sea Scrolls has been well publicized, but the discovery in 1946 of a collection of Coptic Gnostic manuscripts in Upper Egypt was no less important. The collection included *The Gospel According to Thomas* (now published in book form in English). Conventionally attributed to St. Thomas, it is not, strictly speaking, a Gospel narrative, but a collection of 114 sayings strung together on the formula of "Jesus said." The text is said to date probably from the fourth or the beginning of the fifth century, and an international team of scholars has been engaged in the work of translation and comparison with other writings — the Greek Logia (Sayings) of the Oxyrhynchos papyrus, the apocryphal Gospels, as well as early Church writings and Gnostic and Manichean literature. They consider that this "Gospel," revised by a Gnostic of ascetic type, derives from an earlier source, probably oral tradition, common to it and to the synoptic Gospels. It includes synonyms and variants of the Gospel sayings and parables, as well as new matter. The Gospel begins thus:—

These are the secret words which the living Jesus spoke and Didymos Judas Thomas wrote.

And He said: Whoever finds the explanation of these words will not taste death.

Other of the Sayings are:—

Jesus said: I will give you what eye has not seen and what ear has not heard and what hand has not touched and (what) has not arisen in the heart of man.

Whoever has known the world has found a corpse, and whoever has found a corpse, of him the world is not worthy.

Blessed is the man who has suffered, he has found the Life.

These last two adumbrate Buddhist thought, and while these Sayings will, it is said, provide many years' work in various specialized scholarly fields, they are of interest also as further evidence of the existence in Christianity, as in other religions and philosophies, of an esoteric or secret teaching common to them all.

A series of articles, "The Living Churches," has been running in the London *News Chronicle*, and the writer, Geoffrey Murray, reports (November 2nd, 1959) a visit to the noted Jesuit Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, Mayfair, London, where a former Archbishop of Bombay, the Most Rev. Thomas Roberts, preached at Low Mass, Sunday, November 1st:—

He said it is certain that there are untold millions of souls in heaven, but we do not know how many there are in hell.

The saints in heaven include pagans, Jews and Christians.

The italics are ours, and perhaps no further comment on this welcome repudiation of the old Inquisitional conception of heresy is needed.

The founder of the English-Speaking Union, Sir Evelyn Wrench, left London last autumn on a trip to visit existing branches in the Commonwealth, and to ascertain possibilities as regards extending the Union to the newer Commonwealth countries, such as Singapore, Malaya, India, Pakistan and Ceylon. From February 1960 he will be at the Calcutta branch of the English-Speaking Union and looks forward to opening during his tour the first branch in South India, in Madras.

While the official use of the English language in India unfortunately remains a controversial subject, the encouragement of it by "free enterprise," so to say, as an additional factor in mutual understanding, can only be for good.

The dual capacity of science which has plunged humanity in a dilemma and the urgent need for a revival of spiritual values were the major themes of the Convocation Address delivered by the President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, to the University of Roorkee recently. Despite the enormous scientific and technological development of the present day, man's failure to probe into the mysteries of life was clearly brought out by the President in the course of his address. He said:—

> Scientific discoveries hold the same magical charm for human imagination today as they did in the days of Archimedes and, I am sure, the lure of "Eureka" has not lost any of its significance. It is surprising that though every successive discovery has resulted in extending the bounds of human knowledge, every addition to that fund of knowledge as a result of fresh inventions or discoveries thrills man as ever before and whets man's curiosity and hunger for knowing more of the mysteries of Nature, One fancies that this game of hide and seek, as it were, between man and nature will continue endlessly. Man will never cease unfolding one after another the layers of nature and nature, on the other hand, can be depended upon to keep man always at bay and never let him be in possession of the whole truth. . . .
>
> If the whole truth of the mystery of life were to come before us in a flash, I am afraid we shall have been left with nothing to do and think about and that would certainly be the end of all progress, if not of all existence. Such a contingency, however, is too remote to be feared. Man may, therefore, keep on plying the job of unfolding the seams as fast or as well as he can.

The President added that while the progress of science and technology was welcomed on all hands, there was nothing that humanity dreaded so much as that progress itself:—

> The very advance in knowledge which ought to ensure betterment of man's lot has become a threat to his existence. This dilemma of science versus security has posed a problem which must be solved in the interest of sheer self-preservation.

While scientific knowledge has given to man sufficient power to annihilate the very planet which he inhabits, there is no gainsaying the fact that it can also be turned to good advantage and prove to be an alchemy beyond man's wildest imagination. It is argued that science left to itself would serve human welfare but that it is the politician who uses it for the purposes of war, cold and hot. The President emphasized the point by saying:—

> There is no doubt that political ambition has led nations to utilize for destructive purposes the capacity of science in the mistaken belief that having once got at the top they can stop the wheel before it completes a full circle.

Rightly has the President diagnosed the ills of the day and pointed out that this great dilemma can be resolved only when man opens his eyes to the "overriding moral and spiritual principles" and is not swayed by the dazzling lure of the physical sciences:—

> While deep faith has been exhibited in physical science and its forces, it is a pity that other laws and forces which are no less natural and which are operating in the human mind and also man's nobler instincts are apt to be overlooked and ignored. Consequently, human society has got involved in an inherent contradiction out of which it is finding it hard to extricate itself. Nature has given its clear warning that mankind must pause and think before making use of this dangerous patrimony. It is a warning which has already registered itself in man's mind and he has begun to appreciate its implications. Never before had this been realized so clearly as now when it is seen that unbridled use of the weapons of destruction can lead only to one result, namely, complete destruction and obliteration of human civilization as we know it.

Dr. Rajendra Prasad, however, emphasized that it was not his suggestion to cry a halt to scientific research, but

urged that the fruit of these researches should be utilized for the good not only of mankind but of all living beings.

It is not comforting to note that between 17.7 and 36.5 per cent of the audience at matinée shows in Delhi cinemas comprises students, mainly boys, according to a sample survey conducted on behalf of the Delhi administration recently. It is, however, gratifying to note that the number of girl students who miss their classes to see films is negligible. The survey also shows that a "fairly high" percentage of the boys is given to smoking and have to spend a great deal of their time standing in queues, either to purchase cinema tickets or to board buses. The report (according to *The Times of India*), however, adds:—

> On the basis of their talks with the students, the investigators felt that not all of them were indifferent to their studies. Only they found the attraction of the catchy tunes and loud cinema posters irresistible. Some of the students read their textbooks while standing in the queue for purchasing cinema tickets.

This is significant, as the *malaise* does not entirely flow from a tendency towards juvenile delinquency. Evidently the boys' habit of missing classes to attend film shows arises from certain social and individual maladjustments. One wonders whether this tendency is not the effect of the rejection by the youth of today of high ideals and noble values, of the disappearance of the sense of security which characterized middle-class life in this country a decade ago and of a general release from taboos — all of these together do create some kind of vacuum and an urge towards the exotic and the exciting. A more comprehensive survey and a deeper research than the one carried out seems to be called for; for, as the report adds:—

> The investigators did not have an opportunity to study the home life of the students to determine whether they lived in unhappy homes and sought escape into a world of make-believe. In the survey, there was no scientific basis to discover whether the students were given sufficient pocket allowance by their parents to enable them to go to pictures or whether they stole money from home or indulged in some other illegal practices in search of the money. On an *ad hoc* basis, the investigators concluded that many of the students stole money from their parents.

ERRATUM

We regret that, by a slip, on p. 565 in our December 1959 issue, line 8, left column, reads: "*Iṣṭasiddhi* of Vimuktatman (*c.* 100)," etc. The date in parentheses should be *c.* 1,000.

WE are glad to announce that with the beginning of the new year Shri Rameshchandra Sirkar, a member of the editorial staff of THE ARYAN PATH since May 1952, is nominated Assistant Editor.

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THE ARYAN PATH

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

VOL. XXXI FEBRUARY 1960 No. 2

FEARLESSNESS

[OUR esteemed contributor, **Dr. B. Ch. Chhabra,** the epigraphist and Sanskrit scholar, is well known to our readers. In this Guest Editorial he considers the great virtue of Fearlessness in its ethical aspect. Readers will find it significant that he considers it as a quality of character, not of a person's circumstances. But behind the perfection of achieved courage there is always a spiritual awareness that, in spite of all visible tragedy, all worthy things are imperishable, and that the Human Soul is of such. It is the realization expressed by Krishna in the second chapter of the *Gita*: "Learn that He by whom all things were formed is incorruptible, and that no one is able to effect the destruction of IT which is inexhaustible."

How to attain a realization of this Self is the theme of scriptures and the object of religious disciplines which are true to the perennial wisdom of the spiritual Teachers of mankind. We place a reverent faith in that Wisdom-Religion, and hold that it would dispel our modern fears as effectively as it had in the unremembered past dispelled other terrible darknesses.— ED.]

HE, too, is dear to me, who is neither a dread to his fellow beings nor ever dreads them, who is thus above excitement and anger, fear and alarm.
—Bhagavad-Gītā, XII. 15

FREEDOM FROM FEAR is perfect bliss. Moments of this supreme blessing come of their own accord to every sensible being, as a rolling sea on occasion becomes an emerald sheet—unruffled, calm and quiet. Without rhyme or reason one finds oneself in a buoyant mood—benign, benevolent and perfectly at peace with oneself. Such blissful moments, however, come once in a blue moon. They come as free samples from the bounty of nature. For a constant and regular supply of the good, one has to pay the price.

Fearlessness is not mere negation; it is fullness perfected. The negative state of non-fear is the net result of most positive virtues. It is an embodi-

ment of all sterling qualities, as whiteness is a combination of all colours. All are born endowed with this whiteness, but, beguiled by *māyā*, they soon lose it and need to regain it by special efforts. Those who strive succeed in retrieving this birthright of theirs.

Fear and non-fear spring from one and the same source. The one is as essential as the other. Fear is the governing force of the entire universe. It is out of fear, the wise point out, that the fire burns, the sun shines and all the other elements function properly in their respective spheres. We see the same principle working in our daily life as well. It is out of fear of penalty and punishment that people perform their duties well. Without any police action, disorder and lawlessness will prevail everywhere. The institution of fear in some form or other is necessary for the smooth working of human society. It is the rod of discipline that keeps law and order.

Whom does the fear of penalty or punishment haunt? Whom does the rod frighten? The wrong-doer, the defaulter, the sinful, the cheat, the thief and the like. They may try to deceive themselves and put up a bold face, but in their heart of hearts they are constantly consumed by worry and fear. Peace of mind is denied to them. This, by antithesis, indicates the positive virtues that keep fear at bay and preserve peace of mind. The possessor of those virtues rises above all fear.

What are those virtues? In plain language, they are honesty, truthfulness, dutifulness, punctuality and the like. They are easy to propound but are difficult to practise. They thrive on clearness of conscience, purity of heart, serenity of mind, intensity of faith, fair play, determination and earnestness. Virtue attracts virtue. The acquisition of one makes that of another easy. And each in its turn adds to the moral strength of the acquirer. The utterance of Tennyson is based on experience:—

> My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure.

Fearfulness has two aspects: to fear and to appear fearsome; in other words, to be afraid and to inspire fear in others. The ideal is to get rid of both. The remedy against the first type is a set of virtues like those enumerated above; against the other, qualities like gentleness, helpfulness, consideration of others, readiness to yield to reason and to admit one's own fault, not to lose one's temper easily or to get excited, and forgiveness.

Thus armed, one drives away fear of every kind. One becomes at once brave and easy of approach. None can cow one down, and none need be afraid of one. Such a person endears himself or herself to one and all, even to God, as Lord Kṛshṇa has declared in the *Gītā*: "He, too, is dear to me, of whom mankind is not afraid and who has no fear of harm."

After expounding in detail the system of self-discipline, the Lord recapitulates the godlike qualities, the divine wealth—*daivī sampad*—and, in so doing, mentions fearlessness—*abhayam*—as the foremost, the most brilliant of all gems. It is the most desired in the humdrum of daily life as well as in the spiritual realm. Its beneficial results are obvious in individuals, communities and nations.

Freedom from fear is one of the four essential human freedoms announced by President Roosevelt in his annual message of January 6th 1941. He had in view particularly the fear that existed (and which continues to exist) between one nation and another, born of suspicion of each other. This fearlessness, according to him, is to be secured "by limitation of armaments to prevent aggression."

In the broader context, international freedom from fear can best be achieved along the very path that leads to freedom from fear in the case of each individual personally. Nations are after all composed of individuals. And fearless individuals will make fearless nations. Let the stress be on the cultivation of those virtues and qualities that make for fearlessness.

B. CH. CHHABRA

BEWARE of this, O candidate! Beware of fear that spreadeth, like the black and soundless wings of midnight bat, between the moonlight of thy Soul and thy great goal that loometh in the distance far away.

Fear, O Disciple, kills the will and stays all action. If lacking in the Shila virtue—the pilgrim trips, and Karmic pebbles bruise the feet along the rocky path....

The more thou dost advance, the more thy feet pitfalls will meet. The path that leadeth on, is lighted by one fire—the light of daring, burning in the heart. The more one dares, the more he shall obtain. The more he fears, the more that light shall pale—and that alone can guide. For as the lingering sunbeam, that on the top of some tall mountain shines, is followed by black night when out it fades, so is heart-light. When out it goes, a dark and threatening shade will fall from thine own heart upon the path, and root thy feet in terror to the spot.

Beware, disciple, of that lethal shade. No light that shines from Spirit can dispel the darkness of the nether Soul, unless all selfish thought has fled therefrom, and that the pilgrim saith: "I have renounced this passing frame; I have destroyed the cause: the shadows cast can, as effects, no longer be." For now the last great fight, the final war between the *Higher* and the *Lower* Self, hath taken place.

—*The Voice of the Silence*

POETRY, LANGUAGE AND REALITY

[**M. Andre Padoux** was Deputy Cultural Counsellor to the French Embassy in India from 1953 to 1959. He has for several years studied Indian Philosophy and Sanskrit, and is now attached to the French National Centre for Scientific Research, where he is working on a doctoral thesis on certain aspects of Kashmir Shaivism. His interesting article leads up to the significant thought that poetry and language are "means towards reality."—ED.]

Le mot, qu'on le sache, est un être vivant...le mot est le Verbe, et le Verbe est Dieu (The word, let it be known, is a living being...the word is the Word, and the Word is God).

— VICTOR HUGO

THERE exists a marked contrast [the French critic and sociologist Roger Caillois writes] between the more and more restricted rôle which poetry fulfils nowadays and the fundamental importance one so often assigns to it now. It seems that as poetry loses ground and as its comparative importance in civilization diminishes, a small number of enthusiasts endow her with more and more impressive and exceptional powers.[1]

THERE seem indeed to have appeared, in the nineteenth century, in Europe, certain ideas about the rôle of poetry which deserve attention. In France, for example, since the times of Rimbaud and Mallarmé (the eighties and nineties) there has been a tendency, among poets, to consider that poetry is eminently capable, not simply of giving us pleasure, of expressing harmoniously the emotions of mankind, but also, and indeed, mainly, of disclosing to us realms, or layers, of reality which we are not usually aware of, of becoming, so to speak, a means of metaphysical knowledge. These new ideas—or should we not rather say: these extremely ancient ideas?—on the rôle of poetry have as a consequence a search for the means of attaining that aim, as it is not enough for the poet to have a deeper awareness: he must give expression to it and convey it to others. The stuff poetry is made of being words, a technique of language, or at least a new—or a very old—use of words has to be evolved. But one must then ask oneself whether language can actually be put to such uses. Is there something in it which would permit us to use it (otherwise than in metaphysical discourse) as a means for the realization of a deeper realm of reality, of truth? One would like here to refer briefly to the views expressed by some poets, mainly French, on that subject and to some

[1] ROGER CAILLOIS and J. C. LAMBERT: *Trésor de la Poésie Universelle* (Gallimard, Paris. 1958).

ideas on the nature and rôle of language which tend to confirm the views of these poets.

What, then, is poetry? A. de Selincourt, in his *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, said:—

> Vision, not interpretation, that is poetry....By the creative power of his imagination, which gives to his passionate experience "the vital spirit of a perfect form" (the poet) reveals to us the wonder of the natural world, the joys and the sorrows, the exaltations and agonies of man's unconquerable mind, so that we are awakened for a time from our torpor, and seeing things with the poet's eyes, see into their life;

and again:—

> To give to impassioned experience that perfect form by which alone it can live on the lips and in the hearts of men, to give it *life by means of form*, that is the creative act of the poet.[2]

Or Middleton Murry:—

> The basis and root of poetry is spontaneous utterance of the undivided being. It is not the utterance of thought, neither is it the utterance of emotion: it is the utterance of the being before these faculties are differentiated. This primordial being exists in every man, and is the substance of his own reality.[3]

Robin Skelton, in a recent and most interesting book,[4] defines poetry as "patterning of experience" resulting from a deep and trance-like experience.

These definitions (one is perfectly aware that other, and very different, definitions are possible) all show poetry as related to a certain type of experience, to a heightened or deeper awareness which opens to the poet a deeper, more comprehensive, view of the world, a perception of its underlying unity, an intuitive apprehension of a reality which one does not usually perceive in everyday life. That, however, is only the experience of the poet. If he had that experience only, he would not differ from the mystic; but he is, precisely, something else: a poet, one who not only experiences, but expresses, the experience, or "patterns" it, to use Skelton's word. Therein lies the main point and the main problem. The French poet Paul Valéry once said that the main problem of the poet was how to "*enchaîner une analyse à une extase*"—how to link an analytical and conceptual activity, that of writing, to the ecstasy, the trance, or vision, in which the poet felt or perceived that reality, that deeper

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[2] A. DE SELINCOURT: *Oxford Lectures on Poetry* (Oxford. 1937), pp. 13, 21.

[3] J. MIDDLETON MURRY: *Shakespeare* (London. 1936), p. 278.

[4] *The Poetic Pattern* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. 1956).

awareness, which he must needs express in words.

> The poet, by a command of language approximate to his power of vision, shares with us his imaginative experience. But what some critics regard as magic in his use of words is really only an extension of the natural power inherent in language[5].

Can there be some power inherent in language ? That there actually is such a power is our whole point.

One could refer in that context to two French poets who are at the origin of modern French poetry: Rimbaud and Mallarmé.

Arthur Rimbaud, when he was seventeen (in 1871) expressed in a letter to one of his teachers his idea of the rôle of the poet and of poetry. What the boy poet wrote then is all the more noteworthy as it has become a sort of creed with a number of French poets ever since. The poet, Rimbaud wrote, must be a seer. Like Prometheus he steals fire. He is ahead of mankind. He is to gain, through all sorts of sensuous experiences, systematically carried out, a new awareness, and then express what he has discovered. To that end, language as it has been used hitherto is inadequate. The Poet therefore must "*trouver un langage*": discover a language. That would be done by "*une alchimie du Verbe,*" an alchemy of the word, which would make it possible to express in words that which by its very nature cannot be expressed in words.

The ideas of Stephane Mallarmé (1842–1898) are slightly different, but not less ambitious. The poet, according to him, is to use language in such a way as to permit it to express the ultimate truth. His ambition was to write a book, nay, The Book, which would be the ultimate expression of the Universe.

> A book [he writes] or rather The Book, as I am certain that there is only one book which has been attempted by all who wrote: the Orphic explanation of the world....
>
> Everything, in the world, exists to result in a book. What book? The hymn, harmony and bliss, the pure patterning, realized in some blinding circumstance, of all the relationships within the Whole. Man seeing divinely.[6]

Such a book, naturally, could not be written in the language we use every day, but could be written only in a poetic language which would try and recapture the direct non-conventional relationship between word and thing which, he believed, had existed before the diverse conventional tongues men use had originated. The poetic language was to suggest the

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[5] A. DE SELINCOURT: *Op. cit.*

[6] MALLARME: *Œuvres Completes* (Gallimard, Paris. 1951), p. 378.

Idea (in the Platonic sense) of things, was to have all the evocative and conjuring powers of music, was to capture and make us apprehend the original pattern of the Universe, its hidden truth. Mallarmé devoted his whole life to the search for that poetic form of language. That he did not succeed in writing The Book goes without saying. But he produced some of the most admirable, and most obscure, poems in the French language.

His failure has not, however, spelled the end of such poetic ambitions. It has, on the contrary, acted as an incentive to other French poets, a number of whom have ever since tended to consider that poetry is no mere play, but something important for the progress and future of mankind. For instance, one could read not very long ago in an article written by the French poet and critic Alain Bosquet that there is truth in poetry, "a blinding truth" (*une vérité d'éblouissement*) which makes one feel, when confronted with it, that one is taken back to the origin of the world. Poetry, he asserts, is nowadays the only chance left to man of going further than his present condition, of seeing further, of overstepping his limits. Quoting the poet Paul Eluard, he says that "the Poet is the man who inspires." He ends by saying that there should be only one rule for the poet: "Do not leave the world as you have found it...."

Another French poet, who died a few years ago, Joe Bousquet, once wrote these lines, which are worth quoting:—

> It is absolutely necessary to proclaim that the poem is first an adventure of language, then an adventure of the poet. This is why I appreciate most a poetical text which, conceived in the drama of man and accomplished in an objective expression of reality, proves that the conscience of a man has found peace in poetical experience.
>
> Poetry is word of the word. It is what Time cannot take away of what he has brought us. Poetry is not truth but it has the same characteristics as truth....I see poetry limiting itself more and more to an experience of Essence, and attempting what had before not even been dreamed.

If one is to believe those poets (a large number of similar statements could be adduced from writers of all countries) the powers of poetry, that is of language, of a form of language which is believed to be nearer to the original energy of speech, would be immense. But are we to believe them? That there is power in language, in the word, is an ancient and universal belief. In India especially, the power of *Vāk*, its rôle in the creation of the Universe, has been affirmed since the *Rig Veda* (notably, *R.V.*, X. 71, 125) and has given rise to important and fascinating developments, notably in the Tantras (still so often unjustly condemned by people who do not understand them) and in Kashmir Shaivism. The sages of India

realized—and some still do so—that all words and worlds derived, by a process of emanation, from the original supreme word, *Paravāk*, identical with Parabrahman, and that one could, by a proper use of words and sounds, recapture the original energy which had caused them to issue forth.

However, one can also ask oneself whether a scientific study of language, or a phenomenological approach to it, would not also, if not confirm the intuition of the poets or the realization of the sages, at any rate confirm the extreme importance of language in our apprehension of the world. Could it not therefore also bring us to consider that the language we use, and the way in which we use it, might affect our representation of the so-called objective world so that a certain way of using language might well open to us new perceptions or a new awareness?

One should, indeed, underline the fundamental importance of language in our life: we live in a world of words, of language. Language does not create the world; the world, objectively, is already there; but language builds, out of incoherent sensory data, a world in which man can live. To be in the world is to use words, to change experience into a universe of discourse, which is the only world in which we actually live. Language is a patterning of the world. Before language the world is fluent, vanishing, without clear limits between personality and its environment. Language brings denotation, precision, decision, consciousness and knowledge. We do not act on objects directly; still less do we conceive them directly. Man lives and, still more acts, acts consciously, in a world of symbols, the main of which are linguistic symbols.

The studies of E. Cassirer, who developed some remarkable intuitions of W. von Humboldt, attempt to show that language is the active agency through which a manifold of impressions is broken into the "things" and "persons" of perceptual experience:—

> The so-called "objective" representation of things is not the starting point of the process of formation of language, but the goal to which this process leads....Language does not enter in a world of objective perception already complete, only to add to individual objects already clearly delimited, "names" which would be purely external and arbitrary signs, but it is itself a medium in the formation of objects, it is indeed the medium *par excellence*, the most important and precious instrument for the conquest, for the construction, of a world of objects.[7]

The study of aphasia has confirmed that view. The aphasia patient in whom the brain-areas which control speech are damaged is not only

[7] E. CASSIRER in an article published in *Psychologie du Langage*, Paris; see also "*Die Sprache und die Aufbau der Gegenstandswelt.*"

unable to use some words, or to name things properly, but his very intellectual existence is dissolving. The world in which he lives becomes incoherent, broken, and he cannot live actively in it any more. We are thus dependent on language for our apprehension of the world and our life in it. Some linguists have even held that the way in which we perceive the world is deeply influenced by the language we use, so that "users of markedly different grammars are pointed...towards different types of observation and different evaluations of externally similar acts of observation." "Thinking is a matter of different tongues."[8] "The fact of the matter," to quote E. Sapir, "is that the 'real world' is to a large extent unconsciously built up on the language habits of the group." The Sapir-Whorf hypothesis is, indeed, not admitted by all linguists, but it nevertheless remains, as a scientific fact, that we are profoundly dependent on language. It permits us to live and act, and think. But, as we use it commonly, it is more often a means of enslavement than of liberation. It only too often fetters us to ready-made thoughts and opinions; it blinds us to the light of truth, and interposes a veil of habits and delusion between us and reality. But it can also reveal truth or at least point towards it, for a sentence is never something complete in itself; it always leaves something unsaid which we have to add so as to fulfill the meaning intended.[9] Then a Poet uses it, and thanks to "a command of language approximate to his power of vision," thanks to a use of words which, being unusual, liberates the measure of truth which they conceal, or by unexpected contact of words not usually associated, and by the interplay of the several levels of meaning which every word has, he suddenly lets loose that "blinding truth," and makes us participate in his own heightened awareness, and brings us nearer to a hidden truth and a deeper reality. If such is the case, then indeed poetry, that is, a form of language, can be considered as a means towards reality.

ANDRÉ PADOUX

DEFIANCE

Assert in face of gathering night
The spirit with its quenchless light,
Confound the cold logician's words
With pæans that soar like joyous birds,
Against all loss and hopes turned sour
Invoke the rare enchanted hour.

—HERBERT BLUEN.

[8] BENJAMIN LEE WHORF: *Language, Thought and Reality* (New York. 1956).

[9] See in this respect the interesting paper of J. Ortegay Gasset in the last issue (No. 28, October-December 1959) of the French edition of *Diogene* "*Difficulte du langage.*"

A NEW PSYCHOLOGY

[OUR READERS will remember several thoughtful articles by **Sramanera Jivaka.** In this article he suggests that an ancient wisdom — that of the Buddha — may well supply a sound basis for the psychology of the future. He dwells especially on the illusionary nature of our familiar self, which is really a stream, not an entity, but suggests that the Enlightened One apprehended a true Self which words cannot render but which may be approximately represented to our consciousness as unlimited Cognition. — ED.]

FROM ARISTOTLE TO WILLIAM JAMES at the end of the last century, psychology formed a part of philosophy, and what more suitable parent could it have? For one of the main problems of philosophy has always been the as yet unsolved relationship between Mind and Matter in general, and psychology deals with the particular question of mind and body. William James's great book, *Principles of Human Psychology*, showed considerable insight into the functioning of the mind of ordinary men and women, from an acute study both of himself and others, so that, on reading his words, time and again the thought occurs: "Yes, I do feel that," or "I have had that experience too." But hardly was the ink dry on the pages when Sigmund Freud threw a spanner into the works. From that day the river of psychology changed its course, and, instead of the normal mind, abnormal or "psychopathic" states became its subject-matter. The study of true psychology ended with William James.

To the Greeks there was no distinction between mind and soul, the same word, *psyche*, being used for both.[1] Plato, the teacher of Aristotle, divided the mind-soul into three parts, reason, emotion and desire, but he spoke also of the mind-soul surviving after death to be born again, whether upon earth or in the Elysian fields, and he did not for this purpose distinguish it from that of which he had made the tripartite division.

From the time of these two great master-thinkers, philosophers took for granted the approximate truth of this concept, although theologians regarded the soul as rather more nebulous and something other than the mind, which, to some extent, depended on the brain. The distinction still remains today, reinforced by the discoveries of medical science as to the effects on the personality of surgical and electrical interference with the brain. But no one has yet had the courage to say just where the dividing line occurs. The personality and the character, as separate entities, at least

[1] *Pneuma*, translated "spirit," was used more as "the breath of life" in the Greek New Testament.

for purposes of conversation, also add to the difficulties. And since much of the force of psychological research has been turned away from the normal mind to the abnormal, there is little left with which to analyze further the nature of *mens sana*, and on the whole the problem has become incidental to the study of metaphysics instead of being the focal point of it.

The above has, of course, been written from the point of view of the Western philosopher, to whom, indeed, there is no other stand-point, for Eastern philosophy and psychology is little studied by him. In this article, therefore, I wish to consider the Buddha's view of the nature of the psyche and to try and show the form psychology might take if research and practice followed upon his definition of an individual, keeping in mind, however, the limitations imposed upon the discussion of the Self by this Master-Psychologist.

Perhaps one of the most significant sayings, and among the least quoted, which takes one right back to the origin of the human individual, or as far back as the Buddha would consent to take one, occurs in *Digha Nikaya*, II. 69: "There are seven resting-places for Cognition, Ananda. . . . Which are the seven?. There are beings differing in body and differing in intelligence, for instance human beings. . . ." This is the first and lowest "resting-place"; the others then described show the gradual evolution of the vehicles for Cognition until they reach

> beings who, by having passed wholly beyond the realm of infinite cognition and become conscious only that there is nothing whatever [comprehended the Doctrine of the Void], are dwellers in the realm of nothingness. This is the seventh resting place of Cognition.

This is strangely reminiscent of the Christ's more familiar phrase: "In my Father's house are many mansions," "mansions" being the translation of the Greek word for stopping or resting places.

So the human individual is one of the vehicles of Cognition. To this point we shall return later; it is the major premise of the argument.

The doctrine of the *skandhas* or "aggregates" is familiar to every Buddhist but strange to others. There is a story in the Scriptures of how Gautama the Buddha looked down from his higher plane of existence and saw, not men and women walking about on the earth but bunches of *skandhas*. Now these *skandhas* are five in number and comprise Body, Feeling, Volition, Tendencies and Consciousness. (The translation of the terms varies a little in different works.) But no one of them alone is the individual, and yet in reference to each and even to a part of each, the individual is constantly saying "I," thus regarding a fraction of one of his "aggregates" as the whole of his self.

Regarded in this light, this is obviously illusion or wrong thinking. A part of anything cannot be the whole. With each of our changing moods we say "I," and the assumption must be that the "I" is a constant feature in the midst of the diversity of these moods. Yet the "I" is indicative of the whole mood. "I am angry"; "I am sorry"; "I am so relieved" are I's that can follow one another in quick succession, all utterly different, yet all designated "I." But even when this is pointed out as illogical, while appreciating the point with our reason, we do not respond from our emotional Centre, nor, indeed, from our Desire, to retain Plato's analysis; for we want to feel we are a permanent Self and we do feel it, and reason is powerless to shift us from this false belief.

But the Buddha carried his doctrine of the *skandhas* further. They are changing; they continue to change every second from our birth to our death, as the composition of a river changes from one second to the next at any given spot. There is no such thing as a permanent "I." Yet there is something in virtue of which the Ganges is called the Ganges and not the Jumna; so there is an elusive something in virtue of which the *skandhas* which are "me" are distinct from the *skandhas* which are "you." This something brings in the Law of Cause and Effect, of Karma, for the doctrine of the *skandhas* and that of the Wheel of Life, of universal interdependence, are inseparable. It is certain that for as long as there are births and deaths, "my" Karma can never be "your" Karma.

Because of Karma, because of "character" changes during our lifetime, as experiences affect us and we either overcome difficulties and temptations or are overcome by them, the bundles of aggregates alter; volitions, feelings, tendencies, and even consciousness, our capacity for awareness, change, just as our bodies and all that pertains to them, family, rank, colour, sex, strength, intelligence, may change at each birth, and the changes are the Karmic effects.

Instead of Plato's tripartite division we now have a quadruple of feelings, tendencies, volition and consciousness, and it will be evident that the three departments in Plato's classification are here cross-classified. "Reason" covers both consciousness and volition, but "Desire" also covers volition and the tendencies. Again, feeling overlaps tendencies, so that even within an individual is a factor of interdependence. No longer are there three separate parts of the mind, all either allying themselves with one against the other or hostile to the other two. There is now a unity through fluidity, which makes for a dynamic conception of the individual not present in Plato's static analysis of his *psyche*.

This is the point at which a new psychology could begin to develop and

open up fresh fields of research—"new," however, only to the West, for it is older than either Plato or Aristotle. But, for such a new psychological science to develop, a new way of thinking is necessary. If the self is dynamic, then analysis is the wrong method of approach, for any analytical interference with that which is in motion automatically alters it.

Now, while the Buddha put forward the doctrine of the *skandhas* being the individual, he, at the same time, denied a permanent and unchanging self to man. This, as we have seen, followed naturally from the idea of *skandhas* itself, and the analogy of the river is a perfect one. That which survives after death to be reborn is, in reality, not even the *skandhas* but Karmic effect.

Cognition has for another of its vehicles Karmic effect, and to Cognition, enclosed by Karmic effect, is attached a name, and a form, the visible signs of its identity, just as the terrain and direction of a river are a visible sign of its identity.

But the Buddha's psychology goes still further. It is by no means simple:—

> What is not of you, brethren, put it away. Putting it away will be of profit to you and welfare. And what, brethren, is not of you? Body is not of you; feeling, volition, tendencies, consciousness, are not of you. Put them away. They are no more your Self than is grass...nor of the nature of the Self. (*Samyutta Nikaya*, XXII. 31)

This implies that there is something else that is the Self, as opposed merely to the *skandhas* which form the individual. Yet the Buddha persistently refused to speak of the Self; it did not exist, or not-exist, or both exist and not-exist. In other words, the true Self is outside the power of speech altogether.

This is in keeping with the method of psychological study advised by Buddha, namely, meditation and self-conquest. By breaking down the attachments which keep a man clinging to the world (science calls it the Law of Self-preservation), and which therefore draw him back to rebirth here after his death, the quality or intensity of the *skandhas* is reduced further and further. This quality, depending as it does on Karmic effect, lacks nourishment, during the conquest of the self; for what we term self-conquest is really *skandha*-conquest, which results actually in the release of the Self. By meditation, on the other hand, the Cognition which we now see by implication approximates to the true Self in as far as words can be relied on to describe it, is strengthened and increased, both absolutely by the practice of meditation and relatively by the weakening of the *skandhas*.

So far our picture has come from the Theravadin Scriptures. To complete this short study of the Buddha's psychological system we have to turn to the Mahayana writings, to the *Surangama Sutra*, which advances metaphysics to a point beyond any reached later and which makes rewarding study for the Western philosopher, circumscribed as he is within a boundary of his own making in which he circles round the apparently insoluble question of Idealism *versus* Realism or the relation of Mind and Matter.

In this *Sutra* the problem dealt with is the nature of Perception. Some twenty-five years ago an Oxford philosopher, H. H. Price, produced a book of that title which has since become a classic on the subject, but he in no way touches the depths reached by the author of this treatise, whether it is the Buddha himself being recorded or a development of his Teaching by a later disciple.

It is impossible here to do justice to the *Sutra* as a whole, or even to that part of it most often printed, for the whole is long and discursive. Therefore it must suffice to cull the pith of the argument by means of quotations, and, if this appears somewhat arbitrary and dogmatic, the reader can have recourse to the section in Lin Yutang's *Wisdom of India*.[2]

Having shown at first that the perception of sight is neither inside nor outside the body, the Buddha is then made to say:—

> The notion that your being is your mind is simply one of false conceptions that arise from reflecting about the relation of yourself to outside objects and which obscure your true and essential Mind. It is because since beginningless time down to the present life, you, Ananda, have been constantly misunderstanding your true and essential Mind. (p. 529)
>
> If you must niggardly grasp this perceptive mind of discriminating consciousness that is dependent upon the sense organs as being the same as Essential Mind, then the discriminating mind would have to forsake all those activities responding to any kind of form, sight, sound, etc., and seek for another and more perfect nature. (p. 531)

The Buddha, having shown that the perception of sight is not the same thing as seeing, demonstrates with his hand to show Ananda how phenomena move and change.

> Ananda, can you not see the difference in nature in that which moves and changes and that which is motionless and unchanging? It is body which moves and changes, not mind. Why do you so persistently look upon motion as pertaining to both body and Mind? (p. 536)

[2] The page references here given are to the Jaico Books edition.

> Since beginningless time sentient beings have been led astray by mistaking the nature of the mind to be the same as the nature of any other object. (p. 549)
>
> [Objects] have been discriminated as phenomena of sight, space, the perception of seeing, hearing, etc. It is just like a man with defective sight seeing two moons at the same time. (p. 554)
>
> When you are speaking of the perception of sight you are not referring to the phenomena of seeing with the eyes, but to the intrinsic power of sight that transcends the experimential sight of the eyes and is beyond its reach. Then how can you interpret the transcendental perception of sight as being dependent upon causes, conditions, nature or a synthesis of all of them? (p. 558)

And finally he winds up with the most significant statement of all, which is the crowning peak of the whole of his metaphysical teaching and absent in the Hinayanist canon:—

> We must be careful to distinguish between the perception of our eyes and the intrinsic Perception of Sight by our Enlightened Mind that is conscious of the fallible perception of the eyes....Ananda, are you so limited in understanding that you cannot comprehend that the Perception of Sight is Pure Reality itself? (pp. 561, 558)

This is the skeleton of the argument and a slow digestion of it reveals greater and greater depths to it, seeing that it welds together and throws more light upon the Buddha's ethical as well as metaphysical systems given elsewhere. The perception of our eyes is confused by us with the Perception of Sight, which is erroneously regarded as being of this world but which is, in reality, none other than the Cognition which we took as our major premise. Cognition, in the vehicle of the human body, is confused with the perception of our eyes. And from this has stemmed that centuries-old problem of Idealism *versus* Realism, about which Western philosophers have been arguing since the days of Plato and Aristotle.

The problem exists only because of fallacious thinking, itself the effect of the *skandhas*, as a result of which we regard the world as real, as separate from ourselves and so think in terms of a subject-object relationship which, in other parts of the Canon, the Buddha is reputed to have maintained, is an obstruction to Enlightenment. Duality must be eradicated from our thinking. "The *skandhas* create the thought 'I am,' after which come the senses, on which the mind results and therefore ignorance." (*Samyutta Nikaya*, XXII. 48)

In such a new and unusual approach to human psychology, could lie progress in thought if the theory, and the practice, could take root. Instead

of the psychiatric approach by which the individual is considered the victim and not the cause of his physical and mental and moral malfunctionings, there is a progressive and illuminating psychology based on showing the error of our common modes of thought, how the error arose and the means of abolishing it, with the prospect of freedom from the world and its difficulties as the result of self-conquest.

Self-conquest has been the message of all the great Teachers, but how can we conquer ourselves if we do not know ourselves?

SRAMANERA JIVAKA

" IN HUMAN TERMS "

THE STORY of the uplift of the Arab refugees from Palestine conducted under the auspices of the UNESCO by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNWRA) makes a moving document under the above title. Scattered over four areas, the Palestine refugees, numbering a million, are held together by their strong nationalism and an unabated determination to return home in the near future. They are putting their wills into a mighty effort to rehabilitate themselves by taking full advantage of the facilities provided by a number of philanthropic organizations under the guidance and control of the UNESCO and the UNWRA. This effort is most successful in the education of the refugees children now being carried on in all the host territories — in Jordan, which has granted them citizenship and absorbed half of the total number, in Syria, in Lebanon and in the Gaza strip.

A people with a purpose, however handicapped, will move forward to their goal when they are resolved to make their utmost exertions. In the heartening description of this effort certain interesting features emerge — high-speed teaching, maximum effectiveness and a rising competency to become respecting members of a strong community eager to shake off economic dependence at the earliest possible moment. This is seen in the increasing emphasis on handicraft training. One head teacher incisively remarks: " Handicraft is an element of educational psychology with a bearing on character development; it has voluntary motivation and concreteness in achievement; and involves no sacrifice of academic learning." This is a truth that needs to be brought home to many educationists of other countries.

D. GURUMURTI

WILLIAM MORRIS

[**Mr. H. J. Fyrth** devotes a long essay to the ideals and achievements of the thinker and craftsman whose influence has been responsible in many fields for movements of ideas and technique which have gone far beyond his original conceptions of them. Morris's life and work display a most wholesome insistence on integrity, on using and developing the powers of head, heart and hand in happy combination. His humane influence has not departed altogether from British socialism in spite of the overwhelming popularity of Marx among socialists since his day.—ED.]

> I WILL NOW let my claims for a decent life stand as I have made them. ... First, a healthy body; second, an active mind in sympathy with the past, the present and the future; thirdly, occupation fit for a healthy body and an active mind; and fourthly, a beautiful world to live in.

THESE were the demands—on behalf of all humanity—of a man whose own working life was one of almost unbelievable richness and variety. William Morris was offered the Poet Laureateship, founded the Arts and Crafts movement, launched campaigns to save old buildings, and to design beautiful objects for the home. He built a successful business, contributed revolutionary ideas to architecture, town planning and printing, and was one of the fathers of socialism in Britain.

Morris was born in 1834 of a prosperous stockbroking family. He grew up in Epping Forest, where he learned a deep love for the traditions of the English countryside—"neither prison nor palace, but a decent home," as he called it. This love developed at Marlborough School, where, he said, "I learned next to nothing. . . for indeed next to nothing was taught," but where, since games were not played either, he could walk the neighbouring downs.

At Exeter College, Oxford, where he went to study for the Church, he came under influences that led him to the arts. It was there that he formed a lifelong friendship with Burne-Jones, the Pre-Raphaelite painter, and it was there that he conceived the central ideas of his life—that work, if it were to be worthy of human beings, must be capable of giving pleasure to those who performed it, and that only from work so done could art grow. "That thing which I understand by real art," he wrote later, "is the expression by man of his pleasure in labour."

The young man who formed these ideas dreamed of a brotherhood of artists working together in a "palace of art," but he realized his ideal in a workshop. The change was wrought by his keen social conscience; the cholera epidemics which were ravaging England, on the one hand, and the

"eyeless vulgarity" of Victorian commercial life "which has destroyed art," on the other, convinced him that the artist had no right to retreat into any "palace."

Leaving Oxford, Morris qualified as an architect, for "unless you are resolved to have good and rational architecture it is . . . useless your thinking about art at all": first and foremost men must live in beautiful and dignified surroundings. Such an ideal was, of course, in direct collision with the commercialism which has filled Britain with so much "eyeless vulgarity" in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

He found architectural perfection expressed in the great mediæval tithe barn at Coxwell, on the upper Thames, "unapproachable in its dignity, as beautiful as a cathedral, yet with no ostentation of the builder's art." He found it too in Kelmscott Manor, nearby, which was his country home from 1871, "so much has the old house grown up out of the soil and the lives of those that lived on it."

For England, the eighteen-sixties and seventies were years of high prosperity. For Morris they were the years when his vision was expressed through Morris and Co., his workshop from which came furniture, mural decorations, stained glass, architectural carving, metal-work, jewellery, wall-papers and hangings, textiles, carpets and tapestries.

Morris mastered all these crafts, learned the techniques involved from the very foundations up, achieved high skill in their performance, trained his own workmen, rediscovered lost processes and was at the same time his own designer. In this way he began, in his own person, to realize his aim of "artist as workman and workman as artist."

This aim led him in turn to a theory of education, that all children should have a good general education, which would include drawing, and should learn also the principles of more than one craft or trade, so that a people would develop, able to do interesting work and to appreciate good craftsmanship.

The picture we have of him at this time is of a man of tremendous energy and physical strength, mastering and practising new crafts, building up the business and writing poetry by night; a man with a great sense of fun, a violent temper and a deep social conscience: "...when I see a poor devil drunk and brutal," he wrote to a friend, "I always feel...a sort of shame, as if I myself had some hand in it." He was famous; the firm was decorating the throne room at the Palace of St. James, and the homes of great capitalists, who cared nothing for his principles, but bought his work.

Then at the age of fifty began a new chapter of his life. The high sum-

mer of Victorian prosperity was ending, and in the chilly autumn of the "Great Depression" that swept England for nearly twenty years, the modern Socialist movement was born. William Morris became one of its foremost prophets.

His entry into public life was typical. Outraged by the destruction of fine old buildings, and by their "restoration" into "feeble and lifeless" forgeries, he launched, in 1877, the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, "lest our children may not have a decent building left." How much of this battle has still to be fought is shown by the long, and not wholly successful, campaign to prevent Kelmscott Manor itself from being marred by an Air-Force directional beacon.

From the preservation of buildings he turned, in the same year, to the preservation of peace. The Tory Government of Britain was on the verge of declaring war on Russia, then freeing Bulgaria from Turkish rule. Morris became treasurer of the Eastern Question Association, in which Liberals, Trade Unionists and Socialists combined to campaign against such a war. He published his first political manifesto, addressed characteristically "To the Working Men of England."

From the peace movement it was but a step to the socialist movement. In 1883 he joined the Democratic Federation of H. M. Hyndman, the leading British exponent of Marxist socialism. Soon Morris was devouring Marx—though he confessed to finding some of the economic ideas difficult.

He gave himself to the socialist movement as wholeheartedly as he had given himself to Morris and Co. His valuable collection of mediæval books was sold to raise funds for propaganda. When Hyndman's followers split, Morris founded and led the Socialist League and edited its paper, *The Commonweal*, with the advice of Marx's old friend, Friedrich Engels. To all his other activities he added lecturing, pamphleteering, street-corner speaking and the selling of socialist literature on the curb-side. Twice he was arrested for taking part in "free-speech" demonstrations.

To Morris, becoming a socialist was a logical extension of his ideas. He had come to the conclusion that capitalist society could not give all men the opportunity of joy through creative work. "I have," he wrote, "personally been gradually driven to the conclusion that art has been handcuffed by [the system of capital and labour]...and will die out of civilization if the system lasts." "Labour" in capitalist society was "without pleasure and therefore inhuman"; it was "a smoking net from whose meshes there is no escape." At the same time he saw the working class as the real organic part of society, which held the possibility of a creative future in its hands.

By socialism Morris always meant that the means of producing wealth should be commonly owned for the common good, and that political power should lie with the workers. Social reforms were not enough, indeed they were even harmful if they made people more content with "the system of inequality." Nor was he interested in Parliament, which he thought would corrupt the Labour Movement and make it forget socialism. The chief business of socialists, he thought, is to make socialists.

He was deeply convinced that socialism was not merely an economic arrangement but would bring a new quality into life. It would allow the breaking down of the barriers between manual and intellectual work, between town and country, between man and man: "For fellowship is life and lack of fellowship is death."

It is often said that Morris was opposed to machinery. This is not true. He was against the use of machinery to reduce labour to mere repetition and machine-minding. But he thought that, before all men could enjoy creative labour, there would have to be much more machinery to remove the burden of degrading and uncreative toil. Indeed the factory of the future would be the centre of a social group, which

> besides turning out goods useful to the community, [would] provide for its own workers work light in duration, and not oppressive in kind, education in childhood and youth. Serious occupation, amusing relaxation ... and withal that beauty of surroundings, and the power of producing beauty which are sure to be claimed by those who have leisure, education, and serious occupation.

Similarly it is not true that Morris wished to return to the Middle Ages. He thought that mediæval life held certain values embodied in craftsmanship, the possibility of creative labour and of seeing works of beauty, that had been destroyed by industrial capitalism. At first he tried to recreate these values in his own workshop. Later he looked to their rebirth in socialist society. The opening lines of "The Wanderers":—

> Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
> Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,
> Forget the spreading of the hideous town;
> Think rather of the pack-horse on the down,
> And dream of London, small, and white, and clean,
> The clear Thames bordered with its gardens green...

are as much a vision of a possible future, as an evocation of a romanticized past.

When Morris died in 1896 his doctor said, "The disease [was] simply being William Morris, and having done more work than most ten men,"

Even his last six years, while seriously ill, he had filled with lecturing, speaking, attempting to bring some unity to the divided Socialists and with writing his great utopian romance, *News From Nowhere,* which embodies his dream of an ideal England of the twenty-first century. He also founded and directed the Kelmscott Press "with the hope of producing some [books] which would have a definite claim to beauty, while at the same time they would be easy to read...."

Have his ideas any importance for us in the mid-twentieth century? I think so. It is impossible to do justice here to the richness of his thought, but some features stand out. In Western Society men's working lives are dominated by the needs and values of profit-making industry. They have more leisure than in Morris's lifetime, but that very leisure has become a prey to commercialism. The fact that they can now buy more material goods has opened the gates to a flood of shoddy, badly designed and unnecessary commodities. At the same time the scientific revolution, with its development of atomic energy and automation, is making possible the banishment of poverty and drudgery. Morris's idea, that a society must provide the possibility for all to enjoy creative work and to make products that are worth having, is therefore both relevant and increasingly practical.

His words that "the contrasts of rich and poor are unendurable and ought not to be endured by either rich or poor," have a world-wide significance at a time when the contrasts between the high material standards of the well-to-do in the West and the extreme poverty of those in "the underdeveloped areas" is more and more borne home upon us. Perhaps thinkers in the "new nations" of Asia and Africa will find that Morris has something to say to them as they attempt to develop their new ways of life.

Meanwhile, from the point of view of culture and the arts his lines in "The Message of the March Wind"—

> The singers have sung and the builders have builded,
> The painters have fashioned their tales of delight;
> For what and for whom hath the World's book been gilded,
> When all is for these but the blackness of night? —

remain true for the overwhelming majority of the human race.

H. J. FYRTH

INDIAN YOUTH IN TRANSITION

[**Shri C. V. Hanumantha Rao** of Delhi looks upon the unrest and indiscipline among Indian youth as a sympathetic elder. In this article he considers the factors in the environment of our youth that may be responsible. The problem is complex, because we stand so near it; yet, precisely for that reason, a solution is an urgent need. Whatever be the relative importance of the various factors Shri Hanumantha Rao mentions, we will at our peril disregard his emphasis on finding teachers of both scholarship and personal integrity, and on restraining the thoughtless depreciation of humane letters. India must meet the crisis of character—more urgent, it may turn out, than any economic one. And for this the guidance is to be found in ancient Aryavarta, of which modern India is a very poor shadow, in the knowledge of human consciousness.—ED.]

FOR SOME TIME now the Press in India has been full of reports of student "indiscipline" in educational institutions and universities. There are also reports indicating a growing trend towards adolescent delinquency. If these reports correctly represent the position, the conclusion is irresistible that something is radically wrong with the Indian youth of the present generation—both boys and girls. They represent the prevalence of a disquieting trend among the youth which manifests itself in acts of indiscipline and delinquency.

This demonstration of youth "indiscipline" cannot be countered by merely ignoring it, for it has immediate repercussions on the realization of the objectives of university education and the somewhat more remote but not less important ones on the future of the nation, which is interlinked with the state of mind and the outlook of the younger generation. But the question is: Does this phenomenon represent a deep-seated and irredeemable trend or is it a superficial and transitory phase, arising from certain current conditions and circumstances so that we may expect the mood will soon pass?

India at present is passing through a transitional phase in her history and every such phase is invariably one of stress and uncertainty, disquiet and discontent. Our social, economic, political, industrial, educational and cultural values have been changing ever since the achievement of Independence, and in some of these spheres the old order is being progressively reoriented. Technological and scientific changes, which have been gaining momentum during the last few years, have also produced conditions in which many of the old moral, ethical and human standards are being subjected to a searching reassessment. There have been several periods in

India's history when similar transitions were witnessed, as a sequel to which significant and even radical changes occurred in our social, economic, political, cultural and other conditions. Most of these, however, passed over her as water does over a duck's back without leaving any cataclysmic results. Therefore, may we not justifiably feel that the present transition and the social, economic and other changes that are taking place will, despite their causing considerable disquiet for some time, also be assimilated by Indian society and probably leave it better and stronger?

This transition is the inevitable sequel to India coming more and more into the world stream of changes and progress. Existing social and economic ideas in India, her way of life, are experiencing their impact and a final pattern has not emerged. In the midst of these changes, there is no wonder that the Indian youth, particularly those who were born a few years before Independence and have since attained adolescence, find themselves tossed in a storm of confusion, puzzlement and bewilderment. They are in search of light, leadership and illumination which would safely guide them out of the labyrinth of a rapidly changing environment.

Discontents oppress the younger generation, especially those in educational institutions. They produce in them a psychology of revolt against authority and the established order. The lack of respect for parents and for elders and the general attitude of challenge to and protest against anything and everything that smacks of restraint is only another aspect thereof.

The situation in the educational institutions producing this psychology and emotional unrest among considerable sections of youth is at least partly, if not mostly, attributable to the prevailing conditions in these institutions themselves. It is also undoubtedly true that they also reflect the far-reaching changes occurring in the social milieu—the progressive loosening of family bonds and relationships, as more and more boys and girls leave the protection of parents and families at impressionable ages to pursue education in the universities and have to live in inhospitable and strange urban surroundings, and the economic stresses that obsess many middle-class and lower-middle-class families. There are too many temptations and pitfalls before them when they suddenly find themselves "free" from parental and family restraints.

An overriding feature of Indian universities is that they are enormously overcrowded, rendering any kind of individual attention to the students practically impossible. Nor are the levels of learning, integrity and character among teachers high. A teacher's personal example can be a great means of inspiring young men and women and influencing their own

lives and conduct; but such are now sadly rare. While the number of educational institutions and facilities for higher education are increasing, this has been unfortunately at the expense of quality and content. At the secondary and university stages educational pragmatism more than firm ideals and settled objectives is the ruling factor.

The impact of the transition is more intense in the economic than in the social or educational fields. Till a few years back university education was a passport to some kind of gainful employment, but despite the diversity of development and other projects in recent years, educated unemployment is an aggravating instead of a declining phenomenon. Many drift to universities with full knowledge of this and either waste their time or expend their energies in undesirable channels.

From acts of indiscipline to acts of delinquency and criminality is not a far cry, though it may not be wholly appropriate to club them together. It is quite possible that the propensity to indulge in acts of indiscipline would lead a section of youth down the path of delinquency, but a distinction between the two is that while youth indiscipline is a more recent phenomenon and cannot be regarded as by any means universal, juvenile and adolescent delinquency is a world-wide phenomenon. The former is fundamentally an educational problem, directly or largely traceable to the deficiencies in the educational system and organization; the latter is a social problem, and a problem also of crime and criminality and to that extent a police problem.

Apart from its organizational inadequacies, other causes to which student discontents and indiscipline are attributable are the lack of attention to the content depth of the education imparted. It may sound elementary but it is true that present-day university education in India produces neither learned persons nor cultured persons. It is hardly calculated—if some exceptions are left aside—to inspire among youth the merits and virtues of humility, social purpose, intellectual integrity and eagerness and outlook conducive to their becoming useful citizens of a great and ancient country. Associated with this is the deplorable fact that university youth constitute the principal target of propagandists of political ideologies for recruits. The "catch them young" principle which some political parties in India ruthlessly adopt towards youth has manifestly deplorable results and accounts for many of the incidents that mar the atmosphere in a number of universities, which need not be specifically named.

If university education is not fulfilling its prime function of developing integrated personalities out of young men and women of the present generation, this is due, broadly speaking, to the deterioration in

recent years in the calibre and competence, the scholarship and learning, the intellectual integrity and the personal character, of a proportion of university teachers. They fail to inspire confidence—much less respect—in youth, because they are deficient in those qualities which teachers in older times generally possessed and for which many university teachers even in the earlier decades of this century were distinguished.

An aspect of the educational scheme which has an indirect bearing on youth attitudes is the preference and attention being shown to technological and scientific courses of study as against the humanities and the arts. The interrelationship between student disquiet and this feature may not be obvious. But it would be unwise to be blind to the fact that the unconscious denigration of humanistic studies which current trends disclose results in a lack of balance in the educational system as also in the intellectual make-up of youth. What is more disconcerting is the materialistic and over-rationalistic outlook it is generating in young men and women, which, if persisted in, may lead to the stereotyping of an unbalanced social and national ethos.

The restoration of balance in this respect is, therefore, imperative from the larger national point of view. It is imperative to eradicate the feeling that a study of the humanities is purposeless because they are potentially inferior as studies facilitating employment. Students of technology and science have a vital role to play in national development as engineers, technicians, machine-builders, etc; but it is humanistic studies and the arts that will produce the general administrator of the appropriate instincts and calibre. The need for the latter in India is as pressing as that for the former.

If the present situation in the youth world is a symptom but not a chronic disease, the symptoms should be eradicated before they produce the disease. The first priority should be given to improvement in the environmental conditions in the universities; standards of teaching should be raised and overcrowding in lecture-rooms should be removed. While serving utilitarian ends, university and higher education and opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge should not be divorced from a moral and ethical purpose. Religious instruction of a non-denominational type with stress on character, service and scholarship, which is in consonance with the traditional Indian way of life and also with the secular basis of our Constitution, should be provided for. Technological studies should not be at the expense of the humanities.

To compensate for the deprivation of healthy family influence on youth adequate provision should be made for tutorial guidance and advice to

young men and women, which would help them resolve their intellectual as well as their emotional and personal problems. Lastly, political parties in India should observe a convention by which they would refrain from inveigling youth into the maelstrom of ideological agitations and controversies.

Side by side with the reforms indicated above, youth-welfare measures should be intensified to wean away the youth from the drift into waywardness and indiscipline. The Inter-University Youth Festivals are an innovation of much potential significance in this connection. Schemes for the fuller and more beneficent utilization of youth leisure through facilities for sport, recreation, and other healthy extra-curricular activities can be effective antidotes to idle brains turning into the devil's workshops. Plan schemes for youth welfare such as youth leadership training courses, educational tours and youth hostels, for which financial provision exists, should be effectively implemented.

I would conclude on an optimistic note. There is nothing radically wrong with Indian youth. With proper leadership and guidance, and modifications in environmental conditions the deviations into delinquent attitudes on their part can be arrested.

C. V. HANUMANTHA RAO

ANATOMY

In fleshly triangle within the frame
The rhythmic beat is physical, but flame
of unsubstantial being rules the beat
where throbbing mind wrestles with visioned wheat.
Yet this unbodied substance is the spur
that drives the force of will, irritant stir
hurling the pendulum to right or left,
to ideal gained, or lost, or furtive theft.

The victory is only captured when
the brush, the love, the microscope, or pen
turns to relentless spear that drives through heart
for hidden trove, and the red blood must start
before the thorn can glorify the rose:
the weak frame dies, but burning essence grows.

ODETTE TCHERNINE

THE HOSTILITY TO SCIENCE

[**Shri M. Harinarayana** writes with a refreshing frankness of the values of science which he upholds and of how unconvincing and insincere he finds much of the advocacy of "spirituality" in some circles in India. As he rightly distinguishes, science is essentially an outlook, not a settled body of doctrine or a collection of techniques. But it seems to us that this essentially scientific attitude can be maintained also by those who give spiritual purposes primacy before material ones, by those whose data are mystical experiences as well as by those who start from what the microscope reveals. Cannot sincere men bridge this whole gulf and strive towards a world-view which, being truly synthetic, can reconcile and transcend the various approaches to truth ? Such is certainly the hope of the theosophists. — ED.]

ONE cannot help feeling that there is a growing tendency today in our country to revile "science." The revulsion against it may have existed long, but it is finding more and more articulate expression recently in several forms. There is the instance of the eminent Indian educationist speaking to a congress of scientists and being apologetic, on behalf of science, that there were two world wars in our lifetime. There is the philosopher saying reproachfully that science has not answered absolute questions. There is the journalist contemplating the beauty of an ancient monument and breaking his meditation of beauty to have a dig at this scientific age which "cannot" produce such pieces of resplendent art. There is again the columnist in a journal lumping the scientist with the carpenter and smith as a craftsman and characterizing the greatest intellects in science as glorified technicians. According to such a writer, if one does not sit with his eyes focused on the tip of his nose and his mind turned to the contemplation of the births before and after the present one, one does not think great thoughts and is grossly unintellectual.

Each of these attitudes is in its own way representative of a large body of opinion, and each is grounded in what Sir Charles Snow has termed a "total incomprehension of science." In fact the whole of Sir Charles's statement about this bears quotation: —

> That total incomprehension gives much more pervasively than we realize an unscientific flavour to the whole "traditional" culture, and that unscientific flavour is often, much more than we admit, on the point of turning anti-scientific.

It may be difficult to pin down definite reasons for this and say it is this and this which underlies the incomprehension. But there is much in

the air of India that is not favourable to science. For one thing, we talk always and insistently of our spiritual heritage; it seems as if several people go on talking of it so that the din made about it may shut out of hearing expressions of thoughts arising elsewhere. It is like Ghanta Karna, the devotee of Shiva, who always went about with a bell ringing in his ears so that he might not hear the name of Vishnu uttered.

In fact I think many people use the word "spiritual" only because it is so widely acceptable, because to call any activity spiritual is to endow it with respectability. Pin them down to be definite and clear about what they mean and they will either hesitate to answer or drown one in a sea of jargon. But one thing they are rather definite about: they are not for the scientific way of thinking.

Now and then however, they throw up a few arguments in justification of their attitude. For instance, they are at one in thinking that science makes us materialistic, and to be materialistic is to be rudderless and futile. (Here again, it is difficult to get from them a precise idea of "materialistic.") "See how America is restless!" they all chorus in glee and the news that they get of the goings-on among certain film personalities and society people there seems to confirm doubly their opinion. According to them, America's material progress has left her only a void in the soul. This is so, they aver, because she worships success, and tracing this tendency to its origins, because she has taken to science.

Indeed this statement, "science makes us materialistic," is bandied about so persistently and so freely that it has almost been accepted as axiomatic. No one pauses even to think. The "spiritualist"—I mean by that the man who talks always of spirituality and pontifically denigrates success—goes about in a car, has a radio at home, gets himself a splendid mansion, has his books on spirituality published, haggles with the publishers about the terms for his writings, is generally very prosperous and yet hurls the epithet "materialistic" at those who rather honestly go about harnessing nature to the comfort of man.

This leads on to the next point of criticism: science is unimaginative. There are those who would even go so far as to say that the great minds of science—Archimedes, Newton, Einstein, Rutherford—were mere eminent craftsmen. Scientists are not creative, they maintain. This automatically leads to the sort of reflection that the journalist was indulging in on seeing that ancient monument. Yet, if in the present age we do not build such monuments, we make other things which demand as much creativity and imagination for their making and have a beauty of their own. The precise mechanism of a tiny wrist-watch, the building up of the

structure of a complex molecule, the extension of the simple principle of Newton to be the basis of the rocket's thrust into space, the blending of various natural materials to make shimmering articles of glass or rayon—all these are no less the products of a highly creative imagination. As Russell says :—

> Mathematics, rightly viewed, possesses not only truth, but supreme beauty—a beauty cold and austere, like that of sculpture, without appeal to any part of our weaker nature, without the gorgeous trappings of paintings or music, yet sublimely pure, and capable of a stern perfection such as only the greatest art can show.

Those who cannot see beauty in forms other than the classical or commonplace ones do not see the beauty of these intellectual achievements of modern man. But they project their inability to appreciate on to the object they cannot take delight in and categorically deny its beauty.

From these criticisms of science, it generally follows, according to them, that science does not add to one's culture. A total ignorance of it is not considered to detract at all from one's cultural equipment. If, by science, we mean a mere conglomeration of technical facts, then perhaps that idea is not wide of the mark. For that matter, in that sense of mere absence of information, ignorance of anything will not be a bar to culture —be it the Vedas or Newton's Laws, *Shakuntala* or *The Origin of Species.*

Here it is that we come to grips with the correct definition of science. It is not a mere recital of facts. As O. R. Frisch, the distinguished atomic physicist, said, "What science gives you is the best knowledge that the present has to offer, always subject to revision in the future." That statement implies that science includes that attitude of the mind which tries to base its conclusions on the facts it possesses. If the facts are at variance with conclusions, the latter have to be suitably trimmed. It is an attempt never to extend one's conclusions beyond the limit warranted by facts.

It does not follow that the scientist demands reasons for everything. Rather he attempts to understand how things work. With the facts he digs up, he forms hypotheses and theories; when new facts emerge, disproving the old theory based on old facts, he amends the earlier theory suitably or builds up a new one. So it happens that the ancient cosmology of the Greeks gives place to the cosmology of Copernicus, Kepler and Galileo and now the latter to the changing ideas of the present century. When there was a change in scientific thought it was not a question of defeating and disgracing the previous one; it was a question of improving upon it, fitting it to new facts if possible or giving it up altogether if

necessary. Unless personal prejudices or political considerations operate, which occurs but rarely, scientists—wherever they are—always accept facts and are ready to revise their ideas. In science they speak the same language everywhere, adopt the same attitude except for some rare minor lapses here and there. That is why more effectively than anything else, science has transcended all barriers between human groups.

It is this thinking, free from prejudice and preconceived notions, that is the very spirit of science. Considered thus, a real imbibing of this spirit could add enormously to one's culture because it will free one from a number of prejudices. It will truly lead on to that scientific humanism of which Julian Huxley, Bertrand Russell and others are votaries.

This does not mean that scientists, themselves, by the mere fact of working in science, are entirely scientific in outlook in every way. In fact many of them tend to be grossly unscientific beyond the confines of the particular subject they are working in. And I do not mean that those scientists who do not care to know anything beyond their field and who do not think it necessary to know, are to be winked at because their work in science may be glorious in itself. Such a person is, as José Ortaga y Gasset puts it, "a learned ignoramus, a person who is ignorant, not in the fashion of the ignorant man but with all the petulance of one learned in his own special line." Such a person's attitude, too, is unscientific.

But those who rail against science do not at all consider science in this sense of an outlook on how to think. They rather lump it with technology and technique, and then look down upon it. Their contempt is sometimes the superciliousness of the man who exerts only his mind towards another who works with his hand; this itself is rooted in the gross misconception that the latter does not use his mind at all. Let the mental worker try his hand at carpentry or weaving and see for himself whether it is all as simple as that.

But this objection is based on the premise that science is technology. To science, as it is correctly defined, some have an obejction that is more profound. A wider diffusion of its spirit results in an increase of a certain scepticism which is inconvenient for the anti-scientific people. It does away with many of the irrational ideas which had been the props of their ascendency for long. There can be no love lost between them and anything that draws off the props under them. So they set about decrying science. They say it does not answer the absolute questions. But that science has not set itself up to presume to answer them. "The scientist is a modest fellow; he has no sense of high vocation," says Stuart Halroyd, one of the Angry Young Men.

But this modesty is nothing to be ashamed of or to be cavilled at. At least it does not make the scientist authoritarian like the "spiritualist" "conscious of high vocation." He will not demand like the latter unquestioning faith and a ready acceptance of all his ideas. "Immediacy of assent," as Whitehead would term it, is the very breath of the "spiritualist" and the religious man; without it they lose their tight grip. The scientific attitude does not demand immediacy of assent; it gives you the chance to consider and accept an idea if possible.

In our country where the attitude of the "immediacy of assent" has been so widely prevalent and successful, the anti-scientific attitude is no surprising phenomenon. It is also, perhaps, not difficult for it to succeed. But if it succeeds, it will bring back in its train all the superstitions that kept our people in the dark for centuries. It is really essential that educationists and writers properly understand and spread a correct attitude to science, which can lead on to so much real humanism.

N. HARINARAYANA

THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSE

In an interesting and informative lecture on "The Origin of the Universe" at the Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore, Dr. George Gamov fixed the origin of the universe at a date between four and five thousand million years. The speaker also provided an alternate solution whereby there is no definite origin of the universe but merely a disintegration and reformation of nebulæ. The first conclusion is arrived at by a close study of the lead content of rocks, the amount of salts dissolved in the oceans, the celestial bodies in the sky, tidal waves, etc. Dr. Gamov also pointed out that the earth was gradually slowing down owing to the braking action of the tidal waves.

Dr. Bhagavantham who presided over the meeting pointed out that the more we study about the universe the more we realize how small and insignificant we are and this helps us to rid ourselves of our self-importance.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

WHAT IS IMMORTALITY?*

THE AUTHOR of this notable book analyzes in the light of modern science and philosophy a particular interpretation of the concept of Immortality, which in its general meaning is defined as the property of a being to be deathless, and rightly points out the illusive character of that particular interpretation.

Illusion, as we know, is a distortion of reality. The reality which lies behind the concept of immortality, however, is out of the sphere of science and, consequently, cannot be the object of philosophical treatment; for, modern philosophy is nothing but the interpretation of scientific experience. We are forced to make this remark because the title of this book may easily lead to an equivocation. In fact, as the title stands, it seems to generalize and to consider immortality in all its implications to be an illusion. The author is aware of this difficulty and tries to meet it in the second chapter of his book.

The problem of immortality, as it is stated by modern metaphysicians, is intimately connected with the problem of human freedom. Indeed our author considers immortality in connection with personality. Now, the greatest trait of personality is the freedom of behaviour; consequently, unless science enlarges its method, which is wholly deterministic in its nature, and includes the fact of human freedom in its scope, we cannot expect any scientific solution of the problem of immortality.

"Human freedom," writes Leibnitz, "is a foretaste of Immortality; while we experience freedom as a feeling, we experience Immortality as an ever growing desire." And Bergson, commenting upon this remarkable passage of the German philosopher, adds:—

> I know that I am immortal because I feel that I am free. My feeling of freedom impels me to grow and transcend myself indefinitely. This impulse which unquestionably directs me towards the far off and the mysterious, is precisely what constitutes the essence of that vehement desire which is at the root of the concept of Immortality.

Again, Maurice Blondel, the philosopher of action, explaining a text of St. Augustine on Immortality, writes:—

> Immortality is much more than a mere endless continuation of personal existence, the latter being a very insignificant view which Engels, the friend of Karl Marx, sourly regarded as the "tedium of sempiternal personality".... Real Immortality is implied in that concrete action which concentrates at a determined moment, the ontological desire which constitutes the essence of his being. In fact, every immortal monument, literary or scientific, which human culture possesses, is an expression of that moment.

It is in this sense that we should understand that great text of Spinoza quoted by our author: "A free man thinks of nothing less than of death, and his wisdom is not a meditation upon death, but upon life." "Real freedom," remarks Kierkegaard, "is nothing but the manifestation of the passion to live and live infinitely."

The immediate datum of our consciousness, therefore, is not immortality but the desire to grow and perfect ourselves indefinitely. As long as this desire burns in his heart, man is able to taste the cup of immortality by transcending himself indefinitely. The moment this

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* *The Illusion of Immortality.* By CORLISS LAMONT. (Philosophical Library, New York. 303 pp. 1959. $ 3.95.)

desire is extinguished, man is dead, though physically he may be fully alive.

No word can express adequately this desire. The concept of immortality is the frame and mould which our intelligence imposes upon that desire and fits it to serve the practical activities of our life.

When immortality becomes an abstract belief, man forgets the deep experience which is at its basis, and attaches himself to its concept only, which he tries to interpret and explain in different ways according to his mental training and the limitations of his undeveloped nature.

The interpretation which our author analyzes, most successfully, in his book, asserts that immortality is a property in virtue of which the individual human personality or consciousness survives for an indefinite period after death with its memory and awareness of self-identity essentially intact. This interpretation, which has been accepted by Christianity and other religions, is extremely unsatisfactory and raises numberless insoluble difficulties, which our author examines most eloquently in the light of science and philosophy. In his last chapter, he tries to persuade the reader to give up this superficial interpretation and invites him "to live in order to make his actions count and endow his days on earth with a scope and meaning that the finality of death cannot defeat." In other words, he urges the reader to try to fulfil faithfully that desire which is at the root of the concept of immortality, without expecting any fresh opportunity in some immortal realm to redeem himself and alter the irreversible imprint of his life.

The book is most illuminating when it deals with scientific questions and, we think, it should be recommended to all those who try to read the old dogmas of theology in the context of the modern discoveries of science. At the end of the book we find an extensive and very useful list of modern books with reference to the subject.

A. De Mendoca

Religious Platonism: The Influence of Religion on Plato and the Influence of Plato on Religion. By James K. Feibleman. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 236 pp. 1959. 25*s*.)

One interesting theme in this book is that a monotheistic sun-worship, teaching gentleness, vegetarianism, pacifism, spirituality and the immortality of the soul, having strong Egyptian elements, appeared in Crete, passed to Thrace and thence to Athens as the cult of Orpheus. It was the Orphics who taught that the body is a tomb in which the soul is. Pythagoras was an Orphic. The Pythagoreans called their way of life the "Orphic Life."

The main theme of the book is that the classical Greeks were genuine seekers and not dogmatists, that in Plato there are two philosophies, one favouring science and the other favouring mystical religion. Philo was the real originator of Neoplatonism. He taught that we should be good to other animals and even to trees, and spoke of "fairness in dealing with the unconscious forms of existence." Ammonius Saccas was a pupil of Philo and Plotinus a pupil of Ammonius Saccas. Neoplatonism took over from Plato his doctrine favouring mystical religion, ignoring his scientific philosophy, and developed it beyond what Plato believed. Neoplatonism was believed to be Platonism, and it influenced Christianity profoundly. "Platonism" was Neoplatonism even after the works of Plato came to be known in the West from the later part of the fifteenth century. The scientific side of Plato and what it offers as a basis of harmonizing science and religion has never had

a proper chance.

This is a good book. There are some slips, but it is well founded in extensive reading and independent judgment.

R. F. RATTRAY

A Modern Introduction to Ethics: Readings from Classical and Contemporary Sources. Edited with Introductions by MILTON K. MUNITZ. (The Free Press, Glencoe, Illinois, U.S.A.; George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. viii+657 pp. 1958. 63*s.*)

The publishers say of this book that it

> is intended both for introductory courses in Ethics and for all those who desire to critically evaluate the criteria for determining what is "right" and "good" in human conduct.

This seems to me a fair description of the book, and not at all an overstatement. I would recommend this book to students unreservedly. They should find it useful and stimulating. It is a spacious and well-produced volume, with wide-ranging sections on the various departments of Ethics, and with important statements, as by Charles L. Stevenson, A. J. Ayer and P. H. Nowell-Smith in particular, on questions proper to Meta-ethics.

Perhaps the Editor might have made the main departments of Ethics more explicit, and might have arranged his sections more logically. As it is, there are eight sections, arranged as follows: (i) The Search for Ethical Standards, (ii) The Pursuit of Happiness; (iii) Devotion to Duty; (iv) The Spiritual Life; (v) Free Will, Responsibility, and Guilt; (vi) Justice and Social Ethics; (vii) The Logic of Ethical Discourse, (viii) Some Personal Statements of a Philosophy of Life. To me this classification seems rather haphazard.

I could have preferred a Part I explicitly devoted to Ethics, with a sequence of sections and sub-sections. For example: (1) Moral Standards: i. The cardinal virtues. ii. The theological virtues. iii. Some contemporary controversies; The rightness or wrongness of military service, divorce, homosexuality, A.I.D. (2) The moral basis: Egoistic bases: i. Painlessness and serenity. ii. Pleasure, happiness, eudaimonia. iii. Perfection. (3) The moral basis: self-transcendent bases: i. The welfare of other individuals. ii. The welfare of a society. iii. The development of the arts and sciences. iv. Modes of conduct as ends in themselves. (4) The moral judge: i. Impulse. ii. Transcendent reason. iii. Human reason.

Then I should have liked a Part II explicitly devoted to Meta-ethics, with sections on the notion of "ought," on the relevance to this notion of the notion of individual freedom, and on the analysis of the moral judgment as to ends, and as to implications and means with respect to ends.

Still, this is merely to show how one reader has been provoked. The book is certainly well fitted to provoke ethical thought in very diverse directions. It is fitted to do so not least by the clarity and balance of the Editor's introductions to the various sections.

M. KAYE

Everyman's Ethics: Four Discourses of the Buddha. Adapted from the translations of NARADA THERA. (The Wheel Publication No. 14. 32 pp.); *The Master's Quest for Light.* By R. ABEYASEKERA. (Bodhi Leaves No. 7. 14 pp.) (Copies free from Buddhist Publication Society, Forest Hermitage, Kandy, Ceylon)

The first booklet is a collection in

English rendering of four small Pali *Suttas*: *Sigālovāda, Mahāmaṅgala, Parābhava* and *Vyagghapajja* — dealing respectively with the householder's norms for right conduct, the normal human merits and blessings and the factors and conditions of men's welfare in society. They are all alike instruction for the average man in achieving "weal and welfare." The teachings contained in these *Suttas* merits wide diffusion among the people. The translator is the well-known monk, the Ven. Narada Thera of Vajirārāma; and these translations originally appeared in the Burmese periodical, *The Light of the Dhamma.*

The other booklet is a tiny account of Gotama's struggle for Enlightenment before he became the Buddha. The author explains the contemporary conditions when the Buddha arose, and describes the severity of the ascetic practices he undertook. This important theme has been handled with care and modesty here.

The Buddhist Publication Society of Kandy, under the stewardship of the Ven. Nyāṇaponika Thera, is doing a meritorious service by the periodical publication of these little books, which will doubtless contribute towards the spreading of the Good Law amongst the laity.

S. K. RAMACHANDRA RAO

The Bridge Is Love: Jottings From a Traveller's Notebook. By HANS A. DE BOER. Foreword by MARTIN NIEMOLLER. (Marshall, Morgan and Scott, London and Edinburgh. 256 pp. Illustrated. First English edition, 1958. 15*s.*)

This book is not a masterpiece, nor even a work of literature. It is a great human document, spiritually perceptive, transparently honest, the diary of a young German Christian who visited South Africa, Kenya, India, Burma, Hong Kong, China, Japan, Korea, Australia and the United States, taking with him the determination to see the truth at all costs and to help to build a bridge of love.

This is far removed from the nice sentimental travel books that say all the "right" things. Young Hans de Boer does not flinch from giving us a vivid account of the stench and squalor of Sophiatown, or from describing the dead carried off the beaches of Madras every morning after the night's toll of starvation. He writes not only with serious purpose, but a rich sense of humour, and the solutions he suggests to the problems he meets have a wisdom that is the prerogative of the pure in heart. He passed through Mau Mau and the horrible atmosphere of Apartheid without despair or bitterness, always doing the one thing that never fails to shock the White world — living the ethics of Christ.

The conventional White South African who rebuked him for shaking hands with his houseboy on his arrival in Omaruru must now realize what they started. Nothing like it has happened to them since young Gandhi was flung out of a first-class carriage. Appropriately enough, Gandhi's son and grandson drove Mr. de Boer to the port of Durban for his departure, only to be greeted at the barrier with the words, "What are you doing here, you damned coolie?" Does the official mind never learn?

Taking ship for Kenya, Mr. de Boer entered the armed camp at the height of the Mau Mau struggle. Blissfully disregarding the authorities, the pickling guns and hatred around him, he shocked and alarmed the Christian White community by calmly putting his trust in God. Unarmed and alone, with nothing but a flower in his buttonhole, he walked into the thick of the Mau Mau territory and had a warm heart-to-heart talk with one of the amazed

rebel generals. The Kenya Government, fully convinced that they had seen the last of this religious maniac, were mazed when Mr. de Boer returned in good health and spirits with a plan to end the violence. It was a simple plan, that Black and White should have equal opportunities and the land equally divided. But it was acceptable unfortunately only to Mau Mau.

Passing on by ship from Mombasa to Bombay, Mr. de Boer lived for a time like one of India's sixty million jobless, and only gave in when starvation had nearly taken its toll of him.

In Hong Kong he relates a touching story of his experience at the Chinese Young Men's Christian Association:—

> ". . all the students suddenly turned their coat-collars inward. I was inclined to take it that this was some kind of greeting, but I soon found the real reason. One lapel after another was flicked back again and I saw on them the Picasso dove, the sign of the Stockholm World Peace Movement, which is especially active in Communist countries. Later I learned that these young Chinese had thought I was an American and had hidden their badges for fear.

Dr. Martin Niemöller writes in his Foreword that the author has been harshly criticized in some quarters for an allegedly pro-Communist attitude. Yet, strangely enough, anti-Communism is one of the few prejudices of which one could justly suspect Mr. de Boer. But, despite this, his bridge of love carries him into "Red" China, and he is pleasantly surprised by a good deal of what he sees. If any book can help the world to live in peaceful co-existence, it is this.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

Śrîmad Viṣṇu-tattva-vinirṇaya of SRI MADHVACARYA *with English Translation* by S. S. RAGHAVACHAR. (Sri Ramakrishna Ashrama, Mangalore. xxiv+98 pp. 1959. Rs. 3.00)

Of the ten Tracts (*Prakaraṇas*) of Madhva the *Viṣṇutattva vinirṇaya* is considered to be the most important, devoted as it is, not only to the theological establishment of the supremacy of Viṣṇu but also to the enunciation of some of the chief elements of Dvaita ontology and epistemology. It illustrates a tradition which requires that the entire thesis of a work be indicated by its opening benedictory verse. The three attributes given to Nārāyaṇa here form the three chapters of the treatise which establishes the Realism, Pluralism and Theism of Dvaita after a refutation of rival teachings, particularly Advaitic.

The present seems to be the first English translation, though the text was first published nearly seventy years ago. The translator would have earned the gratitude of his readers had he not simply adopted his text, with all its printing mistakes, but edited it, noting the sources where traceable (pp. 36, 90, 92, etc.). It would have belied the libel of some that Madhva himself invented his sources. Since the extremely cryptic sentences of Madhva are the despair of all not conversant with the tradition stemming from him, it is necessary that his text be always accompanied by the valuable gloss of Jayatîrtha.

The translation is generally correct and readable but not free from printing errors (pp. 42, 82, 83). It had been well that at least the useful "Foreword" and "Introduction" did not so jar the eye (pp. vi, xv, xx). Both Translator and Publisher are, however, to be congratulated on their laudable attempt to place before the modern world a basic text of an important school of Vedânta.

H. G. NARAHARI

The Vālmīki Rāmāyaṇa. Critical Edition, Vol. I: "*Bālakānda,*" Fascicule 2. Edited by G. H. BHATT. (Oriental Institute, Baroda. 81 to 280 pp. Illustrated. 1959.)

If Sanskrit scholarship has not been able to make headway comparable to Classical scholarship in the West, this is due mainly to the absence of critical editions of ancient texts. The first great attempt to remove this want was that of the Bhandarkar Research Institute, Poona, which has been publishing the critical edition of the *Mahābhārata.* Dr. V. S. Sukthankar and his colleagues succeeded in enunciating the general principles of textual criticism applicable to ancient Indian epics, which present unique problems. The present critical edition of the *Rāmāyana,* prepared by the Oriental Institute on the same lines as that of the Poona edition of the *Mahābhārata,* will surely win the praise and gratitude of all Indologists.

This fascicule contains Cantos 11 to 50 of the "*Bālakāṇḍa.*" A detailed account of the critical apparatus and principles followed in determining the critical text is presumably given in the first fascicule, which the present reviewer could not persue. It appears that about forty MSS. in different scripts and belonging to different times have been collated for this edition and the earliest MS., from Nepal, is of the eleventh century. The present printed editions of the *Rāmāyaṇa* fall into three distinct recensions — the Southern, the Bengali and the North-western — and scholars like Jacobi and Dr. Bulcke have shown how the Southern recension preserves, more often than not, the earliest readings. Much of the present "*Balakanda*" itself may be in the nature of an interpolation, though it was already there by the time of Kālidāsa. In any case, the present edition does not purport to give the text of the *Rāmāyaṇa* as Vālmīki actually wrote it; it strictly confines itself to the evidence of available MSS. and commentaries, and constitutes a text shorn of decidedly late accretions.

The MSS. material used for the edition is vast and the method applied scientific. We wholeheartedly welcome the publication and look forward to its early completion. Two misprints noted are: *kama* (p. 92, l. 3) and *Nakarūpā* (p. 145, l. 1).

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Making and Thinking: Essays by WALTER H. SHEWRING. With a note on Greek Sculpture by ERICK GILL. (Hollis and Carter, London. 103 pp. Illustrated. 1959. 18*s.*)

In this volume the author has assembled a dozen essays, previously published in various contexts, between 1937 and 1944, together with an unpublished "Note on Greek Sculpture" by the artist Eric Gill. The titles vary from "Latin Hymns" to "Concerning Machines," and the references from Pepys to Coomaraswamy, but there is a single underlying and unifying motif — the spirit of man in the age of the machine.

Style and content can be typified by an example from the opening essay on "Art and Work." The distinction, whimsically worked out, between "beverage" wine and "fine" wine is used as an allegory of the modern West, where

> we have a generally received distinction between art and fine art, or again between the products of work and the products of art, or again between what is useful and what is beautiful. On the one hand we have ordinary men, ordinary work and its products.... Use and work and common things on the one hand; beauty and art and the higher things on the other.

The author then leads us to the places where are gathered examples of the great art of the past and shows us that the things most prized by the connoisseur were not made for his collection but for

the temples and the homes of the common man! Thus he expounds a doctrine which, he holds, was once "as widespread and as normal as it is now uncommon and eccentric."

Again, writing of "Education in an Abnormal Society," he castigates the current criterion of human doing or making — the gain or loss of money. Profit and loss applies to dividends. In such a society work is not a vocation but a job. But, in what Shewring would call a *normal* society, work itself is a means to holiness — the work of the ploughman no less than that of the priest.

> With vocation goes training for vocation — that is, as I claim, education itself. If men are not called to work in factories neither can they be educated to work in factories. The teacher aspires to save their minds as the priest aspires to save their souls — in spite of their work. And in such conditions the teacher's own work is a deviation from the norm, since he is generally a guardian of charges rather than a master of apprentices.

Dr. Shewring has stressed the points which he believes to be most important for society today. He recognizes that they will be the hardest to grasp, especially for the "Art for Art's Sake" school. He sees, too, how slight is the chance of the men of a technological age accepting or practising the principles propounded and illustrated in the essays. He is probably, and unhappily, right. Men tend to hate most fiercely that of which they stand most in need. But how good it is that there are men like this author who are willing to cherish and declare such views!

The book, as befits its subject-matter, is a model of the art of printer and illustrator. In particular, the illustrations are skilfully chosen and deftly reproduced.

MARCUS WARD

From Ape to Angel: An Informal History of Social Anthropology. H. R. HAYS. (Methuen and Co., London. 46 pp. 32 Plates. 26 Drawings. 1959. 36*s*.)

This is one of the most noteworthy of recent books on anthropology as a science of human relations. It is written by a successful American novelist, playwright and literary critic, who has taken to anthropology as a hobby for reading and research for the last twenty years. He has had, besides, the benefit of criticism and help from several modern anthropologists; the book will, therefore, richly repay the reader. It is an advantage that the author has not been a professional anthropologist or been spoiled by a degree or specialistic training in anthropology at a University. His history of a hundred years of social anthropology is characterized by a critical study of the importance of the theoretical conceptions behind the researches of each fieldworker or author.

He has the faculty of adding personal details which give a new colour and charm to his description of famous anthropologists.

The author has written an interesting and readable volume. He has succeeded brilliantly in his difficult task. The last three chapters, "More Blessed to Give than to Receive," "A Picture of Society" and "Making the World Safe for Humanity," form the most important apex of the book. He tries to answer the important questions: Can anthropology concern itself with shaping a unified view of human behaviour? Can it play a still more active rôle in shaping human relations? How shall we solve the conflict between the individual and society? Why do we choose one way of life rather than another?

We may agree with the author's concluding words:—

> Man's inhumanity to man, however — the countless tragedies of ignorance and misunderstanding — is preventable and he should try

to prevent it if he is to continue to look away from the ape and towards the angel.

Anthropology, the science of man, is shaping weapons to reduce the inhumanity, to lessen the tragic ignorance of this world. It remains to be seen whether we are willing to use them.

P. G. SHAH

The Novels and Plays of Charles Morgan. By HENRY CHARLES DUFFIN. (Bowes and Bowes, London. 221 pp. Frontispiece. 1959. 21*s.*)

It is probable that Charles Morgan, who died so recently, has yet to find his literary level, for he is not readily assessable. He was an intellectual, and an æsthetic and an idealist, believing, as his present critic diagnoses, in a world of spirit rather than matter, where imagination can lead, in a breath, to miracle because a strict realism has never been sought. And yet, not only has he an intense awareness of life's surface detail, but also, in his earlier and best-known novels, a near-obsession with the theme of sexual love. *Portrait in a Mirror, The Fountain* and *Sparkenbroke* seem to owe their widespread circulation to this very combination of matter and spirit — eroticism swimming, as it were, in beauty, carnal passion trailing clouds of art.

By appealing to both schools of reader Morgan may well have ended in retaining neither. The frequent prolixity of his glittering prose deflects the purist; while the general reader of today is nurtured on a stark and earthy realism that makes those cultured, upper-class love scenes look pallid and "period." Mr. Duffin, himself a devoted Morganite, has not written with intent to convince the moderns. His reflective critical comments are in line with his studies of Browning, Hardy and Wordsworth — masters who may be honoured, reinterpreted and pulled up over minor blemishes. The question is whether Morgan deserves, or *will* deserve, such homage. Is Mr. Duffin writing for the future or looking back to the respect and popularity of the past?

One could wish he had been bolder on another count. His examination of the art and philosophy of the novels scoops the plays up in a general discussion about action, characters and moral sense. This seems, to me, to ignore a big distinction. The plays show Morgan stripped of his obsessions and meanderings, handling a sharp theme with dramatic precision. The last especially (*The Burning Glass*), thrusts like a sword through his own atmosphere, destroying, as some would say, the typical Morgan flavour, but progressing in power and urgency. Query for Mr. Duffin: Does Morgan gain or lose?

SYLVA NORMAN

The Pageant of Life. By B. G. KHER. Edited by S. B. KHER and G. K. RAO. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 305 pp. 1959. Rs. 4.00)

This volume, which is a collection of the late Shri B. G. Kher's speeches and writings on a variety of subjects, leaves on the reader the over-all impression that their author was a warm-hearted, lovable person, a humanitarian deeply concerned with the well-being of his fellow men, learned and religiously humble, functioning in the true spirit of the *Gita*, namely, of service without expectation of reward. We also get the impression of his being essentially an intellectual with a progressive outlook.

Included in the volume are carefully sorted out and edited speeches and writings covering a long period and divided into six sections — "Personal," "Homage to the Great," "Education

and Science," "Æsthetics," "Social Work and Reform," and "Miscellaneous." Though many of these were written or spoken on specific occasions, there is a consistent thread of sentiment and outlook running through them. While in each section there is something which can be read with profit by the layman, this reviewer would invite particular attention to the section "Homage to the Great," in which the author gives brief but scintillating pen-sketches of politicians, statesmen, social reformers, religious leaders, educationists and administrators — ancient and modern — ranging from the Buddha and Gandhiji to Dr. Ambedkar and Sir Frank Beaman. Another section to which one can turn with especial benefit is that on "Education and Science" — the former being in fact the subject to which Shri Kher was specially devoted.

The two editors and the Navajivan Trust have done well in bringing out thus the writings and speeches of the late Shri Kher, who from humble beginnings rose to and occupied some of the most coveted positions in India's public life, without seeking them.

C. V. H. RAO

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** reproduces the answers he elicited from the writer and critic, Dr. Charles David Ley, on various points of literary interest. Dr. Ley's assessments of many aspects of European literature have a fresh, astringent quality, and rest upon a comprehensive and humane sense of European tradition.—ED.]

I HAVE KNOWN Dr. Charles David Ley for twenty-five years and have followed his literary and dramatic career since the thirties. I have always admired his scholarship and his prowess at languages, at which he has particularly excelled. I know that a polyglot is never really sure of himself but I am happy to say that David Ley did not attempt to obtain a mastery of more than two languages. Basically, Ley is a poet and critic, having published more than a dozen books in English and Spanish. His *Portuguese Voyages* in the Everyman's Library has already obtained sufficient recognition. His translations into Spanish of Peter Ustinov's plays have earned him golden opinions from critics as well as producers. As David Ley is very close to the intellectual ferment in European countries and talks frequently to young audiences, I was anxious to have him answer a few questions, which I thought would excite a variety of readers. Whether one agrees with his ideas or not, one can be certain of one thing: David Ley is a genuine critic, firm of purpose and absolutely sincere; above all, he is a humanist. Half of his inspiration is Spanish — in more ways than one, for David Ley's wife comes from Spain.

Baldoon Dhingra: What are the principal trends in contemporary European literature? Do you think there is something similar in the literatures of the different European countries of today?

David Ley: Perhaps it is difficult to distinguish what one thinks will happen in literature from what one hopes for.

Let me answer the second part of your question first. I consider European literature as essentially one, and Russian literature, when it is allowed to develop normally, forms part of it. The literatures of the different countries and languages of Europe — or, at least, of the principal European countries have interacted constantly. But it is precisely today, when European unity in commerce is being achieved and when even European

political unity does not seem such a fantastic dream as it did before, that people in Europe are becoming narrowly parochial about their literatures. If anyone doubts this, let him dip into the current manuals of literature put into the hands of the young, and he will see how such movements as the Renaissance or Neoclassicism or Romanticism are spoken of as the exclusive preserves of the country in question. To take an extreme example. While I was reading English at Cambridge in the 1930's — today things, I suspect, would be worse — lecturers and supervisers talked at some length about Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* without ever impressing on their students that this narrative poem is largely translated from Boccaccio, though with long original passages by Chaucer.

Naturally there must be similar trends in the literatures of all European countries, because the likenesses between the countries of Europe are far greater than the differences, even when thick-skulled politicians try to make their particular politics come first. In any case, political hostility has never altered the underlying unity. The wars between England and France never prevented English writers modelling themselves on the best French writers when this was convenient. And so on. And it is precisely the feeling of despair behind much of modern literature, shall we say, behind Sartre, Moravia, Cela, Graham Greene and Arthur Miller (America is an extension of Europe), which proves the vital need for such unity. To return to my beginning, it is precisely out of Russia —a Russia indifferent to thick-skulled politicians, which we no longer realized existed — that Pasternak's great message of spiritual unity has come. And, in a way, this unity includes Asia, through Asiatic Russia, which is the meaning of the Asiatic chapters of Pasternak's great book.

The trend is despair because the unity is lost. But the unity is still there or the despair itself could not exist.

B.D.: Do you think men of letters today exert influence on vital issues?

D.L.: That really depends on what anyone means by vital issues. People insist on thinking that peace or war are the most fundamental things in human existence when a man's relation to those around him and to his own essential solitude within himself — where God is to be found — are manifestly infinitely more vital. And it is just those second values from which all art worth the name springs, so that a man may quite easily think he is serving the first values in his works when he is unbeknown to himself serving the second.

Therefore, if writers insist on trying to persuade people about immediate issues, their real sphere of influence will be restricted to a particular period. And this will be true whether a writer is trying to popularize a particular programe or whether he is in opposition to what he thinks the disastrous trend of his own age. A major example is George Orwell, one of the most famous authors of our day but who will be, by 1984, completely forgotten whether his prophecies come true or not.

B.D.: Are people becoming wider in their interests?

D.L.: They could be, though I don't really know that they are. The improvement in general living conditions in most countries since the last war makes the young prone to feel more sympathy towards other peoples, outside their immediate country. But this sympathy is not always rightly canalized. Another factor fights against deepening sympathies, the ease with which mechanical amusement is everywhere provided. Television is a typical

example, but only one. The outer world is an easy pageant in which foreign countries are largely the picturesque side of them shown in cinemas, television and newspapers. Young Tom Smith never stops to think that a Pierre Dupont in France or a Juan Pérez in Spain may go through experiences fundamentally like his own, and still less, the inhabitants of countries still further off — for many English tourists of all social standings are flocking to France and Spain, but noticing nothing but externals. The most profound experience they are likely to have is a conversation with a Frenchman or a Spaniard about what he thinks of his Government. There is a dreadful scepticism, really, about the young today. Everything is too much trouble in the intellectual sphere.

Thus the kind of novel which used to be called Picaresque, a series of adventures in the course of a journey, or of an existence, rather than a carefully-planned plot, has become the more usual form of the novel among younger writers. Irish Murdock or Michel Janicot or Rafael Sánchez Ferlosio pass from episode to episode with no sense of climax.

> Things fall apart. The Centre cannot hold.
> Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world.

(I quote from memory. Excuse me if I have made some error in reciting this to you.)

People are surprisingly interested in what is happening all over the world. Everybody is tremendously well-informed, in comparison with what they used to be. But I don't know that this interest will be of much lasting benefit.

B.D.: Do you think the theatre also suffers from similar defeats?

D.L.: Not really. The theatre has rather lagged behind. In England the best plays are written by poets like Eliot or novelists like Graham Greene. The young have not the force to use the tremendous symbolism of the theatre. John Osborne is wonderful at stage dialogue because he has really captured how people talk nowadays, but his characters are aimless and lack significance. To write good plays, a panoramic grasp of life is necessary, and Osborne is merely annoyed at certain social shibboleths — very local — he has come across in England. Sheilagh Delaney has some tragic sense of life, however. The theatre in France, Spain and Italy has remained stationary.

B.D.: And what about poetry?

D.L.: The most living poetry in Europe, if not the best, seems to me to be coming from Spain at present. There is a whole group of poets there of between thirty and fifty who have a good deal to say. The new poets of England spend too long lamenting they cannot feel emotions. They visit the Acropolis and gaze at dirt lying about.

B.D.: What are the main contributions, problems and interests of present-day writing in the Spanish language?

D.L.: Spanish writing is far more positive, as I said before, than English, French or German writing. Whether it is the revolutionary writing of Neruda in Chile, or the bitter spirituality of the Spanish exile, Cernuda, or the spiritual defeat of the monsters of the mind by Dámaso Alonso Spanish poetry is always hitting nails on the head. Perhaps there are no first-rate novelists, though the Argentinian Eduardo Mallea or the Spaniard Camilo José Cela, are extremely interesting writers. The drama lags behind, with the brilliant exception of the apparently frivolous but really deeply perceptive Miguel Mihura.

B.D.: What will be the effect of television and other mechanical inventions on literature in the future?

D.L.:The literature of the future will have to address itself to a smaller public, because the world is fast reaching a stage where the mass of the

world's population will know how to write and read but do it as little as possible. Thus literature will again address an *élite,* as in the time when the vast majority of people in Europe were illiterate. Now they will become television-maniacs or addicts of other visual entertainments. The effect will probably be very good in the process of time.

BALDOON DHINGRA

FOR INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING AMONG THE YOUNG

THE WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM is ever conscious of the need to educate the growing generation in international understanding, so that the torch lit at The Hague in 1915 may be kept burning.

At a recent international seminar held at Holte by the Leauge's Danish Section, a resolution supported the efforts made by UNESCO to ensure that history and geography books are written objectively, so that national prejudices may not be perpetuated. It also urged that national sections should stimulate their governments to make scholarships available through UNESCO to enable young, qualified graduate students to work and study freely in other countries, and so identify themselves with their counterparts.

At the fourteenth triennial International Congress held in Stockholm in the summer of 1959, it was proposed that the League's international headquarters at Geneva should make facilities available for the training of young people in international understanding, and in League work in particular.

In the British Section, the League's Education Committee sends questionnaires to its own members, who then make local enquiries as to what is being done in the schools and further educational establishments towards implementing relevant clauses in the 1944 Education Act. For example, enquiries as to what vocational guidance is being afforded to school-leavers; what instruction is being given in world-citizenship; whether there is any evidence of discrimination in schools and colleges on the grounds of race, religion or sex.

Other questions deal with the necessity for special courses aimed at assisting pupils in understanding the social and political problems of other nations. Whenever possible, collateral questions are followed up by the committee under the able chairmanship of Miss H. Walmesley, 138 Oak Tree Lane, Birmingham 29, England, who welcomes enquiries and suggestions.

FLORENCE E. PETTIT

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

HUDIBRAS

The anti-heroes, the "brash boys," the mean, petty types, may monopolize the pages of cynical modern novels, and, at the other extreme, the souvenir-mad crowd of worshippers may tear the clothes from their publicity-created idol; but the common man still has an innate sense of the qualities that should be honoured as real.

There is a thirty-two-year old doctor from St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A., who is, it is said, the "one man in all America from whom hotel-keepers and taxi-drivers will not accept payment, bellboys will refuse tips — from whom even street sellers will not take the price of newspapers." (Joyce Egginton, *News Chronicle,* London.) For Dr. Tom Dooley is one of those whose example fires the imagination to a similar response, because they give themselves wholly for others. When, on Navy service in 1954, he was involved with the flood of refugees from North Vietnam and realized the appalling health conditions in that area, he determined to go back "and not only help to heal the sick, but also teach the people how to treat themselves." Later, with a few voluntary helpers from the U. S. A., he started a hospital, which served also as a training centre, in Laos. When the personnel there could carry on alone, he started another, and a third is now being organized. But it is not this alone that has caught the public heart. For Dr. Dooley, young, gay and good-looking, is a victim of cancer, which after major surgery has left him with a practically useless arm, and the ever-present threat of further spreading of the disease. Yet he says, "I don't have time to sit around feeling sorry for myself. You are on this earth to die. What matters is how you spend the days you live." His working day — surgeries, operations, visits to patients, correspondence — lasts from sunrise to past midnight. During his stay in America, while recovering from the cancer operation, he worked on his third book, gave press conferences, did a forty-nine-day lecture tour of the U. S. A. (giving 68 speeches in 59 cities) and appeared on television. All royalties and payments go towards his work, and all the personal publicity is only valued in order to further that.

Here we have the clue to real happiness, not sought for its own sake, but found by making one's life only a means to a greater end, an end that is rooted in altruism.

The vital role of the writer in keeping alive the flame of hope and faith ever burning in the mind of a man was the theme of the several speeches made at the All-India Writers' Conference held in Madras last month. Dr. C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar appealed to the writer to pursue the path dictated by his reason, fearless, not only of any State regulation, patronage or persecution, but also free from the equal danger arising from mob prepossessions and the effort of group psychology as manifested in the cinema, radio, television and other media of mass communications.

Regretting the baneful effects of the popular theatre and the cinema, which had tended to bring to the forefront the cult of cheap popular appeal and resort to crude or hysterical emotionalism, Dr. Ramaswamy Aiyar pointed out (according to a report in *The Hindu*) that the fore-

most duty of writers in the present circumstances

was to diffuse throughout the land, an acquaintance with, an appreciation of, the literature of knowledge and of the emotions extant throughout the world. Their efforts should be to popularize and widely to broadcast the knowledge of the riches not only of Western literature but of literature produced in the various Indian languages. The temptation to be parochial or linguistically fanatical might thus be combated.

He was, however, confident that the country possessed one unique advantage in that practically all her languages had a common treasure house of basic ideology and philosophical terminologies underneath their apparent and superficial divergences, and added that

judging from the present-day tendencies, there seemed to be little doubt that India was likely to fall into line with Western forms of thought and expression. The danger to be avoided was that in this process they might lose sight of that essentially sane and tolerant conspectus of life and that adherence to the ideals and sanctities of existence which had been the basic attributes of their art and literature.

Shri M. Bhaktavatsalam, Home Minister of Madras State, also referred to the noble role to be played by the modern writer in preserving cultural freedom:—

Transcending all the barriers of land, language, political beliefs and religious creeds, the writers of the world have to unite in the common cause of making the world a better, happier place to live in. The writer writes in a thousand different scripts, but he speaks the universal language of love, sympathy and understanding. The themes may cover a wide range from fairy tales to family planning, but running through all the various topics is the eternal theme of truth and beauty. Let the writers of the world come together then, shed their prejudices, break down the barriers, and join the crusade against darkness and intolerance.

Shri Tarashanker Banerji, President of the Conference, stressed the writer's obligation to transcend individual, sectional and even national barriers, and reaffirmed the highest ideals of Indian culture. He said

The spirit of the writer is the song of freedom. We have fought against Imperialism and Colonialism and will continue to fight against all injustice and wrong to humanity, social and political, against all aggression on life in any form yet the focus of the conference should be literary and not political. We believe that although the writer cannot ignore the political struggle he has a deeper obligation to himself and to humanity, which is to liberate the spirit of man through the excellence of creation.

Shri C. Rajagopalachari advised the young writers not to plunge into the profession of writing without gaining experience through trials and tribulations, privations and prosperity, glory and ignominy. According to a report in *The Hindustan Times*, Shri Rajagopalachari asked Indian writers

to write with a message for the people. He made four other points: (1) do not begin writing when young, (2) do not entertain ideas of trade unionism, (3) do write with reticence and (4) do not be jealous of each other. Amplifying his points, Mr. Rajagopalachari said young men seeking to be writers had to write without the experience of life. So he would advise young men to try out other professions and if they still felt after some years the urge they should be able to write very well on the background of the experience they have gone through.

The recognition of the reign of law and the mobilization of the young in the cause of truth were defined as the dual functions of a modern university by President Eisenhower during his visit to India, when the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on him by the Delhi University on December 11th.

Universities in this modern world [he said] have a difficult dual function to perform. They must be at the same time strongholds of traditional wisdom accumulated during the ages and alert outposts of a world advancing towards the conquest of the unknown. Within them, the traditional and the new are continually being moulded together to form the substance of a better life for human beings.

He pointed out that every univer-

sity had to bear in mind in its march ahead two lessons which history has taught mankind, namely, "mutual good" and "a world of law." Favouring the student exchange programme between the U.S.A and India, he said:—

Through this exchange of thoughtful people, this trading of ideas and ideals, this patient building of a bridge of mutual understanding, we accelerate our march toward the goal of world peace. What has been done in the exchange of students should be only a beginning. These young people are a vital dynamic element in the world's resources for the construction of a just, secure peace.

As the older generation, which was entrusted with this responsibility, had attained maturity and in some cases their prejudices and antagonisms had become stabilized, President Eisenhower urged that thinking about security and peace in the world should be built on the grand plateau of youth:—

I propose to you that, while Governments discuss a meeting of a few at the summit, universities consider a massive interchange of mutual understanding on the grand plateau of youth, more enduringly than from the deliberations of high councils. I believe mankind will profit when the young men and women of all nations — and in great numbers — study and learn together. In so doing, they will concern themselves with the problems, the possibilities, the resources and the rewards of common destiny. Through centuries nations have sent their youth, armed for war, to oppose their neighbours. Let us, in this day, look on our youth, eager for larger and clearer knowledge, as forces for international understanding; and send them, one nation to the other, on missions of peace.

Regarding the second function of the University, President Eisenhower stres sed the need for a reliable framework of law, grounded in the general principles recognized by civilized nations. He added:—

Another major stone in the structure of international rule of law must be a body of international law adapted to the changing needs of today's world. There are dozens of countries which have attained their independence since the bulk of existing international law was evolved. What is now needed is to infuse into international law the finest traditions of all the great legal systems of the world. And here the universities of the world can be of tremendous help in gathering and sifting and harmonizing them into universal law.

In conclusion the President pointed out that by pursuing these two noble functions the universities would be giving leadership to the worthiest human enterprise, namely, the pursuit of peace with justice:—

Here, then, are two purposes which I see as particularly fitting within the mission of the world's universities.

A more massive mobilization of young people in the centres of learning where truth and wisdom are enshrined and ignorance and witless prejudice are corrected. They, whose world this soon will be, can thus begin to make it now a more decent place for their living.

An inquiry and a search in the laws of nations for the grand principles of justice and righteousness and good, common to all peoples; out of them will then be constructed a system of law, welcome to all peoples because it will mean for the world a rule of law — an end to the suicidal strife of war.

Recurring "incidents" in our universities underline the need for re-thinking not only on the system of education but also in relation to its total effects. Acts of indiscipline in schools and colleges have become so familiar a part of our life that they do not shake the public beyond condemnation of students, or the institution of an enquiry. Frequently platitudes are aired at convocations or occasionally some universities are closed, and the situation continues to be as unsatisfactory as ever.

The suggestion frequently made that punitive action be taken against students seems to ignore the fact that temples of learning are not police courts or the students criminals. Beyond subduing them temporarily severe punishment will not solve the serious problem facing the parents and educationists. There is great need therefore to take more earnest steps, and this was emphasized by Shri C. D. Deshmukh, Chairman of the University Grants Commission,

Inaugurating the Training Seminar of the New Education Fellowship in New Delhi on December 18th, he said (according to a report in *The Indian Express*) that

> the object of education was to shape the citizen of tomorrow and a system which did not take into account the requirements of a fast-changing life would fail to achieve the desired objectives.

There is no doubt that such steps as more employment opportunities, restricted admission, more personal contacts between the teacher and the taught, better conditions of service, a reformed system of examinations etc. would improve the tone of education and lessen the incidence of student indiscipline in the universities. As evidence it can be seen that in technical, professional and training institutions, where to some extent these factors are present, there is better discipline.

The Chief Minister of Bombay Shri Y. B. Chavan, referred to the *malaise* of the universities today and expressed the view that expansion of higher education in India represented a powerful democratizing force in the country and that its total effects would be healthy for the body politic. He was delivering the Convocation Address at the Aligarh University when (according to a report in The Times of India) he said:—

> The widening of the mental horizon of people who come from the background of ignorance and illiteracy, increasing opportunities to them to realize their potentialities in as large a measure as possible, can enable us to secure our leadership in terms of quality and quantity alone; and factors such as social status, caste, position, family and so on may get relegated to the background in such a context.

Shri Chavan also dealt with the problem of overcrowding in colleges and universities and said that the great rush was at least partly an expression of the urge to come into their own on the part of those sections of the community which for centuries had been suppressed or denied the benefit of learning The report adds:—

> He thought that a solution could be found in an improvement "in the functioning of our colleges and universities and a better training and outlook on the part of the teachers so that the energies of our growing generations [might] be canalized into creative directions. . . ."
>
> The Chief Minister . . . conceded that governments "have to shoulder part of the responsibility of providing the material wherewithal for tackling these problems." He was confident that in the context of the country's economic development "our ability to provide more and better amenities is also bound to increase with the passage of time. The present criticism of overcrowding therefore becomes largely a criticism of the absence of adjustments between availability of resources on the one hand and the requirements for them on the other at the higher level of our educational system.

At the same time, he cautioned the educationists not to sacrifice quality at the altar of quantity and in this connection he referred to the rapid expansion of education since Independence and cited the constitutional Directives in respect of the primary stage, which contain "potentialities of a wide diffusion of culture, thus bringing the realm of human values and ideals within the reach of all.

The increase of leisure, and better pay, in the more industrialized societies has produced an increase in the "admass," lowest - common - denominator forms of entertainment, but, as a healthy reaction to this soulless materialistic passivity, there is also a new creative activity — new as far as the community as a whole is concerned. This activity is not "Art" (as a snob cult or as a financial investment) but pleasure painting, as one of its pioneers, Mervyn Levy, has called it.

In an article "Pleasure Painting in Britain" (*Studio*, December 1959) he differentiates between the "dead imita-

tive eye," of the so-called amateur and the "individual creative eye," free from professional fashions and *clichés*, "working with that uniqueness of vision and style which in its pure form distinguishes the true primitive." Between 1953 and 1955. Mervyn Levy's televised painting courses and the picture competitions run by him for the B. B. C. television service brought in 50,000 entries. Professional abstract art today shows signs of coming to a dead end, but what characterized these pleasure paintings was the importance given to the subject, together with a freshness of interpretation and expression that won strong approval from the judges. The Press has now taken on the task of sponsorship. The popular Sunday paper *The People* (circulation five million) runs an annual National Exhibition of Housewives Art. *The Daily Telegraph* in 1958 began what also looks like becoming an annual event, an imaginative flower painting competition, which each year has brought 5,000 entries, many of very high quality.

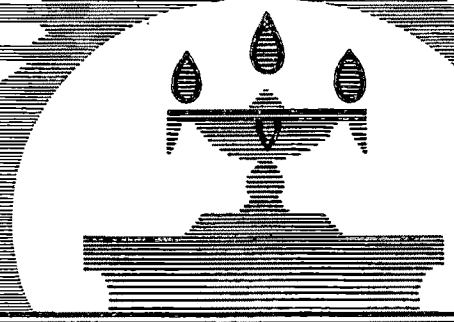
Any pleasure or activity that helps to unlock the responsive vision and creative potentialities in human beings must be welcomed, unless it becomes an end in itself, falling into selfishness. When the pleasure painter can bring the same qualities of freshness of vision and expression to the platitudes and problems of life as a whole, these too will take on a new significance and solution. Then there will be, not merely new painters, but new artists in Life. Originality means a going back to origins, to fundamental truths, and there are periods when the lesson of the Art of Life is easier than at others. The varied signs of renaissance just beginning to show their heads out of the mud of materialism may possibly foreshadow such a period, and we should take advantage of the rising cycle.

Shri Tenniti Viswanatham, Chairman of the Coffee Board, spoke on "Non-violence" at the Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore, on November 17th, 1959. Shri Viswanatham felt that, although we speak much about non-violence, in practice we do many things which are violent. Every religion and philosophy has preached the lesson of non-violence, but it was left to Gandhiji to put it into practice in politics. The speaker felt that Darwin's theory of "the survival of the fittest" was misunderstood, that Darwin did not intend it to be applied to society.

In present world conditions, non-violence seemed to the speaker the only solution. However, in order to practise non-violence, he felt, one must be non-violent in one's thoughts and this is possible only when one is true to oneself. He reminded the audience that wars start in the minds of men and are not the outcome of science or politics. He felt, however, that non-violence could be given a new meaning if used by politicians in the correct way.

M. Jacques Dedeyn, who presided, thought that if a few people could be got to follow the great teachers of non-violence like the Buddha and Gandhiji the world would be greatly benefited.

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THE ARYAN PATH

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

VOL. XXXI MARCH 1960 No. 3

TRADITIONAL AND MODERN

[IN these quiet reflections **Shrimati Lila Ray** dissolves the opposition of tradition and modernism in the view that each successive "modern" period is a challenge to make a creative contribution to tradition. She makes in closing some penetrating remarks about our particular "modern" period. — ED.]

THE WORD "MODERN" is what a young Indian philosopher calls a Humpty-Dumpty word. It is all right on a wall.

Our present and recent past have been characterized, among other things, by technological progress. Contemporary life is supported by a steel framework built and maintained with a high degree of technical skill. A radio is *de rigueur* for those who wish to be *à la mode*. The cinema, some claim, has outmoded the novel. Yet much that man has to communicate, the intimate and intuitive workings of his thought processes, his emotional evolution, is not merely visual. He may make use of the visual in giving it expression, but what he says transcends and transmutes the visual just as it transcends and transmutes the aural. The written word will stay. The novel, the story, the essay, poetry, drama — all verbal forms of expression are indispensable to man's progress. There is no correlation between progress in technique and progress in civilization. Technique may improve while civilization remains stationary or suffers a setback. Psychic advance is not necessarily accompanied by any corresponding revolution in technique, though the development of technique may follow upon it.

By modernism do we then mean a rationalist tendency in religion? Religion is another Humpty-Dumpty word. The prevalent systems of faith and worship are not contemporary or recent in their origins. To recognize a superhuman controlling power is to recognize something non-rational or super-rational, assuming that rationality is characteristic of the human

species. To reject what cannot be tested by reason in religion is to reject religion altogether. It certainly is not modern either in inception or in practice.

Modernism, therefore, is thought of as contradictory to traditionalism and opposed to it. What is the oldest and most universal custom man's ancestors have handed down to their posterity? How have men accumulated experience? By making things with their hands. By using the things they make with their hands. The habit of making things, the custom of creation, has been handed down to us through the ages. What then is traditional? Creativity. A break in creativity is a break in the oldest tradition of the human race. Tradition means the continuity of creativity. Creativity is both old and new-fashioned, contemporary and ancient.

There is not and cannot be any conflict between traditionalism and modernism. Modernism designates a period, the modes of belief and expression current in the times in which a person lives. Its meaning is confined to the moment, changing from moment to moment. It is a part; tradition is the whole. In contributing creatively to man's inheritance modernism enriches tradition. If man's powers of creation develop or expand significantly in any particular period that period can be said to have made a distinct addition to our human heritage. It is modern at the moment it is made. A barren period makes no contribution. Men fall back upon their powers of imitation and upon mechanical, as distinct from creative, skills. Such a sterile period is also modern to the man who lives in it.

As creation is a joyous activity and imitation is not, men feel sad and frustrated in sterile periods. They are restless. They hide their despair from themselves and others, seeking satisfaction in substitutes. They avoid being alone and lose themselves in collectives: their contempt for the individual is self-contempt.

No one period is totally barren or wholly creative. Both ingredients are present in greater or less degree. The relative degrees delineate the period, giving it distinct and recognizable outlines.

What about our own period? The twentieth century? Up to the present it has been, like its predecessors, a century of Cain. But the extent to which men have slain their brothers in it is unprecedented in the history of mankind. Has not the Everest of cruelty been scaled? Have men seen so much evil, done so much evil, that they have lost their sensitivity to good? Can propitiation be made? Propitiation by kindness?

A moral issue is always the challenge that is fateful for the future. Whether India should remain enslaved or be free was such a moral issue.

The people of India met the requirements of the situation with a creative response, a response that has been one of the redeeming features of the age that is, for us, modern. Progress towards self-determination is the criterion of growth, for individuals as well as for societies.

Society is the field of action, but the source of action is in the individuals composing it. We have seen how tragically collective organizations fail when the individuals who compose them are not their own masters sufficiently to realize what is being done with the strength they give these organizations. Criticism must be directed inwards to the individual character and its integration as well as outward to existing social institutions and those who uphold them. During the first half of this unhappy century criticism has, by and large, been directed outward. The last fifty years have been turbulent. Out of the turbulence has emerged a new social *milieu* which has been imposed upon us. The challenge of our times is a dual challenge, technological and psychological. To what extent has man succeeded in responding to it creatively?

LILA RAY

CONTINUITY

Our thoughts
Sometimes calm, sometimes tumultuous
Flow like a river
Into the sea of eternity;
Within that river
Lurk memories joyous or sad;
And always, always, with the river
They are flowing out to sea.

HERBERT BLUEN

THE SELF

[Our old and esteemed contributor, **Mr. Joshua C. Gregory,** is the author of a number of fine books which converge, one might say, on the philosophical aspects of scientific thought. His approach in this thoughtful essay may remind some readers of the Buddhist approach to the question of the apparent self. The Buddha showed that this self is a stream, not an entity. Mr. Gregory points out that the truth behind our sense of personal identity is not permanence but continuity.

Accepting this, however, does not preclude the reality of another Self, changeless because it is not subject to time, whose perfect Integrity and incorruptible Wholeness are manifested dynamically in the exactness and mercy of Universal Law.—Ed.]

In his "*Cogito, ergo sum*" Descartes relies on his thinking to establish his own existence. "I act, therefore I am" has been affirmed to give the same assurance. Many other analogues of the Cartesian formula suggest themselves. "I dream, therefore I exist" is one; "I am conscious, therefore I am" is another. The experient may confidently believe he exists because he feels pain, or hopes, or writes poetry, or is sentenced to be hanged. These and other analogues combine to give full assurance of existence—each expressing one aspect of the total convincing experience.

One analogue eminently expresses the sense of existence. A golfer has six balls from one batch in his bag. Each ball is identical with the other five in the sense of exact likeness. (Leibnitz need not trouble this exposition with his "Identity of Indiscernibles"—arguing that no two balls are *precisely* alike.) The golfer uses one ball for the whole round. At the finish his clubs have battered the ball out of its exact resemblance to its fellows. At the last hole, however, in another sense it is identical with the ball driven from the first tee. This *continuant* sense is involved in the realization of his own existence by the golfer.

Descartes did not intend to confine his thinking to a single moment or to spread it through a series of disconnected thinkings. His formula, however, does not expressly include the continuity inherent in his sense of his own existence. Neither does "I dream, therefore I am," nor does St. Augustine's "If I err, I am."

When the sentenced murderer realizes that *he* is to be hanged, recollected scenes of his own innocent boyhood may well suffuse the *he* with a vivid sense of his own continuous existence. "I remember, therefore I am" does express the sense of continuity that suffuses the realization of being existent. This expression is most evident in explicit recollection which in-

cludes awareness of remembering. The sedate senator who thus recollects a youthful prank remembers explicitly that, years ago, he himself was the delinquent. Memory most frequently prompts the round of recognition without any awareness of remembering. The recognition of a seen owl as an owl, though it depends on previous experiences, whether personally or by hearsay, and thus on memory, does not normally include any awareness of remembering. Such unconsciously operating memory presumably contributes to the general sense of continuing identity that pervades the realization of being an existent. Specific recollection, however, with its included awareness of remembering, most emphatically endorses the conclusion that we must exist because we remember.

Visitors to the house of a novelist were warned that if he described, with vivid detail, his shipwreck on the Norwegian coast, they must remember that he had never been to Norway: so the report runs. This suggests another analogue of the Cartesian "*Cogito, ergo sum*": "I imagine, therefore I am." The novelist only thought he was recollecting, but pseudo-memories, by contrast, help to manifest the genuine memories that certify to the rememberers their own genuine existence. Also, though most specific recollections probably contain at least a touch of imaginative reconstruction, they still confirm the recollector's being an existent. The novelist's imaginative construction, by connecting his present self with the shipwrecked man, rests as firmly on a sense of continuing identity as on a genuine recollection. Imaginative constructions, by posing as recollections, may be their effective deputies. So the most effective single analogue of the Cartesian formula is: "I remember, therefore I am."

At one time, Descartes records in the second of his *Metaphysical Meditations*, he connected walking, feeling and thinking with his soul without dwelling upon its nature. At times the soul did suggest to him "something extremely rare and subtle," like a "wind" or a "flame" or "a very volatile air insinuated and diffused throughout" his "more material parts." At another time his realization of himself as a thinking thing banished this vaporous notion of the soul. This banishment included the realization that he was not the "collection of members which is called the human body."

In his first impression of his soul, or mind, as tenuous, Descartes, however unwittingly, reproduced a very wide-spread notion of the soul, especially in earlier times. Resurrection and reincarnation beliefs have, through the ages, helped to soothe this disturbing sense of the soul's tenuity by housing it in the concrete body that Descartes dissociated from his "I." John Citizen's sense of his continuing body fortifies his realization of his persistent self. This realization, thus fortified, of his own personal

persistent being may still leave a troublesome problem unsolved, for the dualism of body and mind seems to interconnect, or try to interconnect, two incompatibles.

Memory, however, especially specifically recollecting memory, assures each human being that he, or she, is an enduring self. The body, by providing "a local habitation" for the "I," fortifies this assurance.

We human beings are enduring selves, and our bodies concretely strengthen this testimony of memory. The realization of the self does not straightway solve all the problems raised by its existence. "I remember, therefore I am," however, with all that it involves, contains an assurance of a personal enduring self.

Recollection does not involve that the enduring self experienced during later life be a replica of the enduring self experienced at an earlier age. The old man realizes that he has continued his youthful self without perpetuating it: he is a stream of changing continuity. The aging body fortifies this realization of the ripening and aging self. Memory, especially recollective memory, testifies that the self changes as surely as it endures. The successive selves of any one continuing identical self have no analogue in the six identical golf balls of one batch. They have their analogue in the alterations in the single golf ball as it is driven round the course.

The sense of the self, guaranteed by memory and fortified by the sense of the body, constantly underlies human experience. During life's conscious round, however, the normal human being is usually unaware of his continuing though changing self. The mind, preoccupied with outward events or with its own course of thought, ignores, in effect, its own existence. From time to time, notably in reflective moments, the sense of the self does surge into awareness. Descartes, by his reflections on these insights, may have helped many men and women to realize that they are selves.

The mind, or soul, has been disrespectfully called the "Ghost in the Machine." The body, the "Machine," helps recollection to realize that the self is more enduring as well as more changeful than a "Ghost."

"We may define a 'mind' as a collection of events connected with each other by memory-chains backwards and forwards." So Bertrand Russell writes in *My Philosophical Development*. We know, he adds, the "collection of events" constituting ourselves more completely than "anything else in the world."

For supplemental interpretation the "memory-chains" represent a complexly organized memory system, and the meaning of a word indicates the unconscious operation of much remembering. The verbal symbol "tiger" means a large, Asiatic, striped, feline quadruped. It also means

more than this *O.E.D.* definition: an animal hunted by sportsmen on elephants, for instance. When an eye sees the written "tiger" it may have little, or no, conscious awareness of the meaning provoked by the verbal symbol. A visual image of a tiger, vague or distinct, may haunt the mind's eye, or other notions about tigers may pop into awareness. Normally, however, the meaning is remembered with very little conscious awareness of its content—often with none. If the written or spoken statement, "John shot a tiger," stirred a medley of conscious notions about John, tigers and shooting in a mind, it would inflict on that mind a chaos instead of a steadily grasped meaning.

The meanings of words or statements seem to be both essentially mental and predominantly active in the unconscious mind. Thus meaning and the spontaneously recognized owl suggest unconsciously acting memory. Since all possible recollections do not constantly flood conscious awareness, they seem, when they do occur, to be actualizations of potentialities in an unconsciously organized memory-system. The mind, or self, thus presents itself as mainly, and essentially, an elaborate organization of experience into an unconscious.

Though it enigmatically eludes complete understanding, this unconscious seems imperatively to claim its rôle as interpreter of the psyche. It disconcerts by interpreting, for it is as plainly hypothetical as it is effectively interpretative. The self does not relish this reduction to a mainly hypothetical being. In deep sleep, without even a flicker of conscious awareness, the self, very disconcertingly, seems to be wholly hypothetical.

Recollection, however, with its conscious awareness of remembering, still convinces the rememberer that he genuinely exists. As he reminiscently surveys his past life he realizes his enduring, though changing, self. He may be perplexed by his changing identity, and puzzled by his hypothetical unconscious self. He remains convinced that he could not remember himself if he did not exist. I remember, therefore I indubitably am.

JOSHUA C. GREGORY

HE should raise the self by the Self; let him not suffer the Self to be lowered; for Self is the friend of self, and, in like manner, self is its own enemy. Self is the friend of the man who is self-conquered; so self like a foe hath enmity to him who is not self-conquered. The Self of the man who is self-subdued and free from desire and anger is intent on the Supreme Self in heat and cold, in pain and pleasure, in honour and ignominy.

—*Bhagavad-Gita*, Ch. VI

LOGICAL POSITIVISM

[**Dr. S. N. L. Shrivastava,** M.A., D.LITT., Head of the Department of Studies in Philosophy, Jabalpur University, has already contributed three interesting essays on schools of contemporary philosophy to THE ARYAN PATH (July and September 1959 and January 1960). In this, he examines the ideas of a school which has been very influential in our time, though its influence has perhaps now begun to wane. Dr. Shrivastava states its position lucidly, and offers an outline of criticisms urged against it. — ED.]

"IF I were asked to state in one word," writes H. J. Paton, "the main impulse to all this new thinking, and particularly to the whole logical and linguistic movement of this century, I should take the question literally and say simply that it was science (including mathematics)."[1] Yes, science; Paton has put his finger exactly on what may be termed the linchpin of some of the characteristically twentieth-century movements of thought — I say "some" advisedly, for there are others like Existentialism which sound a note of protest against the idolatrous attitude to science. The modern schools, however, of Realism, Logical Positivism, Analysis and Materialism have definitely taken scientific knowledge as the very model of all knowledge which is worth while. They are in a mood to say, as it were: "Come unto us all ye who are weary of the old cloud-gazing philosophies which flouted science and common sense; we shall give you peace and rest in a philosophy which is at once scientific and commonsensical!" Despite the cold and arid-seeming programmes of these modern philosophers, one cannot fail to detect an evangelical zeal in them. As an indication of the attitude of modern philosophers towards those of the older generation, I quote here the following words from a recent review of a work on Kant. The reviewer writes:—

> Those who think of philosophy as a matter of exact and careful statement, closely reasoned, as most philosophers in this country do, will find little to admire in the book; but readers who have sympathy with an older tradition of philosophizing, according to which the philosopher is a wise man with a distinctive way of looking at the world, may well learn something from it.[2]

I am not here concerned with the rightness or otherwise of the reviewer's opinion. My point is simply to illustrate the language in which the philosopher of today loves to accentuate the difference between himself

[1] *Contemporary British Philosophy* (Third Series), p. 352.

[2] Review of Richard Kröner's *Kant's Weltanschauung* in *The Philosophical Quarterly*, January 1959.

and his forebear.

The movement known as Logical Positivism originated with what is known as the Vienna Circle, a group of philosophers and mathematicians which formed itself around Professor Moritz Schlick when he came in the year 1922 to occupy a Chair of Philosophy at the Vienna University. The leading members of this Circle, on the philosophical side, were, apart from Schlick himself, Friedrich Weismann, Rudolf Carnap, Otto Neurath, Herbert Feigl and Victor Kraft; on the mathematical side were Hans Hahn, Karl Menger and Kurt Godel. Wittgenstein, living near Vienna, though not an official member of the group, maintained very close personal relations with Schlick. After the death of Schlick in 1936, the Circle was disrupted by its members going over to the United States and England. Today Professor A. J. Ayer of London, the celebrated author of *Language, Truth and Logic*, is regarded as the leading British proponent of Logical Positivism.

Logical Positivism is "positivist" in so far as it refuses to acknowledge any trans-empirical reality, anything beyond the realm of actual or possible sense experience—a line of thought which is nothing but a continuation of the Humean tradition. Where the modern positivists claim originality is in their having developed a rigorous and thorough logical technique. As a necessary corollary, it appears, to their disclaimer of any trans-empirical reality, they have developed an extreme anti-metaphysical attitude which is a prominent feature of their school. All metaphysical statements are devoid of factual or literal significance. Metaphysics is nonsense. Metaphysical knowledge claims to be a knowledge about the universe as a whole—an impossible feat for the human mind! Metaphysicians talk of a transcendent reality behind and beyond phenomena, but empirical premises do not warrant the postulation of such a reality. Along such lines the positivists seek to end all metaphysical disputes for all time to come by showing the impossibility of metaphysics and by showing that all metaphysical statements are pseudo-statements, not genuine.

This brings us to the question of a criterion by which the genuineness of apparent statements is tested. That, according to the positivists, is the criterion of verifiability:—

> We say that a sentence is factually significant to any given person, if, and only if, he knows how to verify the propositions which it purports to express—that is, if he knows what observations would lead him, under certain conditions, to accept the proposition as being true, or reject it as being false.[3]

[3] A. J. AYER: *Language, Truth and Logic* (London, Victor Gollancz, 1955), p. 35.

This criterion of verifiability is the bee in the bonnet of Logical Positivism. Any proposition which does not admit of the possibility of verification in empirical or sense experience is, whatever its grammatical appearance may suggest, either a mere tautology or pseudo-proposition or simply an emotionally significant sentence, but in no case a genuine proposition. Logical Positivism is committed to the absolute, final and indubitable reality of sense experience; as Ayer has put it pointedly:—

> ...anyone who condemns the sensible world as a world of mere appearance, as opposed to reality, is saying something which, according to our criterion of significance, is literally nonsensical.[4]

The critics of Logical Positivism have always urged—I think rightly—that, granted that the genuineness of a proposition can only be tested by its verification in experience, there is no reason to limit the range of experience to sense experience only. Why rule out of your purview such specific and significant human experiences as the moral, æsthetic or religious experiences?

The positivists are faced with a difficult situation in dealing with *a priori* necessary and universal truths such as those in logic and mathematics; for, to admit that there are such truths is to forsake the empiricist position and yield the ground to rationalism, and then the whole foundation for an attack upon metaphysics collapses. To escape this fate, as Ayer says, there are only two ways left open to the empiricist in dealing with the truths of logic and mathematics:—

> He must say either that they are not necessary truths, in which case he must account for the universal conviction that they are; or he must say that they have no factual content, and then he must explain how a proposition which is empty of all factual content can be true and useful and surprising.[5]

Mill, as is well known, chose the former alternative. No amount of inductive generalization from experience, he argued, can establish a *necessary* truth. The theoretical possibility always remains that what is true in experience $n-1$ times is liable to be upset the nth time, howsoever large a number n may represent. Ayer disapproves of Mill's procedure. He adopts the second alternative to escape from rationalism. He grants that the truths of logic and mathematics are *a priori*, necessary and universal; but they are, according to him, analytic and tautological, not synthetic and factual. They are *a priori* in the sense that they are not, and they do

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 39.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 73.

not require to be, empirically validated. Though devoid of factual content, they are not senseless like metaphysical propositions.

> For, although they give us no information about any empirical situation, they do enlighten us by illustrating the way in which we use certain symbols....They call attention to linguistic usages, of which we might otherwise not be conscious... [they] do not increase our knowledge.[6]

Now, from the premise that analytic propositions do not require to be validated by empirical observation, the conclusion does not follow that they are devoid of empirical content. It is difficult to understand what precisely Ayer does mean by saying that analytic propositions are devoid of empirical content. If propositions are true at all, the only conceivable and intelligible sense in which they can be so is that they are true *of* facts. Their truth may not depend on observation of facts, but they cannot be devoid of factual reference. The reader may here be reminded of Bradley's pithy remark that there never are "floating ideas." "The proposition 'Either some ants are parasitic or none are,'" says Ayer, "is an analytic proposition. For one need not resort to observation to discover that there either are or are not ants which are parasitic."[7] Yes, you need not resort to observation to establish the truth of the proposition, but the proposition is not devoid of reference to a factual situation. The most disconcerting part of Ayer's account of *a priori* propositions is this, that he thinks that *all a priori* propositions are analytic and tautological and that there are no *a priori* synthetic propositions at all. Without going any further I should like to close the discussion of this problem with the following observation of Ewing:—

> ...the verification principle itself could not be verified by sense-experience and the principle that there can be no synthetic *a priori* propositions must itself be synthetic *a priori* if it is to be known and to be of any interest.[8]

Now, if metaphysics is nonsense, is any business left over to philosophy? The positivists answer the question in the affirmative. They say that philosophy is a special branch of knowledge, though metaphysics is not. The business of philosophy is not "to formulate speculative truths, or to look for first principles or to make *a priori* judgments about the validity of our empirical beliefs"[9] but a wholly critical business of a special kind. The positivists' conception of the nature of philosophical analysis is

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[6] *Ibid.*, pp. 79-80.

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 79.

[8] *Contemporary British Philosophy* (Third Series), p. 145.

[9] A. J. AYER: *Language, Truth and Logic*, p. 51.

based on their conception of the nature of philosophical problems themselves. These problems, according to the positivists, are not factual at all; they are merely linguistic. A *locus classicus* of this view may be found in the following statement of Wittgenstein:—

> Most propositions and questions, that have been written about philosophical matters, are not false, but senseless. We cannot, therefore, answer questions of this kind at all, but only state their senselessness. Most questions and propositions of the philosophers result from the fact that we do not understand the logic of our language. (They are of the same kind as the question whether the Good is more or less identical than the Beautiful.)
>
> And so it is not to be wondered at that the deepest problems are really *no* problems.
>
> All philosophy is "Critique of language" (but not at all in Mauthner's sense). Russell's merit is to have shown that the apparent logical form of the proposition need not be its real form. The proposition is a picture of reality. The proposition is a model of the reality as we think it is.[10]

A "critique of language," the testing of all propositions of science and common sense by translating them into their equivalent sentences in a logically perfect language—that is what philosophy finds itself reduced to at the hands of the positivists. The business of the philosopher is not to add new propositions to his list, but to clear away from his stock all those "pseudo-propositions" which simply befog and bedevil us. In fact, philosophy is not to give us any knowledge at all.

> It is science that gives us our knowledge of the world; there is not, there cannot be, a philosophical brand of knowledge which would compete with science in this field. But where in that case does the philosopher come in? One thing he can do, of course, is to act as a sort of intellectual policeman, seeing that nobody trespasses into metaphysics.[11]

"What, only criticism and no meat? The philosopher a fog dispeller?" asks F. Weismann in despair and adds: "If that were all he was capable of I would be sorry for him and leave him to his devices."[12]

Having acquainted himself so far with the standpoint of the positivists, their approach to philosophical problems and the nature of their plan and programme, the reader can easily guess what their attitude to ethics and religion would be. In ethics, the positivists advocate what is known in current discussions as the "emotive" theory of ethical judgments, as

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[10] *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1949), p. 63.

[11] A. J. AYER *et al.*: *The Revolution in Philosophy* (Macmillan, 1956), pp. 78-79.

[12] *Contemporary British Philosophy*, p. 461.

distinguished from the "cognitive" theory. Let me quote A. J. Ayer on the point:—

> The fundamental ethical concepts are unanalysable, inasmuch as there is no criterion by which one can test the validity of the judgments in which they occur. . . They are mere pseudo-concepts. The presence of an ethical symbol in a proposition adds nothing to its factual content. Thus if I say to someone, "You acted wrongly in stealing that money," I am not stating anything more than if I had simply said, "You stole that money." In adding that his action is wrong I am not making any further statement about it. I am simply evincing my moral disapproval of it. It is as if I had said, "You stole that money," in a peculiar tone of horror, or written it with the addition of some special exclamation marks. The tone, or the exclamation marks, adds nothing to the literal meaning of the sentence. It merely serves to show that the expression of it is attended by certain feelings in the speaker.[13]

What about God? Well, "to say that 'God exists' is to make a metaphysical utterance which cannot be either true or false"[14] and if the mystic asserts that he has an immediate experience of God, well, he is "merely asserting that he is experiencing a peculiar kind of sense-content."[15]

S. N. L. SHRIVASTAVA

AFTER the sacred volumes of God and the Scriptures, study in the second place, that great volume of the works and creatures of God, strenuously, and before all books, which ought to be only regarded as commentaries.

—FRANCIS BACON

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[13] *Language, Truth and Logic*, p. 107.
[14] *Ibid.*, p. 115.
[15] *Ibid.*, p. 119.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

POET OF THE SUN

[**Mr. Herbert Bluen** is known to our readers by his many brief, reflective poems. His account of James Elroy Flecker is sympathetic and full of interest.—ED.]

THE POET'S VOICE was never more needed than in this twentieth century when rampant materialism threatens to stifle all that is best in life. Yet little poetry is read today despite the fact that many thinking people are not content to live by bread alone and are hungry for spiritual sustenance. Poetry is the quintessence of literature. It expresses man's loftiest thoughts. It can satisfy spiritual hunger; but if a poet wishes to gain a wide audience he must be intelligible. Unfortunately much modern poetry is arid. Its authors have little ear for the music of words. Their symbolism is private and beyond the comprehension of ordinary readers. They make no attempt to please, uplift or solace, but are cynically aloof. It would appear that so long as the poet can purge his mind of the bitterness that corrodes it by expressing his thoughts on paper he has fulfilled his mission. It is difficult to see what purpose there is in such poetry which is usually tainted with a complete lack of humility. Fine poetry, on the other hand, is never just an exercise in morbid introspection. It has universality. Great poets have been essentially humble men with a love of humanity, an understanding of its joys and sorrows, a belief in a Supreme Being.

It may be true that the general public is so obsessed with material matters that it has little time to spare for poetry. Yet the popularity of such poets as John Masefield, W. H. Davies and Walter de la Mare suggests that the general public does enjoy poetry when it is reasonably intelligible. The poetry of James Elroy Flecker is not so widely known as that of the three poets just mentioned. He is nevertheless a fine poet. His poetry is musical and exotic. It is quite different from the work of any other English poet. Occasionally, however, it is reminiscent of Charles Baudelaire, also a lover of exotic Oriental imagery. Flecker is a passionate poet. His inspiration has all the warmth and brilliance of the summer sun at noonday,

> When the whole sky is vestured silken blue
> With not one fleece to view.

To those weary of the drabness and regimentation of modern life Flecker's poetry is a fountain of refreshment. Only occasionally is it introspective. He regards the miracles of nature with eyes of wonder and gratitude.

Occasionally he is witty. He has no message, no political axe to grind. He is not a great but a fine minor poet. To appreciate him it is not necessary to have received a higher education although some knowledge of ancient mythology will help. Most of his poems are short. His short life gave him no opportunity for a massive contribution to literature. Lack of quantity is, however, amply recompensed by quality and originality. Each of his poems has been "meticulously jarred," to quote the Chief Grocer in *Hassan* when praising his jams. It represents the triumph of genius over ill health.

James Elroy Flecker was the son of the Reverend W. H. Flecker. He was born on November 5th, 1884, and educated at Uppingham and Oxford. He entered the Consular Service and served in his official capacity at Constantinople and Beirut. In 1910 he married Helle Skiadaressi, a Greek lady. He had already produced two books of poems, *The Bridge of Fire* and *Thirty-Six Poems*. He died of consumption at Davos on January 3rd, 1915, aged thirty.

In spite of his religious upbringing Flecker became an agnostic but was reconverted to Christianity on his death-bed. His friends considered him an optimist, yet some of his poetry is tinged with sadness. He is assured of a permanent place among the English poets.

Apart from his gifts as a lyric poet, Flecker proved in his play *Hassan* that he possessed considerable dramatic power. He wrote one other play, *Don Juan*, which is of less importance. *Hassan* was successfully produced at His Majesty's Theatre in 1923. It is not the purpose of this article to deal with this play as a whole, but to consider Flecker from the aspect of his lyric poetry. Nevertheless, it must be said that in addition to its dramatic power *Hassan* sparkles with poetry even though most of it is written in prose. It tells the story of the rather ludicrous love of Hassan, a fat middle-aged confectioner of Bagdad, for Yasmin, a beautiful young widow, and the tragic love of Rafi, King of the Beggars, for Pervaneh, a slave girl in the palace of the Caliph, Haroun Al Raschid.

Part of the fascination of Flecker's work is in its curious un-English-ness. He writes to a great extent like an Oriental poet who has chosen English for his poetic medium. *Hassan* is an example of this characteristic. It gives the impression of having been written with ease and delight. Unlike so many modern plays and novels it has a good, strong plot. Despite its fantasy it is convincing. It maintains the interest throughout and works up to a violent and tragic climax possibly distasteful to some phlegmatic temperaments. Although the play ends on a note of cruelty and tragedy, we are uplifted by the beauty of a completed work of art.

Flecker's knowledge of the East was profound, and in *Hassan* he uses his

knowledge to good effect. He delights in portraying Oriental luxury:—

Have we not Indian carpets dark as wine,
Turbans and sashes, gowns and bows and veils,
And broideries of intricate design,
And printed hangings in enormous bales?

The romantic side of Flecker's poetry is apparent from the following strangely haunting lines from the play:—

Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells,
When shadows pass gigantic in the sand,
And softly in the silence beat the bells,
Along the Golden Road to Samarkand.

Most poets have written of love. Flecker is no exception. His love poems have an enchanting quality because although his mind dwells much in the past he is also quick to seize the beauty of some fleeting rapture and transmute its gold into poetry:—

And Life stood still a moment, mists came swinging
Blindly before us; suddenly we passed
The boundaries of joy: our hearts were ringing
True to the trembling world: we stood at last
Beyond the golden gate,
Masters of Time and Fate,
And knew the tune that Sun and Stars were singing.

The joy of two lovers in each other's presence, the sense of a fusion of soul with soul, could hardly be more eloquently described.

Despite ill health Flecker had a great capacity for happiness, especially that serene happiness induced by contemplation of the beauties of nature:—

Ah, misty woodland, down whose deep
And twilight paths I love to stroll
To meadows quieter than sleep
And pools more secret than the soul!

Even Flecker's saddest poems uplift us because of the consummate artistry with which they are written. This is the test of good poetry, which should have the power to transcend pain and suffering.

Flecker could create a vivid picture with a few brief strokes of the pen:—

A ship, an isle, a sickle moon—
With few but with how splendid stars
The mirrors of the sea are strewn
Between their silver bars;

Although Flecker is essentially a poet of the sun the beauty and mys-

tery of the night could also inspire him as these lines illustrate.

Flecker was fascinated by the splendours of the past and the sea is often in his thoughts:—

I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire.

Genius often flowers out of suffering. This is true of Flecker. In hospital, stricken with illness and shut away from the workaday world, he triumphantly proves that "stone walls do not a prison make." His body may lie upon a hospital bed but the spirit has the power to escape like a bird uncaged and become one with "The shimmering lake in which the planets swim."

"The Ballad of Camden Town" is not perhaps an example of Flecker at his best. Indeed it can hardly be described as typical Flecker. It has echoes of John Masefield and W. H. Davies. It has no gorgeous Oriental imagery. It is, however, written with an attractive gusto:—

I walked with Maisie long years back
The streets of Camden Town,
I splendid in my suit of black,
And she divine in brown.

This is the charming and very English picture with which we are presented in the first verse of the Ballad, which tells the story of two lovers whose love was ill-fated. "A bed, a chest, a faded mat" and a few broken-down chairs was all the furniture they possessed, but Maisie's lover was happy when they walked to Hampstead Heath, and he could "crown her head with daisies." Then, one day, he fell ill, and "She left the latchkey on its nail" and he never saw her again. Her lover wonders whether some dreadful fate has overtaken her, yet dreams wistfully that "she dwells in London still"—

Once more together we will live,
For I will find her yet:
I have so little to forgive;
So much, I can't forget.

"Brumana" is one of Flecker's finest poems. Homesickness is its theme, a longing to see once more the "Meadows of England shining in the rain," with her "daisied lawns" and "ramparts green." As in so many of his poems the sea is in his thoughts. Dreaming of his return to England, he asks the English streams to store for him their love and kingcups, and his

old fragrant friends, the pines, to sing for him as they once sang long ago

When, lonely boy, beneath the chosen tree
I listened, with my eyes upon the sea.

He remembers how

...from the sea's blue fields and syren dales
Shadows and light noon-spectres of the foam
Riding the summer gales
On aery viols plucked an idle sound.

In those distant days the poet fancied that the pines were singing to him of

"...older seas,
That beat on vaster sands,
Where the wise snailfish move their pearly towers
To carven rocks and sculptured promont'ries,"
Hearing you whisper, "Lands
Where blaze the unimaginable flowers."

Perhaps Flecker anticipated that his poetry would survive him; for, in "To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence," he writes:—

Since I can never see your face,
And never take you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you. You will understand.

Every age has its competent poets, but mere competence does not suffice if a poet is to survive the changing winds of fashion. Only the poet who is gifted with some unique quality will be remembered by posterity.

James Elroy Flecker is such a poet.

HERBERT BLUEN

A FORGOTTEN SANSKRIT POET

[**Shri S. K. Ramachandra Rao** is well known to our readers. He writes sympathetically of a rather neglected Sanskrit poet and introduces us to his one known work — a pleasant poem rather in the manner of Kalidasa's *Meghaduta*.— ED.]

IT is the misfortune of some poets to be ridiculed by their contemporaries and ignored by posterity, notwithstanding their eminence. Sanskrit literature abounds with examples. Ghaṭakarpara, for instance, was an outstanding poet of his age, rivalling even Kālidāsa. But some ill star haunted him both during and after his life. His work remained neglected and his name obscure until very recent times. His works have now all been lost save for a poetic fragment, known after his name. Another short collection of verses, however, has been ascribed to him: *Nītisāra*, in the form of a dialogue between a hog and a lion.

A celebrated verse from *Jyotirvidābharaṇa* makes Ghaṭakarpara one of the "nine gems" (with Kālidāsa) in the court of Vikrama. Persistent tradition also makes him a contemporary of the great poet, who, according to Hoernle, lived about 490 A.D. Legends refer to the rivalry and enmity that assumed interesting forms between Ghaṭakarpara and Kālidāsa. There is even an attempt to ascribe *Ghaṭakarparakāvya* to the authorship of Kālidāsa in the colophon of the *Ṭippaṇa* by some Śaṁkara. Hemacandra, however, argues in his *Kāvyānuśāsana* for the identity of Ghaṭakarpara with Bhāsa: he refers to Bhāsa's early life as a water-carrier (*ghaṭakarpareṇa udakavahanaṁ*) and the contempt in which he was held on this account by his fellow poets. Rājaśekhara, who identified Bhāsa with Dhāvaka, also mentions the stigma attached to the poet's lowly origin. Here was clearly a poet who was a victim to ridicule and jealousy, and whose eminence and low caste struggled against each other.

The work which has immortalized his name is a short *kāvya* of twenty (in some editions twenty-two) verses, known as *Ghaṭakarparakāvya*. Ghaṭakarpara means a broken pot, and the expression occurs in the last verse of this poem: "If another poet should excel me in the *yamaka* style of composition, I shall [be his servant and] carry for him water in a broken pot."

Jīyeya yena kavinā yamakaih pareṇa
Tasmai vaheyam udakaṁ ghaṭakarpareṇa

The real name of the poem has been lost, and the poet himself perhaps got his name from this cognomen. There are about nine manuscripts of

this work preserved in the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute at Poona, two in the Government Oriental Manuscripts Library at Madras and two in the Asiatic Society in Calcutta. Dursch published it with a commentary from Germany as early as 1828; Dinanatha Nyayaratna published it in 1869 and Jivanand Vidyasagar in 1888. But a critical edition with a commentary in Sanskrit was beautifully got up by J. B. Chaudhuri of the Prācyavāṇī Mandir only in 1953.

This poem belongs to the species of *Sandeśakāvyas*, poems intended as messages transmitted by human beings, animals or even elements. This type of composition had its origin in the *Ṛgveda* (x.108) where a dog, Saramā, is made to convey a message to the Pāṇis. In the *Rāmāyaṇa*, a monkey (Hanumān) carries Rāma's message to Sītā in Laṅkā. The *Mahābhārata* has an episode where a swan carries a message from Nala to Damayantī. It was Hanumān's message-carrying that stirred Kālidāsa to his famous *Meghasandeśa*, where the banished *yakṣa* from Rāmagiri sends to his beloved in Alakā a message by the Cloud. A cloud again assumes the rôle of messenger in Ghaṭakarpara's poem, but here it is the lady that sends the message to her lover who is in some distant land.

The poem, although neglected, has had the good fortune of numerous commentaries, including one by the famous Abhinavagupta (ninth century), who, however, inclines to consider this work Kālidāsa's. Another good commentary by Govindajyotirvid (sixteenth century) confesses that the author is one whose name is not definitely known (*anirdiṣṭanāmā*). Divākara, another commentator, describes the poem as a *kalāpakāvya*. There are glosses and annotations by Kamalākara, Caturbhuja, Kucalakavi, Bharatamallika, Tārācandra and Vindhyeśvarīprasāda. The poem has been successfully imitated by the poet Madana of the sixteenth century in his *Kṛṣṇalīlākāvya*.

The theme of the poem is love: the pangs of separation are conveyed by the love-stricken lady during the month of Aṣaḍha to the morning clouds to transmit to her husband who has been away since the Vaiśākha month. The lovely sports of nature in the best of seasons pierce the heart of the tender woman: Oh, this excellent occasion for love! And it has come now, of all the times, when my dear one is far away! How shall I bear this? Won't this season kill me?

Sarvakālam atilaṅghya toyadā
Āgatāh stha dayito gato yadā;
Nirghṛṇena paradeśavāsinā
Mārayiṣyatha na tena mām vinā? (Verse 7)

The man is away on business in a distant land; and the lady wonders

what business at this moment could be dearer to him than her company. What pleasure can he find away from her in this enchanting season? She almost imagines that he has deserted her, and in anger calls him "heartless." The rainy season delights and enlivens even the hapless and the unlucky; but it burns the heart of the lady, for it has come when her dear one is not with her. The lady is wild with agony and thinks of suicide, but the memory of her husband's virtues saves her. "But why, why does he not think of my white cheeks kissed by the tips of the curling hair and come back?"

Kiṁ kṛpāpi tava nāsti kāntayā
Pāṇḍugaṇḍapatitālakāntayā?
Śokasāgarajale'dya pātitāṁ
Tvadguṇasmaraṇaṁ eva pāti māṁ (Verse 12)

The poet assures us that after receiving this insistent call from the good woman, the husband returned to her in a few days. The noble sentiment of attachment between two devoted souls is the poet's main concern in this poem.

The woman's conception of love finds here an exquisite expression. The impatience, tenderness, concern and fears are welded in her sorrow that springs from intense attachment: without her dear one, entire nature in its most gorgeous setting is but painful. She is upset by the apparent neglect, but is understanding enough: she does not suspect his faith or intention. Her regard for him is as strong as her love for him. She only curses the pleasant season for having arrived at a wrong time. For even the flock of swans have moved to the Mānasa Lake, and the Cātaka birds are thirsty for the delicious water of the rains; will not then a love-lorn wife feel sad?

Haṁsapaṅktir api nātha saṁprati
Prasthitā viyati mānasaṁ prati!
Cātako'pi tṛṣito'mbu yācate!
Duhkhitā pathika sā priyā ca te! (Verse 8)

The poet's eye for the beautiful in nature is alert and mature: the fragrant *ketakā* trees dance in the air to the accompaniment of the rumbling clouds (Verse 15); the blossoming *kadaṁba* flowers smile sweetly at the dear lady (Verse 17); the amorous bee kisses the jasmine creeper that is decked with bright flowers and little drops of rain:—

Kusumair upaśobhitām sitair —
ghanamuktāmbu-lavaprahasitaiḥ,
Madhunas samavekṣya kālatāṁ
Bhramaraś cumbati yūthikalatām (Verse 19)

Or listen to the soft music of this fine verse: The twittering swans are scared away by the loud rattling of the clouds; evenings now are like the *kunda* flowers, although devoid of a moon; and the proud peacocks cry aloud for water when clouds draw near:—

Haṁsā nadaṁ meghabhayād dravanti!
Niśāmukhānyadya na candravanti!
Navāṁbumattāh śikhino nadanti!
Meghāgame kundasamāna-danti (Verse 2)

The poet is proud of his talent for the *yamaka* composition, which is the poetic reverberation by some "chime," involving the regular repetition of words with different meanings. With inferior poets, it means effort and artificiality; but with Ghaṭakarpara the lines flow with ease and the *yamaka* is accomplished with consummate skill. In the short scope of this piece the poet has successfully employed seven different metres: Rathoddhatā, Vasantatilakā, Sundarī, Upajāti, Mālabhāriṇī, Puṣpitāgra and Aupacchandasaka. He is clever at, and seems fond of, the Rathoddhatā metre: as many as seven verses, including some of the best in the poem, have been composed in this engaging metre.

But the poet does not compare favourably with Kālidāsa in his handling of the same theme in *Meghasandeśa*. Ghaṭakarpara's canvas is brief and limited; and he works with formal strokes of a single brush. Kālidāsa's canvas is vast and his dabbings of rich paints are wonderful and variegated. Ghaṭakarpara fails to give us the thrilling delight Kālidāsa does, but he evokes our admiration all the same. The rainy season with a love-lorn lady in the background has come up for an exquisite treatment; the task that the poet has set before himself is a very modest one, but he has accomplished that task well.

S. K. RAMACHANDRA RAO

THE AIMS OF EDUCATION

[**Shri V. T. Srinivasan,** Principal of the Vijaya College, Bangalore, writes no argumentative thesis, but proffers the sincere confession of faith of an experienced educator. We cannot but agree that the demands of political and economic expediency upon education must be subordinated to its duty of preparing human beings to live lives that are spiritually worth while; and also that some acceptable philosophy of life as a whole is essential to this. Not that we think any one set of doctrines can be rigidly defined for this purpose; there are archetypal ideas that run through all great philosophies and religions, and are affirmed inwardly by each soul as it comes to that point in its experience. But right education can produce the necessary capacity for discrimination and inculcate the habit of humility.—ED.]

FOR what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?—*Matthew*, XVI. 26

AT THIS FATEFUL PERIOD in its history mankind cannot afford to continue to drift, like a dry leaf thrown on a river, along the current of time. The menace of a possible nuclear war has cast a shadow across the world, and a cold war holds the nations in its grip. It has rightly been said that "wars begin in the minds of men, and it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be constructed." The time has now come for education to cease to be the handmaid of politics and to take its rightful place and save mankind from the inglorious end which threatens it. One of the most urgent and important needs of the present time is, therefore, the statement, or rather the re-statement, of the aims of education, and the direction of our energies towards the realization, at least in part, of those aims.

In some respects there is a parallel between the present plight of mankind and that of certain prehistoric, mighty species which became extinct. These creatures developed highly complex and heavy defensive organs, and, when a revolutionary change in their environment took place, they could not adapt themselves to the new environment. So they were crushed under the weight of their own armour and thus perished.

Now, the advances of science and technology have placed in man's hands weapons which can practically wipe out his species from the face of the earth. Time and distance have been conquered, and the world has shrunk, for many purposes, to the size of a room. Man has thus effected a revolutionary change in his environment, but there has been no corresponding change in his character which would enable him to adjust himself to

the changed environment so as to live in it in peace with his fellow men. It has been rightly said that men have learnt to fly in the air like birds and to swim under water like fish, but not yet learnt to live on land like men. It is this disproportion between the development of the intellect and that of the character of mankind that is at the root of the present crisis. It is at this point that the crisis must be tackled, if mankind is to be saved. If education can succeed in transforming the character of man, in effecting a radical "change of heart" as Gandhiji put it, in sublimating his lower nature, it will have fulfilled its true mission.

It is against the background sketched above that we have to address ourselves to the task of stating the aims of education, which may now be set forth as follows: (1) The transmission of the intellectual, cultural, ethical and spiritual heritage of mankind; (2) the extension of the boundaries of this heritage; (3) the full and harmonious development of personality, and the acquisition of wisdom; and (4) the formulation of a convincing philosophy of life which will illuminate the mind, transform character and provide a safe guide to conduct.

The first aim, which is inseparable from the second, covers two aspects: one is external, and concerned with the immediate requirements of society; the other is intrinsic, and pertains to "its own treasures heavy with the thought and sacrifices of the centuries." The former trains the student for an occupation, while the latter educates him for life. This heritage is much more than books, manuscripts, records, monuments, etc. Its transmission essentially consists in the way in which it energizes national life, manifests itself in the thought, conduct and deeds of the citizens, and shines through their virtues, aspirations and the values cherished by them.

The never-ending quest after Truth is the master passion of education, and "the wisdom of the ages" must manifest itself in the living personalities associated with it, if the transmission of our heritage is to provide nourishment to society. Mankind grows with time, and so its heritage grows continuously, and in the task of extending its boundaries teachers have to play a leading part. It follows, therefore, that if this aim is realized, teachers will no longer be mere mercenaries or camp-followers, but that each teacher will become a living focus of mankind's growth and the students will emulate his example.

I shall now briefly discuss the extent to which these aims are being realized in India. After the attainment of independence there has been a quantitative expansion in the educational sphere, but standards have deteriorated to an alarming extent. A study of the causes of this deterio-

ration is outside the scope of this article, but some of them will now be enumerated, so that the reader may see the steadily widening gulf between aspiration and achievement in education in our country.

The status and salary given to teachers are so low that the best men avoid the profession. Overcrowding and insufficient equipment have given rise to further evils. Respect for authority, which was undermined during our struggle for freedom, has not yet been restored. The fall in the level of morality and discipline, which is a prominent feature of the present social, political and economic situation, has infected the educational field. Parents have adopted a commercial attitude towards education, and their children's passing of examinations has become their chief aim. The domination of examinations over the entire system of education is anything but salutary, as they promote cramming, and instruction is subordinated to them, so much so that all initiative in the teacher and the student is strangled.

The third and the fourth aims of education are closely interrelated, and they constitute the very soul of education. In this regard education has failed mankind, and failed tragically, because it has remained, till now, a mere hireling of politics. Sir Richard Livingstone rightly says that, in the last war, science "served both sides with complete impartiality and provided alike penicillin and radar, the V2 and the atomic bomb," and "asked no questions." Our sad predicament is due, not to any poverty of knowledge or material resources, but to the lack of the character and the wisdom to use them properly. The strongest criticism of the present education is that it has placed enormous power in the hands of men but failed to provide a guide to conduct. In parts, our educational system is good, but, taken as a whole, it is unsatisfactory, because there is no unity of purpose, no community of values, no formulation of, or loyalty to, ideals, nothing to awaken an urge to practise virtue and walk in the path of *Dharma*.

Our educational system looks like a conglomeration of a number of unconnected masses of information, and the students are indiscriminately shoved into the pigeon-holes of various subjects, in which they are supposed to specialize, with the result that intellectual fragmentation and anarchy reign supreme. While specialization is inevitable on account of the enormous growth of knowledge, it is necessary to present the outlines of knowledge as a whole in order to impart a sense of perspective. The revelation of the Lord's *Vishwa-Rupa* to Arjuna during the teaching of the *Gita* has a deep significance for us. A comprehensive view of knowledge is essential for that enlargement of the mind which, according to Newman, is the essence of true education.

Excessive specialization has led to the emergence of what José Ortega y Gasset calls "the new barbarian," who is "more learned than ever before, but at the same time more uncultured," and consequently,

> his political ideas and actions will be inept; his affairs of the heart, beginning with the woman he will prefer, will be crude and ridiculous; he will bring to his family life an atmosphere of unreality and cramped narrowness which will warp the upbringing of his children.[1]

Teachers and students should be constantly and keenly aware of the distinctions between information and knowledge, and between knowledge and wisdom. In the poignant words of T. S. Eliot,

> Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?
> Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?
> The cycles of heaven in twenty centuries
> Bring us farther from God and nearer to dust.

One of the chief aims of education should, therefore, be the acquisition of knowledge through information, and of wisdom through knowledge. The word "wise" is derived from "*videre,*" (the Sanskrit root is "*veda*") which means "to see," that is, to have a vision of Reality. The wise man is he who knows and *sees*. He is, in the words of Plato, "a spectator of all time and all existence," and therefore, he is able to see the problems of his generation against the background of eternity. His mind is freed from every kind of narrowness, and he can view the issues of his period with a true sense of perspective.

In this atomic age when man has soared into outer space and reached the moon with his rocket, is it not a tragedy that he is still ruled by primitive tribal instincts and separatist forces, and carried away by slogans appealing to his narrow prejudices? The acquisition of wisdom, in the true sense of the word, by the peoples of the world has now become a matter of life and death for the entire human species.

The last aim of education is the most important of all. Man is a psychophysical being, and the saying that man does not live by bread alone is profoundly true. The training of souls is at least as important as the training of minds. Life has a meaning and a purpose. The noblest task of education is to fathom this meaning and purpose, and place them at the centre of all teaching; this would give a direction to the efforts of teachers and students. In other words, a convincing philosophy of life acceptable to modern men of all faiths must be outlined. The importance and urgency of this sublime task have not yet been adequately realized. If education

[1] "Mission of the University."

fails in this regard, it will lead to further frustration and demoralization, and unregenerate mankind will rush to its doom.

Ours is a gadget civilization, a technological civilization, a civilization of iron and steel, of the clatter of wheels and the roar of engines, in which "the still sad music of humanity" has been drowned. The traditional beliefs, which imparted stability and poise to the life of our ancestors, are going to pieces, and nothing else has taken their place. We have lost our bearings, and we are caught in the storms of doubts and uncertainties. As Dr. S. Radhakrishnan says, "this is a generation which knows how to doubt, but not how to admire, much less to believe," and "this aimlessness, this indifference to basic issues, is, to no small extent, responsible for the decline of standards, for the fading of ideals, for the defeat of human endeavour."[2] A crying need of our times is, therefore, a philosophy of life for guidance, spiritual sustenance, and inspiration in moments of uncertainty, frustration, gloom, despair.

The tasks set forth above are gigantic indeed, but the problems confronting us are of similar magnitude. Mankind calls, and Fate beckons Education to fulfil its great mission. Will it rise to the occasion? I cannot answer, but hope springs eternal in our breasts.

V. T. SRINIVASAN

Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

—ALEXANDER POPE

[2] *Report of the University Education Commission.*

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"OF OCCULT MASONRY AND HERMETIC INITIATION"*

M. ANDRE VOLGUINE, Editor of the excellent review *Cahiers Astrologiques* and author of several worthy works, continues his excellent work by publishing a series entitled "Masters of Occultism." He has brought out a collection of fundamental texts and original papers in various branches of occult sciences. Whatever may be the value of the modern studies published in this collection, on the esotericism of "Templiers," for example, or the symbolism of Tarot, it is beyond doubt that it is by publishing the complete texts of works which now have become rare, indeed, most rare, that M. Volguine acquires the strongest title to our gratitude. Thanks to him, important writings of Claude de Saint-Martin, of Gérard de Crémone, of Phillipe d'Acquin, of Paracelsus, of Confucius, to name but a few, are again available to the public.

The works selected by M. Volguine for publication are always important and it was a happy idea to have published a new edition of the crowning book of J. M. Ragon: *Of Occult Masonry and Hermetic Initiation.*

For many reasons, this work deserves to be placed before the curious and those who have a passion for occultism, and for many reasons it will hold their attention.

In the first place, the amateur of occult knowledge and the occultist will always be interested in the chequered history of the secret societies and especially of Freemasonry; they will not fail to inquire into the great periods of this institution, into the thought of its principal adepts and, finally, into the significance of its rites and dogmas. Among books treating of Freemasonry, indeed, we do not hesitate to affirm that the book *Occult Masonry* occupies a distinguished place.

The historian and theoretician of the sect, Jean-Marie Ragon (born at Bray-sur-Seine in 1781; died in Paris in 1862) was an official for a long time at the Ministry of the Interior and strikes us as one whoose testimony on this difficult subject ought to be listened to as authoritative. He exercised a profound influence on Freemasons and on all who sought the knowledge of Freemasonry. In an effort to demonstrate the occult vocation, or, if one should prefer it, the occultism, of Freemasonry, Ragon establishes the link between the pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary Illuminism on the one hand and the modern occultism of Eliphas Levi and Papus on the other. Whereas some Freemasons and philosophers formed the link between the Lodge of Nine Sisters (Neuf-Soeurs) and the Garibaldi and Comiste movements, both having a political bias, another Masonic movement had an unbroken existence since the eighteenth century: it is precisely the "occult" current or occultism which brings us to the disciples of Martinez de Paschalis, of Cagliostro, of Swedenborg, of Dom Pernéty, and continues till the establishment of the

* *De Maconnerie Occulte et de l'Initiation Hérmetique* (Of Occult Masonry and Hermetic Initiation). By J. M RAGON; Introduction by A. VOLGUINE. (Les Maîtres de l'Occultisme, X. Editions des Cahiers Astrologiques, Nice, France. 183 pp. 1947. Frs. 540)

Masonic order of Memphis-Misraïm, the neo-Rosicrucian foundation and the disciples of Aleister Crowley.

Let it be understood that here we are trying to discern only the general tendencies and that we do not mean to place on the same level Papus and Swedenborg or the "Great Beast" and the good Saint-Martin! It is in so doing that we meet Ragon, who partook of the concerns of a temple affiliation dear to the German Order of Strict Observance before 1789. As a matter of fact, Ragon was initiated into the Neo-Temple Order of Fabré Palaprat — that astonishing creation of the first Empire, endowed by Napoleon Bonaparte with on official status.

But to consider the book itself — it is an expression by J. M. Ragon of this occult tendency, constant in Masonry, which he represents in 1853, the date of the first edition of his chief work. *De la Maçonnerie Occulte et de l'Initiation Hérmetique*. One guesses immediately that the study undertaken by Ragon unfolds itself on three levels, or more exactly, that it unfolds at the conjunction of two converging lines, along both of which he conducts us to begin with. On the one hand Ragon outlines a history of Freemasonry and on the other he portrays the fundamental features of what he considers traditional occultism. Finally, he underlines the mystagogic rôle of Freemasonry, which is heir, he believes, to the ancient Mysteries and those of Hermetism.

It is necessary to state clearly that the numerous historical pages of Ragon appear today very weak. Neither in *Maçonnerie Occulte* nor in his other works on history does Ragon constitute for modern historians an authority from which one could draw freely without doubt. Similarly, Ragon persists in an unhappy confusion between the higher forms of occultism or esotericism and other more or less degraded forms such as Mesmer's Animal Magnetism or somnambulism. While alchemy deserves the predominant place he gives it in that sphere, its "occult" psychology, that bizarre amalgam of traditional data with modern scientific conceptions (that is, those of 1853), which includes even Gall's phrenology, has become obsolete. One regrets to find it associated with doctrines which are much purer and much richer and to which alone the name "occultism" should be given. And the condemnation of astrology in our author flows from the same "scientific" prejudice.

We must admit this: if Ragon can still offer much precious information on the history of Masonry, if his chapter on numbers or the one on Hermetism still contains useful teachings, one must beware of some legends which he presents as certain facts. (As, for example, in the case of the Rosicrucians, the legendary character given whom, however, in no way reduces the importance of their symbolism.) One must also beware of a certain "scientism" prevailing at that period, which tended, so to speak, to materialize occultism.

But the great lesson of Ragon is the identification of Freemasonry and occultism with the Hermetic initiation. This is a lesson, and, above all, an invitation to reflect upon the nature of Masonry and its initiation. And this problem raised by Ragon, given opposite solutions during the eighteenth century, is still today of living interest.

Is there a Masonic esotericism? Freemasons themselves do not agree upon the answer to that question.

Some consider Freemasonry as a sort of club or merely as a welfare society, the rites of which they judge to contain some picturesqueness and charm but not to have any effective value, to be regarded more in the light of folklore than as magical or sacramental. The ritual would thus be rather

a gesture than a rite in the full sense of the term. Initiation would not be more than a fanciful manner of introducing an applicant into an association similar to an equivalent introduction to secular societies.

For others, on the other hand, there is esotericism in Freemasonry, the rituals of which are potent in themselves and also because of the intention of those who practise them. Freemasonry would then be lofty, a sacred society, an "initiatory" society, using the term in the magical or metaphysical sense.

It is evidently this last view that Ragon represents. But it is not enough to affirm the veritable initiatory and esoteric character of Freemasonry; it is not enough to recognize the existence of a hidden meaning behind its words, its gestures and its varied and numerous symbols. It is necessary to explain that hidden meaning and to ascertain its origin. Here, even among those who hold to the "esoteric" thesis, opinions vary.

Some doubt that any actual masonry ever existed (such as the breakers of stones) or that there was any real initiation in the mediæval masonry. According to them that Masonry was not different from ordinary corporations and it was only subsequently that Hermetic elements were introduced into "speculative" Masonry.

Others, on the other hand, trace the initiation in Masonry and the traditional chain of Masonry, so to speak, to more remote times; but, as it is difficult to justify the affirmation of initiation in the organization of *comacines* or of the breakers of stone, they are inclined to link Masonry with mediæval chivalry. The Masonic initiation would then be derived from the initiation of chivalry. But such linking up is not easy to prove.

There is a third thesis, which was recently defended by Pierre Barrucand, which insists that there are magical elements in the Masonic ritual and concludes that "the method of Masonic realization — if realization were ever included — could only be a form of the ceremonial magic or theurgy."

J. M. Ragon confuses in the Masonic tradition the Hermetic elements and the magical ones. He also confuses that which is logically accordant with that which has filtered in. He does not distinguish, as do, for instance, the disciples of René Guenon, between occultism itself and the occult sciences and esotericism, that is, "the traditional metaphysical doctrine." But he affirms the living presence and the efficacy of occult dogmas and rites *lato sensu* in Freemasonry.

Here it would be necessary to make a further distinction: what the pseudo-occultists among Freemasons decide about Masonry and what history teaches us. Should history dictate what contemporary Freemasonry should be? Everything depends upon the importance that one gives to the traditional and historical chain of initiation — or else to the power of an organization to impregnate at a particular moment the rites and symbols with the power and the meaning that the society desires to give them.

The problem obviously is not a simple one and one doubts that a unanimous Masonic opinion will emerge to bring its solution. And yet if the problem obviously invites the interest of Freemasons themselves, since it includes deciding what is meant by being a Freemason, it should not leave indifferent those who do not belong to Freemasonry and especially those who are historians of occultism and of religions.

Of the works of Ragon none is more able than *Maçonnerie Occulte* to compel us to examine a question which is grave and can have serious consequences in so many spheres; few works can provoke us as strongly to

meditate; few could offer us as many elements of information and for discussion.

ROBERT AMADOU

[This review-article is translated from M. Robert Amadou's French original.—ED.]

Man and People. By JOSE ORTEGA Y GASSET. Authorized Translation from the Spanish by WILLARD R. TRASK. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 272 pp. 1959. 25*s*.)

In this posthumously published study, Ortega stresses the fact that sociologists have not defined what society is. Such terms as the State, the nation, public opinion and public power cause groups of people to argue, or even to fight, while the meanings of the words involved are never precisely formulated. In unquiet times like these, men and women cannot easily exercise their essential attribute of meditation; and yet without a withdrawal into the self it is not possible to comprehend the meaning of the social, of society.

Ortega himself remained silent for ten years; and in these reprinted lectures he offers wise counsel to all who desire to clarify their ideas. He believed that it was man's destiny and privilege to be radically solitary, although he is always aware of the other person and of that abstract entity, "everybody else."

In their daily lives people find that, when they wish to be themselves, they come up against a social will, or an architecture of usages. This social power, of which public opinion is an example, "functions in the coercion that is 'usage.'" Usage, although exercised by individuals, cannot be suppressed by the individual will. Usage is a public entity created by the person; but once it is an observed usage — as the salutation is — it becomes an institution. The primary task of today is to make sense of social concepts, to be linguistically precise and psychologically alert.

The essence of this important message which Ortega passes on to those who will listen is that man is endangered by collectivity. Collective opinions are always commonplace and their positive qualities remain inactive: "What acts is simply their mechanical pressure on all individuals, their soulless coercion. It is not without interest that in the most ordinary speech they are called 'prevailing opinions'."

One may disagree with many of Ortega's notions, as I do myself, yet this does not get in the way of an appreciation of a work which embodies some of the Spanish philosopher's most carefully formulated and valuable thoughts.

E. W. MARTIN

Humanism and Moral Theory: A Psychological and Social Inquiry. By R. OSBORN. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 115 pp. 1959. 18*s*.)

It is refreshing to read a book which deals with psychology and philosophy and find that the author takes pains to make his meaning plain and comprehensible to any normal, educated and thoughtful reader, instead of wrapping it all up in grandiose technical terms. Mr. Osborn believes that "language is an imprecise way of conveying meanings . . ." but also: "Generally, people understand what we are trying to say from the context. . . ."

Very briefly what Mr. Osborn seems to convey to us is his idea that it is possible to have an objective basis for moral theory in terms of an ideal of

rational human development. Thus we have a philosophical and moral backing for the "brotherhood of man" and equally a rational condemnation for race-hatred, torture and other absolute wrongs.

He argues that

> if we begin with man as a social being, as reaching his humanity only in society, we can give content to the abstract notions of right, good, and ought. *Society is the good for man* [italics reviewer's] because it is through society that he achieves his humanity.

(Incidentally he gives some fascinating and horrifying details of children kept isolated from society and their lack of human development.)

The scope of this study is indicated by some of the chapter headings: "The Background of Moral Consciousness"; "The Social Basis of Ethics"; "Psychoanalysis and Ethics"; "The Good and Society." He also gives some interesting details of the growth of morality in the child, including the child's ideas on lying:—

> Many children answered Piaget's questions concerning lies to the effect that if lies were not punished they would not be naughty. Hence the lie which is believed and does not lead to punishment is not considered naughty.

(I fancy many of us have met adults with the same viewpoint about an assortment of misconduct!)

This book is of interest to the general reader, and of especial help to all concerned with the education and the care of children. It would make an admirable basis for study groups, being of sufficient depth and width to provoke further research and yet being expressed in a sufficiently plain and human manner to encourage the slower student. A further merit is the wise arrangement of chapters and the provision of a good index.

ELIZABETH CROSS

The History and Origin of Language. By A. S. DIAMOND. (Methuen and Co., London. 280 pp. 1959. 30*s*.)

This is a factual enquiry into the history and origin of language. At the outset the author stresses the need for appreciating three primary aspects of language: first, that language has no physical entity with an independent existence of its own, but consists merely of types of sounds, uttered and heard by men, which take their meaning from circumstances outside itself; secondly, that language is for ever changing; and lastly, that it is communally organic in character. It is to this third aspect that the author devotes his main attention, hoping to extract the laws according to which language changes.

He holds that the history of sounds and meanings cannot be traced independently of the ideas represented by them or, in other words, that advances in human language are closely linked with the successive advances of the human mind. The author's thesis is that language emerged out of requests for assistance addressed by one person to another in the small local semi-nomadic groups from which human society is assumed to have developed, and that if we trace words back to their origin they lead to meanings of vaguer, but more emotive, content, signifying maximum human effort.

In a series of comparatively short chapters the author starts with an examination of the nature of the sentence, the vocabulary and parts of speech in English and other languages, the origin of nouns, adjectives and adverbs in English and in the classical as well as primitive languages. The nature of grammar is then investigated, followed by three chapters dealing with the functions of verbs. Two chapters are devoted to the history of meaning. The behaviour of animals, the earliest

words of the race and of children and the physiological factors attendant on the production of speech all come in for consideration. The vocabulary and grammar of the Semitic and Bantu languages are then scrutinized so as to throw light on the origin of language. The last chapter summarizes well-known recent theories regarding the origin of languages, *e.g.*, those advanced by Max Müller, by Sayce, Jespersen and others. The author's attitude towards these is liberal; he believes that each contains a share of the truth.

The material in the book is technical in character, and beyond the range of the average reader. The author's studies bear on primitive levels of thought and movement of the human being, which he views against the background of animal behaviour. Whether the origin of language can be evaluted altogether on the basis of the evolutionary hypothesis is, however, open to question. Those who look for any philosophic content or speculation will do so in vain. We may doubt whether language, which is the most finished product of civilized man, can be fully assessed in all its potentialities by studying material solely derived from primitive levels. A study of the earliest literature of mankind, *e.g.*, the *Rigveda,* displays a wealth of vocabulary and shades of meanings, and grammatical distinctions which have not survived in the later classical Sanskrit. That does not appear to fit into the orthodox evolutionary scheme. But apart from such considerations, it is a good book, so far as it goes, free from strong bias and liberal in judging alternatives, readable though not inspiring.

K. GURU DUTT

Gandhi et les Femmes de l'Inde (Gandhi and the Women of India). By CAMILLE DREVET; Preface by LOUIS MASSIGNON. French. (Pensée Gandhienne. Editions Denoël, Paris. 250 pp. 1959. 750 Fr.)

Lanza del Vasto, the well-known admirer of Mahatma Gandhi, is the Director of the series on the "Gandhian Thought," of which the book under review is the latest. Madame Drevet has already had the distinction of being one of those who introduced the life and thought of this great sage of India to the French reading world through her two books, and a bibliography (in collaboration with M. Jean Herbert) on Gandhi. She now presents the impressions of her visit to India in 1957 when she made the acquaintance of the ladies associated with the Mahatma. For these ladies are the living examples of his teachings and "have preserved them like live sparks to comfort them in their daily life."

The author has successfully emphasized the high respect in which women were held by Gandhiji. To him, they were the symbol of love, unstinted loyalty, unqualified sacrifice and above all of non-violence. He found these qualities in abundance in his mother and later in his wife Kasturba, who was so much instrumental in his ascension towards the glories of a spiritual life. We see how deeply human he was and how his gentle firmness lent strength to the movement for the emancipation of the women of India, for with him, they fought equally bravely for India's independence. The accounts of such personalities as Gangabehn Maymudar, who helped him in reviving the handicrafts; Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, at present the President of the Indian Red Cross; the courageous Muslim lady Amtus Salam; Dr. Sushila Nayar and others will help the European reader to appreciate the greatness and virtue which Gandhiji inspired in Indian women. His letters to Esther Ferring and Miss Slade, who became his dis-

ciple under the name of Mirabehn, bear testimony to his universal and open mind. Indeed, his religion "surpassed all frontiers and inspired his triple ideal of truth, love and service."

Barring a few onomastical errors, the book is written in a simple style. It is preceded by a chronological table of the more important events of the Mahatma's life, and contains notes to acquaint the foreign reader with certain important events and items of Indian life. It ends with a small Bibliography—classified under Publications in India, U.K., France and the U.S.A., which should be helpful to the Indian research worker on Gandhian thought.

NICOLE BALBIR

India's North-East Frontier in the Nineteenth Century. Edited with an Introduction by VERRIER ELWIN. (Oxford University Press, Bombay. 473 pp. 1959. Rs. 28.00)

In the volume under review, Dr. Elwin has collected extracts from forgotten accounts of "explorers, administrators, tea planters and missionaries who wrote vivid accounts of what they saw" and has edited them with an Introduction, valuable notes and a full Bibliography.

To the scholar, all these 124 articles (or extracts) from John Butler, T. T. Cooper, E. T. Dalton, J. E. Gray, W. Griffith, Father Krick, J. F. Needham, W. Robinson, R. Wilcox and others are a most valuable contribution to the ethnology, history, geography, flora and fauna and even military strategy of the colourful and valiant people of our frontiers.

At the time these articles were written, Anthropology as a science was still struggling to be born: many of these early explorers, in their first impressions, considered the NEFA tribes merely as barbarians and heathens, or just as dream-children like Shakespeare's Caliban. The sympathy of man studying fellow men of the primitive strata is rarely seen except in the sketches of Colonel Dalton and the Rev. C. H. Hesselmeyer.

Written in days of Christian missionary zeal, many passages in the volume read (even Colonel Dalton was not free from the obsession of proselytizing the heathen) like the attitude of Columbus's men towards the natives of the New World.

But when everything has been said, Dr. Elwin has earned the gratitude of the students of the science of Man, by editing these extracts in a neat volume. The Introduction is valuable, the maps illustrative of the teeming tribes and the Bibliography useful, but the price seems likely to be prohibitive to many.

CHARULAL MUKHERJEA

KALIDASA'S *Kumārasaṁbhavam*. Cantos I-VII. Edited by S. R. SEHGAL, with GRIFFITH'S English translation. (Navayug Publications, Jullundur. 140 pp. 1959. Rs. 16.50).

Kālidāsa's *Kumārasaṁbhava* is available in a number of editions, but the chief merit of Dr. Sehgal's present edition is that it includes the free English rendering in verse by Ralph T. H. Griffith, out of print since 1879. It may be pointed out that the complete work, as it is known today, consists of seventeen cantos, but, according to the majority of scholars and critics, the first seven are definitely by Kālidāsa himself, the eighth probably so, and the remaining nine certainly by a different, much later and inferior hand. Many commentators have therefore commented upon only the first seven or eight cantos. The pres-

ent edition incorporates the first seven.

The title of the poem indicates that it relates the story of the birth of Kumāra, otherwise known as Skanda or Kārttikeya, the six-faced god, son of Śiva and Pārvati, at whose hands the demon Tāraka was destined to meet his end. The story told in the first seven cantos is from the birth of Umā (Pārvati) to her marriage with Śiva. Whether Kālidāsa stopped short at this point or whether he completed it and the rest of the genuine text is not available now is a matter of speculation. Scholars are not prepared to accept as genuine the last nine or ten cantos, in which the story is carried to the destruction of Tāraka by Kumāra.

Dr. Sehgal has tried to make his edition as attractive and useful as possible by prefixing a learned Introduction and suffixing Indices. One of the two illustrations from Indian archæology, which no doubt add to the charm, is upside down.

B. CH. CHHABRA

The Quest of the Infinite. By A. P. ROY. (The Author. Sole Distributors: Firma K. L. Mukhopadhyay, Calcutta. 1958. 924 pp. Rs. 12.00)

The author, who, as a competent Kaviraj (a distinction in Ayurvedic medicine), has been helpful in curing physical ailments, has, by this book, offered to help people in removing their mental ailments and in attaining spiritual health. Encouraged by the favourable reception accorded to his Bengali work by scholars, press and public, the author has brought out this enlarged edition in English. As the author explains in his Apologia, the present work is an attempt to attract "the minds of materialistically inclined men and women afflicted by the world to the path of religion and the spiritual treasures of the land."

Restrictions of space preclude a detailed discussion of this important book, and the reviewer has to content himself with a bare mention of some important topics discussed in the book. Of the two parts of the book, the first deals elaborately with the theoretical aspects of the problem of the Infinite. It expounds the essence of the Vedānta philosophy in a simple and lucid style, though with full documentation from the main authority of the Upanishads. Though advocating the monistic standpoint, the author also stresses the importance of the path of dualism, and his exposition of devotion, service and sacrifice provides interesting reading. The important topics considered in this part include such vital problems as creation, God, religion and *karma*. The author is well versed both in Indian and Western religious and philosophical literature, and holds balanced views. His catholicity of outlook and rationalism are remarkable.

The second part of the book is the outcome of the author's personal experience in the realm of Yoga, and as such will be of inestimable value as a guide to all interested in spiritual pursuits. Readers should bear in mind that the author advises the devotee to read carefully and master the first part, so that it may help in calming down "the urges of his passions and in creating a deep thirst for the world beyond and unknown" with the result that "the practice of Yoga will be found to be easy, pleasing and encouraging."

The printing and get-up are fair, but the reviewer seriously feels the absence of an Index, which would have considerably enhanced the value of the book.

A. D. PUSALKER

Ordeal of Faith: The Crisis of Church-Going America, 1865-1900. By FRANCIS P. WEISENBURGER. (Philosophical Library, New York. 380 pp. 1959. $6.00)

This is an interesting book and a mine of information for anyone requiring the particular information which it contains, but it is not likely to find many readers among readers of THE ARYAN PATH. In the first place it deals exclusively with the U.S.A. and, in the U.S.A., only with the impact of modern knowledge on the life and thought of the major Christian denominations. It is true that one chapter is concerned with "New Approaches through Mysticism and Idealism" and devotes exactly one page to Theosophy. But the bulk of the book is concerned with the challenge of new ideas in science, sociology and Biblical criticism to the centuries-old orthodox teaching of the Christian churches, both Catholic and Protestant.

Moreover, even for a reader like the present reviewer, born and reared in the old tradition of orthodox Christian teaching and keenly interested in the subject of Christian history, the book is disappointing in that it is more of a catalogue or compendium for reference than a human document, the number of names referred to being so large and the references so scrappy that none of them really comes to life as a human being struggling to adjust his faith to a rapidly changing situation.

For American, and to some extent European, readers, however, the book will have considerable value. It has an exhaustive Index and notes and is excellently documented, so that anyone concerned with tracing the religious history of the last thirty-five years of the nineteenth century in any of the major denominations of Christendom will find it invaluable. It is written quite impersonally and objectively and leaves the reader with no clue as to where the author's personal sympathies lie and to which, if any, of the churches whose history he has so conscientiously studied he belongs. Moreover, it is by no means a purely critical study of the more negative and destructive type, but leaves the reader with the feeling that, underlying the battle of the creeds, the conflict between orthodoxy and heterodoxy and the even more fundamental clash between authoritarianism and freedom of thought, there remains within essential Christianity a Rock of Ages which is unshakable and immovable.

MARGARET BARR

Popular Talks on Psychological Topics. By PREM NATH. (Vishveshvaranand Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur. 141 pp. 1959. Rs. 2.50)

As the title signifies, most of the talks contained in this book — which were originally given on the air — deal with such psychological topics as "The Underworld of the Unconscious," "Mental Tensions," "The Psychology of Complexes," "The Psychology of Attitudes," "The Psychology of Rumour," "The Psychology of Fear," etc. The author has dealt with these in a non-technical style. The book will be found quite helpful by lay people who wish to understand their own life and also the life around them a little more effectively. The last two talks, "The Psychology of Resolution" and "The Psychology of Religion," are particularly enlightening.

G. M.

The Seeker's Path. By SOHAN SINGH. (Orient Longmans, Bombay. 109 pp. 1959. Rs. 6.00)

This is an excellent interpretation of Guru Nanak's *Japji,* considered to be the core and crux of Sikhism. The *Japji* is a short composition of thirty-eight principal stanzas in Panjabi verse, divided into four parts. And its argument consists of these stages: (*a*) there is an eternal Reality within and beyond the world, and so the seeker is to attune himself to it; (*b*) this attunement is achieved through hearing and reading, reflection and the reorientation of the mind to the Vision of the Reality; (*c*) after acquiring many-sided knowledge in this way, the seeker aspires to an ever-felt impact of the Spirit; and (*d*) this is possible only through Divine Grace. The Seeker's path is delineated in outline in the last stanza thus: —

In his workshop of Self-restraint, Poise, the goldsmith, beats into shape the gold of life, using the True Doctrine as the anvil and Knowledge as the hammer. The gold itself is first purified with the help of the bellow-pipes of Discipline, fanning the fires of the Energy-accumulating austerities. Finally, in the vessel of Love and Devotion this purified gold is cast in the mould of Immortality. Such is the way in which the conduct of the True Mint is fashioned. However, only those who receive the favour of His Grace may conduct themselves in this way — only by the favour of the Gracious Lord does one attain to supreme happiness.

The original text has been given in Roman transliteration. It is followed by a fluent English translation and a commentary, which is scientific, rather than sentimental as is often the case with interpretations of scriptural verse, especially of a devotional kind. There is also an Index. The author is to be congratulated on his accomplishment, worth emulating.

G. M.

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra's** reflections on the right mood for New Year's Day should find sympathy from many readers. He draws also an attractive sketch of the Egyptian writer Tewfik el Hakim.—ED.]

MOST COUNTRIES in Europe welcome the New Year in ways peculiar to their own cultural patterns. Many hold that a boisterous buoyant welcome presages good fortune. In Paris a large number of people revel into the night regaling themselves with roast turkey and choice wine; others, when midnight strikes, crowd into motor cars and honk their horns — normally forbidden — as an impish expression of exuberance. No stranger greets a stranger, there are no joyous shakes of the hand; only shrill, cacaphonous sounds deafen the ear, reminding us only too sharply that we live in an age in which more and more noise will be our daily lot. Perhaps I am old-fashioned, but I believe that if we must rejoice on New Year's Day let us do so by hailing strangers with beaming faces or hands outstretched in infectious friendly feeling. Thus we might fill our lungs with air, dispel the shades that darken looks and become conscious, even for a moment, of the presence of a host of other souls with whom we link ourselves.

As I was thinking these thoughts I began to watch objects around me almost as if I were seeing many of them for the first time. It was like looking, not through a glass darkly, but with eyes that could see again after being bandaged for many weeks. I came home and jotted down these lines as they came to me and decided not to embellish or rewrite them, for they express but a mood which comes to me again

and again as I look at things or when almost for no reason at all I am under a cloud:—

To see whate'er we do or can around,
With eyes as fresh as dew upon the green,
Is to have peered, not dimly through a screen
But felt and breathed and touched the ground.
No vision for a passing second, this,
No orange dawns or lemon skies provoke
A mystic trance; it's no flashing stroke
Of recognition; it's a way; it's bliss.
Can we be with the sightless and the healed?
Or with the pigeons as they peck their crumbs
Like bobbing needles? With children doing sums?
And peasants sowing seedlings in the field?
If we can live each moment that is true
Unto itself, each day, each hour, is new.

If a sense of humour is the peacemaker of the world then the great Egyptian writer, Tewfik el Hakim, has it in abundance. He is a kindly gentleman, just turned sixty, slim, graceful, distinguished. He is a wit, a man with a tremendous sense for words; a master of the brilliant phrase, the arresting sentence. I had only read one or two of his plays. The other day he asked me to have a talk with him and then, with great courtesy, he presented me with three of his books, one of which was a volume of plays. As Tewfik el Hakim has been highly considered in this country, his books have been most ably rendered into French with, of course, the author's own corrections, for Tewfik el Hakim, probably Egypt's greatest living writer, is also a master of French prose.

I read the *Maze of Justice*, and the series of one-act plays which the author knows how to make sparkle. There is one play which I should love to see acted and this is called *Madame Politique*. Speaking of translation, I am reminded of Voltaire's epigram on the subject:—

Do you know why the prophet Jeremiah spent all his days in dismal lamentation? Because he knew that all his words of fire would be reduced to ashes——by translation.

Fortunately, Tewfik el Hakim has found good translators and his plays are eminently actable. He has fantasy and the power to create the atmosphere essential for his need to make the unreal real and the impossible probable.

Tewfik el Hakim is a man of great refinement, courtesy and charm. Even his criticisms of contemporary French culture are without bitterness or scorn: his words are spoken more in sorrow than in anger. He is saddened, for instance, that Françoise Sagan should be given such lavish praise and placed on Parnassus when in her own youthful realm she has a picture to paint and her own rightful place. According to Tewfik el Hakim, English, American and Italian literatures are now replacing French. I would have preferred to have had French retain her own niche of polished grandeur, for when it comes to prose, the French language, say what you will, is rich, melodious and precise.

BALDOON DHINGRA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

A significant letter from the famous psychologist, Dr. Jung, appeared in *The Listener* (January 21st, 1960) replying to the large correspondence received after his October 1959 television broadcast, in which he spoke of "knowing" God.

I did not say in the broadcast "There is a God." I said: "I do not need to believe in God; I *know*." Which does not mean: I do know a certain God (Zeus, Jahwe, Allah, the Trinitarian God, etc.) but rather: I do know that I am obviously confronted with a factor unknown in itself, which I call "God" in *consensu omnibus* (*"quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus creditur."*) in the opinion of all — what always is, what is everywhere, what is believed in by all.

He thinks of this as something stronger than himself, which can subdue his conscious will, upset his "subjective views, plans and intentions" and change the course of his life.

In accordance with tradition I call the power of fate in this positive as well as negative aspect, and inasmuch as its origin is beyond my control, "god," a "personal god" since my fate means very much myself, particularly when it approaches me in the form of conscience as a *vox Dei*, with which I can even converse and argue. (We do, and, at the same time, we know that we do. One is subject as well as object.)

It would be immoral, he writes, to believe in a "universal, metaphysical Being" as portrayed in religious "philosophies," and impertinent to make "an arrogant qualification such as: 'God can only be good.'"

Only my experience can be good or evil, but I know that the superior will is based upon a foundation which transcends human imagination. Since I *know* of my collision with a superior will in my own psychical system, I *know of God... a God beyond good or evil,* just as much dwelling in myself as everywhere else: *Deus est circulus cuius centrum est ubique, cuius circumferentia vero nusquam.*

[God is a circle whose centre is everywhere, and whose circumference is truly nowhere.]

Here we have restated as a conviction a most ancient truth by one of the more profound thinkers of our time, and though the blank materialists, the dogmatic church followers, and the opposing schools of psychological thought may all misjudge his ideas and deny his influence, these are making an impact on the intelligent public mind.

"Religion," said Professor S. K. Ramachandra Rao, "is practical in its orientation. It is only when it is institutionalized that it becomes corrupt." He was speaking on "Practical Buddhism" at the Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore, on January 7th. He felt that the Buddha's teachings were not mere theory but a sort of discipline. This is borne out by the *Dhammavinaya,* which treats the teachings of Buddha as a doctrine pertaining to this life. The Buddha was not a philosopher wandering about preaching his philosophy; he was one who lived in forests and remote places seeking a practical value for his knowledge. His deep interest in human life showed him that man has a distorted view of the world because of the ego within him. Just as people seem to see things in the dark in accordance with their characters, so also man, owing to his ego, suffers from delusion. The main task of the Buddha was to show how to destroy the ego. For this he advocates the attainment of rectitude of life — free from confusion within and

without. Man should develop a penetrative wisdom. Driven by internal forces man is unmindful of some of the most common and everyday acts of life.

Among the forty exercises prescribed by the Buddha the speaker took only one and described how the very act of breathing could be converted from the material to the intellectual, giving us an understanding of the dissolution of life into death. Above all, the Buddha always stressed the fact that He could only show the way, but it was we who should adapt it to our needs and follow that Path.

Dr. D. Gurumurti, who presided, said that religion had been kept alive during the ages because of the impact with which the teachings of great sages like the Buddha had given new life to it. He felt that all religions are basically alike but differ only in the circumstances in which these basic concepts have been explained.

At the London Branch of the Indian Institute of World Culture on January 22nd, 1960, William Taylor spoke of the work of Danilo Dolci, "the Gandhi of Sicily." Actually Dolci had applied the techniques of *Satyagraha,* fasting and non-resistance before knowing anything of Gandhiji, except as a name in politics. The people of Sicily to whom Dolci dedicated himself, and for whom he renounced his professional status, were not only poverty-stricken (even starving), uneducated, backward and wasteful in agriculture, without any industry or capital, but also riddled by banditry and vendettas and neglected by the mainland authorities except for the immense police force kept on the island. Dolci began in Trappeto near Palermo, while working as a fisherman, to beg and borrow money for a home for the destitute. When further projects started by him — road repair and the building of an irrigation dam — brought civic opposition, Dolci broke it down by fasting, and gradually other social projects, hospitals, sewers, roads, materialized. The work spread to Partinico, where a mass fast by 700 men in connection with another road-repair scheme brought about the arrest of the non-resistance leaders. Dolci's week-long trial in March 1956 resulted in to slacken their persecution and stimulated many offers of financial and other for his personal integrity and courage that extended to other countries. The activity of influential people there, especially writers, forced the authorities to slacken their persecution and stimulated offers of financial and other help. Working against a series of obstacles (confiscation of his passport, etc.) Dolci has widened his work with four new Centres, each adopted by a Committee in a different country. The British Committee has sent an agriculturist and social workers to help in the education work, and has founded a school and community centre. Dolci's own lecture-tours and writings publicize his efforts, though only one of his works has been translated into English, by P. D. Cummins. Dolci sees only one solution for this disorganized, violent and forlorn society — a complete social regeneration from within. As the leaflet issued by his British Committee puts it:—

> ...the first requirement is disinterested service, the establishment of trust and confidence, a clear demonstration that someone cares.

Government aid *is* needed, but personal help is equally necessary to show how that aid may best be used.

> The first essential is people with the right attitude, people who understand that only in better human relations is peace to be built, people with the patience to learn as well as to teach, to wait until they find the right time and the right way to help.

An ideal can never remain abstract and endure. We are most stirred to action when the ideal becomes actual by the power of the living personal example.

Dr. R. A. Schemerhorn, Associate Professor of Sociology, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., delivered an excellent lecture on "What Lies behind America's Immigration Policy?" under the chairmanship of Shri B. Vasudevamurthy, at the Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore, on January 2nd. The speaker declared that except for the Red Indians all Americans are immigrants. These immigrants could be subdivided into two groups: those who immigrated to America up to the time of the foundation of the Republic in 1808, comprising primarily North and Western Europeans, from England, Germany, the Teutonic and Scandinavian countries, Italy and, to a lesser extent, France; and those who came in from 1808 to the present times, mostly from Germany.

The American immigration policy allows any one whose country does not prohibit the entry of an American to immigrate to America. From 1703 to 1830 anyone could come into the country. After that several associations, beginning with the WASPS (White Anglo-Saxon Protestants), who wanted to enforce a twenty-one-year residence for citizenship and also to keep out criminals, tried to restrict immigration. In reality this movement was intended to keep out the Catholics and the Irish. The Civil War, however, put an end to such movements.

After the Civil War the Southern States tried to attract immigrants to counterbalance the loss of slave labour. Legislation was passed preventing this. Other important landmarks in the history of America's immigration policy are the anti-Chinese movement which started in California, after the Chinese workers who were brought to build the Trans-Continental Railway asked for citizenship, and later the legislation of 1882, which prohibited the entry of the diseased and handicapped. Of even greater importance is the wave of feeling against foreigners which the First World War precipitated. The present policy provides a quota, out of the ceiling of 150,000 immigrants a year, for each nation, in proportion to the numbers of that nationality resident in America. This bill, which was passed in 1924, includes the Chinese. Security checks are also made on those who come from countries which are "absolute" in their views.

In concluding, the speaker thought that open immigration would be better than providing a fixed quota. Justice Vasudevamurthy agreed with the speaker in this.

It is a welcome trend in recent times that judicial decisions are generally reflecting the changing pattern of social values. A recent decision of the Allahabad High Court, however, serves as a fresh reminder of the extent to which Courts can be an instrument of social change or rather a means to give legal validity to social changes. According to a P.T.I. report, the Allahabad High Court has held that the very act of a Muslim marrying again during the subsistence of his first marriage raises a presumption of cruelty towards his first wife. His Lordship declared, according to the report:—

> In the absence of cogent explanation, the Court will hold under the present social conditions that the action of the husband in taking a second wife involved cruelty to the first and that it would be inequitable for the court to compel her against her wishes to live with such a husband.

His Lordship dismissed the Muslim husband's appeal against the decision of a District Judge, holding the husband's desire to have the consortium of both the wives simultaneously to be "conjugal greed." The judgment emphasizes the present-day trend which looks with revulsion on bigamy.

It is rightly pointed out by the Judge that Muslim jurisprudence has always

taken into account changes in social conditions in administering Mohammedan law. Muslim society has not, as is usually supposed, remained static, and to argue otherwise is to deny the record of the achievements of Muslim civilization and the rich and varied development of Muslim jurisprudence in different countries. The views of the Judge regarding the provision in the *Koran* are relevant, for according to the report:—

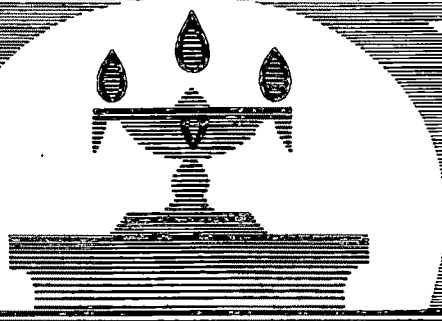
> Holding that Muslim Law, as enforced in India, had considered polygamy as an institution to be tolerated but not encouraged. His Lordship said provision in the *Koran* sanctioning polygamy was a restrictive injunction which reduced the number of wives to four at a time and thus imposed a ceiling on conjugal greed which prevailed among the males on an extensive scale. It had not conferred upon the husband any fundamental right to compel the first to share his consortium with another woman in all circumstances. His Lordship added: A Muslim husband had the legal right to take a second wife even while his first marriage subsisted but if he did so, and then sought the assistance of the civil court to compel the first wife to live with him against her wishes and on pain of inprisonment, she was entitled to raise the question whether the court, as a court of equity, ought to compel her to submit to cohabitation with such a husband. In that case, the circumstances in which his second marriage took place were relevant and material in deciding whether his conduct in taking a second wife was in itself an act of cruelty to the first which disentitled him to any assistance from the courts of law which also functioned as courts of equity.

One of the convincing evidences of the impact of social changes on Muslim law is the passing of the Dissolution of Muslim Marriages Act, 1939, which enabled the Muslim wife to sue for the dissolution of her marriage on a number of grounds previously not available. In this connection, His Lordship added:—

> Today Muslim women move in society and it is impossible for any Indian husband with several wives to carry all of them around. He must select one among them to share his social life, thus making impartial treatment to ploygamy virtually impossible under modern conditions. Formerly, a Muslim husband could bring a second wife into the household without necessarily meaning any insult or cruelty to the wife. Occasionally a second marriage took place with the consent or even at the suggestion of the first wife. But social conditions and habits among Indian Muslims have changed considerably and with it the conscience of the Muslim community. Today the importing of a second wife into the household ordinarily means a stinging insult to the first.

WE greatly regret that exceptional difficulties beyond our control have much delayed this issue of THE ARYAN PATH, and may to some extent affect the April issue, though attempts will be made to come up to schedule.

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The ARYAN PATH

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

VOL. XXXI APRIL 1960 No. 4

STAND STILL

[**Bhadanta Bhikshu Sangharakshita,** author of *A Survey of Buddhism*, has made many admired contributions to our pages. He writes penetratingly of the nature of our experience of time and of how we might attain to what has been called the Eternal Now.—ED.]

BUDDHI, it has been well said, is that which makes one out of two; *Manas*, that which makes two out of one. The former is the faculty of integration and unification, the latter that of diffusion and differentiation.

From *Manas*, the differentiating principle, two modes of differentiation arise: one between phenomena as existent simultaneously, the other between phenomena as existent in succession. The first, considered objectively, is space; the second, time. Inasmuch as *Manas* is the highest *operative* principle of human consciousness, our experience ordinarily takes place within the framework of these two categories.

Time is threefold: past, present and future. If we analyze these three tenses, however, we shall discover an important difference between past and future time, on the one hand, and present time on the other. This difference may be briefly expressed by saying that whereas the present is perceived the past and the future are only conceived. In other words, past and future are never directly experienced; all we actually experience is the present. Past and future exist only as concepts.

The possibilities of human experience are immense. They range, as regards our relation to time, from a state of present-time experience unsullied by either conceptual constructions of past and future or the emotions based upon them, to a state so heavily overlaid with such constructions that present-time is hardly perceived at all.

Now it is obvious that experience of duration, of the passage of time, depends upon the concepts of time as past and time as yet to come: in

the unalloyed perception of present-time there is no sense of duration. Hence to the extent that we can live spiritually in the present we are no longer conscious of the shortness of human life, or obsessed with a longing either for its prolongation or for personal immortality; for desire is possible only with regard to a past or a future, that is to say, a conceptual object, but not with regard to what is actually present and perceived.

Through the concepts of past and future, which constitute their common foundation, the sense of duration and desire are closely interconnected. We find, indeed, that an acceleration of the one results in an intensification of the other, and *vice versa*.

A recent news item informs us that it is now possible to fly from Bombay to London in eight hours. Within a few months, perhaps, human beings will be rocketed to the moon and back at enormous speeds. Even humbler folk, who cannot afford a seat in a jet-propelled Boeing aircraft, frequently travel long distances at speeds which their great-grandparents would have considered incredible.

What is the effect of this acceleration of the speed at which we can travel—indeed of the pace at which we now live—on the general human consciousness?

Physical speed and the sense of duration being intimately related, the more quickly we are able to do anything the less time there appears to be in which to do it. Conversely, the less time there appears to be in which to do a thing, the more quickly we desire to do it, whether the action concerned be that of travelling or anything else. Such is the vicious circle in which a rapidly increasing section of the human race now finds itself involved. In the experience of time, there would seem to operate a principle analogous to the Law of Diminishing Returns in economics, in accordance with which the more time-saving devices are placed at one's disposal the more pressed for time one becomes. Under such conditions the activities of twentieth-century humanity are increasingly characterized by a feverish haste which eventually results in physical exhaustion, nervous strain and mental breakdown.

Angulimala the bandit, pursuing the Buddha along the jungle path with drawn sword, found himself in a similar predicament. However fast he ran, he was unable to catch up with the Enlightened One, though the latter was walking at a slow, dignified pace. Eventually, exhausted by his efforts and terrified at the inexplicable phenomenon, he called to the Master to stand still. Back came the reply, "I am already standing still (*i.e.*, have attained *Nirvana*); it is you who are running (*i.e.*, round and round in *Samsara*, impelled by the force of ignorant desire)."

The more desperately we strive to catch up with the future the more it eludes our grasp. Like Angulimala, we have to listen to the exhortation of the Buddha—to the voice of our own immanent Buddhahood—and learn simply to "stand still" at all levels of our being, both physical and mental. This can be done, initially, only by becoming aware that we are running. Awareness of speed, of duration, of the three tenses, eventually enables us to realize that past and future are concepts only. With this realization comes about a subsidence, a calming down and dying away, of all those emotions—desires and fears, anxieties and regrets—which are based on these concepts. We begin to live in the present in the true spiritual sense, and, thus living in the present unobsessed by the passage of time, find that we have time enough in which to do all things. Having reached such a state of awakened *Buddhi*, we shall be able to board a jet-propelled Boeing, if circumstances so require, or even go for a week-end on the moon, with the same unruffled composure, the same freedom from all sense of haste, with which we walk at night in our garden among the fragrance of tranquil flowers.

BHIKSHU SANGHARAKSHITA

PEACEMAKERS

THE WORLD horror aroused by the tragedy of *apartheid* injustices in South Africa and brought into stark prominence by the mass shooting at the Negro crowd, women and children included, at Sharpeville last March, should not be allowed to remain a mere emotional response. But equally, a reaction of violent retaliation against, or blind, instinctive repudiation of, the offenders, can only lead to further harm. And it is good to see, in various countries, the endeavours to diagnose the root of such violence and to put the constructive opposite, the Gandhian technique of *Satyagraha*, into practice. The summer school of the Peace Pledge Union, to be held at Swansea, South Wales, August 13th-20th, will survey "Violence — Its Causes and Remedies" from various points of view, that of personal relationships, crime and punishment, racial and international relations generally. In the U.S.A., "Peacemakers," of Washington, have a training programme planned for August 20th-September 4th, with actual practice in the technique of non-violent resistance, as well as discussion of the forms and character of violence, and the practical remedies.

The list of books recommended as preparation for the "Peacemakers" programme is :—

Essay on Civil Disobedience — Henry David Thoreau
The Kingdom of God Is Within You — Leo Tolstoy
The Power of Non-Violence — Richard B. Gregg
The Wall Between — Anne Braden
Child of Our Time — Michel del Castillo
Prison Etiquette — C. and D. Rainer (Ed.)

Those for whom such gathering and programmes are impossible may still find these of value, for right feeling and action can only spring from right ideas.

ERANOS AND THE MODERN PSYCHE

[**Dr. J. P. Hodin**, a scholar and art historian of a European reputation, is known to our readers. In this article he describes the work of the Eranos conferences and publications, which have continued in Ascona, in Switzerland, since 1933. Dr. Hodin traces beneath these the deep underlying movement of modern thought away from nineteenth-century materialism towards a world-view which offers a more significant place to human consciousness and therefore incorporates those perceptions embodied in myth, archetypal symbolism and religious living which the last century would have simply brushed aside as unscientific. — ED.]

IN THE SECOND HALF of the nineteenth century a strong movement gained momentum in the unfolding of modern spiritual life in Europe; a stream of philosophic and religious inspiration swept away the narrow and self-sufficient assertions of mechanistic and materialistic science. A turning point had been reached in that everlasting dialectic rhythm of thought which is the ebb and flow of human culture and in which mental extremes are annihilated to yield their intolerant predominance to a fruitful and truly progressive synthesis. This movement pervaded all fields of cultural activity, and in its wake followed the discovery of new and significant, and the re-discovery of forgotten and neglected, spiritual values. In philosophy, Arthur Schopenhauer's first insight into Buddhist principles of thought was followed by Bergson's anti-rationalism and his concept of metaphysics; in art, we had Symbolism and the return to the primitive, in sensuous experience and in spiritual attitude, seen in Nabis and Gauguin and in Fauvism.

The revolt against modern civilization was the logical outcome of the longing for the "lost paradise" of human innocence, directness and devotion. Gauguin's "Noa Noa," the writings of Pierre Loti, Lafcadio Hearn, Robert L. Stevenson and van Zaanten and their appeal were anchored in this nostalgia of a Europe riddled by the ill effects of the dawn of industrialism. The artist turned more eagerly than ever to the ethnographical museums in his search for inspiration from the famous art collections. Age-old mythological concepts crept in where the hard grit of religious dogmatism was loosened by rationalist-atheist attacks. Myth was re-introduced into European consciousness not as an academic discipline but as an inner necessity. Its influence on contemporary poetry was tremendous. T. S. Eliot wrote in the Notes on *The Waste Land*:—

> Not only the title, but the plan and a good deal of the incidental

symbolism of the poem were suggested by Miss Jessie L. Weston's book on the Grail legend *From Ritual to Romance* (Cambridge). Indeed, so deeply am I indebted, Miss Weston's book will elucidate the difficulties of the poem much better than my notes can do; and I recommend it (apart from the great interest of the book itself) to any who think such elucidation of the poem worth the trouble. To another work of anthropology I am indebted in general, one which has influenced our generation profoundly. I mean *The Golden Bough*; I have used especially the two volumes *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*. Anyone who is acquainted with these works will immediately recognize in the poem certain reference to vegetation ceremonies.

The East, with its philosophy, religion and art, began to exercise an irresistible attraction. Professor Paul Deussen translated the Vedas and Upanishads, and devoted profound studies to their comprehension. The same can be said of T. W. Rhys-Davids for the realm of Buddhism. He and Karl Eugen Neumann translated the Dialogues of the Buddha. The movement of Theosophy in a large sweep confronted the spiritual life of East and West. Richard Wilhelm offered to the West an understanding of Chinese philosophy. Rabindranath Tagore threw the doors wide open in the East for a reconciliation of Eastern and Western ways of thought. S. Radhakrishnan, Hermann Graf Keyserling, F. C. S. Northrop, Charles A. Moore, William S. Haas, are other instances in this movement. The Ba-hai movement in Persia made an attempt to unify the world's religions.

The antagonistic situation between science, philosophy and religion is still not solved, but in the philosophical writings of Albert Einstein, A. N. Whitehead, Erwin Schrödinger, E. A. Burtt, Max Born and Werner Heisenberg (author of the Uncertainty Principle), a new position seems to have been taken up by scientists in the emphasizing of the (self-imposed) limits of science and its methods and in a widening of the concept of knowledge itself. Whereas in philosophy one extreme—under the influence of science and absolute rationalism—has practically annihilated the concept of philosophy (the Logical Positivism of Bertrand Russell and the English School under the ægis of the Viennese School), in Karl Jasper's philosophy a constructive attitude towards and a recognition of science has been achieved and philosophy re-defined in notions which are acceptable both to the scientist and to the Taoist or the Buddhist. In Heidegger, finally, the sombre voice of antique Sibylline discernment and of mediæval mysticism sounds again in the confusing polyphony of modern European thought.

In this stream of ideas, C. G. Jung, the psychologist, takes his place as one of the outstanding phenomena. His significance lies not in the fact that he adheres, as others have done before him, to the world of primary vision and imagery, to pre-scientific thought. This aspect of his intellectual credo was underlined by his intimate co-operation with Heinrich Zimmer, Richard Wilhelm and Karl Kerényi. His significance lies in the fact that he, coming from the then young group of psychoanalytical research workers, knew how to combine his function as a psychiatrist and a psychologist with that of an interpreter of primitive mythology, of mediæval philosophy and Far Eastern wisdom. Through this combination the emphasis was shifted from the academic conception of these realms of knowledge to the working processes of the human psyche, of which these are products. The primary discoveries in unveiling the psychic mechanism—if such a term is permissible at all—were made by Sigmund Freud; also the applications of psychological notions to the world of the Super-Ego, as it was called, to the phenomena of religion, of art, of culture in general. This was a decisive and most surprising step, and, although we may disagree with the Freudian interpretation of these phenomena, which were dictated by the Victorian phase of scientific knowledge, the creative method of psychoanalysis and its application to a wider field of spiritual values was thus discovered. Freud, in trying to remain scientific in the conception of the outgoing nineteenth century (a parallel in philosophy to this conception is Logical Positivism), represents the nineteenth century more than the twentieth century. (That is to say, he does so in his interpretation, not his method, his genius thus being unquestioned.) We must never forget that the twentieth century has built on the nineteenth, Jung on Freud. Jung, imbued with the Bergsonian trend of thought, as we may call it, fulfilled the fusion of it with psychoanalysis and encountered, paradoxically—or one could also say logically—the criticism of being unscientific. The criticism is valid only if we define science in a way derived from physics, not from biology, a manner of definition nowadays abandoned.

With the notion of the archetypes and the collective unconscious a unity of mankind was established with the help of depth-psychological terms and concepts which did not exist in previous periods. If Indian philosophy spoke of wholeness and of manifold unity, and Chinese philosophy of Tao, what was meant was the unity of man with the Godhead and with Creation, and, although, conceptually, the unity of mankind was given, concretely it was not. For it was neither in the knowledge nor in the intent of these old cultures, nor was it possible to go beyond the "horizon"

of their countries or the past of the world then known to them. Only the modern West, by way of its notion of ethnology and of the comparative study of religions in particular and of cultures in general, has reached a concrete global consciousness of man, of his history and, owing to Jung, of his psyche.

When, twenty-five years ago, on the initiative of Mrs. Olga Fröbe-Kapteyn, the first Eranos meeting took place in Ascona, it was devoted to the then so imperative quest of reconciling East and West in the light of modern psychological interpretation and with the aim, as was expressed in the preface to the *Eranos Year Book 1934*, of working for the elucidation of the "*Westliche Heilweg*" (Road of Healing for the West)—a therapeutic aim, therefore, in terms of culture and world-view. C. G. Jung found from the beginning in these meetings a forum for the propagation of his ideas.[1] Historically seen, Eranos is part of the pattern of those European spiritual aspirations which have been described in the beginning of this study.

The first five titles of the *Eranos Year Book* (1933-1937) were specifically centred on the relationship of East to West. In 1934, for instance, Heinrich Zimmer spoke on "Indian Myths as Symbols," Martin Buber on "Symbolic and Sacramental Existence in Judaism," Swami Yatiswarananda on some aspects of Hindu symbolism, Mrs. Rhys-Davids on "The History of the Wheel-Symbol"—to name only a few contributors. C. G. Jung, in developing in the same volume his ideas on the archetypes of the collective unconscious, gave, so to speak, a key to the interpretation of all the myths and symbols of mankind by way of depth-psychological concepts. Thus the contributions were meaningfully linked one to another and deciphered in a modern creative manner. Volume VI (1938) was then entirely devoted to one of the archetypal concepts: "The Figure and Cult of the Great Mother." (Speakers were, besides C. G. Jung, Charles Picard, Louis Massignan, Heinrich Zimmer, Ernesto Buonaiuti and others.) In the following year the themes oscillated between Christian and Universal aspects of Symbolism, until Volume XII (The "Mysteries") brought for the first time the significant sub-title: "Studies towards the Problem of the Archetypes." The volume was dedicated to C. G. Jung as a gift for his seventieth birthday (1945).

It has again and again been stated that the study of man stands in the centre of contemporary interest. Not only psychology but art history

[1] Some of his ideas, for instance on synchronicity, were developed quite spontaneously and for the first time at an Eranos lecture.

(André Malraux), as well as philosophy (logic has become the science for the investigation of the human brain as an instrument of knowledge) and physics itself, has to count with the unknown quality of man. Werner Heisenberg writes in *Das Naturbild der Heutigen Physik* that

> for the first time in the course of history, man faces none but himself on this earth and no longer finds any other partner or opponent.... In natural science the object of research is no longer nature as such, but nature exposed to man's questioning, and thus here too man faces none but himself.

It was therefore only natural that since 1947 the main theme of the Eranos meetings was centred on man and his relationship to different aspects of life: the mythical world, rites, time, energy, earth, change, creativeness. The latest volume hitherto published, *Eranos Year Book XXIV*, bears the title: "Man and the Sympathy of All Things." Among the contributors are some who have for years belonged to the central core of the Eranos effort: Henry Corbin; Louis Massignan, the French Orientalist; Chung-Yuan Chang, the Tao expert; Ernst Benz (history of dogma); Gershon Scholem (Jewish mysticism). Others of this group are Mircea Eliade (positive religions); Hellmut Wilhelm, son of Richard Wilhelm (and, like his father, translator and interpreter of Chinese philosophy); Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki (expert on Zen Buddhism); Karl Reinhardt (classical philosophy). As a frame holding these lectures together there are the statements of Erich Neumann (introductory) and A. Portmann (concluding). A. Portmann, the biologist, speaks always on a biological theme, the scientific facts of which are embedded among philosophical considerations. His title in 1955 was: "The Living Quality as a Preparatory Relationship." The contribution of E. Neumann, the Jungian psychologist, can be characterized as an application of Jungian notions to a wide range of problems: philosophic, artistic, ethical. His theme for 1955 was: "The Experience of Unitary Reality and the Sympathy of All Things." In his Eranos talks E. Neumann, who is a pupil of C. G. Jung, appears less as a psychologist and more as a speculative thinker. As is already symptomatic in many of C. G. Jung's own writings—his contribution is neither pure psychology nor pure philosophy but rather something which one could call a critical psychology of culture or a critical philosophy of the history of culture from a psychologist's standpoint. The danger which E. Neumann encounters here is inherent in Jung's own attitude, where the border-line between psychology as a science on the one hand and creative speculative thinking on the other hand is very fluid. As a philosopher Jung does not give the same satisfaction—either stylistically or as far as

the integrity of thought is concerned—as Bergson or Heidegger, for instance.

Through the more or less fixed panel of speakers, many of the University professors perhaps, the emphasis of the Eranos meetings has been shifted, unwittingly, from one instrumental in the formation and crystallization of a modern world view and the contribution of essential and vital material towards it, to University summer courses in which themes of general interest are dealt with in a highly specialized but at the same time academic manner, without any relationship to the formative processes of the modern psyche and its great dilemma, the antagonism between science and technology and the human soul, *i.e.*, the reconciliation of the entirely new with the age-old.

Thus papers like that of Max Knoll (Princeton University) on "Endogene Rhythm and Biological Time" or C. G. Jung's "The Psychological Aspect of the Mother Archetype" or G. R. Heyer's "Dürer's Melancholia and Its Symbolism" are rare and in a definite minority when compared with publications of purely academic significance. This may, however, be a transitory stage of development; for it is difficult to replace a personality of C. G. Jung's stature and his spontaneous spiritual power and vitality, which was entirely concentrated on the contemporary problem.[2]

The *raison d'être* of an institution such as Eranos—which was started with great sacrifice, courage and an exemplary tenacity in the service of a new Humanism by a single person, and which through the publication of the Eranos Year Books reaches a much wider audience than the 200 listeners who attend the meetings themselves, cannot, it seems to us, lie in its character as a summer course of erudite lectures but only in its original aim: to thrash out modern man's relationship to creation, to remove the reasons for present-day dread and soullessness, to deepen age-old visionary and symbolic knowledge through more scientific insight and thus to find the means of re-anchoring the modern mind in those timeless unitary notions which in Jungian terms are called archetypal. Assisting to root modern man again in the essence of Being and transforming the new hell of scientific rationalism into a life imbued with wisdom in which both the eternally mythical and the likewise eternally cerebral are brought into balance—that is the true spirit of Eranos.

J. P. Hodin

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[2] G. G. Jung ceased a few years ago, forced by illness and old age, to attend the Eranos meetings.

AN EASTER TALE

[**Mrs. Helena Jasinska,** born and educated in Warsaw, now a citizen of the United Kingdom, is a free-lance writer. We are glad to publish this allegorical story in which she shows that no one is called upon to carry a burden beyond his strength, yet the attitude with which he accepts it makes it heavier or lighter. Here is a message of hope, appropriate to the festival of Easter.—ED.]

THE SUN was already high when hunger forced Abias to search his hut again. Alas, he could not find one lentil, nor a handful of flour, nor yet a drop of olive oil. "I will go to Jerusalem," he thought. "There I may be able to earn a few *drachmas* or some one might give me work." He set off with a heavy heart. Slowly he walked along the sandy track and bitter thoughts oppressed him.

"O Jehovah, O Lord!" he whispered, "why dost Thou afflict me thus? Did I not offer Thee my finest lamb, more than eight days old yet less than twelve months, as the Holy Scriptures command? Now the Feast of Pascha draws nigh, my larder is bare, no bleating of sheep is to be heard. When the seven silver trumpets call from the temple and summon us to offer sacrifice, then shall I not be among the faithful at Thy altar nor shall I hear the chanting of the Levites as they worship Thee with ritual psalms."

Abias's heart swelled with bitterness as he recalled all the misfortunes which had befallen him that year.

"Why hast Thou, O Lord, assigned to me the lot of a farmer," he whispered, "and why must I all my life dig soil that is parched by heat, why must I wait with longing for rain and tremble with fear of locust and bad harvest? I will never return to that accursed farm of mine—never!"

Deep in thought, he passed amidst the growing crowds of wayfarers, indifferent. It was as if all Palestine were deserted, its populace making for Jerusalem. Some were travelling on camels or heavily-laden mules; others—and they the poorest—were on foot, with bundles over their shoulders, often travelling in small groups as protection against brigands. The mule carts went on slowly and merchants walked near the wheels to support the swinging wicker baskets of fruit and of vegetable. Cries, shouts and talk were everywhere, sometimes a song would rise into the air and echo from the barren rocks along the road.

The spirit of this festive crowd, their joyous cries, troubled Abias. Thus, when he caught sight of a cleft in the rocks and a path leading away from the road, he left the dusty track and followed that path. It led him to a grove where olive and fruit trees clustered beneath the rocks. The grey

cliff cast a dark blue shadow on the sun-scorched grass.

"Here shall I sit for a while, and rest," thought he, and he drew nearer. In the rock was an opening, the entry to a tomb; while a large round stone cast down beside it showed that the tomb was empty. "Surely a wealthy man had this tomb hollowed out in the rock for his resting-place," Abias thought. He sat down upon the ground and leaned his head against the cold, smooth surface of the stone. And again grief and sorrow filled his heart and bitter tears flowed from his eyes.

"Do not weep, Abias, do not pity yourself."

All at once a gentle voice came to his ears. He looked up, his eyes blinded by a brilliant light, and he beheld a figure clad in a long white robe.

Surprised, he asked, "Who art Thou, O Master?"

"I am Jesus of Nazareth. If you would understand the meaning of your earthly lot, then rise and follow me."

Obediently Abias rose, compelled by the tender gentleness of the voice, and followed the Stranger. They descended a stony path and entered a great valley. Abias looked round him with astonishment, for the valley was a forest of crosses. Small and large, heavy and light, plain and carven —they seemed to have sprung from the very womb of the earth. A road wound its way across the valley and many people were wandering along it. They all came to the forest of crosses, and each one taking up a cross, lifted it upon his shoulders and, thus burdened, slowly made his way on. Some as they walked were weeping, crushed and bowed beneath the weight; others, their lips drawn with anger, pushed their way through the throngs; while yet others cursed Heaven and their earthly lot. Only a few walked on quietly, slowly, with a kind word for others even though the sweat was pouring down their brows.

"Master," Abias asked, "are there then so many sentenced to be crucified? Are there so many wicked men in the world?"

"They are not wicked men," answered Jesus, "they are but ordinary folk journeying through life, like you. They go without understanding why they are so hard pressed. You too are carrying a cross, Abias."

"Am I? Am I too carrying a cross?" Abias was astounded. With these words he felt a weight upon his shoulders, bowing him down to the ground. He glanced back with an effort, and beheld the wide arm of a cross. He felt the sharp wood cut into his flesh and tear his emaciated body.

"O Master, I cannot bear it," he gasped, "the weight is beyond my strength. I shall throw down this cross and flee away."

"You cannot flee away from yourself, Abias," the gentle voice replied.

"Wherever you go, the cross will follow you."

"O Master—if I am to carry a cross, let me choose one that is lighter, easier to carry."

"A man must be able to bear his own cross, Abias. I too bear one. But your wish shall be granted."

And when Abias looked at Jesus, he beheld on His shoulders a cross that reached to the sky, and its arms spread to the East and to the West and faded far into the misty horizons.

Abias went into the forest of crosses, laid his own cross aside and looked at the others. "This one will be better," he thought, "for it is narrower, it will not weigh so heavily and I shall be able to carry it." He lifted the new cross, swung it over his shoulder and began to go slowly on his way. But soon he discovered that the arm of the cross was too long, dragged behind him on the ground and raised a cloud of dust. It made him breathless and every step was more difficult than the one before.

Exhausted, he sat down and closed his eyes. When he opened them he perceived before him a small wooden table on which were piled silver *dinars* and *drachmas*. He found himself in the porch of the temple at Jerusalem, changing money. The coins glittered in the sun and when touched, they gave a silvery tinkle. Merchants and bankers sat under every slender column and a richly carved roof of cedar wood cast its shadow on faces tinged with greed.

"I shall never hunger again," Abias breathed, sifting the coins and letting them slip through his fingers as he listened to their tempting sound. He looked down at his hands as they lustfully caressed the silver and gold —and he shuddered. Dark stains had appeared on his hands, they were spreading swollen with pus, until they turned into one great sore.

"O Jehovah, O Lord! Why dost Thou punish me so severely? Cursed be my life!" he cried in despair and he closed his eyes already clouded over with fear. And when he opened them again he found himself lying in the sand beneath the weight of the cross. Beyond him the forest of wooden crosses stretched to the sky. A throng of people walked slowly along the road, and each one carried his burden. The gentle voice of Jesus reached Abias:

"If you accept your cross, then you will no longer feel its burden. It will add to your strength, it will lead you."

"O Master, must I always suffer thus? Its weight is too much, its arms cut my flesh."

"Why do you fear your cross? It awaits you where you let it fall," Abias heard in answer.

"I do not want to starve again, nor to fear drought and bad harvests,"

Abias cried out, and with these words he approached the nearest cross.

"Master, let me carry this cross," he whispered, "I am sure I could bear its weight."

Indulgently Jesus smiled and said, "So be it, Abias."

Abias arose, took the cross and swung it over his shoulders. The cross was smaller and smoother than the rest, and adorned with carvings.

"This one at least will not drag behind me, nor will it tear my flesh with splinters," he thought, and gladly he moved on. But scarce had he taken a few dozen steps when he felt the cross slip from his shoulders time and again. and the carvings cut painfully into his flesh. Sweat poured from his forehead, a cry of pain was torn from his throat.

For a moment he closed his eyes, hardly able to see for pain. And when he opened them again, he beheld the sands of the desert in blinding sunlight. He was a Roman, marching through the desert with a cohort of soldiers. His heavy helmet weighed upon his head, burning sand scorched his feet. He was marching with the Legions to conquer new territories for the greater glory of the Roman Empire of Cæsar.

"For twenty years I am compelled to serve, according to Roman law, in the Army. For twenty years must I wander on the face of the earth. For twenty years must I live in constant danger for a *dinar's* daily pay—and with that must needs purchase the favours of my centurion. Why should others enjoy the peace of their own homes, while my lot is troubled slumber under canvas roof?"

Barely had he uttered these words, when he heard the sound of an arrow and felt a sharp pain in his leg.

"Now, surely, I shall die in this heat," he groaned, and he fell to the ground under the blow of a stone cast from a sling. When he opened his eyes, he saw not the sands of the desert, but the valley and forest of crosses. And he heard the gentle voice of Jesus.

"I say unto you—if you carry your cross unwillingly, then its weight shall be unbearable."

"What then am I to do, O Master, ?" Abias whispered in despair.

"When you understand how to suffer, then you will cease suffering. Why do you fear to draw nigh and lift up your cross?"

Slowly and hesitantly, Abias approached the forest of crosses, and chose the one that was nearest to him. He lifted it to his shoulders, and after a few steps he felt that it weighed but little and that he could carry it.

"Master," he cried in a strong voice, "surely this cross is best suited to my strength. It is neither too long nor too broad, nor does it slip from my

grasp."

Jesus smiled at these words, and He said, "This cross fits your shoulders best, for it is your own, it is destined for you, it is the very one you were so anxious to cast aside and which you have failed to recognize."

Abias bowed his head and a sob tore him. He awoke, and beheld before him the olive grove, the rocks and the entrance to the tomb and the starlit sky high above, now darkening. He arose and looked again at the large stone that had been cast aside by the tomb, on which he had rested his head while sleeping. He walked down the path to the sandy track. He had no more words of complaint, nor of bitterness; he felt strangely at peace. With a profound sigh he turned his steps not to Jerusalem but back to his own hut.

And he lifted his head and looked ahead with confidence: far away before him a white figure was walking slowly, bent beneath the weight of a cross so immense that it reached to the starry skies and its arms spread to the East and to the West and merged with the misty horizons.

HELENA JASINSKA

BRITISH SOCIETY OF ÆSTHETICS

IF A NEW SOCIETY now in the process of formation is able to establish a firm and influential hold it will undoubtedly fill a gap. For there is a need to educate people's growing popular interest in the arts to a deeper level of understanding than that of "fashion-following," or even mere responsive appreciation. The aim of the proposed British Society of Æsthetics will be to promote study, research and discussion in the subject. In this connection Æsthetics is defined as

> all studies of the arts and related types of experience from a philosophic, scientific, or other theoretical standpoint, including those of psychology, sociology, anthropology, cultural history, art criticism and education. 'The Arts' include the visual arts, literature, music and theatre arts.

Membership (£2.2.0 per annum) will be open to all, though later on there will be different classes of members. A club room and office is planned, with the hire of a hall for lectures, and a journal is also projected. Membership will entitle those interested to take part in the International Congress of Æsthetics at Athens, September 1st–6th, 1960. The provisional committee includes such names as Sir Herbert Read, President, and Professor E. F. Carritt, Vice-President. Further details may be had (a stamped, addressed envelope will be appreciated at this early stage) from the Hon. Secretary, British Society of Æsthetics, Birkbeck College, University of London, Malet Street, London, W.C. 1.

FAIZI AND URFI

TWO OF AKBAR'S COURT POETS

[THE AUTHOR of *Flame of the Forest* and *Cradle of the Clouds*, **Dr. Sudhin N. Ghose** writes here of two Indian poets who wrote in Persian. The verse translations are his own. The life of Faizi is both romantic and tragic, and illustrates what absurd orthodox beliefs can lead to, even in persons otherwise decent and cultured. — ED.]

OF ALL THE POETS OF AKBAR'S COURT two alone attained international fame far surpassing the confines of the Moghul Empire: they were Faizi (1547-1595) and Urfi (1555-1591). Their books were on sale during their lifetime in cities as far apart as Agra and Adrianople, Ispahan and Istanbul. Faizi was reputed to be extremely meticulous in getting his works beautifully produced; he employed only the finest calligraphers to copy his manuscripts, and at the same time he was rather indifferent to the fate of his books once they were released to the public. Urfi, on the other hand, was careless about the quality of production of his books, but particular about their widest diffusion among his admirers in and outside India.

An unfortunate love affair, according to tradition, overshadowed Faizi's life and constrained him to become a recluse. His first teacher was, it is said, a Muslim millenarist, a member of a fanatical sect holding the view that all non-Muslims should be eradicated as a preliminary step towards the establishment of paradise on earth. It was difficult for Faizi to accept this idea, and he left his master in Agra to seek a new one in Banaras, someone who could teach him a more tolerant doctrine. He was sitting on the stone steps on the bank of the Ganges when a brahmin pandit, struck by his good looks, accosted him and asked him what he was doing there.

"I am looking for a *guru*," Faizi replied.

"Son," asked the pandit, "when and where were you born?"

"I was born in Agra," answered Faizi and then gave the time and date of his birth.

"You have been born under a fateful star," said the brahmin, and added after a few moments' reflection, "You will attain immortal fame. Come with me and be my disciple."

There at his new *guru's* place Faizi learnt Sanskrit. His progress was rapid. Soon he was translating on his own the *Mahabharata* into Persian, without breathing a word about it to his master and host. After some time, when he had mastered the Vedas, he was one day taken aside and

told that it was now time for him to depart.

"Son," his *guru* said, "I have taught you all that I know. I have nothing new to add to your knowledge. From now on it is for you to teach others what you have learnt. But before you go I have a favour to ask of you in lieu of a fee."

What could that favour be?

"Son," the brahmin explained, "I am a widower, and my horoscope tells me that I have not long to live. Now, before I die I should like to bestow my daughter on you. She likes you," he continued, "I know you like her. So let the wedding ceremony take place as soon as possible."

Astounded, Faizi now confessed that he was a Muslim, a fact he had so far carefully hidden from his *guru*. This revelation came as a great shock to the orthodox brahmin: he had in his own reckoning committed a mortal sin by imparting the contents of the Vedas to a non-brahmin; and there was only one way of expiation for him, namely, to commit suicide by swallowing a quantity of boiling, clarified butter. And this was what he did after enjoining Faizi not to divulge the contents of the Vedas to anyone. The grief-stricken brahmin's daughter killed herself by setting fire to her clothes. And Faizi left Banaras for good.

Faizi's love lyrics were inspired, it is believed, by this brahmin girl who was reputed to be a beauty. He never published any of these lyrics as long as he lived and was not keen about giving any publicity to his metaphysical poems; only his brother Abul Fazl, the historian, and the Emperor Akbar were conversant with them.

The well-known "Akbar's Prayer" was composed, some hold, not by Abul Fazl, but by Faizi: it was his credo, his Song of Praise:—

Oh Lord, in every temple I see those that seek Thee.
And in every tongue that is spoken I hear Thee praised.
The belief in the many and the faith in the one are
but gropings after Thee. "Thou art unique,"
cries each believer, "Thou art without peer."

Be it a mosque, the prayers are in Thine honour;
Be it a church, the bells ring forth Thy praise.

Awhile I frequent the (Christian) cloisters; again
the mosque;
But Thee alone I seek from fane to fane.

What are heresy and dogma to Thy elect?
Shall they seek shelter behind a screen when Thy
truth is manifest?

Heresy for the heretic, dogma for the dogmatic.
But the essence of the rose-petals is the balm for
the rose-gatherer's heart.

The following, entitled "Inspiration," may be regarded as typical of Faizi's metaphysical poems:—

My dæmon is companion of my loneliness:
the dæmon is my genius.
That knowledge they term certainty,
I term the faintest flicker of the dawn of thought:

Fanatics revelation call
what I call drunken folly, or stark lunacy.
Were I to bring to light what in my mind is
would my generation with me bear?
Were I what on my heart weighs to proclaim
they would accuse me of strange oddity.

For I thought, and I have reasoned,
and have thus reached the conclusion
That I understand the system of the universe and motion:
So in heaven and on earth I see my movement and my quiet:
My own humour gives the taste to the strange vintage—
that is ardour—
And my faith gives me belief in the two worlds'
oncoming triumph.

For, though my head is covered by a hermit's hood
and I appear a mendicant,
I fathom the two worlds, and I perceive all that is here
and all what is beyond:
For love has draped me garments, love has woven e'en my
hood: indeed each thread appears
A thread of contemplation, and my ecstasy my standard
of eternal quest:
The spirit of the universe seems ever fleeting,
ever-fleeting—infinite.

While Faizi was humble and retiring, a hermit in his ways, his younger contemporary Urfi was vain, pompous and flamboyant. He had the gift of making enemies wherever he went. When he died of dysentery in Lahore before attaining the age of thirty-six, many thought his death was due to poisoning. However that may be, in spite of his personal shortcomings he was considered to be the most outstanding among all who wrote in Persian during the sixteenth century. He was of Shia persuasion, and his remains

were transferred from Lahore to Iraq to be buried in the fields of Kerbela, deemed holy by the members of his sect. The following poem, entitled "All That a Lover Need Know," was dedicated by Urfi to Faizi:—

To the heart that doth melt to the nightingale's plaint
Join, O lover, thine own, and thy burthen acquaint.
No wise Plato art thou, and unguided thy ways;
Yet not grieve! Bless the stars every hour of thy days:
Know'st thou not that e'er sadly must perish the fool
That tries quenching his thirst at half-truth's mirage pool?
Note this, love's grave travail none can easily bear:
For love is ever wedded to sorrow and care.
—My faint heart's like Zuleikha forsaken and pale,
And like Joseph lone, grieving—a grim mocker's tale.

SUDHIN N. GHOSE*

"NEW ORIENT"

THE CZECHOSLOVAK SOCIETY FOR ORIENTAL STUDIES is to be praised for a new venture, a two-monthly journal in English, *New Orient*, for which the head of the Indology department of the Czech Oriental Institute, Dr. D. Zbavitel, and an international advisory board are editorially responsible. Ancient Indian medicine, Burmese literature and Chinese culture are some of the topics already dealt with, the aim of the journal being to link the present-day and the traditional aspects of culture.

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TEACHERS NEEDED....WHO ARE THEY?

[**Miss Elizabeth Cross,** a teacher of much experience, has written on many aspects of education for THE ARYAN PATH. In her forthright way she writes here of an essential problem — are we not *all* teachers of the young and responsible for what they imitate from us? She writes also of the right relationship between teacher and child, and gives warm examples. — ED.]

"NEVER ask for whom the bell tolls...it tolls for thee...," Donne reminds us. "More teachers needed," say the headlines as every government (for better or worse reasons of its own, boosting "Education") decides to raise the school-leaving age, encourage part-time schooling and herd more and more students into brave new schools and colleges. Who are these teachers? Where are they to be found? What sort of people should they be? Do not ask who—for it is you.

Yes, you, dear public, dear neglectful or anxious fathers and mothers; you friendly, kindly or indifferent bus-conductors and milkmen; the whole population—you are the teachers for most of the time. We, the professionals, with our herds of thirty, forty and sometimes fifty children to deal with, do our best in the few hours allotted to us, and sometimes we have the happiness of realizing that some children have benefited from our company and ideals. But unless there is sufficient weight of public opinion behind our teaching, unless we are working in harmony with the civilization in which the children are to live, we are merely confusing the growing generation.

Take a very simple, practical application of Christianity as we try to teach it in my school.

> He prayeth well, who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast.
> He prayeth best, who loveth best
> All things both great and small.

That short verse from Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" is learnt and sung and read and discussed from the time the children can begin to learn anything, and many years before they hear the actual poem. The children are encouraged to suggest ways in which they can apply these lines.

Sooner or later someone from a "polite" home suggests, "Give a grown-up your seat on a bus." This is applauded and all agree to do this. Then what happens? The great public takes on its part of the teaching, and many things may happen. First, the ideal citizen is offered a seat,

and accepts gratefully and says "Thank you" with many variations, so that the child is rewarded and made to feel happy. If the ideal citizen is truly ideal he or she can see at a glance whether the child is the sort who will prefer a quiet, intimate "Thank you," so that no one will stare and embarrass him, or whether he (or more possibly a small "she") will like lots and lots of thanks and the whole bus-load of people to notice how good and kind they are! Secondly we get the too common selfish adult who merely takes the seat as a right and with no courtesy at all, but does at least sink thankfully into it. The child can see his good offer is accepted, although he is disappointed at the ungraciousness. Worst of all, though, we get the sentimental adult, who although obviously needing a seat, refuses it, with a lot of fulsome talk about the dear kiddies being tired too and a shame to take their seat. The poor child, knowing full well his duty to stand, is now quite confused, sinks back overcome with shyness and dare not get up to offer again at the next stop, and may then be judged selfish by new passengers.

This may seem a great fuss to be making over a small matter of every-day courtesy. But surely life is made up of very small matters as a haystack is made up of very small pieces of grass, yet coming to something pretty sizeable in the end. Every single person is noticed by some sharp young eyes, every public remark is too often noted by those proverbially long ears. What you say, how you say it, how you walk, how you get into the door of a shop, either rushing rudely or entering gently—sooner or later some child will see and notice and *copy*.

Yes, they copy—only too well. We who teach sometimes learn this in pleasant or unpleasant ways. For instance, I overheard this conversation in a "Play House" during a "Free Activity" period with the five-year-olds; a small child was addressing another who was being her "son" for the moment. "May I see your hands, please?" she asked in polite but rather cold tones. It was evidently dinner-time in the Play House. A pause... "I *did* wash them!" said the son. "I fancy you could wash them *better* though, eh?" returned the mother with a friendly little chuckle. At this the son went off to wash again. I had heard myself so clearly there. How many times had I refrained from saying "Little liar" to the owners of dirty fingers and merely mentioned the "better" kind of washing!

Fortunately children are very adaptable, and in spite of all kinds of bad examples for them to copy it is nearly always possible to encourage them to copy better ones instead. But it so often seems to us wasteful and discouraging to plan a good and helpful school environment for so many hours of the child's day and then to know he is exposed to just the

opposite in the rest of his waking hours. It is ridiculous of adults to complain of any bad behaviour in children or young people when they themselves are the model for this behaviour — just as it is foolish for them to grumble about our childrens' shockingly decayed teeth, caused mostly by eating the wrong foods and sucking sweets and iced lollies, when manufacturers and shopkeepers (and shareholders too) are making a handsome profit out of the whole business.

Although I am a full-time teacher now, I am by no means in favour of the usual organized education and certainly not of large classes and large schools. To deal with large classes in these large schools needs a great deal of skill in a technical sense, and it can be acquired by many people, but this sort of "teaching" is really child-minding on a large scale. It may involve true teaching or it may not. To my mind the essence of true teaching at all stages of life, from the baby to the adult student, must spring from personal contact. That is, the teacher must get to know and understand the pupil by careful observation and must then, by using her own disinterested judgment, do whatever she thinks will best promote the welfare of that individual pupil. Thus a good teacher might be entirely non-professional: he might be the village carpenter or blacksmith or milkman who allows one or two boys to just hang around when he works, and then kindly allows them to "help." These children may learn by example. They will copy some steady work, listen to a little talk and notice how a sensible grown-up sets about things. Their teacher, kindly at heart and not wanting anything *from* these children, will speak to them as reasonable beings, will help their self-respect by accepting their help, and, what is more important still, will let them see just how far they can go if they get tiresome or too frisky!

Children need to learn about people just as much as about things, and it is no kindness to behave with false over-patience, any more than to use too much strictness. Truthfulness is of the greatest value to all teachers, whether they be dealing with one or fifty children, and although it may be ideal if the teacher could be extremely even-tempered, so that the children know just what to expect, I do not think it is essential. I believe it much more important to be on such friendly terms with your pupils that you may say, as I occasionally do, "Now, I have a headache, I am very tired, and unless you get on with your jobs and don't drive me mad I daresay I'll be very bad-tempered by this afternoon. So look out." And they do look out and we get through the day safely.

This kind of personal relationship, in which children do get to know that their teacher is "on their side" in life, and that she (or more rarely

he) is only concerned with helping them to learn many things and to do their best at what they can do, and has no ulterior motive; is the only one that makes education valuable. A teacher who cares about examination results merely as results is throwing away the true worth of her job. Those who become too interested in "marks" and the grading of pupils are likewise wasting time. There is very little value in comparing children. In fact too often "marks" confuse the issue. Our children are taught, from early days, that they should judge their work themselves. Naturally they like us to praise it too, but they know that every "Good" written on a piece of work is a purely personal thing. It means, "Yes, this is good because you have tried hard and it is the best you can do." Often I see a group of children reading or looking at others' work which is put up on a Display Board—various items of interest, about birds, perhaps, or a foreign country, or the sea or how to care for pets—and I overhear their comments: "That's a good drawing. Who did it?"..."Look, that funny writing...up and down. Oh, still, it's good for Matthew...Good Old Matthew!" And they clap Matthew on the back, and he beams with pride, because it *is* good for Matthew, who is a dear friendly clown of a boy with the smallest thimbleful of brains.

In the Infant and Junior schools most of us keep our class for a year. Sometimes we take one or two lessons a week with other classes, but generally we have what we consider to be our own children nearly all day long. In this way we truly get to know them. Mostly this is all to the good. Occasionally there is a drawback: sometimes a child and a teacher just cannot get on together, and then the teacher needs all her skill and patience and even so will never do so well for that child as someone else could do. (Occasionally it is possible to make some change in classes if necessary.) I am sure that the greatest good in education would come from reducing the size of classes so that each teacher could know her children better and so that work could become more informal, and yet the teacher could be sure of helping each small group and individual as they needed her.

At the moment I have the interesting task of teaching some children of eleven years old whom I also taught when they were between six and seven. The work is going splendidly, chiefly, I think, because we remember and know each other so well. They do not have to wonder about me; they know. They know exactly how particular I am—no knots in the needlework, no blots from the ink, no scribbling on the desks, no unkindness to your neighbour. They know too that I permit wandering about the classroom for good reasons, talking to help each other, helping each other in

spelling and sums, bringing in of pet toads, kittens, spiders and other items of interest. They know that when I say, "Listen a moment," I actually do mean "listen" and that I expect a deathly hush just for a minute, and that then I shall tell them something important. They know all this about me, and I know just as much about them. In fact, it is as comfortable as an old marriage.

In return for the work and self-control needed to be a full-time teacher you do get the occasional satisfaction of looking round at children who are the better for your care and patience, growing up in their own way to the best of their ability, developing in their own way and their own time but doing so more happily and more easily because you are able to provide some of the materials at the right time. These materials may be actual—an old box, some driftwood from the shore, some caterpillars to rear, a dictionary—or they may be more ethereal—a friendly smile, a shared joke or a wink, a little sympathy over a lost pet. Whatever you are teaching, however efficient you may be, it is your attitude to life, your interests, that are going to be the main thing that your pupils will carry away with them. So you need to be careful about the kind of person you are when you decide to see much of children.

In our Secondary schools work is organized rather differently, but if it is at all possible the personal relationship must be sustained with at least certain teachers. It is far harder to understand and know many classes if you are teaching a "subject," particularly if the teaching involves much "lecturing," because the children merely become an audience. Thus it is all the more necessary for each child to have one particular teacher, perhaps a "form mistress" or an adviser who will see her regularly and supervise her general work. In the older Universities this kind of tutorial system has always been one of the most valuable ways in which the student has been encouraged and helped.

Finally, to end on a pleasant memory and to show that one must not judge always by appearance, here is a little conversation in a country churchyard.

I was sitting resting on a seat, with my big shaggy dog, after a long walk. We were in a little churchyard by the sea, and I noticed a group of very rough, wildly dressed "Teddy Boys" roaming round the graves. One had a bunch of daffodils in his hand. Usual adult thought—"up to no good... where did he get the flowers?" Teacher's thought—"Watch them... smile ... find out what they are doing ... find out what they think."

They came nearer, banging around idly with sticks. I smiled and called

out, "Lovely morning." They came nearer. "Can I help you? Are you looking for something?"

"Yes, please. Where's the childrens' graves?"

"I don't think they have a special place. I think they go with their family, if it's a village family. Why?"

"Oh, we're looking for a baby's grave. A neighbour's. Got these flowers from where I work."

So we searched and found the grave, and I showed them where to get water and a jam jar. Then the dog decided he needed a drink, and we all got talking. Suddenly the oldest and most villainous-looking of the boys said, stroking the dog's shaggy head, "And do the robins still use his fur to line their nests?"

Yes, it was a boy I had taught ten years ago, when he was about six, just for one year, before I went to another school. He went on to tell me that he had taken up bird-watching as a hobby instead of shooting them, and that he worked in a Market Garden and that he remembered my lessons very well. "And I remember you smacking my legs, coo, you could smack! Only once it was, but it was a proper do. I deserved it, though." We parted friends!

ELIZABETH CROSS

O dearest, dearest boy! my heart
For better love would seldom yearn,
Could I but reach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

TORU DUTT

[**Dr. K. R Srinivasa Iyengar** is well known to our readers. In this almost affectionate study he draws vividly for us the most appealing figure in Indo-Anglian literature. — ED.]

BEAUTY and tragedy and fatality criss-crossed in the life of Toru Dutt, and it is difficult, when talking about her poetry, to make any nice distinction between poetry and what C. S. Lewis would call "poetolatry." The poetry is the reality, no doubt, but the poet too compels attention. Her father, Govin Dutt, was well-to-do, a good linguist and a cultured man of literary leanings and generous impulses; her mother was steeped in the Hindu myths, and was a woman of a loving and sweet disposition. The family in a body embraced Christianity when Toru was six years old, her elder sister, Aru, eight, and their brother, Abju, eleven. The children had a private tutor, but their father carefully supervised their studies. Now came the first calamity: Abju died, aged fourteen, in 1865, and so the sisters clung closer together than ever. They read *Paradise Lost* again and again, and generally lost themselves in literary studies.

In 1869, the family left for Europe, and the girls went to a French School at Nice for a time. Moving to London presently, the girls began to turn their knowledge of both French and English into good account by translating French lyrics into English verse. They had company, too, English as well as Indian, and talk was free. But the younger sister, Toru, seems to have been more forward, whether in conversation or in action, than the elder. In 1871 the family moved to Cambridge, where the sisters attended the so-called "Higher Lectures for Women" and made friends with Mary Martin, who was to prove Toru's life-long friend. Returning to Calcutta in September 1873, the family divided their time between the city house, Rambhagan, and the garden house at Baugmaree. Soon tragedy darkened their life a second time, for Aru succumbed to consumption in July 1874. Toru wrote resignedly to Mary Martin: "It is a sore trial for us, but His will be done. We know He doeth all things for our good...."

Toru retained her sunniness, albeit it was darkened now and then by the memory of a lost brother and a lost sister. She got ready for the press her renderings from the French into English, and these appeared in 1875 as *A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields*. Of the 165 pieces, 8 were by Aru, and all the rest by Toru, who had also added notes on the French poets represented in the volume. The book had not only a good press in India,

but luckily travelled also to England and fell into the hands of Edmund Gosse, who exclaimed:—

> When poetry is as good as this, it does not matter whether Rouveyre prints it upon Whatman paper, or whether it steals to light in blurred type from some press in Bowanipore.

Although Toru occasionally returned to the *Sheaf* in the hope of bringing out an enlarged edition, already she was feeling the "need for roots," and so father and daughter had begun learning Sanskrit. In less than a year, she laved in the *Ramayana*, the *Mahabharata* and *Abijnana-Shakuntalam*. And she planned a companion "Sheaf" gleaned in "Sanskrit Fields!" "I have as yet gathered two ears," she confided to her Cambridge friend in September 1876. But it was all too good to last much longer. She was ill, very ill; she had recurrent attacks of fever and coughing spasms; she spat a great deal of blood, which left her "quite weak and prostrate." She was obliged to keep within doors, and even writing letters was an effort she could not stand. It is a harrowing tale, though also a heroic tale. The end came at last on August 30th, 1877. "Her end here was very peaceful and happy," her father wrote to Mary Martin, "and her mother and myself will never, never forget the expression that was on her face when all was over. Such a glory there was on it...." She was buried, as was appropriate, near her brother and sister.

Govin Dutt, having lost all his three children one after another, set himself the task of publishing an enlarged *Sheaf* and the other "Sheaf" that had been in Toru's thoughts. The second edition of the *Sheaf*, containing nearly 200 pieces, came out in 1878, and the other "Sheaf" gleaned in "Sanskrit Fields" appeared in 1882 as *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan*, with an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. Meantime, her unfinished English novel, *Bianca, or the Young Spanish Maiden*, had been serialized in the *Bengal Magazine* (January-April 1878) and her French novel *Le Journal de Mademoiselle d'Arvers*, had come out in Paris in 1879 and been compared to Beckford's *Vathek*. And all this in the course of three or four years by a sick girl who had known pain and been shadowed by a sense of fatality.

The first promising streaks of the morn; the Sun itself peeping out for a second, a bare second; and the clouds swinging across and blotting out everything, as if for ever! How can we speculate on what the day might have been had the clouds not intervened? Aru was womanlier than Toru even—more fragile in her feminity—and all we have from her are a few translations. She lives in literature as one of those commas or hyphens we

cannot do without, whose power of suggestion could be potent and immense. As for Toru, although she has left behind a richer legacy, even she died too young to be able to reach the heights of splendid fulfilment.

The need for roots is fundamental to the poet. Only a tree that has driven deep into the soil can put forth ample foliage and yield abundant fruit. Toru's first years in India were a period of estrangement between the family and the orthodox Hindu community. Once in England, the nameless pressure of the ancestral place was withdrawn, and the girls matured quickly in that atmosphere. The first fruits were the translations from the French. They were certainly done well, but then they were hardly more than the school exercises of precocious girls with a touch of genius. The mind was no doubt engaged, and so was the heart, generally speaking; now and then, Toru came across a piece that struck her even more intimately—and then was the translation tremblingly articulate, as, for example, in "My Vocation" by Béranger:—

> From my lips broke a cry,
> Such as anguish may wring;
> Sing, said God in reply,
> Chant, poor little thing.

Suffering and the dark image of an incomprehensible fatality were Toru's shadow-companions, and she could always give the right edge to the expression of pain in terms of poetry. Here and there in her renderings the metre undoubtedly limps a little, the unique word sometimes eludes her, and even her grammar very occasionally nods. But the total impression! French and English were alike "foreign" to Toru—and yet she would attempt the impossible. And her achievement is little short of the incredible. The romantic fervour, the feeling for freedom and melancholy, even the magic—all are caught and communicated in substantial measure.

When Toru's French novel, *Le Journal,* was published posthumously, one critic declared: "This one surpasses all the prodigies. She is a Frenchwoman in this book....she thinks, she writes, like one of us." What could Toru have known about the ardours or the agonies of love? The heroine of the novel, Marguerite, is up to a point Toru's self-portrait—a veiled picture of her own imaginative life. No less suggestive is the Bianca story in English. The novel opens with the burial of Inez, Bianca's elder sister; father and surviving sister attend the burial, and presently Bianca too falls ill. Marguerite the French maiden and Bianca the Spanish maiden are, of course, no more than abstractions; Toru, their creator, is the only reality. Thank God, however, that the psychologists, the literary detectives

and the psychoanalysts have not turned their attention to poor Toru!

Aru and Toru were really too young, and died too early. It was only when the family returned to Calcutta that the sisters were able to face their own world with some self-assurance and maturity of understanding. Complete poise and further growth in strength and security would have come, but Aru's death was an immitigable blow to the younger sister. She turned to Sanskrit—the Mother of Muses, the deep spring of India's racial memory. Toru could now feel her feet on hospitable soil, and satisfy the secret longings of her spirit for roots in the consciousness of the race. The *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, the *Vishnu Purana* and the *Bhagavata*, gave her woman's imagination free play, and she could re-enact the ancient stories of star-crossed men and women and deathless heroes and heroines. Her Christian faith need not conflict with her attraction or addiction to the "deep magics" of the Hindu epics. What a struggle—and what a victory—for Toru! She was an Indian poet writing in English, she was autochthonous and she was one with India's woman singers, no mean company. No room now for stimulated hot-house efflorescence; now Toru had roots in her own land, and she agreeably responded to the heartbeats of the antique racial tradition. As children, she and her brother and sister had heard the stories from the Hindu epics and Puranas, stories of mystery, miracle and local tradition, from the lips of her own mother. Later exploration in the original Sanskrit had enabled her to forge her links with the living past of India, and she cared not if Christian or skeptic cavilled at her. Occasionally personal comment comes in, as, for example, in her rendering of the story of Jada Bharata :—

> ...little can we sympathize
> With what the Brahman sage would fain imply
> As the concluding moral of his tale,
> That for the hermit-king it was a sin,
> To love his nursling. What! a sin to love!
> A sin to pity!

But such comment is rare, for Toru is mainly interested in the telling of the ancient tales. Savitri, fighting with the power of her love Death itself, and getting the better of him too; Lakshman, the most loyal of brothers, leaving Sita alone against his better judgment because she would not see reason, and so leaving her a prey to Ravana, a perfect Greek tragedy; Dhruva, Buttoo (Ekalavya), Sindhu, Prahlad—these are not mere tales, fertile inventions of the poets of old, but are really part of the consciousness of the Hindu race. It was thus with a very sure instinct that Toru sought in these ancient stories the right material for the expression of

her own maturing poetic powers.

"Sita," however, stands apart. It begins as nature description, but soon strikes the pure elegiac note :—

> But who is this fair lady? Not in vain
> She weeps, — for lo! at every tear she sheds
> Tears from three pairs of young eyes fall amain,
> And bowed in sorrow are the three young heads.
> It is an old, old story, and the lay
> Which has evoked sad Sita from the past
> Is by a mother sung.... 'Tis hushed at last
> And melts the picture from their sight away,
> Yet shall they dream of it until the day!
> When shall those children by their mother's side
> Gather, ah me! as erst at eventide?

Valmiki's hermitage stands vivid before our eyes in the poem, but even more haunting is Sita in her sorrows, and the three children, Abju, Aru and Toru herself, weeping because Sita is weeping. This almost perfect poem is a tribute to the genius of Toru's mother for story-telling, and the last two lines are a poignant elegy on the death of Abju and Aru. Never had Toru written more feelingly or evoked a scene or an emotion as unforgettably. How deeply Sita's sorrows affected Toru may be inferred also from what she wrote to Clarisse Bader, her French friend. "Can there be a more touching and lovable heroine than Sita?" she asks, and adds :—

> The plaint of Sita, when, banished for the second time, she wanders alone in the vast forest, despair and horror filling her soul, is so pathetic that I believe there is no one who could hear it without shedding tears.

Toru's little poem is an "unflickering lamp," and throws light on the quality of her heart.

An even more impressive, though not more beautiful, poem is "Our Casuarina Tree." The trees in her garden inspire also the sonnet "Baugmaree," which concludes memorably :—

> One might swoon
> Drunken with beauty then, or gaze and gaze
> On a primeval Eden, in amaze.

But "Our Casuarina Tree" is more than the poetic evocation of a tree; it is recapturing the past, and immortalizing the moments of time so recaptured. The tree is both tree and symbol, and in it are implicated both time and eternity. Of the five stanzas, the first is an objective description of the tree:—

> Like a huge Python, winding round and round

The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars
Upto its very summit near the stars,
A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound
No other tree could live....

The second stanza relates the tree to Toru's own impressions of it at different times, while the third links up the tree with Toru's memories of her lost brother and sister:—

But not because of its magnificence
Dear is the Casuarina to my soul:
Beneath it we have played; though years may roll,
O sweet companions, loved with love intense,
For your sakes shall the tree be ever dear!
Blent with your images, it shall arise
In memory, till the hot tears blind mine eyes!

The fourth stanza humanizes the tree; for its lament is a human record of pain and regret. And the last stanza wills, as it were, the immortality of the tree. The eleven-line stanza form, with the rhyme-scheme *abba, cddc, eee* is almost worthy of Keats himself. In the organization of the poem as a whole and in the finish of the individual stanzas, in its mastery of phrase and rhythm, in its music of sound and ideas, "Our Casuarina Tree" is a superb piece of writing, and gives us a taste of what Toru might have written had not the race of her life been so quickly run. "There were few poetic glories," says Amaranatha Jha, "which, given maturity, she could not have achieved." But speculation and promise apart, Toru's actual record as a poet does compel recognition, and Mr. H. A. L. Fisher is no more than just when he writes:—

> ... this child of the green valley of the Ganges has by sheer force of native genius earned for herself the right to be enrolled in the great fellowship of English poets.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

THE AFRICAN PERSONALITY

[**Mr. A. Nwankwo Ezeabasili**, a young African teacher of lively intellectual interests, offers in this essay his careful reflections on African character and cultural possibilities. Recent history has left the African restless and disturbed; but in the future, Mr. Ezeabasili considers, he might have special contributions to make to human knowledge and skills. — ED.]

THE CONTINENT OF AFRICA, until a few centuries back, had always remained mysterious, dark and unknowable. Huge snakes, tall trees with chattering monkeys among the branches, fierce and fantastic animals — these are what the ancient sailor observed as he sailed cautiously by the solemn silence of the dark, primeval forests.

It has been suggested, not without scientific grounds, that Africa is the first home of man. For, of all the prehistoric stone implements found alike in India and Europe, Africa is the most productive region. Also, the australopithecus type of skeletons of the ape-man found in Transvaal is likely the proto-man, *i.e.*, about half a million years ago the proto-man may have roamed the African continent. Then there is the additional fact of Ancient Egypt being often called the cradle of human civilization.

Owing to lack of contact with the outside world for a long time, not much is known definitely of our history beyond a few hundred years. The only consolation, however, is that modern archæological excavation is throwing more light on our past.

Of all the ancient African empires south of the Sahara, the most well-known are the West African kingdoms of Ghana, Mali, Songhai and Benin. By 1066, the year of the Norman invasion of England, ancient Ghana was at the apogee of its glory and was the most powerful kingdom in West Africa. Its capital El Ghaba, so vividly described by the Arab geographer al-Bakri, has been excavated.

By 1346, the year of the battle of Crécy, the Ghana Empire had collapsed. It was overrun by the Mali kingdom, which now comprised the whole of the Western Sudan from Senegal to most of what is now Northern Nigeria. It was ruled in the fourteenth century by the almighty Mansa Musa, whose lavish gifts of gold at Cairo on his pilgrimage to Mecca are said to have had an inflationary effect on the Egyptian currency.

On the fourteenth-century Mali the Arab traveller, Ibn Battuta, made this comment:—

> The Negroes possess some admirable qualities. They are seldom unjust,

> and have a greater abhorrence of injustice than any other people. Their Sultan shows no mercy to anyone who is guilty of the least act of it. There is complete security in their country. Neither traveller, nor inhabitant in it, has any fear from robbers or men of violence. They do not confiscate the property of any White man who dies in their country, even if it be unaccounted death.

The African does not talk religion; he practises it. He does not sit around theorizing on the nature of goodness: rather, he tries to practise it. "True religion," wrote Robert Ingersoll, "is not a creed—it is a life." Less spiritual than the Asiatic, I think, the African is more spiritual than the European. It seems that, set between the West where the mind prevails over soul and the East where the soul prevails over the mind, the chief African feature might be a balance of soul and mind.

The African continent today truly starts from the south of the Sahara; the North African countries, Morocco, Egypt, Tunisia and Algeria, have greater ties with Asia and Southern Europe. One who has not been to Africa may not, perhaps, be able to distinguish one inhabitant from another: the very dark-skinned Sudanese Negroes of West Africa from the lighter-skinned Bantus occupying most of the territory south of the equator; from the Bushmen of the Kalahari desert and the Hottentots of the south-west and the Pygmies of the Congo. And then there is the Hamitic Negro of East and North-East Africa.

African culture, in spite of its diversities, is a complex of activities, symbols, rhythms and ceremonies through which the African expresses his understanding of the world and society, an understanding resulting from insight and mutual sympathy rather than discursive thought. It is true that we have not produced a Tagore or a Shakespeare, or at any time ever produced an African equivalent of the *Ramayana* or the *Æneid*. The fact is that the African genius, being essentially different from the Asiatic or the European, has produced—and does produce—different fruits. The Ife bronze figures from Nigeria show that genius flourishes alike in huts and in mansions. The bronze figures are skilfully cast and date from the twelfth century onwards. They are masterly and vivid representations, with a naturalism akin to the best portraiture of Dynastic Egypt. Commenting on these bronze figures, the art critic of the *New York Times* expressed the opinion that "the casting of metal pieces by this so-called primitive people was such that it rivaled the casting of pieces by Cellini."

The chief obstacle in the way of the African sculptor is the lack of good, durable material. Most African sculpture is done on wood and this explains why most of the art treasures have perished or have not remained intact

till today. The African sculptor does not strive to represent an actual person. To represent a friend would be the height of insult; to represent an enemy would precipitate a riot between the families of the artist and his subject. But underlying this tradition, most probably, is fear of a visitation from the world of ancestors.

Use of comic metaphor and love of the fantastic and the macabre are the marks of the African sculptor. In order to inspire awe and reverence, the painter may resort to weird figures. Sometimes the imagery has so loose and general a relevance to the object which it seeks to represent that the feeling for nature evoked is sentimental.

African art is communal. Everybody participates, whether it be the decoration of the walls of the idol's house by women before the village feast or their singing of poems in the process. Every occasion is marked by singing, dancing and feasting—whether it be the receiving of a title or the celebration of a marriage, the birth of a child or the death of a chief.

Ancestors are remembered also. They come back from "spirit land" on important occasions, *viz.*, to settle long-standing disputes or to take part in a feast. They come in human form, covered with cloth from head to toe and wearing a hideous mask. This is to hide their identity and to terrify women and children. When I was young I used to believe it all, until, peeping through the key-hole of the room where an *mmanwu* was grunting, I saw the spirit drinking palm wine from a cow-horn—and who was this "spirit" but my own cousin!

The white man's ascendancy in Africa has disturbed the traditional life. I am not sure if Ibn Battuta's comment, quoted above, could hold today. The African, seeing the superiority of the rifle over the arrow and of anti-biotics over the witch's potion, has thrown overboard much of his culture—even those aspects that are beneficial to him. The old order has collapsed, giving rise to semi-chaos. Today it is no longer the honest and hard-working man who is the hero. The hero is the lazy, corrupt police-man, politician or public servant. For, dazzled by flashy American cars, radio and television sets and the whole miscellany of technological gadgets, we have hugged the shadow but missed the substance. Hence the dejected African intellectual is urging a revival of our ancient culture.

To encourage interest in African culture, the African governments have introduced annual festivals of arts and crafts. There is also the growing feeling in some quarters that African Universities should replace the Classics with Ancient Egyptian and Classical Arabic, which are relevant to our culture. In the political sphere there is also a tendency to look back for inspiration to the days of African glory, to the days of Mansa Musa the

magnificent, to the golden age of Askia, the African Pericles. That is why the Gold Coast adopted the name Ghana after independence and French West Africa has become the Mali Federation. What is most essential, the *élites* think, is that a future Africa should be built on a judicious selection of what is best both in our culture and in European culture. This will build, they hope, the African personality.

It is not that the African has never had any personality, but that the African, victim to brutal historical forces for well over four centuries, is not quite himself. At first, it was *fear* of slave raiders, then *fear* of being driven away from one's land by European settlers and, finally, *fear* of European overlords: the history of Africa is writ in blood and terror. Such stresses as these have had an adverse psychological effect on the personality. With independence, the African will once more be able to take his right place in the comity of nations.

Every nation or people in this world has its contribution to make and this world will be the poorer with some of its members writhing under the heels of others. Just as Europe has given material progress to the world through science and technology, while India through her ancient philosophical systems disseminated good will and understanding among peoples of different races and cultures, Africa has some contribution to make. It is mostly in the new fields of psychics and para-psychology, or what we over here call "super science."

I believe that the African has made a very deep study of the uses to which the various tropical leaves and roots can be put. I present this claim because I have been an eye-witness to some of their uses. However, I reject the claim, often made, that these have any supernatural connection. "There can be nothing unnatural, or super-natural in Nature," said Leornado in Mikhail Naimy's *Till We Meet,* "even if it transcends the bounds of the usual and the familiar in the estimation of the eye-and-ear-bound wiseacres of the world." African "super science" is not a subject for the journalist or the test-tube scientist who accepts or rejects facts according as they fit into his preconceived dogmas; it is a topic for the philosopher-scientist. When Freud started his investigation into the nature of dreams he was ridiculed by his academic colleagues for invading the field of savages. Today we are all familiar with the field of psychoanalysis.

The continent of Africa is shaped like a big question mark. Might something surprising not come out of Africa?

A. NWANKWO EZEABASILI

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"A LIFETIME OF STUDY AND THOUGHT"*

EVERY HISTORIC DEMOCRACY in the West has been more insistent upon rights than upon duties. This is a fact which is cited as a weakness by these democracies' critics. In India Dr. Radhakrishnan has shifted the emphasis. The essence of democracy is, according to him, "consideration for others" and "social justice is not a scheme of rights but of opportunities." Professor Wadia in these essays points out that this difference in attitude is one of the things which give Indian democracy a different colouration.

He also calls our attention to the parallel between the world situation today and that in Plato's time many centuries ago. We live in a time when democracy as historically developed in the Western hemisphere appears to be unable to maintain itself against the totalitarianism which, in one form or another, now covers such a large part of the globe. Plato wrote the *Republic* at a time when Periclean democracy had failed to meet the challenge of the militarism of Sparta. He advocated an absolutist aristocracy based upon the inequality of natural endowments and made his famous recommendation, paternalistic rule by philosopher-kings. Vinoba Bhave recommends rule by sages, men of steadfast wisdom whose knowledge is immutable. In India Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru, Dr. Rajendra Prasad and Dr. Radhakrishnan are the acknowledged leaders of the people and the responsibility of ruling the country has been given to them. Rulers with a philosophy, or at least an ideology, are in demand in other parts of the world also.

Later, in the *Laws,* Plato seems to recover some of his regard for democracy and seeks to realize in the State a mean between democracy and aristocracy. He defines his aristocracy as an aristocracy of virtue and intellect. Dr. Radhakrishnan, on the other hand, seeks to reconcile aristocracy and democracy not in the State but in caste. Indeed, he seems to identify caste with class. Mahatma Gandhi, however, gave reality to his political agitation by recognizing and fighting the evils of caste, and an attempt to enforce untouchability is now an offence punishable by law.

Dr. Radhakrishnan's by-passing of the State in social matters is significant. In India the consciousness of the State has been peculiarly weak. State activity has been responsible for many of the great measures for the uplift of mankind that have been taken in the West. This has not been the case in India. The State in India has historically been more of a political than a social organization and it has generally been an involuntary organization based upon force. There is a tendency to regard it as such still, and the attitude towards the State of the common people, and of the intellectuals as well, is confused. Any democratic State is a voluntary organization based upon consent and unites the social and political aspects of the common life. The progress of India will depend on the degree to which the State undertakes the task of creating a new outlook and doing away with social evils, and to the extent it is successful in enforcing the laws it

* *The Philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi and Other Essays Philosophical and Sociological.* By A. R. WADIA. (The University of Mysore. 745 pp. 1958. Rs. 20.00)

makes.

The development of democracy in India is complicated by these and other factors Professor Wadia discusses. One thing is certain — Indian democracy will be different from the democracy that has developed in the West. How far it will be able to answer the challenge of totalitarianism remains to be seen. Professor Wadia thinks the weaknesses in a State only serve to show that it has not attained its full growth. The same may be said of democracy.

Fifty of the essays in this volume are sociological and seventeen philosophical. All of them have appeared before in various journals in India, England and the United States. They represent a lifetime of study and thought. Professor Wadia's boldness is shown in his having taken the philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi as the subject of his presidential address at the Indian Philosophical Congress as early as 1930. (In 1960, for the same Congress, a philosopher who had been invited to write on the subject of *ahimsa* declined, giving as his excuse the current political tension with China.)

Professor Wadia's students are not the only ones who are happy to have his writings in book form. He deals with a wide range of subjects and a reviewer cannot do more than indicate briefly the interest he arouses and the contribution he makes to the clarification of issues upon a correct understanding of which the future depends.

LILA RAY

"ONLY... AIDS TO FINAL ENLIGHTENMENT" *

BUDDHISM, as is well known, sprang from Hindu soil; and it seems to be generally conceded that many Buddhist and Christian viewpoints may be found existing in it side by side. Buddhism shares with Hinduism a common background and terminology; which fact Mr. Osborne recognizes as important because it means that the "historicity of Hinduism," as now understood by modern scholars, can be ignored in favour of more fruitful lines of interpretation and exploration. The view taken by many of the forward-looking thinkers is that any and every religious doctrine may be regarded as a choice of possible paths by following which illumination can be attained, provided only it be used as a *means* to this end and not regarded as the *end* in itself; from which it follows that it should be discarded, or substituted for another, when it has attained its limited objective. Thus the Four Noble Truths of Buddhism led naturally to the announcement of the Noble Eightfold Way. Thus the same spiritual vision led Jesus of the Christian Scriptures to refer to himself as "The Way and the Life." Similarly, the Chinese regarded the Tao as "the Way."

It would seem that Mr. Osborne means us to regard all religious doctrines or philosophies of life as only temporary aids to final enlightenment. And therefore he warns us that, unless we look upon them as only provisional, the result will be "spiritual emasculation." Belief in the spirit of any doctrine must of course always precede its formalized theological construction, which then again should serve only as a guide and an inspiration for actual living. Religious thought today should be prepared to discard many of the old readings of the world's ancient Scriptures.

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* *Buddhism and Christianity in the Light of Hinduism.* By ARTHUR OSBORNE. (Rider and Company, London, 164 pp. 1959. 15*s*.)

and offer welcome to more fluid and flexible interpretations of the great Central Truth, which is at the heart of all the different creeds. All particular convictions, all definite principles, all clear-cut formulæ and fixed ideas, are really only useful "prejudices," which always tend to a narrowing and cramping of the human mind. "Every special belief," warned Amiel in his famous *Journal*, "represents a stiffening and thickening of thought; a stiffening, however, which is necessary in its time and place." Thus the religious philosopher must ever be prepared to overleap the boundaries of time and space, and adapt his intellectual constructions closer to the realities and needs of the human situation of his day.

The various movements of religious thought throughout the centuries have been too fleeting and fluctuating for it to be easy for anyone to follow any clear strand running through the many colourful expressions of man's spiritual aspirations from earliest times down to the present.

Mr. Osborne has undertaken a formidable task in discussing the great creeds of Buddhism, Christianity and Hinduism. And, seeing that they have all been considerably modified by discard or accretion during the passage of the centuries, it is impossible for him to attempt more than haphazard and provisional guesses, comparisons and comments. This, however, he has done with considerable skill and understanding, with the result that we have a book of genuine and positive value. But, even so, a number of readers may conceivably feel that it leaves some formidable questions — like the truth about *Karma* and *Nirvana* — unresolved or only partly illuminated.

Mr. Osborne most wisely warns that the various world religions are frequently treated "as museum pieces and analysed for correspondences, borrowings, influences. . . ." All too often everything about them is studied except their essential inner spirit; and thus what is really vital in them is glossed over or ignored altogether. Mr. Osborne quite properly would discourage this profitless type of study, and pleads for more positive and direct spiritual enlightenment at the hands of modern thinkers. His aim seems to be to focus attention upon the central spiritual wisdom at the heart of all religious beliefs; and he therefore regards their creedal differences as only superficial wrappings.

After reading his book, will not some people be left with the thought that, because the world has in the past been given so many and varied testimonies of the Godhead working among men, may not now the bravest gesture of faith in the Truth and the Way be a genuine willingness to envisage the possibility of direct Divine Revelation without the intermediacy of any further man-made doctrinal formulations? In this new phase of the human mind, we may witness beginning, however crudely and hesitatingly, the possibility of a pressure towards some decisive turn and advance of spiritual evolution. But it must have individuals through whom this pressure can emerge; for a mass experience or discovery or expression is not the method of nature. As Sri Aurobindo has said: "It is at some point or a few points that the fire is lit and spreads from hearth to hearth, from altar to altar."

VICTOR RIENAECKER

Albert Schweitzer: A Study of His Philosophy of Life. By GABRIEL LANGFELDT; translated from the Norwegian by MAURICE MICHAEL. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 119 pp. 1960. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

Dr. Langfeldt, commenting on one of Schweitzer's critics, says that the writing in question throws more light on the Professor himself than on Schweitzer. We cannot avoid the conclusion that the same judgment must be passed on this book. This is, in part, due to the circumstances of its writing. A recent visit of Schweitzer to Norway aroused bitter controversy as to his status as a Christian. Langfeldt's own articles, at the time, helped to stimulate this. He has no use for the "narrow intolerance" which he found in the "dogma-ridden confessionalism" of many Norwegian churchmen and contrasts their attitude with Schweitzer's endeavours to follow in Jesus' steps. Further, he considers that the views of those on the other side were based on a superficial, even erroneous, understanding of Schweitzer's philosophy. The study of his writings shows that Schweitzer's

> concept of God and his whole view of man and the purpose of existence diverge so radically from the dogmatic view of Christianity held in Norway, that it is understandable that the question of whether or not he can be regarded as a Christian can be looked at from a number of different angles....

Like many before him, this author finds clues to the complex personality of his subject in the *Memoirs of Childhood and Youth*, but, significantly, he makes no reference to the Easter experience which led the brilliant young Alsatian to the jungle of Lambarene. Most of Schweitzer's later works are searched for further evidence, following up Langfeldt's dominant clue to the riddle — the fact that Schweitzer is *agnostic* in philosophy of life but becomes an *ethical mystic* when contemplating the will to live and reverence for life. It is when the author leaves the controversial issue and concerns himself with the positive aspects of his hero that the book comes to life. The emerging picture gives ample evidence as to why some Christians are troubled. Schweitzer, of course, does not fit neatly into any pattern. As to the major question, "Is Schweitzer a Christian?" it all depends, as the author agrees, on the meaning you give to "Christian." The account here given of Schweitzer's theology would hardly pass the test. The question arises, however, whether Dr. Langfeldt's polemic against some interpretations of Christianity has not led him to ascribe to Schweitzer something less than is the case. The evidence of life, work and influence hardly harmonizes with the rather inadequate conceptual basis here adumbrated.

MARCUS WARD

A Critique on the Vivarana School: Studies in Some Fundamental Advaitist Theories. By BRATINDRA KUMAR SENGUPTA. (Firma K. L. Mukhopadhyay, Calcutta. 278 pp. 1959. Rs. 12.00)

In the post-Śaṁkara age the stream of Advaitic thought developed into two well-defined channels, the one inspired by the *Bhāmatī* of Vācaspatimiśra and the other by the *Vivaraṇa* of *Prakāśātman*, the most important commentary on the *Pañcapādikā* of Padmapāda. Though both claim to represent the original teaching of Śaṁkara, there are certain important differences between these two schools. While the latter school, for instance, believes in the theory of reflection (*Pratibimbavāda*), the former holds to the theory of delimitation (*Avacchedavāda*).

It is the latter school that is the subject of the present thesis, which earned its author the D. PHIL. degree of the Calcutta University in 1956. Of the nine sections (*varṇakas*) of the *Pañcapādikā* and its *Vivaraṇa* the author is content with a purview of only the first, wherein he finds the "different

crucial problems and their answers." This section is analyzed by him into ten different chapters, which discuss subjects like the "Rational and Logical Background of Vedanta," *Adhyāsa* and the theory of Error, different theories of Self and the image-character of the *Jīva*.

Some of the long-winding sentences of the author, making a grotesque mixture of Sanskrit and English words, make the reader feel that he is treated to a verbatim rendering of the original rather than to its interpretation. The Appendix which lists the important works of the *Vivaraṇa* School should include the *Pañcaprakriyā* of Sarvajñātman (Madras, 1946). The recent edition of the *Pañcapādikā* and *Vivaraṇa* published by the Madras Government gives, not only the commentary of Nṛsimhāśrama, noted by the author (p. 271) as unpublished, but also three other important glosses of Ātmasvarūpa, Vijñānātman and Citsukha. The Errata at the end do not exhaust the printing errors in the book. None of these remarks is intended to discourage the future efforts of the author, whose youthful zest emboldened him to venture into a text difficult even for mature minds.

H. G. NARAHARI

Ernest Benn: Counsel for Liberty. By DERYCK ABEL. (Ernest Benn, Ltd. London. 192 pp. Illustrated. 1960. 21*s*.)

Sir Ernest Benn was a Liberal of the old school and an uncompromising individualist: he shared firmly with Adam Smith the belief that the best government is that which interferes least with the people.

Abel's study of Benn's philosophy is written with admiration, respect and sympathy. Benn lived in a period when England was the workshop of an expanding world, a time in which the assumption of risks by individuals was essential to development. He spent all his time in the publishing business, where personal judgments were highly necessary.

He was, therefore, a passionate advocate of that individual freedom that had paid so handsomely in the past. He saw in the profit motive, not only an incentive, but the means whereby resources were channelled into the most productive uses. What he did not realize is that the most productive enterprise is not necessarily the most desirable. Some of his ideas, too, were petty, as his refusal to fill up his census form — though this may have been showmanship on his part.

However, it is indeed a fine thing that this work should bring Benn's philosophy before us. It is a breath of fresh air in these days of bureaucracy when some little jack-in-office, with no incentive save the little required to keep his miserable job, can dictate to us in the name of the State. It is an indictment of the paper work of today that the amount of clerical work per unit of production is constantly rising all over the world. More than this, we are in danger of having our essential liberties curtailed by edict or ordinance without either the judiciary or Parliament being directly involved, a circumstance to which Viscount Hewart drew our attention thirty years ago.

It is right therefore that we should be pertinently reminded that, contrary to the belief held by half the world, the individual is more important than the State. But . . . times have changed. Aid to underdeveloped countries, for instance, is beyond the power of any one man, and fiscal policy in the right hands can be a good instrument of government — a thesis which would have been denied by Benn.

L. DELGADO

The Blind Seer: George Matheson. By JOHN CREW TYLER. (Philosophical Library, New York. 175 pp. 1959. $4.75)

Among the half-a-dozen distinguished personages that adorned the Church of Scotland in the latter half of the nineteenth century, the Rev. Dr. George Matheson, the blind seer, was a distinguished and a well-beloved personality. Dr. Matheson has been hailed as the apostle of reconciliation. His presentation of the Christian doctrine was characterized by a liberal point of view and a gift of seeing merit in differing approaches and bringing them together by a luminous emphasis on fundamentals. Dr. Tyler, in this penetrating study, has painted a fascinating picture. We see vividly a preacher of moral power, a distinguished writer of devotional books which impressed Queen Victoria and Tennyson, a poet and, above all, a Christian who triumphed over a serious physical deprivation by innate strength of soul and made an indelible impression on four generations of church-lovers in Scotland.

In this well-planned book Dr. Tyler has presented his subject in a lucid manner, bringing out the essential features of the great divine's approach to religion, his theism and his interpretation of doctrine. The best chapter of the book is undoubtedly that on Matheson as a preacher. It reveals a truly attractive personality. We see Dr. Matheson as a pulpit orator of the highest order — his imaginative style of expression, his poetic gifts, and, above all, his power of inspiring his congregation to a life of religion. It is surprising that the learned author has not provided one or two portraits of the great divine.

We rise from a perusal of this book feeling uplifted by the Christian life lived by one of the noblest of Scottish divines of the last century.

D. GURUMURTI

Nehru: A political Biography. By MICHAEL BRECHER. (Oxford University Press, London. xvi+682 pp. Illustrated. 1959. 42*s*.)

Professor Brecher has attempted a formidable task. Shri Nehru's upbringing in India and England, the influence of his father, family and powerful personalities around him, his hopes and disillusionments, all have to be recounted if the man himself is to be understood. But this is a political biography, and so some forty years of India's politics, during which Shri Nehru was in the thick of the fray, have to be sketched in and issues of great importance carefully detailed. Years of national independence, too, demand a picture of the whole international scene, that we may understand and measure the policies and actions of the man who was by then at the helm. For one book, these are heavy demands.

Undaunted, Professor Brecher has gone to work with a will, reading published and unpublished governmental, party and personal papers and letters, interviewing key figures, including Shri Nehru himself, and asking the right questions. Helped by the training of a political scientist at a distinguished Canadian University, he also helps the reader by writing clear English — a gift that such training does not always encourage. The result is a credible picture of Shri Nehru and a readable story of his times. It may not satisfy everyone, but it contains enough evidence for readers to draw different personal conclusions on his character and achievements. Though the necessities of brevity oblige the author to give more space to his subject's views and their justification than to those of his critics, enough is said to enable a reasonable person to appreciate both

the greatness and the limitations of the man, and to see him both shaping and being shaped by the people and events of his day.

The Nehru who emerges from these pages is a sensitive, at times impetuous man, often wearied but not coarsened by political life, emotionally responsive to the mood of his surroundings, but deeply attached to only a chosen few over many years. Strongly, one gets the impression that he enjoys a fight and fights well only when he is convinced of the absolute wrongness of his opponents, but that his comprehending mind and the nature of the situations in which he has found himself have constantly denied him the luxury of such certainty; clear issues of right *versus* wrong have been few in his eyes. Hence, to the passionate or single-minded crusader he has been only sometimes an heroic leader, often a disappointment. Instead, his service to his party, and to his nation, has been that of the leader who holds his people together, reconciling, mediating, compromising, persuading, even urging, but never going so far or so fast as to break up the ranks. A thankless rôle, really, although many millions still thank him. And Professor Brecher can only leave us wondering not where Nehru himself wants India to go, but where Congress and the Indian people will allow this very civilized man to take them by persuasion only. So, too, in international politics, the world knows how Nehru wishes India to behave, but no one can say whether the world will let him let India behave in such a way.

Wisely, the author does not attempt to weigh Shri Nehru in the scales of contemporary history. Great leaders can only be judged by comparison with those before and after them. Independent India has had no "before"; so everything depends on who comes "after." By Nehru's successors' fortunes ultimately men will judge whether a sterner, tougher, morally "worse" man could have done better; but on the evidence of this story so far it seems unlikely that a better man could have done better.

ALAN DE RUSETT

Challenges to Contemporary Medicine: Bampton Lectures in America, Delivered at Columbia University in 1953. By ALAN GREGG. (Columbia University Press, New York. 120 pp. 1956. $3.00)

Dr. Alan Gregg, who has been on the staff of the Rockefeller Foundation for many years and on retirement now holds the position of Vice-President Emeritus of it, introduces the term "Great Medicine" in discussing medicine and the medical profession. In order to understand the meaning of "Great Medicine" in any country, one must study its historical, social, cultural, economic and scientific nature. Within "Great Medicine" he includes the teaching and the practice of medicine and research in all its roots and branches.

The main threads in the argument are that medicine has made progress not yet fully appreciated; that it offers the means for modern man to have life abundantly; that medical care deserves to be held on a par with food, clothing and housing as one of the essentials of keeping alive; that serious and even threatening factors are now affecting the teaching and practice of medicine and medical research; and finally that a way exists that will help to defray the cost of adequate medical care, education and research, and that we must provide for the training and future careers of all the professions involved in curative and preventive medicine and in rehabilitation of the physi-

cally handicapped.

There has undoubtedly been a general improvement in the health of the human race during the last hundred years. This includes a reduction in the incidence of disease, a reduction of its severity, a shortening of its duration and convalescence, the alleviation of pain, a more frequent and more nearly complete restoration of function, a postponement of death — in short a more abundant state of health and well-being and a lengthening of the span of life.

Dr. Gregg rightly says that we should not grudge the medical schools the cost of preparing doctors to protect ourselves and our children. If Americans each set aside a hundred dollars a year for sickness insurance, we should have sixteen billion dollars for education, research, medical care and the preventive measures that would reduce the need for medical care. Medical science with sixteen billion dollars could give a service the like of which has never been known, a service of a thoroughness, convenience and efficacy such as to reduce the incidence, the severity and the cost of preventing illness in our population.

Dr. Gregg has visited many countries and is no stranger to India. Not so long ago, he attended the Conference on Medical Education held in New Delhi and gave us the benefit of his advice. He is an outstanding figure in the medical profession today. Although this book is addressed primarily to the U.S.A., it will be welcomed in other countries also.

S. L. BHATIA

Some Problems of Sanskrit Poetics. By SUSHIL KUMAR DE. (Firma K. L. Mukhopadhyay, Calcutta. 267 pp. 1959. Rs. 15.00)

This is a volume of collected papers on Sanskrit Poetics which lay scattered in a number of Oriental journals. These studies supplement the erudite author's two volumes on the subject, which have remained for many decades standard works of reference. It is to Dr. De again that we owe the *editio princeps* of Kuntaka's *Vakroktijīvita* and Abhinavagupta's *Locana* on the fourth chapter of the *Dhvanyāloka*.

Despite the varying lengths of papers included in the volume — the first on "The Problem of Poetic Expression" runs to fifty-three pages while the one on Bhānudatta occupies four pages — and the unavoidable unevenness in the treatment of diverse subjects like "The Curtain in Ancient Indian Theatre" and "The Problem of Bharata and Ādibharata," the uniform merit that stands out is the author's application of the historical sense to traditions of Sanskrit Poetics. The style is vigorous and elegant, and the work a demonstration of sustained critical insight. The articles on "The Theory of Rasa," "Bhāmaha's Views on *Guṇa*," and "Ānandavardhana on *Saṅghaṭanā*" are but a few examples of a penetrating and perceptive analysis which can never date. We have also in this collection reprints of the author's critical editions of parts of *Locana* and *Abhinavabhāratī*.

The formal and normative disciplines of *Alaṅkāra, Guṇa, Rīti, Rasa, Dhvani* and *Vakrokti* in Sanskrit Poetics are rather severely judged in the light of "modern æsthetic" in the first monograph. Much work has been done since Croce in æsthetic analysis, and perhaps one can yet find something more than "mere labels" in Sanskrit theories if one takes full account of the vast material of illustrative verses furnished by the ancient writers. If literary analysis, however close, cannot assess of

explain or prove the quality of a literary work, neither can these ends be properly achieved without literary analysis. What Bacon calls the dangerous bent of human minds to delight "in the spacious liberty of generalities as in a champaign region" may vitiate the judgment not only of an ancient theorist but also of a modern scholar.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Ramayana. By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI. (Bhavan's Book University. Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 337 pp. 1957. Rs. 2.00; 3*s.* 6*d.*; 90 cents)

Mahabharata by C. Rajagopalachari was the first number of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan series and now comes the forty-fourth volume — *Ramayana* by the same esteemed friend. Rajaji says in his preface:—

> They [the two books] embody the best joy I have experienced.... The real need of the hour is a re-communion between us and the sages of our land, so that the future may be built on rock and not on sand.

Rajaji seems to think that Valmiki embodied an old tradition in his poem. But it is clear that he was a contemporary of Rama. The author says that in the poem Rama is portrayed "as a great and unique man, not as an incarnation of God." In the poem Rama is called by many characters an incarnation. Rajaji himself treats Rama as an incarnation in his epilogue.

Rajaji says that the Ahalya episode shows sin is wiped out by penitence and devotion to God (p. 31). His story of Bharata's high-mindedness is fascinating and impressive (pp. 99 to 132). The later events also are grippingly described. The doctrine of surrender and grace as represented in the episode of Vibhishana is delineated very well. Rajaji does not seem to like the slaying of Vali and the banishment of Sita but other views are possible about these episodes.

Rajaji has condemned the new atheistic school of carping criticism of the *Ramayana* that has been lifting up its head here and there in Tamilnad.

Rajaji's epilogue is a literary and spiritual gem. He says: "In love that is not opposed to Dharma we find a manifestation of God.... Sita is the embodiment of compassion and grace. ... God as Father and God as Mother are not distinct." (p. 325)

This is a great work by a great man on a great theme, and the world must be grateful to him for it.

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

The Viziers of Bassora. By SRI AUROBINDO. (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 202 pp. 1959. Rs. 6.00)

This book is one of the earliest works of Sri Aurobindo and has been literally brought back from the limbo. Sri Aurobindo seems to have had an especial fondness for this youthful literary effort of his and hence it was particularly mentioned in the Introduction to the *Collected Poems and Plays* as one of the two works that had been lost "in the course of the many turmoils and vicissitudes that a busy political life had meant in India at the beginning of the century."

The manuscript of this play was an exhibit in the famous Alipore Conspiracy Case and had been gathering dust in the court archives for nearly half a century. Thanks to the alert curiosity of a record-keeper, it was recovered and saved just as it was being disposed of as waste paper. *The Viziers of Bassora* is a dramatic romance and recounts how the alchemy of true love transmutes the profligate Nuredene, the volatile son of Alfazzal, the

Chief Vizier. The story centres upon the two families of Alfazzal Ibn Sawy and Almuene bin Khakan, both Viziers of Mohamad bin Suleiman of Zayni, King of Bassora.

As a play, this bears unmistakable signs of having been composed in Sri Aurobindo's early days. The character of Almuene bin Khakan, the wicked Vizier, has not been relieved by any single noble trait. He is arrogant, foul-mouthed and has hardly any human kindness in his hateful make-up. The dramatist has used contrast very skilfully to bring home the moral lesson that the play seeks to inculcate. The bad Vizier comes to grief because he is fundamentally wrong and his honest counterpart thrives as he is God-fearing, dutiful and mindful of the moral principles that govern this world. The character of the slave-girl, Anice al-jalice, has been very subtly shaped and is tinged with the delicate hues of the romantic imagination.

The get-up and printing of the book testify to the meticulous care that the Aurobindo Ashram bestows upon its publications. The place that Sri Aurobindo occupies in the literary firmament belongs to him for ever and this book will always have an important value to students of his work as a whole.

DILIP KUMAR SEN

The Leaves Still Talk. By DAVID KALUGIN. (Villiers Publications, Ltd., London. 67 pp. 1959. $2.00)

Mr. Kalugin has a poet's "extra-sensory perceptions." Living in America, where "the machine muscles us aside to make room for the next generation," where progress is shaped upon punch paper tapes, he is able to see the truth of dreams and fairy tales, to cherish hope and love in a world of store fronts and elevated structures. If it is the business of the poet to live the life of his own day and relate it to the past and the future, to old traditions and new aspirations, to be at once a realist and a dreamer of dreams, Mr. Kalugin has won his place among the poets of today. He does not aim at whitewashing the modern world: he sees and notes the vulgarity, the hypocrisy, the inhumanity, the cruelty of it all. Unemployment, war, clean bombs — he brings out the horror and the suffering of these contemporary calamities. With an economy and precision of phrase which show his control of the medium of language he moves the reader to think and to feel with him. And, with the poet's extra-sensory perception, he sees another world and another space where "The leaves still talk. . . ." The world of the poet and the workaday world touch and belong together.

M. G. BHATE

My Heart Has Seventeen Rooms. By CAROL BARTHOLOMEW. (Jonathan Cape, London. 190 pp. 1960. 16*s*.)

While her husband was working as an American engineer on the new Bhakra Dam in the Punjab, Mrs. Bartholomew spent her time caring for the patients in the Bengal Hospital. The ghastly overcrowding, the shortage of basic medical necessities, the lack of enough food for the patients, the courage of the overworked Indian staff, the long-suffering and desperate poor who flocked for treatment from miles around, provide a story that is deeply moving.

Some of her countrywomen confronted by India's poverty decided that the millions would be "better off dead," and took refuge in bridge and canasta. But Mrs. Bartholomew, respecting the

right and the desire of even half-starved peasants to live, rolled up her sleeves and cheerfully set about helping them to do so.

She found the experience of working with Indians heart-warming, and has conveyed it with artless effectiveness. In some ways it was also heart-breaking. Her portrait of the talented Chief Medical Officer, Dr. Gurbux Singh Babbar, performing complex operations with rotten gut that snapped almost every time he pulled a stitch tight, is tremendously vivid, and so is her horror when she realizes that India is still using the supplies the Americans left behind after the war.

"I frequently find myself thinking of our hospitals at home with a passionate jealousy and hatred," she writes. "How dare they have so much when we have so little?"

In two and a half years she became identified with the hopes and fears, the day-to-day difficulties and triumphs over adverse conditions, of her Indian friends. Her relationship with Dr. Babbar and his wife Sheila, also a doctor, is sympathetically drawn. She came to know quite a wide circle in the little desert corner of a vast country. Her account of her cook, Ram, and the other Indian servants is one of human dignity and affection, and is refreshingly without sentimentality. Best of all are the descriptions of her patients, the little girl Nita, and the mad Sikh whose hair she washed at peril of her life.

The womanly way she goes about talking her husband into giving his blood for a transfusion, or persuading a village carpenter to make a wooden leg, reveal a keen sense of humour. The more serious hospital sequences are interspersed with charming vignettes of Indian daily customs, and the amusing adjustments her husband and three boys had to make for their stay in a strange land.

Mrs. Bartholomew protests that she does not pretend to give a picture of Indian life, but she does this much more perceptively than many a more experienced writer who claims to cover the whole country.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

India and Japan: Friends of Fourteen Centuries. By CHAMAN LAL. (Author, V.V.R. Institute, Hoshiarpur. 230 pp. Illustrated. 1959. Rs. 20.00)

Rabindranath Tagore wrote after his visit to Japan:—

> I have travelled in many countries and have met with men of all classes, but never in my travels did I feel the presence of the human so distinctly as in this land... in Japan... you see a people whose heart has come out and scattered itself in profusion in its commonest utensils of everyday life, in its social institutions, in its manners, which are carefully perfect, and in its dealings with things which are not only deft but graceful in every movement.

Since the above was written, the military clan in Japan, deprecated by the poet, has fought the Second World War. Yet the above description remains true today of the Japanese people as a whole, including the democratized Royalty and the industrial classes of Japan.

After the deadly scars of war, Japan has travelled a long way since 1946; and it speaks highly of the nation's character and sense of discipline that within less than fifteen years it has, like Germany, regained its economic equilibrium, political stability and spiritual balance.

Bhikshu Chaman Lal's book emphasizes these aspects of the resilience and vitality of the Japanese people and draws significant, but not so widely known, parallels between the religious and cultural traditions and values of Japan and India. Japan was

profoundly influenced as early as 552 A.D. by the religious doctrine of Buddhist India, which was carried to Japan *via* China by a Korean evangelist. Indian Buddhist savants thereafter landed on the hospitable shores of Japan from the seventh century onwards, and an eager nation imbibed the best they had to offer by way of religious practice and philosophy, ritual, art and culture.

Japan has been profoundly eclectic from its early development, as can be seen from what it gathered centuries ago from Korea, China and India and, in more recent years, from various countries of the West. But whatever it imbibed from outside, it has always known how to assimilate to her own traditions, values and culture. It is to her credit that she has not allowed the sterling worth of her own indigenous civilization to be submerged under the dross of alien superficialities.

Bhikshu Chaman Lal has quoted profusely from Japanese and other authors, who give us a glimse of what the Japanese think about their Indian heritage. It is perhaps not known that some of the earliest recensions of Indian hagiographic, philosophical and doctrinal writings are to be found in Japan, well preserved by a people who has a much better appreciation of history than Indians have displayed in the past.

The book is profusely illustrated with photographs. Its twenty chapters bearing on the religious, artistic, cultural and phlosophical life and traditions of the people of Japan merit a careful perusal.

J. F. BULSARA

New World Writing No. 15. (A Mentor Book. New American Library of World Literature, New York. 345 pp. 1959. 75 cents)

No reviewer could ask for a light work to arrive at a more propitious moment for review than did this pocket collection of published stories, poems and articles by authors from all over the world. For the bedside, the hospital, the railway or just for odd moments, this book is worth its 75 cents. The contents are refreshingly new. How many have read poems from Ghana or Iceland, or met Dante in a new translation or have had a chance of sampling much of Pasternak? They are all here and much more; photographs, too, of an intriguing nature with explanations on a separate page so that one can read what one will into them at first sight. Advice to budding authors can be found, a peep behind the scenes of publishing and a bibliography of world periodicals with their interests and addresses, invaluable for the short-story-writer. Herein I read the most eloquent appeal ever for vegetarianism, by a Ghana poet, and the Irish contributor brought back a whiff of the turf smoke. But I liked best of all the seasonable tale of Greek folklore in a Christmas setting. Yes, buy this book or give it away as a present, but make sure you read it yourself first!

SRAMANERA JIVAKA

Logosophy: Science and Method. By CARLOS BERNARDO GONZALES PECOTCHE. (Philosophical Library, New York. 103 pp. 1959. $3.75)

Logosophy claims to be a "science of creative wisdom," a conclusive science, which, unlike philosophy, starts from truth and proceeds to the individual,

It claims to be an "answer to the persistent desire of man to link himself metaphysically to God." The psychological energies of the individual are categorized into three systems — mental, sensory and instinctive. The mental system is divided into lower and higher mind, dealing with material needs and with creative activity, respectively. Instincts are characterized as psycho-emotional reactions of a violent, ignoble nature. Though the chapters appear similar to those found in books on psychology, the interpretations are not clear. Ample use is made of long-discarded, much-disputed, ambiguous psychological terminology — *e.g.*, "faculties," "instincts," etc. There is no justification for the claim that Logosophy "revolutionizes the ideas about the psychology of man heretofore known."

Books on religion and philosophy create in man an awareness of the higher reaches of the human mind, in a synthetic way. Some branches of psychology, *e.g.*, parapsychology, serve a similar purpose at their own level, through an analytical and experimental approach. Books on "self-improvement" that usually pass under the misnomer "practical psychology," emphasize the vast intellectual and spiritual potentialities of man and the possibilities of self-elevation through resolute, conscious effort. There is nothing unique about Logosophy.

"Logosophy helps man with his manifold problems" — a general book of this kind cannot be a practical solution to individual problems, nor can it strengthen the mind to face problems. It is too intricate a treatise to be of practical use to the layman and too speculative to capture the scientific mind.

KAMALA GOPAL

A SHAKESPEARE COURSE

AN INTERESTING COMBINATION of forces is promised in a project initiated by the Finchley Public Libraries, North London, for the months of April to November. It began with the B.B.C. announcement of the televising of Shakespeare's historical plays at fortnightly intervals during those months. The University of London Department of Extra-Mural Studies readily agreed to sponsor a special course, "Shakespeare's Royal Theme," directed by the well-known lecturer and writer, Roy Walker. (Readers of THE ARYAN PATH will remember his article "The Problem of Free Will in Shakespeare," January 1954.) The television equipment for the course is being provided by the Finchley Libraries, and, in addition, the group will listen to the Marlowe Society records of *King John*. These are part of a series of the recorded plays made by amateur players, University students, chosen by the producer in preference to professional actors, as examples of quality in speaking Shakespearean verse. The course includes lectures and discussions, in which the producer, and some of the actors, of the telecast plays will possibly also take part. A similar course with the same lecturer is also being organized at Brighton by the Oxford University Extra-Mural Department. Though there are innumerable cultural groups in London and Great Britain, this experiment suggests further happy possibilities in the extension of cultural co-operation, and may stimulate other groups to similar action.

A LETTER FROM LONDON

DURING the first World War King George V changed the name of the Royal Family from Guelph to Windsor, because at that time the anti-German feeling in the United Kingdom took the form of a national hysteria. But King George and Queen Mary always spoke in German between themselves, and the Royal Family has made no attempt to live down its German origin.

On the contrary, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, who has shown courage and independence since her first public appearance, referred to her German origin in her speech at the banquet she gave to President Heuss during his State visit in October 1958.

Quite recently, the Queen announced to the Privy Council that it was her will and pleasure that all her descendants who would not enjoy the description of Prince or Princess, or the style of His or Her Royal Highness, should use the surname of Windsor-Mountbatten. Mountbatten is the family name of her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh.

This change put an end to an anomaly which was troubling some people who thought it contrary to the custom of the land that members of the Royal Family should use the name of the mother as a surname. It was open to the interpretation of being a denial that it is the father who is the head of a family.

There are newspapers which are always trying to make any matter connected with the Royal Family the subject of sensationalism or of anti-monarchical manifestations. One such example is *The Daily Express,* which seized upon the announcement made by the Queen in regard to her wish about the surname of her prospective grandchildren outside the line of succession to the Throne in order to parade the fact that Mountbatten is the name which was adopted by Prince Louis of Battenberg, when the name of the Royal Family was changed to that of Windsor.

Prince Louis of Battenberg was First Sea Lord — that is to say, Supreme Commander of the British Navy — when war broke out between the United Kingdom and Germany on August 4th, 1914. The brilliant efficiency of the Royal Navy was mainly due to his leadership. Moreover, he took the bold decision to keep the whole Fleet together after the review in July by the King at Spithead, because of the danger of war with Germany. That decision probably saved the United Kingdom from a naval disaster at the very outset of the war. Had the Fleet been dispersed to its peace-time stations, the German Fleet might have made a surprise attack upon any one of the units and annihilated it.

But Lord Northcliffe started a campaign in *The Daily Mail* to exploit the hysterical anti-German feeling, and Prince Louis was made a target on account of his German origin, despite his very close connection with the British Royal Family. As a result, he was forced to resign, and he was succeeded by Lord Fisher, whose eccentricities led to the building of the unarmoured battle-cruisers which were shot to pieces at the Battle of Jutland and very nearly brought a naval disaster upon the British Navy. He also resisted the convoying of merchant ships, which Lloyd George eventually forced upon the Admiralty. It was the convoying of merchant ships that defeated the German submarine campaign to starve the United Kingdom into surrender.

Therefore, the British people owe a debt of gratitude to the House of Battenberg, which Lord Mountbatten

of Burma — son of Prince Louis — has immensely increased. There is poetic justice in the fact that he filled the very position from which his father was driven out in 1915.

On December 29th, 1959, Mr. Aneurin Bevan underwent a major abdominal operation in the Royal Free Hospital, and after six weeks he returned to his Berkshire home. He is still very weak and quite unable to receive visitors. It is stated that it will be several months before he will be able to return to active political life.

The illness of Mr. Bevan occasioned what was certainly a very remarkable demonstration of the spirit of British politics. Mr. Bevan has not shown much enthusiasm for the monarchy in his public utterances, but he has been a Minister of the Crown. Queen Elizabeth, immediately she was informed of his illness, instructed inquiries to be made of his condition after the operation, and, with a graciousness and sympathy which must command the highest respect, wrote a personal letter to Mr. Bevan's wife, still widely known as Miss Jennie Lee, expressing sympathy and good wishes.

With equal promptitude members of the House of Commons of all parties inundated Miss Lee with letters of sympathy and good wishes. The battle-lines of party strife vanished in a moment, and everyone who knows Mr. Bevan as a supporter or an opponent either in Parliament or outside it hastened to offer comfort to Miss Lee and good wishes for Mr. Bevan's recovery. Concern for his health never diminished until his recovery was assured.

Of all the vicious things that Mr. Bevan has ever uttered nothing was worse than his attack, as a member of the Labour Government, upon Sir Winston Churchill for his restoration of the Gold Standard in 1925. Nevertheless, one of the warmest letters of sympathy and good wishes that Miss Lee received was from Sir Winston.

The illness of Mr. Bevan brought sharply into limelight the fact that in British politics there are no personal enmities arising out of political differences. Consequently, members of all political parties can meet each other on terms of amity and even form friendships without regard to political boundaries. Therein lies the explanation of the ease with which a Coalition Government can be formed in an emergency.

The Press echoed the politicians' feelings towards Mr. Bevan in his serious illness. Moreover, they paid tribute to his oratorical and dialectical abilities, irrespective of their party positions.

This is something that politicians in our country must grasp, if they are to make parliamentary government a success in India. If political differences are allowed to develop into personal hatreds, the system of parliamentary government cannot be made to work. Political parties have to live with each other. When a political controversy or a General Election is over, the combatants must return to being just men and women and loyal members of a single community. That is the true spirit of cricket.

SUNDER KABADI

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra,** Adviser for Asian Affairs, Congress for Cultural Freedom, writes in expectancy of meeting the novelist Lawrence Durrell and gives a hint of the quality of Mr. Durrells' writing.—ED.]

I EXPECT to meet Lawrence Durrell soon, which is largely why I have been reading his quartet of novels. There are many other reasons which encourage me to write about him. Durrell was born and brought up in India near the Tibetan border. From the window of his home he could see Mount Everest: he saw the greenest jungles and the whitest snow. His consciousness is saturated with the immediacy of a land in which magic and mystery dominate. He is poised like a bird between the wildest opposites.

I have been reading his famous quartet of novels, which some would acknowledge as a masterpiece approaching Proust and James Joyce. Lawrence Durrell is an Irishman who has made France his home because, according to him,

> it is the only country in which one can forget the colour of one's skin and where one feels related to everyday life: wanted!

Geographical exile is not important for Durrell. He keeps in touch with England and tries not to become a "professional foreigner." The novel quartet is an investigation of modern love — love as the *point-faible* of the psyche; human and divine love. Durrell holds that there is such a thing as modern love; but it is only a way of growing, a nourishment which prepares one for other problems, perhaps deeper ones. He attributes the success of his novel *Justine* in France to the fact that the French are more awake to ideas and less hypocritical than the English; for to the French love is a form of metaphysical inquiry.

Lawrence Durrell's novels are framed in the setting of Rhodes, Alexandria, Athens, Cairo. Colour is the reason why he chose Egypt, for he had to have enough colour to support four long volumes without being tedious. At first he started the book about Athens, then switched to Alexandria. There he had everything — different cultures, civilizations, religions — all together, so he could "keep his paint from drying until he had finished the whole canvas."

The theme of these novels is Alexandria, and some would say accusingly that Alexandria is a sink of iniquity. What is important in Durrell's work is not his "meli-melo," his hodgepodge of human emotions, but his great humanity. One becomes part of his world; one suffers with the characters and one admires the great tenderness Durrell has for all his creations, especially his women. Malisa, for instance, is an unhealed wound in many a reader's heart, as she is indeed in Durrell's. With Durrell the sense of being one with his experience and his characters is strangely vivid.

These four books are less separate works than a continually expanding and rewarding narrative, where some "fresh piece of information or someone else's more intimate knowledge changes the significance of what we have already learned." Only a superb writer could handle all these tortuous characters with success.

I shall enjoy meeting Lawrence Durrell in a few days. I deeply admire his style and his vital, luxuriant prose. He likes everyone, he says, but mostly people who know their job and do it with passion, whether plumbers or diplomats.

BALDOON DHINGRA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

Lieut.-Col. Patrick Lort-Phillips, D.S.O., Liberal Party leader in Great Britain, whose little book, *The Logic of Defence,* has been highly praised for its courageous wisdom and good sense, gives further evidence of his percipiency in his review of Professor Jacques Barzun's *The House of Intellect* (*National and English Review,* February 1960). This book attacks the "patronage" of education, which treats it as though it were a form of welfare. It is popular especially in the U.S.A., but results in flooding universities and colleges with mediocrity to the detriment of real intellect. Lort-Phillips writes:—

> What we lack today is not knowledge but judgment: not facts which are accumulating in unmanageable quantities like radioactive wastes, but the courage to use facts critically for a given purpose. And here we come to the rock on which all secular educational systems flounder — purpose: an absolute value against which all our relative values are to be judged.

He points out that for the ancient Greeks that purpose was the service of the city-state. "The Absolute was transcendent," and the priest pointed the way. For the Marxist, the processes of history are already "scientifically determined" and he has only to go with the tide.

"But as soon as education becomes permissive, and not mandatory we are adrift on a boundless ocean," without landmark or star to steer by. Thus, driven by fear,

> small wonder then that "Togetherness" and social solidarity become the key values of our civilization. This is the dilemma of Freedom, the nemesis of Enlightenment. This is the bitter-tasting fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

Yet he asserts that the intellect is still, of all the tools at man's disposal, "the sharpest, the keenest and the most essential," and that it must be used, since even "if the ends are veiled in mist, man still has a life to live."

To this diagnosis might be added some verses from Patanjali's *Yoga Aphorisms* which define the mind as the thinking principle, the organ of thought, modified by whatever subject or object comes before it:—

> From the fact that the soul is conjoined in the body with the organ of thought, and thus with the whole of nature, lack of discrimination follows, producing misconceptions of duties and responsibilities. This misconception leads to wrongful acts, which will inevitably bring about pain in the future.

Man's free self-consciousness is his tempting Satan, but also his Redeemer, for "the Universe . . . exists for the sake of the soul's experience and emancipation." And when the modifications of the mind are stilled, when the understanding and soul are united in the one centre, then man comes to the Self-knowledge that is not information but illumination. This is his true purpose.

A lecture by Dr. Alexander Kennedy, Professor of Psychological Medicine at Edinburgh University, to the Royal Institution, London (reported in the *Observer,* February 28th, 1960), aroused a public response in which, as in so many cases, it has been increasingly difficult to sift the truth from the welter of protest and counter-protest. But it is significant as another example of the increased interest in the power of one mind to enslave another (one of the seven ancient Gnostic arts of enchant-

ment), whether the process be called today "hypnotism," "brainwashing" or by some other term. Dr. Kennedy described some of the brainwashing processes used during the war — the disorientation of the subject's personality by various techniques, the creation of a special intimate link with the interrogator and the superimposition of a new pattern of thought and ideation according to the latter's scheme.

The Professor considered brainwashing ethically unjustified in peace time, but the knowledge that it gave of human consciousness could, he said, be used to help those whose state was already "somewhat similar to that of the disorientated prisoner in a monotonous environment" — the delirium cases in old people in wards, or perhaps the rootless juvenile delinquent.

Then came the press outcry, denials about the use of brainwashing in or by Britain, claims that the denials were evasive, etc. But whether the techniques were actually used on enemies, or only on volunteers in the British Services, in order to train them how to resist and overcome such techniques when they met them, is not so important. What is important is the increasing knowledge (or rather half-knowledge, for it is still dangerously empirical and materialistic) of what one writer has called "mental seduction." Psychoanalysis, (which Dr. Eysenck, in the January 1960 *Hibbert's Journal,* repudiated as having no real therapeutic value in psychiatry); hypnotism again coming to the fore in medical and non-medical fields; motivational market research now in vogue in the advertising world; high-sounding pseudo-scientific courses of self-development — all these are somewhat similar in character and in reaction. Dr. Kennedy compares brainwashing to an artificially induced mental illness, from which some subjects remain permanently "converted," while in others the effect dies out (apparently).

What is needed, surely, is a deeper understanding of the constitution of human consciousness, the difference between the *psyche* and the *nous* in man. The former, being "material," is subject to "conditioning." The latter, spiritual in nature, is not. Which does man think that he is? For on that depends his real sanity.

The seeds of *Satyagraha* (a title which conveys more than the words "passive resistance") were sown by Gandhiji in the nineteen-twenties, and at the time it seemed to most people to be unrealistic, but one can judge how much world thought has altered by the fact that now its manifestations are to be found all over the world wherever conditions provide an opportunity.

Last year in the "Deep South" of the United States of America, the Negro population, under the leadership of the Rev. Martin Luther King, "fought" the colour bar on buses in Montgomery, Alabama, by walking and refusing to use bus transport. It took them over a year to break through the segregation rules, but the experience gained and the success achieved has given an impetus to further effort.

The Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), founded in 1942 on Gandhian principles, has been able to take advantage of a movement, spontaneously originating in Greensboro, North Carolina, to break the colour bar at the chain-store snack counters, where coloured people have to stand, while the Whites are seated. Four students sat themselves at the counter one day and ordered coffee, and when this was refused, quietly remained in their seats until the store closed. The movement spread like wildfire, bringing some "White" sympathy, but also retaliation by violence and arrest. At the time of writing some 500 in 12 States have gone to prison, and though President Eisenhower has recognized the protest

demonstrations as proper, and deplored the violent attempts to deprive the Negroes of their rights, some Southern State authorities are making accusations of incitement.

What is of interest, however, is the increased use of training in the Gandhian techniques of non-violence that is being given by CORE, so that those who undertake the "demonstrations" can, by practice, learn to control the instinctive reaction to violence — beatings-up and other injuries. Their field secretary, Carey Gordon, is reported in the London *News Chronicle* (March 16th, 1960) as saying:—

> We always put it squarely to the students that if they are not prepared to submit to assault and imprisonment, then they must stay at home. Some have to do quite a bit of soul-searching but in the end very few refuse to take part. They soon realize that it is the sin, and not the sinner, they must hate.

Who can be totally pessimistic of the future while there are these valiant ones trying to bring a spiritual law of unity into action?

In spite of the heated controversy going on in the country about the continuance of the English language, it is obvious that it must remain one of the important literary faculties in our Universities, even in the event of an unforeseen future when the language will no longer be known to our administrators. There are several reasons for this confidence, the foremost of them being that for well over a century English has been the only European literature that has been studied in this country on a fairly wide scale. Further, the intellectual awakening and literary renaissance in India of the last century was due to a vigorous pursuit of English literature and thought. Finally, today, in the Indian literary scene English plays an important rôle and is likely to continue doing so, especially as an impetus to refinement in writing and correction in taste.

These ideas seem to be the background of the address of Professor N. K. Siddhanta, Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, at the thirty-fourth All-India Educational Conference at Jabalpur recently. He said, according to a report in the *Times of India*:—

> The immediate substitution of regional languages for English will deprive students of the sheet-anchor of English books, which are still the main repositories of knowledge for higher education.

Although the utterance of such views has become out of fashion today, they are not any the less valid or timely as far as academic unity is concerned. He went further:—

> The emotional integration of the nation and the academic unity of India are still possible only through the medium of English.

Although admitting that the continuance of the English medium imposes a handicap on undergraduates, who do not come from secondary schools with the mastery of English which they formerly had, he suggested that the remedy lies not in abolishing English as a medium in the universities, but in its better teaching in schools.

Whatever may be the sentiments of those who favour the abolition of the English language, there is no denying that the scientific and technological progress of the country depends to a large extent on the continuation of English as the medium of instruction in our universities. Any other course will necessitate a wasteful overlapping in the production of textbooks in regional languages, whose resources do not yet seem equal to the task. This will not only involve long delay, but result in the lowering of academic standards.

Yet another factor to be taken into account is that the bond of academic unity between universities will be broken if each of them adopts a regional language as its medium. Not only will

such a short-sighted policy make them isolated and parochial islands of learning, but it will also retard the progress of the nation as a unified entity.

That religious groups are still far from enlightenment is proved by the Report submitted to the United Nations on discrimination in the matter of religious rights and practices. This Report, prepared by the Special Rapporteur, Dr. A. Krishnaswami, a Member of the Indian Parliament, also recommends certain basic rules for dealing with concrete problems which have emerged from the study. According to a summary of the report published by *The Statesman* (New Delhi):—

> Notwithstanding changes in the climate of opinion, equality of treatment is "not ensured for all religions and beliefs or for their followers, in certain areas of the world," says the report, but the trend is found to be unmistakably in the direction of tolerance.

If the aim of every religion is undoubtedly the same, namely, spiritual realization — elevation of the soul and attainment of equanimity and inner peace — then it is the ignorance or intentional neglect of the fundamentals of religion that makes any individual or group narrow-minded and bigoted. The Report submitted by the Sub-Commission on Prevention of Discrimination relates to certain manifestations which are so obviously contrary to morality, public order or the general welfare that public authorities should take measures to limit them or even to prohibit them altogether. Instancing such limitations, which are discriminatory by their nature, the Report adds:—

> Into this category fall such practices as the sacrifice of human beings, self-immolation, mutilation of the self or others and reduction into slavery . . . in the service of or under the pretext of promoting a religion or belief.
>
> The report suggests that considerations of social justice and equality "may be used to justify measures taken against polygamy." It has to be borne in mind, it says, that polygamy inevitably leads to inequality between the sexes.

The only true means to obviate discrimination, it is evident, lies in the comparative study of all the religions which alone can bring home to the blind followers of different religions the essential unity of their faiths. It is gratifying to note, however, that the report refers to a change in the attitude of a number of religions and beliefs, which in the past considered themselves to be the sole repositories of truth and were led by this certainty of conviction to "display a condescending or even belligerent attitude towards the State and towards other faiths."



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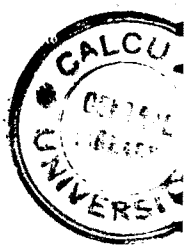
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THE ARYAN PATH



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

VOL. XXXI MAY 1960 No. 5

THE FRONTIERS OF KNOWLEDGE AND HUMANITY'S HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

[**Dr. C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar's** is a distinguished name in the province of education. In this Guest-Editorial he describes the kind of person education should strive to produce if it is to contribute effectively to the mastering of the threatening problems now before mankind. — ED.]

EVERY AGE presents a new challenge to humanity, but the challenge of the present epoch is perhaps the most spectacular and fateful because past conceptions of space and time, matter and life, have been transformed and the infinitely great and the infinitesimally minute components of the universe are discovered to be reservoirs of ever-functioning and ever-changing energy convertible alike to beneficent and destructive uses. All the same, the basic mystery of Existence stays unresolved, though the humble yet resolute enquirer perceives, at every turn, the workings of the inflexible, rhythmic and eternal law and thus acquires a truly spiritual sense of adventure and wonder.

Truly envisaged, the science of today and tomorrow should bring to us the same revulsion from narrowness, selfish regimentation, cruelty and oppression, and the same insistence on creative activity, harmony and tolerance, that ought to characterize a well-ordered social and religious training. There is, thus, no need to separate the scientific from the humanitarian and spiritual aims of education.

What shall be the future of education? In this age of specialized applications of science and technology, is man to become a thinking automaton dexterous in the fashioning of every new gadget catering to his creature comforts and in the devising of newer and newer apparatus and machines with infinite powers of wholesale destruction almost changing the face of Nature? Or, in the alternative, will mankind subordinate every

consideration to the creation of an environment of physical and economic well-being, of mental alertness and of spiritual poise, combining to produce a self-reliant and self-expressive personality, full of tolerance but determined to resist regimentation, aggression and all the denials of legitimate freedom? Surely, the answer can only be in favour of the latter alternative.

The emergence of such an alternative depends, in the main, on the right type of education. The child will begin to learn through play and through a life lived in intimate contact with Nature and its fellow beings. Such a child will be taught to observe and to cherish plant, bird and animal without wishing to seize or to destroy. Discipline will be directive but imperceptible, and the questioning spirit of the child will be responded to and not rebuked or evaded. The cultivation of an appreciation of the beautiful and appropriate in nature, art and story will be the task of the unobtrusive teacher who, from the beginning, will instil into the child ideas of neighbourliness and helpfulness.

The next period of adolescence will enable the growing boy and girl to learn the habits of accurate and logical thinking, to acquire some skill or craft or art involving the harmonious co-operation of the hand, the eye, the ear and the brain, to obtain a grounding in the basic knowledge relating to the organic and the inorganic world and to train his emotional reactions to respond to the call of beauty, truth and justice. All prejudice, racial, communal or social, should be eradicated and at the end of the secondary stage in education, the young boy or girl should be able to turn his or her hand to some art, craft, technique or skill so as to be fitted for his or her lifework. But whether such a person proceeds to follow a professional, technical or other avocation or whether he proceeds to a University or other centre of higher learning, he would have learnt by this time to distinguish the specious argument from the true, to differentiate between the beautiful and the merely meretricious or pretentious and to be capable of appreciating and being moved by the right type of literature, music and the arts. His memory should not be burdened with isolated bits of unconnected facts but his training should enable him to know where to look for and how to utilize knowledge and wisdom.

To those who are drawn towards higher learning or research, the universities and research institutions will impart in just proportion the disciplines of the humanities and the sciences. They will enable the students to be not the reluctant listeners to set lectures and witnesses of formalized experiments but self-reliant disciples of wise instructors and co-participants with them in the exploration of the frontiers of art and science.

From first to last the emphasis of education should be on the unhesitating pursuit of truth and the eschewal of all that is petty, illogical, false or fallacious. Science, in its multiform shapes, is bound increasingly to engage the attention of the student of the future, but true education will teach him the limitations and the temptations and perils of science. Ultimately, the man and the woman of the future has to be educated to realize that what count in the long run are the preservation and the unfoldment of the human personality. Our obligation is to harmonize the fullest self-expression with a tolerance which knows and will recognize no barriers amongst creeds and races and nations and with a sense of justice which will neutralize cruelty and aggressiveness and will work for reconciliation, for the "*Samavaya*" of Ashoka, namely, the spirit of live and let live for which all the sages of our race have pleaded.

Such results are not possible of achievement unless our religions, divorced from dogma or narrowing creeds and separatisms, become dynamically regulating factors working for peace and concord and unless science, along with its stimulation of the critical and enquiring faculties, also recognizes its inevitable limitations and boundaries and thus becomes the ally of that religious spirit which is founded on humility, wonder and reverence.

Thus shall we implement the Vedic precept: "Let us come together, let us discuss in harmony and let us be reconciled in spirit," and thus will come about the efflorescence of human personality which is the problem and the aim of all education.

C. P. RAMASWAMY AIYAR

THE EGG

Within this egg a tiny miracle
Of life and quivering song,
Exotic and superbly blending hues,
Wings that will soon be strong.

Symbol of some great truth beyond the ken
Of scientists, the mind
Is humbled at the sight of one frail shell;
We glimpse, who once were blind.

Our deepest questions are epitomized
Herein where lies the key
To all Creation and its flowering
Infinite mystery.

HERBERT BLUEN

KNIGHT IN HOMESPUN

[**Miss Marjorie Sykes** is admirably qualified to pay this tribute to the Knight in Homespun, with whom she was closely associated. Miss Sykes belongs to the Society of Friends and is now an Indian citizen. She has made India her home and serves her people devotedly along Gandhian lines. An eminent educationist and a gifted writer, she has chosen to labour for the humble and the poor of our country. — ED.]

IT IS TWO MONTHS NOW[1] since Shri J. C. Kumarappa was taken from our midst. People in India have been quick to note the circumstance that he died on the same date as Gandhiji, January 30th, and to comment on the "fitness" of this date. Such temporal coincidences may or may not be significant; what is no accident, however, is that during the last days of his life, during Republic Day and the days preceding the anniversary of Gandhiji's death, Kumarappaji's thoughts were constantly occupied with the way in which India today responds—or fails to respond—to the message of Gandhi. His devoted young friend and disciple, Shri Sivaramakrishnan, has described the deep sadness which filled Kumarappa's face and voice as, on the last morning of his life, he commented: "Is it not 30th January today? It is twelve years since Bapu passed away; what way are we better?" The words reveal the heart of the man; Gandhi and his message *mattered* to him above all things. The bond between the two men was very strong, and it is impossible to attempt any appreciation of what Kumarappa was and did without being conscious all the time of that other figure in the background of the picture. And yet each was intensely himself, and our memory of Kumarappa is enriched by those endearing personal traits which made him unmistakably Kumarappa and nobody else.

In an interview in London in 1931 Gandhiji is recorded to have closed a discussion on mass production by machinery with a reference to the spinning wheel as "machinery in terms of the masses," adding: "I hate privilege and monopoly. Whatever cannot be shared with the masses is taboo to me." Of all Gandhi's fellow workers, none was more steadily consistent than Kumarappa in working out the meaning of brotherhood and sharing in practical daily life; none cared more deeply about oppression and exploitation; none was a more tireless and valiant champion of the human rights of the poor and downtrodden. That is why, in casting about for a phrase which would indicate the impact of Kumarappa's life

[1] Miss Sykes dates the finishing of this article on March 30th, 1960. — ED.

and personality, the word "knight" springs to mind. No doubt Kumarappa himself would have shouted with mirth at the very idea of applying such a term to him. And yet, how very applicable it is!

Imagination pictures the knight with sword and shield, in shining armour, trained, disciplined, prepared. Kumarappa too was a man who came well armed to his task. He was no blind fanatic, no sentimental devotee. He brought to his work a finely trained intellect, disciplined in the most rigorous academic tradition, prepared by a scientific study of economics and by experience in the world of business. His books contain a keen analysis of the economic factors in the life of man, and his programme is based on a scientific diagnosis of the ills of human society and a scientific appraisal of the steps needed to remedy them. This programme, and the personal standard of living that went with it, are the fruits of reasoned argument, not of romantic fancy.

This solid and serious economic thinking has not always received the attention it deserves, and the neglect of it is perhaps partly due to the lively, unconventional language in which it is conveyed. It is not "scholarly" enough for the professors! But Kumarappa persisted in writing for the ordinary man. Economics is the concern of all, he would say, because it has to do with the satisfaction of all men's material needs. He therefore eschewed the abstract jargon of the academic expert, and wrote for all, in plain, forceful, picturesque English. There is a certain type of academic mind, however, which resents the "intrusion" of the common man into its intellectual preserves; it prefers the "privilege and monopoly" which Gandhiji condemned.

In the economic world, Kumarappa was regarded only too often as the Don Quixote of a fantastic campaign for the "primitive." Conventional economists referred to him, when they did not ignore him, with amused condescension. The real reason for this lies deeper than the mere non-technical style of his writing. It is that most economists start from entirely different premises about the meaning and purpose of life. The current systems of economic thought, those that hold sway in all, or almost all, our university faculties, are based upon the outlook of the materialist. The essence of materialism (as another scientific economist, Dr. E. F. Schumacher, has recently pointed out) is *not* that it is concerned with material wants. *All* men are and must be concerned with material wants, up to a point. "The essence of materialism is the total absence of any idea of limit or measure." In this, in its exaltation of a limitless increase of material goods as the *summum bonum* of human society, it plainly runs counter to the teachings of all the most revered teachers of humanity.

"When will the teachers of economics," asks Dr. Schumacher, "be objective enough to tell their students that other systems of economics are possible, and necessary, and are even already available in rudimentary form?"

The importance of Kumarappa's writings is that they are a contribution to a system of economic thought which is *not* based upon materialism, but upon different presuppositions of ultimate value. They are the work of a pioneer, one of those who have made available, "in rudimentary form," the outline of a system of non-materialist economics. Those who reject materialism as a philosophy must also, to be consistent, reject materialist economics. They must seek an economic system in harmony with the view that Man and the Universe are a manifestation of the Spirit. They must beware of the specious arguments for things as they are, advanced by strongly entrenched vested interests. Kumarappa was one of the small company of thinkers who are blazing the trail of this new economics.

The knight of legend rode forth to succour the weak and the oppressed, and to fight the giants and the dragons which terrorized them. What a magnificent fighter Kumarappa was! He gave those dragons—the dragons of greed, cold complacency, lust for power—no respite and no quarter. He saw how they battened on the social and political iniquities which we ordinary folk support or permit. And he struck hard, with all his strength. Many of us must have been tempted to resent his onslaughts, to feel that sometimes he was "less than fair" in his sweeping condemnations of this or that cosy habit or time-honoured symbol. Yet if we are honest with ourselves we shall recognize that our resentment is partly due to our guilt. We have no moral right even to criticize his occasional extravagance of speech unless we are possessed by the same selfless passion as he was, the same burning zeal to vindicate the dignity and manhood of the lowliest and weakest human being. The flouting of the dignity of manhood was more fundamentally evil, in his mind, than even the flagrant inequality of material goods which is one of its consequences. "Labour is *not* a commodity; man is *not* a machine that does a given amount of work for a given amount of fuel." It may have been a part of his reverence for manhood that Kumarappa seldom or never talked about the "masses." He had had an English education, and was sensitive to the root meanings of words: "masses" was too impersonal in flavour for him. He did not think about "the poor in the lump," but about individual human beings, and about our need to be concerned with "*human relationships* in the economic field."

Those who knew Kumarappa in life have their own experience of the

depth and warmth and range of his personal friendships. They know that in spite of his "gad-fly" tactics and outspoken criticism, he was not moved by sour negation, and was not merely "agin the Government." His vigorous campaigns were inspired not by hatred but by love, by the impulse to seek and save the lost. When we seek for the driving force of his life, we enter into the inmost secret of his "knighthood."

The knight of old, at the outset of his career, entered upon his knighthood with an act of self-dedication. He spent a night in a chapel, keeping vigil before the Cross of Christ in fasting and prayer. Kumarappa's own writings reveal to us that he also found the source of his strength and inspiration in a constantly renewed self-dedication to Jesus Christ. His "economics of caring and sharing" have their roots in the practice and precepts of Jesus; his scrupulous endeavour to live in every detail according to the principles he preached was empowered by the Christ who lived what He taught. It has been well said that his phrase "a mother economy" may give us a glimpse of his debt to the practical Christian saintliness of his own mother. Over and over again he returns to the Gospels and finds in the parables and other teachings of Jesus the guiding principles for a sound, healthy ordering of society, fitted to express the dignity of the human being, his worth in the sight of God.

But this rootedness in the discipleship of Jesus did not mean, for Kumarappa, a static outlook, a contentment with accepted religious tradition. Very far from it. His was a dynamic religion; like the knights of the Holy Grail, he followed into the unknown future the gleam of the sacred light of Truth. Reading his little book, *The Practice and Precepts of Jesus* (a book which deserves to be much pondered) one is struck most forcibly by this manly dynamism of approach. There is no finality in his religion; he followed after Jesus, learning from Him, and made both humble and confident by the promise of the Master that though there are many things which he himself was unable during his earthly life to teach his disciples, "when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all the truth." In that light of the Spirit of Truth Kumarappa would have been content to be judged.

MARJORIE SYKES

KALIDASA'S ABHIJNANASHAKUNTALAṂ

[READERS will remember the impressive essay on "Tragedy and Sanskrit Drama" in our issues for September and October 1959 by **Shri K. Viswanatham, M.A.**, Reader in English, Andhra University, Waltair. The long essay of which we now print the first part is planned as a comprehensive examination and appreciation of the *Abhijñānaśākuṇtalaṃ*. As before, Shri Viswanatham writes with a passionate feeling for his subject and the essay is steeped in literary reminiscence. — ED.]

I

Kāvyeshu nātakam ramyam . . .

—ANON.

AN ANONYMOUS SHLOKA posits that drama is superior to epic, that the *Śākuntalam* is superior to all other plays, that the fourth act in that play is superior to the rest, that four verses in that act are the very Bible of poetry. Another anonymous verse regards the *Śākuntalam* as the very continent of Kalidasa's genius and exalts the fourth act as his "*sarvasvam,*" incarnation of his totality. The first verse is an excellent example of climax or *sāra* and an excellent example of bad criticism. Every statement in that verse can be disputed.

Aristotle in his forthright way states that tragedy is a higher form of art than epic. But a host of critics from Lamb down to Maeterlinck and Logan P. Smith have debunked the stage presentation of Shakespeare's plays. What has the voice or eye to do with such things? asks Lamb, as Bhoja states: "In this respect they are not so charming when they are seen directly as when they are narrated by men of gifted speech." The best English critics of Shakespeare — Johnson, Hazlitt and Lamb among others, writes Raleigh, have consistently refused to accept the stage presentation of his plays as a sufficient expression of his genius. If music and spectacle and the art of the stage machinist are what the drama has in addition to what it has in common with the epic, and if these are deflated by the best critics, there is a case for debate.

Is the *Śākuntalam* the best of all Sanskrit plays? That it is the best of Kalidasa's plays demands no particular critical intelligence to see. The moment the *Śākuntalam* is mentioned, pat come the lines of Goethe. Do the lines bear all our enthusiasm and interpretation of the play? Perhaps we are reading our modern feeling for the play into the lines. Goethe sums up the attitude of Europe excited over Sanskrit poetry,

> . . . like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken.

Our feeling for Kalidasa is the Englishman's feeling for Shakespeare; he is one felt in the heart and felt along the blood. He is said to be the Shakespeare of India by a Western critic. If the tribute means that what Shakespeare is to English literature Kalidasa is to us, it is meaningful; otherwise it may be a misleading and downright silly expression. In style, characterization, feeling for the unending diversity of God's creation, the genius for comedy in the fatty Falstaffian girth of circumferential Humanity, the amazing defiance of grammar and lexicography in the interests of poetry, the royal wealth of metaphor, making our hearts tempest-tost and wind-driven in the surging waters of the emotions—they differ from each other by the whole breadth of the heavens. Western critics find a Shakespearian humanity in the *Mṛcchakatikam*. They regard Kalidasa as an escapist poet. What gospel does he utter as an unguent to suffering humanity? What is there in common between the Hermitage, the Hemakuta and the heavens and our daily life? The poet lives in a sequestered vale of beauty barricaded from the fierce storm of life. Hence Aurobindo denies him the moral dynamism that he finds in Valmiki. His message is the message of the senses, of their gratification. In his works there is the feast of the senses and the flow of the soul of desire. Kalidasa is a connoisseur of the rich tapestry of life: *Jnatasvādo vivṛtajaghanām ko vihātum samarthaḥ?*[1]

Is the fourth act in the *Śākuntalam* superior to the rest? It may smack of irreverent iconoclasm to fly in the face of traditional opinion. Another anonymous verse echoes the well-known *śloka* cited at the beginning:—

Tatrāpicha chaturthānko
Yatra yāti Śakuntalā.

We can brush aside this time-honoured remark. But we have to understand why it was so highly spoken of even when we reject the high laudation.

It is the picture of a daughter leaving the cosiness and warmth and forgiving affection of the parental home for unfamiliar adventures in new surroundings. Even Kanwa the ascetic who only adopted Shakuntala has eyes dimmed by tears: *Vaiklabyam mama tāvat īdṛsam aho snehāt aranyaukasah.*

Secondly, the most affecting farewell to her friends, Anasuya and Priyamvada. Shakuntala asks them to embrace her together. There is a catch in our hearts as we read: *Tāta, Śakuntalāvirahitam sūnyamiva tapovanam katham praviśāmah?*[2] Shakuntala is unwilling to leave the hermitage so suddenly and uninvited by her royal lover, who promised to have her fetched with pomp and pageantry. With a nostalgic longing she asks the

sage: *Tāta, kada nu khalu bhūyopi tapovanam drakshyāmi?*[3]

Third, the most Franciscan or Wordsworthian farewell to the fauna and flora of the hermitage. Such is the close fellowship between man and nature. One can appreciate the full force of Ryder's observation that in Kalidasa we find in full perfection this kinship with nature which in Europe finds a mention only in the nineteenth century.

I in their delicate fellowship was one.

To Shakuntala the *vanajyotsna* creeper is a sister; to Kashyapa the creeper is a daughter: *Asyām aham tvayicha samprati vitachintah.* Shakuntala is one who has been characterized by:—

Nādatte priyamandanāpi bhavatām snehena yā pallavam[4]

The delivery of the deer is an event in her emotional life. We are reminded of the most innocent proof (and more convincing than the ring) she narrates to Dushyanta: *Sarvah sagandheshu viśvasiti dvāvapi khalu aranyakau*[5]. Dirghapanga is *putrakṛtaka.* This is not something special about Shakuntala. The *tāpasi* in Act 7 refers to the animals of the hermitage: *Apatyanirviśeṣāni sattvāni.*

Fourth, perhaps the leave-taking takes on an edge when we remember *"ati snehah pāpaśaṅkī"*[6] and *"nalinipatrāntaritamapi sahacharamapaśyantī āturā chakravākī arauti"*[7] and the subsequent events.

All this ineffable and delicate poetry should not blind us to its dramatic ineffectiveness. Even a novice today has to say that the act is wanting in action. If drama is a condition of mind, is just a swim in emotional tides, the judgment implied in the *śloka* is unimpeachable. But today we think of drama as action, as conflict, as the clash of wills, a tug of war between Right and Wrong, Right and Right, Bad and Worse. If drama is complex and multi-voiced then there is no drama in the fourth act. From the dramatic point of view the fifth act is a superb achievement. Lest our modern view appear iconoclastic, another anonymous verse deserves to be quoted. The fourth act is poetry; the fifth act is dramatic poetry of a high order.

Śakuntalā chaturthonkah
Sarvotkṛṣta iti prathā
Na sarvasammatā yasmāt
Panchamosti tatodhikah

Dushyanta's *Pratyutpannamati strainamiti yaduchyate...*; Shakuntala's *Anārya...ṛnachinnakūpopamasya tavanukṛtīm pratipatsyate*; Sharngarava's *Ataḥ parikshya kartavyam viśeṣāt sangatam rahah*; Gautami's *Karuṇaparidevinī Śakuntalā...pratyādesaparushe bhartāri kim vā me putrikā karoti*; Sharadvata's *Virama tvam idānīm*; Somarata's *Vatse anugachcha mām*; the

door-keeper's *Idṛsam nāma sukhopanatam rūpam dṛstvā konyo vichārayati*; Hamsapadika's *Madhukara vismṛtosi enām katham;* the Vidushaka's *Avagato aksharārthaḥ*; the Kanchuki's *Shasṭhāmsavṛtterapi dharma eshaḥ*[8]—these are the many conflicting or individual voices in sharp anger with each other, are the sharp rifle shots that singe the air. The fifth act is superb drama which spotlights complex points of view.

A quartet of *ślokas* in the fourth act is said to be the very epitome of poetic excellence. The fifth *śloka* is one: "*Yāsyati adya Śakuntaleti...*," in which Kanwa with great imaginative sympathy comments on the searing feelings of householders. The eighth one is another: "*Pātum na prathamam vyavasyati jalam...*," in which the creepers with which Shakuntala lived in delicate fellowship are asked to give their consent to her departure. The sixteenth is the third: "*Asmān sadhu vichintya...*," in which Kanwa with restraint and dignity and courtesy suggests to the king how he should treat Shakuntala. And the seventeenth is the fourth: "*Sushrūsasva gurūn ...*," in which the wholesomest parental advice to a daughter going to another house is given.

Are these *ślokas* superior to the rest? It is true that the first rouses very tender and affecting feelings in all. It paints the numbness, the desolation, that overcome us at the departure of a beloved daughter of the house. The second is a poetical testament of delicate fellowship with nature. That is the life the hermits lived. The verse is not a poetical fancy but a rich fact; Shakuntala has "*vanajyotsna*" for her sister; she tends the deer injured by *darbha* grass. In the third, Kanwa, though a hermit, reveals surprising awareness of the world. The royal son-in-law was told that the wealth of the father-in-law lay in austerities, that his union with Shakuntala was "*abāndhavakṛta,*" that he should treat her as generously as he treated his other wives, that the rest was her luck. More should not be demanded by the parents of the girl. The fourth is the most sensible parental advice, followed by one of those astonishing gestures of courtesy: *Katham vā Gautami manyate?*[9] The substance of the *śloka* is the very foundation of Hindu domestic felicity: "*Adwaitam sukhaduhkhayoh...*" In Bhasa's play, Mahasena says that his daughter has attained the age of serving parents-in-law; he does not say that she has come of marriageable age. Draupadi tells Satyabhama: *Nityam āryām mahām Kuntim virasūm satya-vādinīm swayam paricharāmi enam pānāchchadanabhojanaih.*[10] The *śloka* reminds us of the finest of Bhasa's verses concerning the ideal wife: "*Duhkhārte mayi duhkhitā...*" or the picture of the *sviya* in *Rasamañjari*: "*Gatāgata kutūhalam....*"

Still it is hard to approve of the selection of those four as the crown and

capital of Kalidasa's poetry even in the *Śākuntalam*. When we have verses like "*Ramyāni vīkshya...*" "*Anāghrātam puṣpam...*" "*Alakshyadantamukulāni...*" (which won the appreciation of Chezy) or "*Bhagnam śarāsanamiva atirushā smarasya...*" the traditional selection seems to be just personal or individual.

The play is regarded by traditions as the finest example of *śṛṅgāra*. It is. But is that all? The Dushyanta who is overcome by Shakuntala-disease (*langhita esha bhūyopi Śākuntalavyādhinā*) is the Dushyanta who prays:—

Mamāpicha kshapayatu nīlalohitah
Punarbhavam...[11]

What is the play about? Is it a challenge to Buddhism? Does it suggest the supremacy of Fate?

Tayōdvayasya yugapat vyasanodayabhyām
Loko niyamyata iva atma dasāntarēshu.

Shall we say that the poet implies a kind of debate between the life of the forest-dwellers and the townsmen? Sharngarava feels mutilated by the multitude of men: "*Janākirnam manye hutavahaparitam gṛhamiva.*" To Sharadvata the people are unbathed, smelly and dozing: "*prabuddhamiva suptam.*" Gautami observes that forest-dwellers are without guile: "*Tapovanasamvardhito anabhijno ayam janah kaitavasya.*" The Vidushaka's indictment of the king is summed up in: "*Pindakharjūraih udvejitasya tintrinyām abhilashōbhavēt.*"[12] In *As You Like It* Touchstone sums up his views on life in the court and in the forest inclining to neither: "Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious."

Is the play about childlessness and the misery thereof, as the Sonnets of Shakespeare are said to refer to the problem of succession indirectly? The play opens with a blessing: "*Chakravartinam putram āpnuhi.*"[13] The Queen Mother is worried about her son's childlessness. The King finds a void in his life: "*Kaṣtam khalu anapatyatā*"—when he is informed of Dhanamitra's dying without issue. He has abandoned his wife: "*Vasundharā kāla ivoptabijā.*" The fate of his ancestors is sealed: "*Dhautāsruśeṣam udakam pitaraḥ pibanti.*" Later he says: "*Anapatyatā vatsalayati*" and envies those soiled by their children's dirt: "*Dhanyāḥ tadangarajasā malinibhavanti....*"

Is the theme, as Tagore suggests, the transformation of lust into love, of flesh into spirit, of youth into motherhood, of a royal rake into a devoted husband, of the young year's blossoms into the fruits of the year's decline, of earth into heaven, of the expense of spirit into the marriage of true minds? It is relevant to mention that Tagore's interpretation is not at all

justified by the play. To brand Dushyanta as a royal rake is not only injustice but insult. Dushyanta is not a Lothario and "the tear-stained song of a stricken heart" (Tagore describes the song of Hamsapadika thus) does not draw aside the curtain and reveal sterile and wasting lust. That is importing modern ideas into the *Śākuntalam*. Tagore's essay seems to have been written with the *Mahabharata* story more than Kalidasa's play in mind. Or does the play illustrate that what is easily won is quickly forgotten, that what is lost and found is more precious than what has never been lost?

> And ruined love, when it is built anew,
> Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.

Or has the Upanishadic sentence: "*Tamasomā jyotirgamaya,*" assumed the form of a play? We march from darkness to light, from the unreal to the real, from death to immortality. In Greek plays anagnorisis and peripety have an important bearing on the play. In the fifth act Dushyanta has eyes that see not. The awareness in the next act leads him from change to normalcy of intense love. The title is *Abhijñānaśākuntalam*: "Shakuntala Brought to Mind by the Signet." The verbal form of this is used only once in the play: in the speech of Gautami in the fifth act: *Tvam bharta abhijñāsyate,*" when she asks Shakuntala to lift her veil a little. Māricha makes use of the same imagery: "*Chāya vibhati na malopahata prasāde.*" The blind man thrusts aside even a garland thinking it to be a serpent: "*Srajamapi śirasi andhaḥ kshiptam dhunoti ahiśankayā.*" The king is roused from a kind of mental lesion or amnesia. In this respect it is like *Hamlet,* one of the themes of which is bringing to light what is hidden.

> Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose
> Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
> Made purple riot....

Is Kanwa's hermitage Kalidasa's Utopia? The *outopic* revulsion from reality and the *eutopic* desire for a better world seem to be synthesized in the seventh act. Kanwa's Hermitage is Kalidasa's Dream; Hastinapura is his Fact. Dream and Fact could be reconciled only on Hemakuta.

The uniqueness of the *Śākuntalam* may consist precisely in this appeal at various levels. It is the multifoliate rose of implication and suggestion.

(*To be concluded*)

K. VISWANATHAM

NOTES TO SANSKRIT PASSAGES IN THE ABOVE

[Shri VISWANATHAM quotes profusely and happily from Kalidasa's actual Sanskrit text, and those familiar with even a little Sanskrit will feel the delight of those marvellous words being quoted direct. For the convenience of those who do not read Sanskrit, the following bare indications are given, to bridge as far as possible the gaps in their enjoyment of the article. A few phrases, which are explained by the context or paraphrased by Shri Viswanatham, are not translated.—ED.]

[1] Who that has tasted its delight is able to renounce her bared beauty?

[2] Father, how shall we enter this hermitage, void as it were, emptied of Shakuntala?

[3] Father, when indeed shall I again see this hermitage?

[4] She who, though loving ornament, from love of you plucked no leaf... [This is addressed to the sylvan deities and the trees of the hermitage.]

[5] All trust in their own kind — you are both woodland creatures. [Dushyanta had said this when a thirsty deer in the hermitage would not take from him the water it drank happily from Shakuntala's hands.]

[6] Great love is always fearing evil.

[7] When separated from her mate by even a lotus-leaf, the *chakravaki* bird cries out piteously, not seeing him.

[8] The speeches mean, respectively:

DUSHYANTA: This is why it is said that feminine wit is prompt!

SHAKUNTALA: Ignoble!... [who else] would be like you...a pit covered with fair grass?

SHARNGARAVA: Hence should companionship be formed after having carefully examined the companion....

GAUTAMI: Poor Shakuntala!... What will my girl do, being repudiated harshly by her husband?

SHARADVATA: Cease [speaking] now.

SOMARATA: Follow me, child.

DOOR-KEEPER: Who else would cogitate if such beauty came to him unsought?

HAMSAPADIKA: O bee, how are you forgotten...!

VIDUSHAKA: [Has Your Honour] understood the verse's meaning?

KANCHUKI: Such is the *dharma* of those who live by the sixth portion [traditionally due to kings as their revenue].

[9] Or how does Gautami think?

[10] Always I serve in person the noble Kunti, the truthful, with food, drink, coverings....

[11] This is a prayer for release from rebirth.

[12] In one surfeited with sweets will arise a craving for tamarind!

[13] May you obtain a son who will be Universal Emperor!

PIERRE CERESOLE

[**Mr. F. A. Lea,** a writer and social worker of the same thoughtful, candid, morally integral type as his subject, and biographer of the late John Middleton Murry, writes in this article of a profoundly *honest* thinker who achieved the Carlylean "originality" that Mr. Lea refers to in both his writing and his life by being detached and sincere.—ED.]

IT IS GIVEN TO FEW to be great, but absolutely any man can be original—simply because every man *is* original. No two are born with identically the same constitution (Maine de Biran held that our ways of feeling differ as much as our faces); no two have ever identically the same experience. Let a man only be true to his *own* constitution, therefore, speak only from his *own* experience, and he can no more escape originality than a thief can escape his thumb-print. What is more, his originality will be of the only kind worth anything at all, for that was a true saying of Carlyle's—it ought to be engraved over the door of every art-school—"The merit of *originality* is not novelty; it is sincerity."

Nobody would suggest that Pierre Ceresole was a great writer. He himself would have denied that he was a writer at all. In his private idiom, *littérateur* stood for "amusing oneself with ideas." His distrust of words, indeed, was almost excessive. "Words hardly enable us to find fellowship any more," he said once: "...true fellowship is renewed in action." In action, accordingly, he spent himself. But for the piety of his widow and friends, even the all-too-brief selection from his notebooks and letters entitled *For Peace and Truth* (Bannisdale Press, 1954) would never have found its way into print.

Yet action includes the act of writing. Ceresole would not have been Ceresole if he had not done that too as well as possible; and his talent, though modest, was by no means contemptible. Just because he did strive, and successfully, to "become what he was," therefore, this record may well outlast the more novel productions of many more gifted pens.

Pierre Ceresole was born in 1879, at Lausanne, the son of a Federal Judge and former President of the Swiss Republic. He was educated at the Gymnase de Lausanne, where he learned Classics, at Zurich, where he took a Doctorate of Mechanical Engineering, and at Munich, where he studied physics and mathematics under Röntgen. All these studies are reflected in his notes: the Classics in their vigorous simplicity, the mechanics in a number of striking similes, the mathematics not only in similes, but in the use of the word *géometrie* as a synonym for "objectivity." Objectivity was Ceresole's master passion. It had already found expression in the prayer

of his eighteenth year, "Grant us the honesty to examine our own thoughts and actions just as scrupulously and severely as those of others."

How does such a passion originate? It is hard to say. But these notes and letters, jotted down as they were over forty years, supply at least part of the answer. There is an exquisite consistency about them—not the consistency that excludes contradictions, but the consistency of life itself, of a living, developing organism. They open with an affirmation of life:—

> All these folk whose gloomy morality is centred in renunciation are forgetting altogether what is the essential thing. It is not morality, indispensable, absolutely indispensable and worthy of respect as that is, but it is joy, splendour, the magnificence of each and every human being. Virtue is only the means; the essence is life.

Ceresole's was the honesty of a man driven, by the force of life in himself, to discover anew the conditions of life, both for himself and others.

That, of course, meant calling in question and discarding whatever might check or choke life; and he had little respect for the forced self-denials of puritanism. "...deliberately willed morality is horrible," he insisted: "you have no right to be moral if it is not your joy, your highest form of artistic expression"; and again, "Each one must simply carry out, very scrupulously and exactly, and in all sincerity, the thing it is in him to do, developing a poetry of his own, according to the rhythm that is in him." His was an experimental morality.

Experiment of this sort, however, scrupulously and exactly conducted, has nothing to do with what commonly goes by the name, the casual self-indulgence of those whose rationalism is mere rationalization:—

> Some go-ahead folk can see that a particular rule hitherto regarded as fundamental is now merely a hindrance, but others are ignoramuses taking away pieces without any idea of their importance. The props must be taken down with the utmost caution, experimentally. You need revolutionary people to prevent obsolete pieces from obstructing the workmen; you also need conservatives so that the whole thing doesn't collapse all of a sudden.

Ceresole's action was never a reaction.

Thus, though he questioned much and discarded much, the first things to go, in his case, were not the rules against self-indulgence, but the means to it. At the very outset, a career—the respectable, world-secluded, world-excluding academic career that lay open to him. Instead of accepting a professorship in Switzerland, he proceeded, at the age of thirty, to work his way across America as a labourer, and thence, *via* Hawaii, to Japan. Next, financial security. Brought face to face with the stultification of life

by possessions—and, as always, examining his own actions as strictly as others'—he turned over his entire earnings in Hawaii, some 15,000 dollars, to a local benefaction. Thenceforward he never had more than the bare means of subsistence.

Ceresole's experimentalism bore as little resemblance to hedonism as his renunciation to puritanism. The former was scientific, the latter spontaneous. And precisely because this was spontaneous, prompted by life itself, it made for life more abundant. The greater his detachment, the greater his sense of identity with all that lives, the stronger his persuasion that all are "cells in a much larger organism" with a will transcending their own, and, incidentally, the deeper his reverence for the spirit embodied in Christ:—

> Jesus Christ: What a radiant figure! I suggest you make short work of all the theologians, without the least scruple, and of all the scholars. If he never existed, it makes absolutely no difference to us,—since he exists *now*.

It is not surprising that, with such a conviction, Ceresole should have found himself at loggerheads with churchmen, on his return to Europe in 1914. He had no illusions about the acquisitive society. Having faced the fear of insecurity in himself, he could detect it wherever it hid; and nothing exasperated him more—nothing brought him nearer downright intolerance—than to hear the name of Christ invoked in defence of a society grounded in fear and greed:—

> You are indignant about the war. Did you get indignant about the daily injustices which made it not only necessary, but desirable? It is not the war which is terrible, but the lack of harmony which it reveals. A lack of harmony, moreover, which is tolerated with scandalous ease where social questions are concerned.

To Ceresole, the First World War appeared as a judgment, brought on itself by a civilization that put money before men: "War is here because men deserve it; poison circulates in the system, and suddenly comes out as an abscess." For this reason it did not take him by surprise, as it did so many of his contemporaries—and how superficial, beside his, sound most of their diagnoses!

Naturally, he stood out against the war, so far as was possible to the citizen of a neutral country. He refused to pay the tax on men exempt from military service, and made more than one public protest on behalf of imprisoned conscientious objectors. Because his impetus was an affirmation, however, he himself could not rest in conscientious objection. Action meant creative action; and it is by his creation, immediately after

the war, of the Service Civile Internationale that he will be best remembered. It was in pick-and-shovel work among the destitute of India and Spain that he discovered his distinctive vocation, the "task" upon which all his talents and training converged.

Not that Ceresole was a great organizer or administrator. Even as a man of action his talents were modest. But here as in the literary—indeed, as in every—field, it is originality more than talent that counts in the long run. Despite the interruption of a Second World War, despite the clang of iron and rattle of bamboo curtains, the Service Civile still carries on: inconspicuous, like its founder, yet perhaps as effective in repairing the shattered confidence between peoples as many a more spectacular project launched under banner headlines.

The Service Civile was not a pacifist organization, nor was Ceresole himself a sectarian. In fact, his fundamentally affirmative nature could bring him into collision, occasionally, with some of his pacifist co-workers. Of particular interest, in this connection, are his comments on Gandhi—whom, within the limits of *géometrie,* he admired intensely.

Gandhi happened to mention one of his cooks, who was about to get married. "Now," he sighed, "animal desire too has awoken in her." Ceresole's response was instantaneous:—

> Animal desire! As if real, incarnate life in its entirety was not of this sort, and rightly and nobly so.... How ugly and uniquely animal is this depressingly arid way of looking at things. Mahatma insists: "there is nothing spiritual in marriage." Then where is there anything spiritual? ... For Gandhi himself (as for St. James) it is only in service that the spiritual is truly and worthily manifested, that is, in help given to men to enable them to live as social beings on this earth. Extraordinary that a man should be interested in a religion that shows itself in helping peasants to make good butter, to spin cotton, to clear the garbage from their streets, and yet appear to have no enthusiasm for the loveliest and most immediate things of life, the most directly beautiful, love and scientific truth.

That this was no conviction of the moment, other entries in the notebooks attest. Considerably earlier he had written, for example, "Religion should be essentially a hallowing of the love of man and woman, of the very source of life, linking it with something infinitely vaster and more profound"—an intuition the more remarkable in one who was not to marry until his sixty-third year.

It was not only Hindu puritanism that shocked him. He was often at issue with British Quakers over the question of alternative service for

conscientions objectors, since, unlike some, he could never adopt a purely negative attitude towards the democratic State either. Prepared though he was, Socratically, to break its laws when they conflicted with conscience, and take the consequences, he was still keenly alive to its religious inspiration and achievement. It was these that he wished to see furthered. Consequently he found nothing incongruous in the idea of a Government's sponsoring the Service Civile itself.

That idea, unhappily, was not destined to realization, at least in his lifetime. Switzerland has not yet established even such provisions for conscientious objectors as exist in Britain and Scandinavia; and Ceresole's last years, which were also the last years of the Second World War, were embittered by repeated imprisonments incurred through his share in the conscientious objectors' witness—imprisonments that probably hastened his death in October 1945.

Saddened as he was, however, he was never soured. His zest for life survived to the last, even though —or perhaps because—he was ready to part with life at any moment. And so did his toleration—the surest index to continued growth. For a man whose whole nature is involved in the quest for truth, whose every insight is an inspiration to action and every action a key to fresh insights complementing and correcting the earlier, soon learns that the quest is endless, "final truth" just one more possession to be surrendered along with the rest. One of the latest entries in these notebooks reads as follows:—

> Lord, make us charitable and modest, if possible. Deliver us from fanaticism, from the conviction that we alone have a message from thee, that having the thesis, no one else has the right to contribute the antithesis, or at the next stage, the synthesis.
>
> It is for us to make the synthesis between what is good in the militarist and in constructive, heroic peace.

Originality, if it means no more than being true to one's own constitution, speaking only from one's own experience, may sound an easy thing to achieve. In fact it is the hardest of all, if only because it exacts self-knowledge—objectivity refined to total detachment. It is this objectivity that shines from Pierre Ceresole's *pensées*—and, unless I am much mistaken, will shine on for many years yet.

F. A. LEA

THE CREATIVE PERSONALITY

[**Miss Margaret Tims,** free-lance writer and playwright and editor of *Peace and Freedom,* is devoted to pacifism and interested in seeking solutions to political and social problems on the basis of non-violence. In concluding the previous article to which she refers at the opening of this, she wrote: "And it may be that in sketching the outlines of a new kind of society we shall also discover a new self." This article is her essay in exploring "the structure and functions of the peaceful, or creative, personality."

It is a remarkably undogmatic approach, free from any strained flights after the "superman"; but it emerges in the gentle insight that "to apprehend beyond ourselves, to 'feel for others,' is our only means of salvation." — ED.]

IT has been suggested in a previous article[1] that one of the requisites for the establishment of a peaceful society is to accept the existence of conflict. The causes of conflict between, and within, nations are comparatively easy to find and—given the will—to cure, since they are largely due to material disparity. It was also said that we must re-examine not only our institutions, but the "springs of action" of our personal and social lives.

Conflict between national groups has its corollary in the conflicts of interest between, and within, individuals. The causes of conflict at this level are much more difficult to isolate than in external clashes of material interests.

In order to discover their roots we have to begin with ourselves and work outwards: there is no "given" set of rules, although we may find a surprisingly large area of common ground through the pooling of individual experiences. This "pool," down the ages, has provided a reservoir of knowledge that to some extent can be relayed; but it must constantly be replenished from new springs if it is not to grow stale and stagnate.

As our first standard of comparison we might take the point where we left off in considering the "peaceful society": how to improve our social institutions. If we realize that every human institution, however imperfect, had its inception as the outcome of a human need, we shall not waste time and energy on "anti" propaganda. The Catholic Church fulfils one such need, the Communist Party another. Or perhaps they are only varying expressions of the same need—which is very wide-spread—for a life of order and purpose directed by an authority. These institutions could as

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[1] "Towards a Peaceful Society," by MARGARET TIMS, THE ARYAN PATH, August 1959, p. 359.—ED.

easily work in co-operation as in antagonism, ministering respectively to spiritual and material welfare, if they were willing to recognize that each has only a limited sphere of interest, that neither is the sole repository of truth.

This comparison is only used as an illustration of the diversity of form which our basic needs—all equally legitimate—may take. It would probably be generally agreed, however, that the mainspring for all action is the desire to "create." If this desire is not a living and potent one in a community, we get the situation of a "power *élite*" imposing its will on the passively-accepting majority—and whether the society is technically a democracy or a totalitarian state is by the way. For we can only create out of our own "creativity." We cannot be taught creation from books (although we can learn what it is) or buy it ready-made. We have, therefore, to find out what constitutes a truly "creative personality," and how to encourage its growth so as to enhance the quality of life all round.

The general principles which are based on common experience have to be adapted by each one of us to our own capacities and circumstances. If we are honest, we have to admit that the primary concern of all of us is our own survival. It would be both foolish and wrong to try and change this, to substitute some mythical "higher motive" to which we must submit ourselves. There is no higher aim than to stay alive! But to accept this aim creatively means seeing that our own survival is not at the expense of others; that, in the long run, in fact, it depends on them—no one could stay alive for long, and remain human, on an uninhabited and inaccessible island.

To avoid exploitation of people and resources, of course, requires self-discipline: the discipline of putting ourselves in perspective with the universe and finding our own place in it, neither exaggerating nor belittling our own importance. We are all supremely important inasmuch as the reality of existence can only be established through our own perceptions; but woefully unimportant if we imagine that our own perceptions reach the limits of existence or are the only ones that matter. We shall soon discover our error as we feel the clash of those differing, and equally tangible, perceptions that stream towards us from all sides. How can we, not avoid the clash, but meet it creatively?

Perhaps the least creative way of meeting it is by the erection of defence-mechanisms within ourselves. At some stages of development, defence-mechanisms are a necessary means of self-preservation. They are perhaps the only weapon of youth, which is harried on all sides to become this or that when it is still uncertain, or unaware, of what it ought to become.

They may also, I think, be legitimately used at later stages against immature or ignorant attacks. Parents, for instance, are sometimes as much in need of protection, or insulation, from the importunities of their children as the other way round.

The disadvantage of defence-mechanisms is that they tend to acquire a powerful life of their own. The problem then, as with nuclear weapons, is how to discard them when they have outlived their usefulness and become an encumbrance rather than an aid to further growth. The only possible substitute for defence-mechanisms, whether in dealing with children or would-be dictators, would seem to be the acquisition of fully adult, or human, standards ourselves. Too many parents do not have these standards, and resort to bribery or blackmail as an easy way out. Too many citizens just "can't be bothered" to protest against and resist the crimes that are committed in their names. And yet, resistance to sterile and destructive policies in their early stages is our only means of asserting our humanity against the "power *élite*."

Adherence to human principles, and resistance to non-human ones, are both vital to the maintenance of creativity. But we should not let this, or any attitude, become a dogma. Along with it should go flexibility and open-mindedness to new knowledge. In some situations, it may not be "humanly" possible to behave as a human being should, and we had better admit it. If we are forced to say: "I would rather die than act like that!" then we have to record a failure; because in dying we have ceased to be human too. The only human choice is, as Mr. T. S. Eliot has put it, in "living and partly living."

Only thus, by trial and error, can we improve our lot. Perhaps the doctrine of the "superman" is the most dangerous fallacy of all. Although we exist at different levels, we cannot get "above ourselves." To be human in the highest sense is not to be perfect by any absolute standard. There is no such thing as a "perfect" human being; there can only be human beings in "perfect" relation to life. If this relation is seen as a kind of balance it is not an impossible aim, because perfect balance, or true balance, does exist as a measurable scientific fact.

We are all more or less unbalanced, in spite of our perpendicular gait; it is perhaps part of our human condition to be so. At best, we represent only one side of the balance, held in being by the tension at the other end. Our own personal imbalance is complemented, and mitigated, by the imbalance of others, and in that way the general balance of nature is preserved. This is nowhere more apparent than in relations between the sexes: if either could attain a state of complete balance within itself they

would not need each other and the human race would quickly come to an end. So that sex, through which desire to create has its most general application, is an integral element of our humanity and presents the greatest challenge to all our most human qualities. Merely to keep the race ticking over by routine reproduction is no more "creative" than the copy of an Old Master is an original work of art. We can only succeed in this relation to the extent that we are able to engage all our forces and lay bare both bodies and souls.

To obtain a complete understanding of, and respect for, the personality of even one other human being—or perhaps of oneself—is so difficult that most people turn aside from the attempt and settle for something less; hence the very small proportion of real marriages. But even though complete understanding may be impossible, we can at least get the issues clear by according to each element in life its proper due. It is unrealistic to extend physical standards to the non-physical world, or to try and comprehend the physical world by purely intellectual means. Spirit must speak to spirit, sense to sense, in its own time and place. We cannot get the lines crossed, as so often they are, and hope for a satisfactory communication. We can only achieve our perfect human balance when all our elements are correctly attuned, both with each other and with the outside world.

There is no one answer to this equation. Everybody must find his own. As a criterion, it could be said that any standpoint has validity that can find a "correspondence," or corroboration, outside itself. For most people, this means the correspondence with their own kind that finds its deepest expression in "love." But corroboration may also be found in religion, in art, or in a scientific or political theory. We cannot say that any of these means is the best or only one, or that they are mutually exclusive. In this sense, there is no such thing as "sublimation." We have no alchemy to change our natural properties; we can only direct them in line with our dominant needs.

To decide this direction, we have to know not only ourselves but our purposes and ends. If our aim is social or material success we shall adopt one course of action; if it is understanding of life we shall have to adopt quite another. To imagine that we can use the same means to both ends is as foolish as trying to crack an eggshell with a sledge-hammer or concrete with a pin. We have to use the right tools for the job, and then it will be accomplished. If we do not succeed in our chosen job, we may be sure that either our choice or our equipment is faulty. There is no other "success," in a creative sense, than the synthesis of ends and means.

If everything is "relationship," how can we evaluate any binding standards or laws? And without such standards and laws, what is the meaning of life? Is it merely an endless flux of renewal and decay? And what is the point of it, if that is all?

The point is perhaps the "law of relation" itself, which enables us to impose our own interpretative pattern, both as individuals and as groups, on the universal chaos. We see then that the chaos itself has a pattern, existing beyond and independently of our own sense-perceptions, of which our perceptions may only be a shadow or reflection: an "other-dimensional" relation, in fact. Examples of this relatedness can range from the rotation of the planets and the pull of the tides to the blink of an eyelid or the turn of a screw, encompassing both the animate and inanimate worlds, the animal, vegetable and mineral creations. There is no escape from this law: either we accede to it or we accede to the coming of chaos.

In concrete and immediate terms, what does this mean for *us*? What should we do, to maintain ourselves in relation with the universe? First and foremost, as has been said, by maintaining our own being in its elemental sense; which means, literally, in its own element. The "human" element is not that of an angel, or a devil, or of an animal, a plant or a rock. It may partake of all of these, and yet remain unique. Nature is indifferent to our fate, but we are not indifferent to hers. We are "involved in mankind," and in every other kind that we are capable of apprehending; and to apprehend beyond ourselves, to "feel for others," is our only means of salvation. That is the truly human vision, the justification for our continued existence. It has been concentrated, perhaps, in Albert Schweitzer's doctrine of "reverence for life": a concept that is simple enough to be universally understandable, and profound enough to have a universal application. If we act in accordance with this principle, in whatever situation, we shall not go far wrong.

Without vision, it has been truly said, the people perish. Can we go on violating our involvement, by misusing our powers and needs, and hope to survive?

MARGARET TIMS

MODERN MATERIALISM

[**Dr. S. N. L. Shrivastava, M.A., D.LITT.,** Head of the Department of Philosophy, Jabalpur University, describes in this essay the attempts at "a more subtle and adequate kind of materialism," with many direct quotations from distinguished writers of that school. We are in agreement with him in finding that, even on a sympathetic consideration, modern materialism is both an unsatisfactory account of the nature of consciousness and an unconvincing basis for morality. — ED.]

A GROUP of American scientists and philosophers has brought out a very interesting and notable book, a co-operative volume entitled *Philosophy for the Future,* edited by Roy Wood Sellars, V. J. McGill and Marvin Farber.[1] The book purports to be, as its subtitle indicates, "The Quest of Modern Materialism." It aims at "the exploration and reformulation of materialism," not, of course, of materialism of the older and the cruder type, but of "a more subtle and adequate kind of materialism." While the older materialism sought to explain all levels of existence, the inorganic and the organic alike, by the same physico-chemical laws of primary matter, modern materialism is characterized by the recognition of higher and distinctive "integrative levels of organization" to which physico-chemical explanation is inadequate.

> The inorganic and organic constitute distinctive levels, which can be referred to as lower and higher, in the sense that organic material systems are more highly organized and more complex, exhibiting new behaviour traits. There are also many subsidiary levels, gradients, and resonances within the inorganic and the organic. Within the organic, for example, we have cell, tissue, organ, organ system, organism, and population. Each level except the first contains all lower levels within it. For example, the tissue contains cells, which in turn have chemical components. The cell within a tissue, however, does not behave just as it does outside the tissue. Chemistry within the cell, too, is altered by the envelope which contains it. The one-floor plan of the classical biological mechanism is thus superseded by a modern structure displaying many diverse stories. The top stories, however, are always supported by the lower floors; and all floors must rest upon the ground floor studied by physics and chemistry.[2]

Such is the architectonic design of the universe envisaged by the modern materialist. He bridges the gulf between the inorganic and the organic by making the former the footstool of the latter, but he is opposed to all

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[1] The Macmillan Company, New York, 1949.

[2] *Philosophy for the Future,* Foreword, p. vi.

kinds of vitalism and general teleology. "The materialist makes himself at home in the world, not by investing Nature with purpose, but by transforming it to meet his needs."[3]

In one respect the modern materialist stands in sharp contrast to other *modern* trends of thought. Though "insisting on the indispensability of highly specialized, detached studies of various subject matters," he "recognizes the equal importance of integrating special departmental studies into a comprehensive world view" and thus ensures "the possibility of satisfying man's need for a comprehensive picture of the universe."[4] It is gratifying to note that the modern materialist does not discard the ancient conception of philosophy as the synoptic understanding of reality. His modernity, however, consists in his confidence of rising equal to the task by scientific methods alone.

In its epistemological position, modern materialism is realistic. It thoroughly approves of New Realism, which does not resolve matter into sense-data or any kind of neutral stuff. It also regards Critical Realism as "on the whole" closer to it. "Both schools, however, were myopic, restricting their interest to a few epistemological and metaphysical questions, whereas the gamut of materialist theory goes far beyond."[5]

Modern materialism is humanist and anti-supernaturalist in the most thoroughgoing manner. It is

> opposed to any other criterion of human value and policy than human needs and aspirations. It combats all forms of authoritarianism in morals and arts, opposes reduction of ethics to mere formalism, and rejects the appeal to any supposed extranatural source of experience.[6]

No longer is "materialism" to be treated as a term of opprobrium, but it is becoming, the Editors say at the close of their lucid Foreword to the volume, a perennial philosophy which "deserves a more systematic and penetrating study than it has received, up to now, at the hands of scientists and philosophers."

What has brought matter into disrepute? Why do philosophers look askance when the word "matter" is introduced into their discussions? What brought in the idealistic ill wind of "to be is to be perceived" to disturb the placid waters of realistic thinking? It is a faulty account of the human knowing, says Roy Wood Sellars. In "a neglect of the full-bodied background of actual, *plein-air* perceiving with its awareness of

[3] *Ibid.*, Foreword, p. vii.
[4] *Ibid.*
[5] *Ibid.*, Foreword, p. x.
[6] *Ibid.*, Foreword, p. ix.

the organic self, poised for action or alert,"[7] Sellars scents the source of the mischief. The Locke-Berkeley-Hume empirical approach to the problem of perception, Sellars thinks, has done the greatest disservice to philosophy by giving a faulty account of the perceptual situation, in which the mind or the soul is simply a passive recipient of sensations and sensations themselves are nothing but *termini* of physico-physiological processes, existing in and by themselves, as mental or subjective processes, locked up within the inner cabin of the mind.

This account overlooks the factor of alert directedness on the part of the organism, its attitude of "intent," "response" or "reference" whereby sensation is made continuous with overt action and ends in a manipulation of the objective environment. A full-blooded account of the perceptual process would require its statement in the form of a circuit: Stimuli—Central Physiological Condions—Responses, the S–C–R formula. Perceiving a book, for example, does not consist simply in having a sensation of the book in the mind, a mere subjective process, but is continuous with an overt action, say, taking the book from the shelf. Sensation is not the *terminus* of a physico-physiological process, but a *link* in a circuit which brings it not only in touch with, but into the actual manipulation of, *terra firma*. This account of perception, therefore, is regarded by Sellars as "pivotal for materialistic realism." For a fresh and thorough account of this perceptual theory, the reader is advised to refer to a very recent article of Sellars in *Mind*.[8]

Sellars claims for his theory conformity with biology and Gestalt psychology, which emphasize the point that the unit is a pattern. It is the emphasis on the pattern of stimulus-and-response integrated together, or the sensory-motor circuit, which distinguishes Sellars's account of the "how" of perceiving from that of the older philosophers.

From epistemology, let us now turn to the materialist account of life. To *Philosophy for the Future* J. B. S. Haldane contributes an essay on "Interaction of Physics, Chemistry and Biology." This essay explains the problems of "life" in materialistic terms. Haldane opines that, though it cannot be confidently said that an account of the phenomena of life is possible in terms of physics and chemistry as existing today, it promises to be possible in terms of physics and chemistry as developed in future. As all consistent materialists would do, Haldane draws our attention to the fact that "living substance is built up of the same kinds of atoms as are found in non-living material"—proteins, carbohydrates, fats, nucleic

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 82.

[8] R. W. SELLARS: "Sensations as Guides to Perceiving" (*Mind*, January 1959).

acids, carbon atoms, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, cadmium, vanadium sodium, potassium, magnesium, calcium, chlorine, etc.

> No sort of atom is peculiar to life, nor is there any evidence that anything leaves the body at death. A certain pattern of chemical events comes to an end, but there is no suggestion that vital spirits escape. Life is characterized by certain transformations of matter and energy. The energy is ordinary energy, as the matter is ordinary matter.[9]

Haldane sees no reason to draw any line of distinction between machines and living organisms. The Eniac calculator shows how "machines can be provided with something analogous to a memory." As higher living organisms have exteroceptors including sense organs which allow them to adjust themselves to their environments and proprioceptors which receive messages from the muscles, tendons and joints and allow them a fine regulation of movement, so also machines can be fitted with exteroceptors and proprioceptors. Haldane cites the instances of pilotless aeroplanes and torpedoes which move towards the sound of bursting shells detected by radar.

"Eniac calculation," Haldane tells us, "can solve not only mathematical but logical problems, and therefore at least suggests what may be the physical basis of thought."[10]

It seems to me that the proponents of the theory that a living organism is nothing better than a machine conveniently forget the fact that the machines owe their existence and their capacity to do what they can do to the intelligence of man. Has not the intelligence of man gone into the Eniac calculator, the pilotless aeroplane and the torpedo which moves towards a sound detected by radar? It would not be out of place to adduce here an interesting argument advanced by Eddington to rebut the theory under consideration:—

> If, for example, we admit that every thought in the mind is represented in the brain by a characteristic configuration of atoms, then if natural law determines the way in which the configurations of atoms succeed one another it will simultaneously determine the way in which thoughts succeed one another in the mind. Now the thought of "7 times 9" in a boy's mind is not seldom succeeded by the thought of "65." What has gone wrong? In the intervening moments of cogitation everything has proceeded by natural laws which are unbreakable. Nevertheless we insist that something has gone wrong. However closely we may associate thought with the physical machinery of the brain, the connection is

[9] *Philosophy for the Future*, p. 204.
[10] *Ibid.*, pp. 210–11.

> dropped as irrelevant as soon as we consider the fundamental property of thought — that it may be correct or incorrect. The machinery cannot be anything but correct. We say that the brain which produces "7 times 9 are 63" is better than the brain which produces "7 times 9 are 65"; but it is not as a servant of natural law that it is better.[11]

Much capital is made in contemporary thought of the correlation of mental processes to cerebro-neural processes, and from the fact of this correlation it is inferred that the former are generated by the latter or even that the two processes are of the same kind. As C. Judson Herrick puts it, "The colligation of our mental life with its bodily instrumentation ...is so intimate and so well validated by adequately controlled scientific evidence that it must be accepted as an organic relationship."[12] Must it be so accepted?

> That there is a close connection between a state of consciousness and the brain [writes Bergson], we do not dispute. But there is also a close connection between a coat and the nail on which it hangs, for, if the nail is pulled out, the coat falls to the ground. Shall we say, then, that the shape of the nail gives us the shape of the coat, or in any way corresponds to it?[13]

Let us now turn to the materialist account of values. John R. Reid contributes to *Philosophy for the Future* an essay on "The Nature and Status of Values." According to Reid the usual criticism that materialists cannot explain values within the framework of their philosophy is altogether unfounded. An explanation of values in materialist terms is possible. Here is a definition of value in its generic and substantive sense:—

> X is a value either positive or negative, is equivalent to saying that X is an *experience* which involves, among its immediate conditions and constituents, *at least* a motor-affective attitude, plus some given *content* towards which the attitude is directed, and to which it is thus *related*.[14]

A value content must be the immediate object of a positive or negative motor-affective attitude. When I am thirsty the taste and feel of a drink of cool water constitutes a value content for me. The peculiar materialist flavour in the theory of Reid is his denial of an absolute or intrinsic value content, the value of any content

> being relative to the interest-conditioned frame of reference in which it occurs. ...Value may be said to "accrue" to the content, or it may be

[11] A. S. EDDINGTON: *Science and the Unseen World*, pp. 35–36.
[12] *Philosophy for the Future*, p. 235.
[13] H. BERGSON: *Matter and Memory*, Introduction, p. xi.
[14] *Philosophy for the Future*, p. 454.

> imputed to it, or to some value property attached to one or more of its causal conditions; but I think no value can be found within the content itself.[15]

Are values subjective or objective? Reid's answer is that they are both. A value

> is subjective in the sense that it depends upon a subject, a motor-affective attitude being a necessary part of the value relation. But since the other necessary part of the value relation is an object, it is equally plain that value in this sense is objective. Asking whether it is one *or* the other, on the presupposition that it cannot be both, is like asking whether marriage is male *or* female.[16]

To the question whether values are "metaphysically objective" in the sense that they can exist independently of a subject, Reid's answer is a clear "No."

Is this account of values safe for morality? Reid has anticipated the objection that his account of the relativity of values might be regarded as unsafe for morality and has tried to argue that it is not so. We do not feel convinced by his argument. If values, particularly moral values, are not regarded as intrinsic and absolute but are relative to motor-affective attitudes and interest-conditioned frames of reference, the ballast of the moral vessel is surely lost. Granting their necessary relation to a subject (for which reason they can be called "subjective" only by a misleading use of the term), values have no meaning and have no significance for human life unless they are metaphysically objective. The objectivity of anything is not destroyed by its reality being communicated to the experience of a subject.

S. N. L. SHRIVASTAVA

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[15] *Ibid.*, p. 456.

MAHATMA GANDHI, MARTIN LUTHER KING AND THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

[**The Reverend Dr. Hazel Foster** is a retired American woman minister who has published a good deal in the U.S.A. on both Gandhi and Martin Luther King. She has done a great deal of teaching and also lectured extensively. During 1939–40 she visited India and had "two wonderful days at Sevagram and over a week at Santiniketan." She is tremendously interested in racial equality everywhere and has highly esteemed friends in all five "races." The Rev. Dr. Foster has been an active member of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and was professor for several years in Negro colleges — Spelman for women and Morehouse College School of Religion for men. — ED.]

JESUS' Sermon on the Mount early fascinated me. At eleven I decided to memorize those three chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, and carried in my mind such sayings as: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also" and "Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you."

In graduate studies I learned, however, that biblical scholars usually thought that this Sermon had been meant as an interim ethic, to be followed only until the end of the world, then expected shortly; or that it had only been meant for Jesus' most intimate disciples, to be "in the world but not of the world." Or perhaps that it was a glorious ideal but quite unattainable in such a world as ours. What tragic disillusionment! To me, then, it seemed almost too wonderful to be believed that I should come in contact with two men in my adult years who accepted it literally and completely, with amazing success!

A priceless privilege to me was my brief meeting with Gandhi. Soon after it his Partial Civil Disobedience programme began. I followed it excitedly as he permitted one follower after another to protest against India's participation in the War without Indians being consulted. Such followers made short speeches or shouted anti-war slogans. Vinoba Bhave, "the Walking Saint," came first. He addressed a small village audience as publicly announced and was promptly jailed as expected. Gandhi had insisted it be this simple "token protest" since France had just fallen, a terrible blow to Britain. Gandhi would never take advantage of an opponent's misfortune. It was Einstein who once said any nation would have to give up war if two per cent of its people got themselves arrested for the purpose. With Gandhi this was part of the expression of love ready to suffer without limit. Some years later Gandhi gave the kindly Hindu

greeting to his murderer. Once as I stood on the railway platform at Lucknow on my way to Allahabad I was introduced to a charming young Brahmin lady, Purnima Bannerji. When I remarked that my piled-up luggage was a burden, she answered gaily, "Oh, I have nothing at all to worry about today. The police are taking care of everything." She was on her way to jail.

In Allahabad I attended the dedication of a fine hospital built in memory of Jawaharlal Nehru's wife, Kamala, who had died just five years before. Gandhi was there to give the address and open the door. Many thousands attended. Madame Pandit's two older daughters were there with her younger sister. But where were Madame Pandit herself and her brother, Pandit Nehru, to whom the occasion meant the most of all? In jail.

The beloved and famous poet, Mrs. Naidu, was imprisoned, but when her health was obviously in danger, she was freed, whereupon she made a long journey to Gandhi's mud hut in Sevagram to ask for further orders! So it went, until Gandhi lost so many co-workers that he issued new orders. No member of the Congress Party might perform *Satyagraha* unless he or she was spinning fifty yards of cotton daily. I still own a subsequent newspaper clipping advising where one could find a spinning class to meet the Mahatma's requirement! All over the world where spinning is done it has been done by women—too menial for men. Yet Gandhi had made it a symbol, a means, of freedom, of economic independence, of patriotism. I had watched him spin, reverently, lovingly. I used to see teen-age girls sitting out in the Bentick High School compound in Madras in small groups with their wooden spinning-wheels. Those seemed their happiest moments. At a week-end retreat of the International Fellowship of Faiths the most impressive gentleman I met, middle-aged, turbaned, weighted with honours, proudly worked at his spinning. Now more and more persons were spinning, more and more qualifying for jail—men, women, all castes, all religions, all races, rich and poor, highly educated and illiterate, all bound in one brotherhood of devoted, almost jubilant suffering.

The world knows the sequel. Places of detention were filled with more and more thousands until the government did what it virtually had to do—slowly emptied the jails of the non-violent protesters. To what had it all amounted? Little apparently. Decrees as a military necessity went right on. Then, when the all-out Civil Disobedience Campaign began in 1942, I, back in the United States, was greatly distressed when I heard of fiercer repressions and the sufferings of both leaders and followers. But by August

1947, what unimaginable success! Four hundred million freed without bloodshed! In all the nineteen centuries since Jesus uttered his teachings, this is the first time they were applied on any such scale. Would that the world's statesmen would sit at Gandhi's feet!

But the Mahatma's "experiments with Truth" are being tried in important segments of life in different parts of the world. Martin Luther King, a southern Negro with a minister's degree and a PH. D. from northern schools, is the second man whose leadership in applying the Sermon on the Mount and Gandhi's methods has thrilled my soul. While in graduate school he heard Mordecai Johnson, a Negro college president, tell of his visits to Gandhi. Dr. King had made exhaustive studies of the world's leading philosophers of all ages and was steeped in Bible studies and theology. He was so impressed by Johnson's talks about Gandhi that he immediately bought a half dozen books about him and became convinced that non-violence and love could be effective beyond individual encounters. Jesus' life exemplified this, culminating in his words from the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Dr. King became a Gandhian intellectually but had no idea he would ever have to give to his new convictions everything that was in him. At twenty-eight he accepted the pastorate of a Negro Baptist church in Montgomery, Alabama. Not many months after his highly successful and active beginning there, one of the injustices long suffered by the Negro community came to a head. City buses were segregated and while Negroes had their own section in the rear of each bus, they were sometimes ordered out of their seats to accommodate White passengers. Finally a Negro woman highly esteemed by her people refused to move when ordered by the driver to do so. She was arrested. Prominent Negro women were aroused and won the interest of others, especially Negro ministers.

The Rev. M. L. King was one. Wrongs on buses over many years were recollected. At a mass meeting a one-day protest by boycotting all city buses was agreed on. Response was so overwhelming it was decided to continue the boycott until certain very moderate demands were met by the company and the city. To his astonishment, Dr. King, only twenty-nine and a newcomer, was unanimously voted president of a new organization in charge of the boycott. Immediately he insisted that all his people must have Christ's love for all Whites, whatever they might do. He kept being surprised at the willingness of thousands of Negroes to take this attitude of love, forgiveness, self-suffering and non-violence. They became very familiar with Jesus' teachings and Gandhi's. At their weekly mass meetings New Testament texts on love and non-violence were popular, including

forgiving "seventy times seven times."

Since their protest fell on deaf ears in bus company and city, the boycott continued for nearly a year. Several ways were devised for transporting Negroes to work and church. Negro taxis, private cars (some cadillacs with wealthy women drivers, some lesser cars driven by ministers), were used. The generosity of such car service was unbelievable. Yet many had to walk, even up to twelve miles daily. Practically none of Montgomery's 50,000 Negroes rode a bus those almost twelve months!

Many ways were tried by Whites to break this costly boycott. Sympathetic Whites were intimidated. The Ku Klux Klan and the White Citizens Council became active. Many Negroes were arrested on trumped-up charges of disorderly conduct or traffic violations. Negroes were told their leaders were making money out of the boycott, certain insurance was denied on their cars, taxis were forced to charge a minimum fare too high, jobs were threatened. Crises kept arising which the leaders feared might stop the struggle. Most of the rank and file of the movement were poor and almost ignorant. Nevertheless they rallied at every crisis, whatever the suffering involved, and kept on with the boycott, steadily, with admirable self-control and love.

Dr. King found some of them ready for violence when he was arrested and when his house was bombed. On that occasion hundreds of Negroes rushed to the scene and milled around ominously, but, when Dr. King came out and admonished them to "meet hate with love" and quoted favourite verses from the Sermon on the Mount, they quieted down. Other bombings followed, but the Negroes kept calm. Finally, however, they were told by city authorities that it was a misdemeanour to boycott the buses and that all would be guilty who continued to do it. One consequence was that the Rev. Dr. King was brought to Court as chief defendant on the new charge. It looked like a dead end for the whole cause after all the months of struggle and courage on the part of the entire Negro community. About noon a friend put a paper in his hand as he sat in Court before his accusers. It gave him the news of the U. S. Supreme Court's decision that Alabama's State and local laws for bus segregation were illegal! Suddenly, at long last, the boycott had won through completely.

Whites had always feared that any Negro victories would make them insufferably arrogant, perhaps violently so. Here was their great chance! But their year of education and steady practice of non-violence kept them steady still. Also, their leaders utilized the days before desegregation of the buses was to begin by appealing to their people in mass meetings and by setting up sessions for study and practice of proper behaviour on

buses. They even distributed thousands of mimeographed sheets of "Integrated Bus Suggestions." These included in their seventeen points appeals to be friendly, polite, not boastful, "to be loving enough not to absorb evil," not to sit next to a White if a seat beside a Negro was available, to be non-violent in every possible situation.

Unpleasant incidents against Negroes did happen after an opening calm, but the Negro community remained remarkably true to its bold new philosophy and before long the city took unsegregated bus riding for granted. Dr. King's book, *Stride Toward Freedom,* tells the whole story most effectively.

Today, nothing remains in a corner. The Montgomery campaign became known around the world and encouraged the men and women in the non-violent revolution of South Africa. The Montgomery Negroes in turn felt a bond of kinship with these noble resisters and thrilled to know that Gandhi's son was carrying on his work in the very area where the entire *Satyagraha* movement began. The Mahatma's influence has evidently persisted there through the years, notably among certain Christian chiefs who had learned about passive resistance from India. John Gunther, in *Inside Africa,* relates most feelingly the firm non-violent resistance of the paramount chief of the Angoni in Nyasaland, aged Philip Gomani. His entire tribe entered into the spirit. They all opposed federation within the Rhodesias, for their Whites would dominate any federation. These Africans never yielded, yet they sang hymns and prayed, thousands of them, protecting their ailing chief against arrest with their bodies, yet utterly non-violent. Held in his wife's arms to keep him from falling, he stood and besought God and the Queen of England to take pity on them. He had to pay "the last measure of devotion," dying a hospitalized prisoner. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." There are others like him in Africa. It is indeed inspiring to watch these experiments of truth circling the earth. Such could yet change the world.

HAZEL E. FOSTER

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

BERTOLT BRECHT *

BERTOLT BRECHT, both the artist and the man, is great and puzzling figure in the twentieth-century theatre world. The author of this exceptionally fine and penetrating study succeeds in solving many hitherto controversial problems in Brecht's attitude towards society and theatre. Brecht, who is "the most important Communist writer of his time," has at the same time a great influence on the Western intellectuals. Much, in his life and work, is contradictory: he was born in Augsburg (South Germany) in 1898; he later became Austrian by passport; a German publisher secured the copyright of his drama; he travelled and lived as a refugee abroad in Denmark and the U.S.A.; but though a confirmed Marxist he never settled in the Soviet Union and he was not an enthusiast of Stalinist Russia; he died in East Berlin in 1956; his plays were admired in the West as well as in the East. After having personally received the Stalin Peace Prize in Moscow (in 1955), Brecht, "to the undisguised dismay and fury of the East German party stalwarts," put a big share of his prize money into his Swiss bank!

The author, who bases his arguments on a wealth of documentary evidence, convincingly shows how Brecht's political affiliations and his creative activity are linked together but again and again lead to conflict, because Brecht is an anarchist and a cynic as well as a Communist propagandist, *i.e.*, he is never a completely "committed" playwright because of his lifelong preoccupation with his own conflict between the forces of reason and instinct. Therefore, it is no wonder that Brecht's artistic and intellectual intentions have often been misread and misinterpreted. To give an example, in his *Mother Courage* Brecht originally wanted to demonstrate how foolish it was for Courage to carry on — but the audience enthusiastically praised her heroic struggle; moreover, the horrors of war could easily be interpreted as an indictment of Russian (not only German) militarism. In his didactic drama *Die Massnahme* (The Disciplinary Measure) (1930), Brecht created the "only great tragedy on the moral dilemma of Soviet Communism," a tragedy naturally condemned by the Communist Party. But his play *The Mother* (1932) is nearest to orthodox Communism, a true propaganda drama. Perhaps Brecht's "Ballad of Mazeppa," as the author cogently proves, is an image of Brecht's own creative experience — the conflict between subconscious impulse and intellectual control suggested above: the Cossack, tied to a wild horse, is dragged to his death — this is also life, without a way out; the control lies in his commitment to the cause of scientific Marxism and Communism.

The author is particularly good on Brecht's "epic theatre" and so-called "*V-effect*" — *Verfremdungseffect* or *distantiation*. Brecht does not want to reveal the characters of his plays to the audience in a too familiar way, *i.e.*, he does not want the actors to identify themselves too much with the characters. Brecht is against all "realistic" emo-

* *Brecht : A Choice of Evils. A Critical Study of the Man, His Work and His Opinions.* By MARTIN ESSLIN. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. London. xii + 305 pp. Frontispiece. 1959. 35*s*)

tional acting; his actor must command a rational control of emotions, a conscious, deliberate, critical presentation, because, according to Brecht, the theatre is a theatre and not the world itself. This theatre is essentially anarchistic and negative; moreover, it is didactic and aggressively dialectic. All in all, the theatre is not to make one feel emotions; it should make one think.

Yet, Brecht's theatre (as the author most lucidly explains) is not a lecture-room, nor is it a circus; it is a living presentation of what Brecht called "historical or imaginary happenings among human beings." Instead of a theatre which gives the illusion of reality he created his "epic theatre" which was constantly to remind the audience "that it [was] merely getting a *report*" of past occurrences. Above all, his art is rooted in his political principle: to drive out one evil by another evil, *i.e.*, national totalitarianism by communist totalitarianism. This should, however, be achieved with the artistic detachment described above.

With a few exceptions the author avoids generalizations. His controlled presentation of the theme deserves praise. Moreover, his book is not only a remarkably thorough and balanced but also a very readable piece of work.

AUGUSTUS CLOSS

SHELLEY'S THOUGHT AND WORK*

"The decision of the cause, whether or no I am a poet. . ." It was natural that Shelley, contemplating his failure with the public, should speculate a little to his friends. But he made one important error about the future judgment of posterity; he expected that, with all the evidence laid out, and a vision calmed by time and objectivity, the verdict of the court would be unanimous. Perhaps he underestimated his propensity (like Coleridge's) for getting under the skin of certain types and scratching them. And had he realized how slim a chance the truth has between rival theorists on the one side and the uncaring multitude on the other, his gloom would hardly have been lightened. At present, those who gurgle lovingly at the name of Shelley are usually thinking of a few anthologized lyrics or a soprano ballad to his half-heard words. The more earnest and austere shudder away from his lush imagery; the realists denounce it as escapist stuff, and the rational logicians reject it as an aerial bridge over chaos.

This is a long but relevant preamble to the pleasant task of hailing a new book on Shelley free of all these prejudices, and with a sound, constructive outlook that its subject would have welcomed. Mr. Desmond King-Hele is primarily a mathematical research-worker on guided missiles and earth satellites. P. B. Shelley, we may remember, plunged into chemical and electrical experiment even earlier than political reform. In time both science and politics were absorbed into the very stuff of his creative mind. Commonly we remember the reforming zeal but forget the science because it has been so fully clothed in his own poetic idiom. As a scientist, Mr. King-Hele readily perceives the bony physical structure stiffening and supporting the wreaths of imagery. Where many critics have been floored, and laid the blame on Shelley, he gives the true interpretation. For example, the meteorology of the "sky's commotion" in the "Ode to the West Wind" has never been so convincingly analyzed. Nor are Shelley's moon fancies

* *Shelley: His Thought and Work.* By DESMOND KING-HELE. (Macmillan and Company Ltd., London. vii+ 390 pp. 1960. 42*s.*)

adrift from astronomical laws. (Mr. King-Hele does suspect him, once, of staging a "horned" moon in the West on the evening after it had risen at midnight; but I would credit the spellbound hero of "Alastor" with pursuing "the windings of the dell" for the full week that would elapse between that third-quarter, midnight-rising moon and a new crescent.)

The significance of such scientific testing is to stress a too-neglected factor of Shelley's intellectual strength, precision and modernity of thought. And the great merit of this book — which includes enough biography to give shape to the poetic progress — is that Mr. King-Hele broadens and expands his view in sympathy with Shelley's own expansion. Planting him firmly on the concrete physical base, Mr. King-Hele follows him — far enough for a good start — into his Platonic ideals. His perplexity over love in flesh and spirit, the remarkable humanity that made him, as Trelawny recognized, the centre and guiding spirit of the group in Pisa, besides being the most practical-minded, patient and diplomatic of them all.

Interpretation of the poetry can — whether profitably or not — be carried further than the scope of this book permits. It is a popular study in the best sense of the word; easily absorbed by any attentive reader; based on authority, yet fresh, independent and fearless in approach. Here, in short, is the immediate, common-sense answer to the question of "what this Shelley business is about." Mr. King-Hele deserves our gratitude for bringing a scientifically-trained mind to bear on it.

SYLVA NORMAN

Brief Voices: A Writer's Story. By ETHEL MANNIN. (Hutchinson of London. 280 pp. Frontispiece. 1959. 21*s*.)

The latest instalment of Miss Mannin's autobiography will be welcomed by the hundreds of thousands of readers who have been moved by her many perceptive novels, bright with human feeling, and illuminated by her growing spiritual awareness. The title is appropriately taken from *The Light of Asia*:

> But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
> Are but brief voices, breathed on shifting strings.

Unassailable as a novelist, Miss Mannin does herself less than justice as an autobiographer. She is far better at writing about others than of herself. Too many passages in *Brief Voices* give the impression of extracts from a writer's notebook, rather than of a writer's life recollected in tranquillity. Nevertheless what she has to say is often important, and always interesting.

The brief account of her husband's — Reginald Reynolds — journey to Japan, and of his death last year in Australia, is a small masterpiece. "Wherever he went," she writes, "he came back in love with the people; he had that immense capacity for liking and loving, and for inspiring liking and love."

How very surprising it is that Miss Mannin's own trip to India in 1949 should have left her cold and unfruitful! Her later trip to Burma produced *Land of the Crested Lion* and *The Living Lotus,* both of which reveal warm understanding of the East.

She is, however, the kind of writer whose sparks fly best when struck against the flint of her own country. She has no illusions about the truthfulness of orthodox Christians in Britain, exempting only the Quakers from self-deception and what her father called "handling the truth carelessly." She frankly describes National Insurance in the Welfare State as a "racket," instancing this with her husband's own case in hospital. She courageously exposes

the unedifying episode of Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago* (an exceptionally bad novel by any standards), which she claims was boosted into a best-seller in the West for political and commercial reasons, and regrets how few "stubborn truth-mongers" there were to decline to admire the Emperor's new clothes.

We regret her intolerance of modern youth. It is a little ironical that Miss Mannin, who once earned the reputation of being Britain's leading Angry Young Woman should be so lacking in understanding of today's Angry Young Men. Has it not occurred to Miss Mannin that today's young men may be angry because they are prevented from expressing in print the views which she would both understand and approve?

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

Freedom and Culture. By DOROTHY LEE (Prentice-hall, New York. 179 pp. 1959. $ 1.95)

Dr. Dorothy Lee of Harvard University is an internationally famous cultural anthropologist. This volume contains fifteen of her papers published in journals and symposia. The variety of the subjects treated by her is indicated by the chapter titles in this book. "Individual Autonomy and Social Structure" emphasizes the importance of the individual in a culture. How far the individual is free and how far he is bound by his culture has been very well discussed by Dr. Lee. There is no conflict between individual autonomy and the social structure in which he has to live. Both complement each other and contribute to the growth of the human and social organisms as a whole. Likewise in other papers included in this book she emphasizes the importance of values in life and underlines the philosophical issues concerning existence, perception, freedom and culture. The unique thing about this book is that a very difficult subject has been treated in a style which is charming, personal and convincing. Dr. Lee has done a signal service to the cause of the individual, who is passing through a cultural crisis today all over the world. The book will be useful not only to the students of cultural anthropology, sociology, psychology and education but also to the intelligent lay reader.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

The True Book About Mahatma Gandhi. By REGINALD REYNOLDS. Illustrated by N. G. WILSON. (Frederick Muller, Ltd., London. 144 pp. 1959. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

"What has happened to the fellow Gander, or some such name?" This question Mr. Reynolds answers admirably for the casual reader wishing to know something of the life and teachings of Gandhi. The author does not deviate into a critical analysis of any of Gandhi's principles, neither does he reveal much of Gandhi's family life. This biography presents Gandhi, the advocate of *ahimsa* (non-violence), *satyagraha* (force of truth) and compassion.

Although written for the younger reader the simple style is complementary to Gandhi's way of life — the white hand-spun loin-cloth, the shaven head and the spinning wheel, the Gandhi known affectionately by Indians as *bapu* (father).

The reader need not worry at the gaps which the author is unable to fill through lack of historical data. Why Gandhiji's legal assignment in South Africa came at a time when he was generally known as a "flop" is quite unexplainable. Mr. Reynolds asks, "Did some genius in the Indian firm see the real possibilities that nobody else had yet discovered in Mohandas [Gandhi]

— not even Mohandas himself?" These gaps then may only be the "mystical gaps" which one should expect in the life of a "Mahatma" and which a book of this kind cannot reveal.

JOHN BONNEWELL

Conquest of Violence: The Gandhian Philosophy of Conflict. By JOAN V. BONDURANT. (Oxford University Press, Bombay. 265 pp. 1959. Rs. 10.00)

This book has been read while in the midst of Shanti Sena work during the recent Kerala election period and during the Sarvodaya Fortnight of the Madurai District Gramdan villages culminating in their *Yatra* to Madurai. Thus it was viewed by pilgrims on trek.

In a sense there is a philosophy of such pilgrimage. But true pilgrimage is ever ironing out its own philosophy. Thus at times one finds the observations of the author very academic; at another moment one understands how the interested observer may find much of help and inspiration in such a study. The reviewer met the author in her hometown, Berkeley, California, and found an open-minded and sympathetic seeker. This is a very common experience in the Western world and it might well be that something new will emerge in the West itself out of its study of India's *satyagraha* movement on pilgrimage.

This book covers a very large field. It reviews the background out of which the *sarvodaya* concept has emerged: both out of the West and out of India. It surveys some movements such as the "Salt *Satyagraha,*" the "Ahmedabad Labour *Satyagraha,*" etc. It points out some of the unique aspects of Gandhi's experiments with truth. But I can well imagine Dr. J. C. Kumarappa finding in the analysis serious defects, were he still alive. Here is where the "black spot" of the Westerner is visible. Here is where the Marxist does understand. That is, Gandhi was ever aware of the economic involvement in all his struggle. Thus the spinning wheel was *the* symbol of his movement, primarily, an economic symbol! That unique follower of Gandhi, Vinoba, has taken this economic struggle a step onward in his *Gramdan Sarvodaya* movement.

Perhaps, the most revolutionary aspect of it all was Gandhi's insistence that all this was impossible without "a living faith in God (Truth)." I am not so sure but that this aspect of Gandhi's pilgrimage coloured all other aspects. And then when he insisted on walking spiritually with men of every faith and nature the revolutionary tinge became more clear. Some Christians are aware of this challenge in Gandhi. But no one has taken up the challenge seriously. It remains for some of us to take this aspect of the movement, the spiritual aspect, to its logical conclusion, and within the struggle to meet the dire needs of mankind, to iron out justice for all.

It seems to me that this is one of the most serious books on the underlying philosophy of *Satyagraha.* It is a good beginning. The student of this great movement of Love of the twentieth century cannot afford to ignore this analysis.

RALPH RICHARD KEITHAHN

Buddhism in Chinese History. By ARTHUR F. WRIGHT. (Stanford University Press, California; Oxford University Press, London. xiv+144 pp. Illustrated. 1959. 25*s.*)

This is a quite excellent little book treating a large subject in exemplary fashion. It presents a short summary of Chinese history, especially Han-T'ang, but all the way up to 1900. It sets out with loving care why and how Buddhism was taken up by and was

adapted to the Chinese mentality, the reasons for its influence and flourishing, and for its decline. The author's approach to his subject is dynamic throughout and his presentation lively.

History never repeats itself. Yet there is a great deal to be learnt from historic trends. At a time when the West shows decided interest in Buddhism — and under similar circumstances of stress — a book like this may well be a pointer for the thoughtful.

For the Buddhist, there are some interesting facts. For example, that it was Buddhist monasteries which opened the first free dispensaries in China, administered to the sick, built and ran cheap or cost-free hostels, etc. Another fact also of interest to the present time is that the Ch'an (Japanese: Zen) sect survived the general decline for about five hundred years. As we know, it is still extant and the first translations of its unbroken tradition are just being published.

The illustrations are chosen to show the transformation from the Indian to the Chinese ideal in the process of adaptation. The book is extremely well annotated, and gives a larger appendix of reading matter for those whose appetite is whetted.

I. SCHLOEGL

Buddha Dhamma. By G. C. LALL. (Kitab Mahal, Allahabad. 251 pp. 1959. Rs. 5.00)

This book is a painstaking work but, despite the author's claim to thirty years' pondering on the Dhamma, it gives an impression of immaturity and is regrettably coloured by the prejudice of upbringing. Taken all in all, this short book is stimulating, and where the author is expressing his own views on the application of the Dhamma today, one can sympathize if not always agree with him. But the great defect is in the title. Those calling their work "*Dhammạ*" must be careful to adhere to the Dhamma and not shed or alter it when it suits them. As in Ambedkar, of whose book this is often reminiscent, the Four Ariyan Truths emerge unrecognizable. On p. 25 Shri Lall says of them:—

> He [Buddha] stated that He attained... knowledge of the Four Ariyan Truths of which the first three, Anitya [doctrine of impermanence], Anatta [doctrine of Not-Self, and Dukkha have come in for much criticism.

While *Anitya* and *Anatta* are important metaphysical points within the Dhamma, they are not two of the Four Truths. Again, Shri Lall's prejudice against meat-eating appears identically on three occasions in contradistinction to the Buddha's clear statement on the matter in the *Jivaka Sutra.* However, the merits of the book are also apparent, not the least being a breadth of mind which will not exclude Mahayana philosophical development — a *rara avis* in this type of literature.

SRAMANERA JIVAKA

Myth and Symbol in Ancient Egypt. By R. T. RUNDLE CLARK. (Thames and Hudson, London. 292 pp. With 18 Plates in Photogravure, 40 Line Drawings, a Chart of Religious Symbols and a Map. 1959. 30*s.*)

In this book our author, who lectures in Egyptian History at Birmingham University, gives us a scholarly account of the religion of Egypt from 2,700 B.C. to 1,700 B.C. based on his own interpretation of the Pyramid Texts of the Sixth Dynasty and the later Coffin Texts.

His thesis is that though concerned with the doings of the gods at the beginning of time, they have, through their

use of symbols, an inward metaphysical and permanently valid meaning.

Chapter I deals with the emergence of the High God from the Primeval Waters, the emanation of the first duad, sky and earth, and the world egg. In Chapter II material from the Coffin Texts is brought in to amplify this account.

Chapters III and IV are concerned with the death of Osiris, regarded as a god-king of ancient time, his restoration to life by Isis, and the birth of Horus.

Chapter V deals with the esoteric part of the Osirian doctrine, in which the death and rising again of Osiris symbolize the mythical death and rebirth of the individual aspiring to union with Osiris in the world beyond.

In Chapter VI we have five myths about the great gods, among which that relating to the departure of Ra from the lower world, the Egyptian analogue of the Fall of Man, is of special interest.

The symbols of Egyptian mythology, including the Phœnix, are the subject of Chapter VII, after which, in the final chapter, the author states his conclusions clearly.

The work is completed by a mythological scheme and a chart of the major Egyptian religious symbols.

Your reviewer is gratified to find that an official Egyptologist has shown such unusual metaphysical insight.

C. A. WINYARD

The Sacred Mushroom: Key to the Door of Eternity. By ANDRIJA PUHARICH. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 262 pp. Illustrated. 1959. 21*s*.)

This book is a factual account of the experience of an American doctor, Puharich, who contacted a Dutch sculptor with unusual powers of extra-sensory perception. The sculptor, Harry Stone, in trance, wrote and spoke ancient Egyptian, whereas in his waking state he had no knowledge of Egyptology. His utterances, which purported to come from Ra Ho Tep, a royal Egyptian of the Fourth Dynasty, were mainly concerned with a sacred mushroom cult. The ceremonies associated with this cult enabled the soul and body of the principal participant to separate for a time, so that the soul could journey in space and time, and then return, enabling the participant to prophesy and exhibit other magical powers. A similar cult seems to have existed in Siberia and a mushroom ritual is performed at the present time in the remote parts of Mexico.

The mushroom, *Amanita muscaria* (Fly Agaric), can be found today and the author describes its pharmacology, and also controlled experiments designed to test its effects. These showed that it had little effect unless the subject already had extra-sensory powers, in which case these might be enhanced.

Although the title draws attention to the mushroom, the deeper subject of the book is the need for investigation of the existence of a mobile centre of consciousness. The author had an experience, which is by no means unique, of leaving his body on a bed, and looking at it from above; then of travelling far away and eventually returning, as someone knocked on his bedroom door, and becoming again his "sodden heavy self." No mushroom or drug was needed for this experience, and it is the implications of this phenomenon, in the last chapter, that comprise the deepest philosophy of the book.

The author is an experienced worker in parapsychology and the book shows that he was fully alive throughout to the possibilities of fraud. It is a refreshingly clean and clear book on the very complex and muddy subject of extra-sensory perception.

PHYLLIS G. CROFT

Studies in Education and Culture in Honour of Shri D. C. Pavate. Edited by G. S. HALAPPA. (Pavate Diamond Jubliee Celebration Committee, Karnatak University, Dharwar. xviii+426 pp. 7 plates. 1959. Ordinary binding Rs. 15.00; full calico binding, Rs. 25.00)

Issued by the Pavate Diamond Jubilee Celebration Committee to commemorate the sixtieth birth anniversary of Wrangler D. C. Pavate, Vice-Chancellor of the Karnataka University, *Studies in Education and Culture* also serves as the token of the appreciation of his valuable services to the cause of education by distinguished scholars and educationists. One feels more details about the fine personality and work of Wrangler Pavate should have been given.

Opening with an appropriate Foreword from the distinguished savant Bharataratna Dr. C. V. Raman, Part I of the book has "Appreciations and Tributes" from well-known educationists who shed welcome light on aspects of Wrangler Pavate's life and work. The *Studies* proper make up Parts II and III, which contain, respectively, twenty-five articles on educational and scientific matters and thirty-six on culture. There are several contributions from abroad. As is naturally to be expected, the history, culture and progress of Karnatak are adequately delineated; reference may be made, in this connection, to "A Hundred Years of Education in Karnataka" (G. S. Paramasivayya), "Mineral Resources of Karnataka" (M. S. Sadashivaiah), "The Kayaka System of Education" (B. S. Gaddagimath), "Manuscripts and Records of Karnataka" (H. Deveerappa), "Kannadigas Outside Karnataka Down the Ages" (D. C. Sircar), "Epigraphy and Karnataka" (P. B. Desia), and "Karnataka Music" (R. Sathyanarayana). Some indication of the variety of topics dealt with may be had from the following articles: "On University Education" (C. D. Deshmukh), "Columbia University — Its Traditions" (Grayson Kirk), "Evaluation of Postgraduate Students" (John T. Cowles), "Cross-Cultural Education" (Stefan C. Christopher), "India on the Frontiers of Science and Technology" (N. R. Tawde), "The Transfer of Culture from Town to Country" (Sjored Groenman), "The Future of English in India" (Armando Menezes), "The Eclipse of Freedom and Democracy" (R. P. Masani), "Language, Alphabet and Script" (Humayun Kabir) and "Fifty Million Unemployed" (Michael Young).

The paper, printing and get-up are excellent.

A. D. PUSALKER

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** describes this month his impressions of Danilo Dolci and his work; plans, in which he is concerned, for the celebration of the Tagore Centenary in Paris; and a forthcoming exhibition of Indian art at the Petit Palais.—ED.]

I WAS ASKED by Les Amis de Danilo Dolci to take part in the Symposium at which this "ideal twentieth-century saint" (as Aldous Huxley calls him) spoke to us. I did not come to listen to Danilo Dolci to find out whether he was a modern St. Francis or a Gandhi. Comparisons are almost always futile and often dangerous. I went with no preconceived ideas at all. I might have expected Danilo Dolci, in the Italian fashion, to wave his hands about, to show his buoyancy and explosive energy when expressing his concern for the world of men, but he did none of these things. Danilo Dolci shook hands with me simply and with innate courtesy, the kind of courtesy he extended to everyone around him. He did not seek to impress anyone. When he spoke he spoke clearly and easily. One felt he was interested not just in Sicilians and their problems but in the problems that confront people wherever they may be. As he talked to us he made me feel he was interested both in action itself and in the subtle processes of thought which precede action. Deep down I felt he was concerned with ideas and with the moral qualities which affect them when they are translated into action.

In a way, I thought of Danilo Dolci as a scientist — in the sense that whatever he said he said with precision. He talked to us about the terrible conditions in that part of Sicily which he knew; he told us about the immense wastage in land, money and human spirit that he saw around him; he told us about the many so-called honourable, legitimate assassinations that were going on in Palermo almost every day. He saw very clearly the deep inner crisis going on in the minds of these people who felt loveless and lost. What Danilo Dolci has done in these seven years is to help restore faith in themselves. This he has done by giving people work, by making them self-reliant and by making each of them feel he has something to offer to society. No man is nothing; no man an island unto himself.

In some respects Dolci has done what the Abbé Pierre has been trying to do in France and Latin America. I am reminded of a story which is as simple as it is true. One day an excellent gardener, now, alas, old and woebegone, came to see the Abbé. He huddled into a corner; for he had lost his strength to do any hard work and was poor and sick at heart. The Abbé Pierre saw this wizened creature who had come to beg for help. Before the gardener could speak a word the Abbé Pierre went up to him smiling and, shaking his hands, sat beside him. "I have just heard you are a gardener. You know we've been looking for someone like you who can guide our many young and inexperienced men. Will you help us? We should be happy if you would work for us." "Help you?" stammered the man. "But I had come to beg. . . ." "Then it's settled," said the Abbé Pierre, " Thank you very much." And the gardener who had thought that none in the world wanted him could hardly believe his ears. When the Abbé Pierre patted him gently on the shoulder he sobbed loud and long.

Danilo Dolci sees such human problems and tries to find "technically feasible solutions" to them. When he had told us his story other participants to the Symposium, men like Professor René Dumont, gave some account of their own experiences in India, Africa and other technically underdeveloped

areas. Could they learn from what Danilo Dolci had said and done? The answer is "Yes."

Jean Fanchette, the Editor of the bilingual quarterly, *Two Cities*, has asked me to prepare a Special Number to celebrate Tagore's Centenary. Its publication is to coincide with a Tagore Evening I am hoping to arrange, probably at the Alliance Française. If we can get some of Tagore's paintings, which are, I believe, being exhibited at Rome, it would reveal to the public another facet of the great poet's many-sided genius. Some critics hold that Tagore was as great a painter as he was a poet. The Musée Guimet would rather have me prepare a musical and recital evening if competent Bengali singers and musicians can be found in November. I am inclined to produce André Gide's translation of the *Post Office* which he rendered as *Amal ou le Lettre du Roi*. I saw Ludmilla Pitoeff's production in 1947. These and other problems, which include that of the funds involved, are facing me now. And, what about the speakers? Madame Romain Rolland obviously, and perhaps Philip Stern, who met Tagore thirty years ago when the poet delivered at the Musée Guimet his lectures on the Baul singers of Bengal. But there are other names that come to my mind: François Mauriac, André Maurois, to say nothing of some of the Latin American writers like Marionao Picon-Salas, who happen to be in Paris. I am trying to interest the Congress for Cultural Freedom in this project. If they agree I may be able to go right ahead.

In a few weeks from now we shall see the great exhibition of Indian Art through the Ages. The Petit Palais, which has housed many an exhibition before, will show great treasures such as, till they were shown in Essen, Germany, have never assembled under the same roof. Those who will see Indian sculpture for the first time will start comparing these works with their Greek counterparts. The penetrating genius of Tagore saw that the fundamental difference between Indian and Greek civilization goes back to their respective origins. Greek civilization is a product of the town, it "has a cradle of bricks and mortar"; Indian civilization comes from the primeval forests in which the Aryan invaders settled. It has remained in constant touch with nature, with the world of beasts and plants. Here, at the very outset, the lines of development diverge. Greece followed up the principle of differentiation, fostering the growth of the individual and the intellect. She isolated man from the rest of creation (which he could then only understand when it was endowed with a human soul — hence the fauns, dryads, nymphs, etc.), saw him as the measure of all things, and the consistent development of this spirit led to science, which subsequently created the ideal of man as the master of the subjugated hostile nature.

Japanese and Chinese art have already influenced European art. Indian art, which is much more complex, may do the same. It might well influence the art of the future. The moment that people realize that it has all to do with appearance, the profounder knowledge of natural phenomena which has come with the European development of reason will lead to a deeper understanding and at the same time to a greater amazement.

BALDOON DHINGRA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

It is perhaps a hopeful sign to find how impossible it is to keep pace with, and be aware of, all the organizations and bodies, governmental and non-governmental, that are, each in its own way, devoting constructive time and effort to breaking through the walls of ignorance and self-centredness between nations and races. Humanitarian and social, political and cultural, agencies are making breaches in these walls, and even religious *rapprochement* is finding expression. Bodies originally with more special aims are also interesting themselves in projects connected with world interdependence; and it is interesting to note that the Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation, of Reynolda, North Carolina, U.S.A. (formed to promote "the well-being and betterment of mankind within the United States and its possessions") is sponsoring the International Communications Foundation among the various "charitable, educational, recreational, literary, religious, scientific or public purposes" that it assists and supports. The ICF has prepared an audio-visual educational kit on Turkey from materials that its staff collected there two years ago, and there are four similar kits in preparation, on Iran, Pakistan, Yugoslavia and Afghanistan. Incidentally the Asia Society, of 112 East 64th Street, New York 21, U.S.A., has also published an illustrated packet on South Asia (India, Ceylon, Nepal, Pakistan) for educational purposes. In April 1960 the President of the International Communications Foundation, Mr. Larry Van Mourick, Jr., was on a film assignment in India (Hindi-Urdu language series) for the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The headquarters of ICF is 9033 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California, U.S.A. (Executive Director, Mr. Lawrence Van Mourick, Sr.).

In a series of three Azad Memorial Lectures delivered in New Delhi under the auspices of the Indian Council for Cultural Relations in February, Professor Arnold Toynbee spoke as the profound historian he is, but also as a crusader for the human spirit. He expressed his confidence that mankind would succeed in abolishing war. But that would involve, he said, the setting up of a rudimentary World Government under a central agency to control the production of atomic energy. According to a report published in the *Hindustan Times* (New Delhi):—

> War, he said, was a thing of the past. "My own guess, for what little it is worth, about the future of the ancient institution of war is that we are now going to succeed in abolishing it."
>
> Comparing the abolition of war with the abolition of slavery, he recalled that slavery was as deeply ingrained and old as war, but that it had been abolished not long ago. Mankind in the past had "saved itself from itself" at the eleventh hour. Today, it was madness to dance on the edge of the precipice. And he quoted the curtly worded epigram, "One world or none."

Speaking as a world citizen of tomorrow — as Professor Humayun Kabir called him in his introductory remarks — and also as one deeply involved with the world of today, Professor Toynbee called into focus the spirit of the Indian contribution to the historical enterprise man is engaged upon, namely, a humane spirit free from bitterness, in an endea-

vour to create a unified world. The report adds:—

Professor Toynbee began by praising what he thought would be India's special contribution towards the movement astir today among mankind to live as a single family: its large-heartedness and broad-mindedness. This would be of priceless value in the new age into which mankind had been launched by the West's special contribution: the essential technological framework, and Western liberalism, a gift of which the West can properly be proud.

According to the lecturer's diagnosis, to meet its desperate needs, mankind needs organization and, in the present state of resources in large areas of the world, this organization can only be world-wide. Pleading for a new kind of patriotism for mankind as a whole, he declared:—

Union of mankind in a single world community was emphasized by the need to solve the problems of food and population as well as by the need to abolish war. The movement for limiting population would have to be international. Also for science to be employed effectively for food production, the world would have to be treated as a single economic unit: "food produced at any place in the world must be brought to the mouths of any hungry people at any other place in the world."

Without any organization for this, he remarked, science would be hamstrung. These requirements being political, they could be met only if control over production and distribution of food were transferred from national Governments to a world authority invested with the relevant powers.

Emphasizing that the bond of brotherhood embraced, in truth, not only humans but beings of all kinds, Professor Toynbee referred to Indian literature and cited the instance of Ashoka, "a morally outstanding figure." The report adds:—

Ashoka put conscience into practice in exercising political authority. He did of course intervene outside his empire's frontiers, but only by sending out Buddhist missionaries, who carried with them knowledge and the message of peace.

Professor Toynbee rounded off his lecture with a reference to Akbar, and to the Indianization of his Turkish spirit. Akbar's Din-i-Ilahi, he thought, was characteristically Indian in its "large-hearted catholicity." However, Akbar did not renounce war — perhaps because it was difficult for practical reasons. In the atomic age, he said, the spirit needed in statesmen was Ashoka's spirit. The world can no longer do without unity, but unity uncoerced.

In his second lecture, Professor Toynbee surveyed the contemporary scene in a historical perspective to draw the conclusion that the prospects of world unity were uncertain. Speaking passionately of the imperative need for world unity, the lecturer recommended the use of propaganda in the service of this noble ideal to eliminate what he called the neolithic mentality which had survived for five thousand years. He felt that nationalism was the chief obstacle to world unity, and, as such, it was man's worst enemy in the present chapter of world history. It was vitally necessary to bring under control the destructive forces of nationalism.

In the concluding lecture, Professor Toynbee commended India's characteristic tolerance and efforts to settle disputes through non-violent methods to the rest of the world in this nuclear age when the alternative to world union was world destruction. He said:—

India's success or failure in this enterprise would augur the success or failure of the world as a whole, and "the redemption of the world's too-long-exploited peasantry is one of the necessary preliminaries to the establishment of a genuine world community."

Professor Toynbee paid a tribute to India for establishing a secular *régime* placing the adherents of all religions on an equal footing and made an earnest appeal for the retention of the Indian traditional practice of withdrawing for recurrent periods of contemplation.

The art of contemplation, he said, was but another name for the art of living. It was

the greatest lesson that India had to teach to the present-day world.

In conclusion, he pointed out the rather formidable obligation, due to Gandhiji and to history, which the people of India owed to the world, namely, the obligation to go on setting an Indian example of non-violence to the rest of the world:—

In the hurricane of annihilating material power provided by atomic energy, the practice of non-violence was necessary for mankind to save itself from self-destruction.

In this connection, Professor Toynbee remarked that India had incurred the obligation to Mahatma Gandhi and to history to keep on setting an example of non-violence to the world. India's failure in this, he felt, would make the outlook bleak for mankind as a whole.

Professor Toynbee reminded his audience of the Indian tradition of tolerance, and the Indian belief that "there is more than one approach to truth and to salvation." Indeed, he said, the broad-minded religious spirit that was once upon a time worldwide, survived in India alone. India must preserve this spiritual heritage as a common treasure for mankind. It was a treasure of inestimable value in the atomic age.

"My Son, thou hast still many things to learn, which thou hast not well learned yet."

"What are they, Lord?"

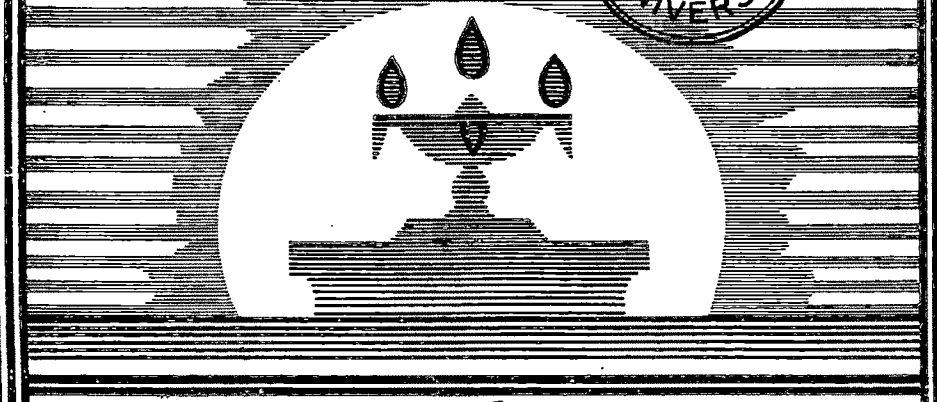
"To place thy desire altogether in subjection to my good pleasure and not to be a lover of thyself, but an earnest seeker of my will. Thy desires often excite and urge thee forward: but consider with thyself whether thou art not more moved for thine own objects than for my honour. If it is myself that thou seekest thou shalt be well content with whatsoever I shall ordain; but if any pursuit of thine own lieth hidden within thee, behold it is this which hindereth and weigheth thee down.

"Beware, therefore, lest thou strive too earnestly after some desire which thou hast conceived, without taking counsel of me: lest haply it repent thee afterwards, and that displease thee which before pleased, and for which thou didst long as for a great good. For not every affection which seemeth good is to be forthwith followed: neither is every opposite affection to be immediately avoided. Sometimes it is expedient to use restraint even in good desires and wishes, lest through importunity thou fall into distraction of mind, lest through want of discipline thou become a stumbling-block to others, or lest by the resistance of others thou be suddenly disturbed and brought to confusion.

"Sometimes indeed it is needful to use violence, and manfully to strive against the sensual appetite, and not to consider what the flesh may or may not will; but rather to strive after this, that it may become subject, however unwillingly, to the spirit. And for so long it ought to be chastised and compelled to undergo slavery, even until it be ready for all things, and learn to be contented with little, to be delighted with things simple, and never to murmur at any inconvenience."

—THOMAS A KEMPIS: *The Imitation of Christ,* Book IV, Ch. XI.

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THE ARYAN PATH

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

VOL. XXXI JUNE 1960 No. 6

GREAT ISSUES OF THE MODERN WORLD

[IN THIS GUEST-EDITORIAL, **Professor N. A. Nikam,** our esteemed contributor and a well-known teacher of philosophy, crystallizes the modern world's predicament into the problems due to the powers attained through science and the hope that a new global consciousness of man, hinted at in the formation of such institutions as the UNO, may solve them, if such a consciousness matures into a true "reverence for life." — ED.]

THE BIRTH of the United Nations Organization and the phenomenal development of science are events which distinguish the modern world from anything we know of in ancient history. The coming into being of the UNO is not an accident of modern history; it is not merely the result of the two world wars; it is the outcome of a new awareness in the mind of man. The new awareness is not Western or Eastern but global and universal. It is an aspiration for the realization of higher values; and, though the new awakening may be described as a "revolution," it is not, like other revolutions in history, the rise of a *class* to power but a recollection of man's essential nature, worth and dignity, the affirmation of the fundamental right of man *to be,* to live in peace and fellowship with fellow human beings in a life of basic equality. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights is therefore a basic, universal philosophy of man and society, human relations and international obligations.

It is the implementation of this new social philosophy that marks the advance of civilization and not merely the advancement of science in the modern world.

The *Aitareya Upaniṣad* speaks of the birth of man: not of his birth in a physical body but of the birth in man of a new mind and heart. The Upaniṣad says: *sa jāto bhūtānyabhivyakhyat kim ihānyam vāvadiṣaditi* (III. 13): "Having been born, he looked around on beings, thinking: what here would one desire to speak of as another?" The new awareness in man is

consciousness of fellowship with other "beings," not restricted, according to the Upaniṣad, to human beings. It is an awareness which comprehends the diversity of existence in the unity of a living fellowship.

The Upaniṣad speaks as if the bonds which unite the hearts of men were already a *historical* fact: as if the vision and perspective were already there as an accomplished goal. But it is yet to be and is not yet. It is, however, in another sense, achieved; for, what *ought* to be must be, if man is to live at all and not cease to be. The "struggle for existence" has meaning only as a "struggle" to discover the means to the realization of this ultimate end and good. It cannot be otherwise.

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights proclaims a common standard of achievement for all peoples and nations. It affirms, in Article 3, "the right to life" as the basis of all other rights.

The phenomenal advancement of science threatens directly this basic right, for the atomic fall-out released by the nuclear explosions of the Great Powers threatens every living creature, everywhere, and appears to make the survival of life itself impossible. The advancement of science therefore needs a new ethic.

> The great fault of all ethics [says Albert Schweitzer in his autobiography, *Out of My Life and Thought*] hitherto has been that they believed themselves to have to deal only with the relations of man to man. In reality, however, the question is what is his attitude to the World and all life that comes within his reach. A man is ethical only when life, as such, is sacred to him....The ethic of reverence for life, therefore, comprehends within itself everything....

The *Muṇḍaka Upaniṣad* affirms: "Truly it is life that shines forth in all beings. Knowing thus, the wise man does not talk of anything else" (III. 14).

Mahatma Gandhi, who lived in his own life the ethic of "reverence for life," said:—

> Hinduism insists on the brotherhood not only of all mankind but of all that lives. It is a conception which makes one giddy, but we have to work up to it. The moment we have restored real living equality between man and man, we shall be able to establish equality between man and the whole creation.

To restore real, living equality between man and man is the noble task awaiting fulfilment.

N. A. NIKAM

KALIDASA'S ABHIJNANASHAKUNTALAM

[READERS will remember the impressive essay on "Tragedy and Sanskrit Drama" in our issues for September and October 1959 by **Shri K. Viswanatham, M.A.**, Reader in English, Andhra University, Waltair. This long essay, of which the first part appeared in our May issue, is planned as a comprehensive examination and appreciation of the *Abhijñānaśākuntalaṃ*. Below we print the second part. As before, Shri Viswanatham writes with a passionate feeling for his subject and the essay is steeped in literary reminiscence. — ED.]

II

UNLESS one is acquainted with the "*Śakuntalopākhyānam*" in the *Mahabharata* one cannot appreciate the astonishingly globed, compacted thing that Kalidasa has made out of it in the play. It is not decided if Kalidasa borrowed from the *Padma Purana*, or the Purana borrowed the succulent details from the play. The *Kaṭṭahari Jātaka* reads like the story of Rustum giving the signet to Tahmina and telling her to bring up a daughter herself on the price of the jewel or send word to him if the issue were a son. In the *Mahabharata* story Shakuntala is purely businesslike and practical. She is not the ravishing heroine of the play. She is like a modern young miss who drives a hard bargain with the visitor. The King finishes his amorous play in indecent haste even before the return of the sage from fruit-gathering and flees the possible wrath. Even after her child grows up, Shakuntala is not anxious to join her royal husband. When she goes to him and is rejected, she says: "I don't care two hoots for you. In spite of you my son shall be the future Emperor. Accept him at least. I shall get back to the hermitage." This is really the tamarind that the Vidushaka has in mind in the play.

Out of this raw material, a businesslike proposition, has been fashioned a lyric love, a ravishing heroine, a bright coil of young desire, a fluted column of shapeliness, a burning flame of youth — one sculptured out of lightnings, just-sprouted blossom and leaf, tremulous glances of deer and swaying creepers; kneaded out of lover's fancy and poet's dream, out of star-shine and moon-dust, flowers' pollen and bees' honey; cadenced out of rhythms and tides and tunes, out of bright gold and quicksilver, bridal visions and royal hopes; tempting and putting off temptation by "sweet, reluctant, amorous delay." The whole play is perfumed by the breath of her loveliness. She binds the play by her graces, which like a sheaf of moonbeams move with her ;—

Over her rounded form
Between the shadows of the forest trees
Floated the glowing sunlights as she moved.

She is the incarnation of

One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least
Which into words no virtue can digest.

From the first act, when we see her being playfully asked by her Priyamvada to blame the ever-expanding worlds of her own bosom and not the bark-garment too tightly imprisoning the rebellious pair (*payodharavistārayitṛkam ātmano yauvanam upālabhasva*), to the last, when she says she feels shy at going with her husband before elders (*jihremi āryaputreṇa saha gurujanasamīpam gantum*), she dominates the play veiled in soft and tempting shyness. The very title suggests that to the poet Shakuntala and the Recognition are the central ideas of the play.

Her physical charm is excelled only by her nobility of character. Even in the first intensity of love she can say "*Paurava, rakṣa vinayam,*"[1] though she has bewailed earlier: "*sinchatam me tilodakam.*"[2] When subjected to the greatest humiliation, she addresses the King as "*anarya,*" and when the King falls at her feet by way of expiation she has no harsher indictment than self-condemnation: "*mama sucharitapratibandhakam purākṛtam teshu divaseshu pariṇāmabhimukham asīt....*"[3] She blames her own bad luck. "Commend me to my kind Lord," says Desdemona before dying. "If not, I will die your maid," says Miranda.

I think affliction may subdue the cheek
But not take in the mind

is the challenging affection of Perdita.

In the first six acts Shakuntala is the Power of Beauty. Even the doorkeeper comments on her loveliness; in the last act she is the Beauty of Power — of the soul, of the Holiness of the Heart's Affections. The King who gallantly offered to shampoo her legs — *aṅke nidhāya karabhoru yathāsukham te samvāhayāmi charanāvuta* — actually falls at her feet. Dushyanta's falling at the feet of Shakuntala is one of the significant revolutions in the play. A male, a king honoured by Indra, to touch the feet of a woman, a wife, in sorrow and emaciation! He is still the gallant lover: "*Bāshpam pramrujya vigatānuśayo bhavāmi.*"[4] The *Śākuntala* is not

[1] O [King] of the Puru race, preserve modesty.

[2] Sprinkle sesamum-water for me. [A rite for the dead. Shakuntala begs her friends to do something to make Dushyanta take compassion on her, or else she would certainly die.]

[3] In those days it was my past *karma*, preventing the [effect of] good deeds, that pressed towards fulfilment.

[4] Having wiped away this tear...I shall become free from remorse,

so much the recognition of Shakuntala as the recognition of the King: "*tvayā pratyabhijnātam atmānam paśyāmi.*"[5]

It is indeed the encounter of two rare affections. As the rose blendeth its odour with the violet, Dushyanta melts into her. "*Na khalu āryaputra iva*"[6]—is the finest compliment that a woman can pay to her husband and "*tvayā pratyabhijnātam...*" is the most delicate compliment that a husband can pay to his wife. No wonder Ryder was in raptures about Shakuntala:—

Though lovely women walk the world today
By tens of thousands, there is none so fair
In all that exhibition and display
With her most perfect beauty to compare.

Coleridge noted in his notes on *The Tempest:* "Shakespeare saw that the want of prominence was the blessed beauty of woman's character and knew that it arose not from any deficiency but from the more exquisite harmony...." Shakuntala has all that womanhood that continuates society. M. le Baron Guerrin de Dumast writes about heroines in Sanskrit poetry:—

> Neither designed—nor dreamt of even by the Greeks or by the Romans, who had never risen to such heights; neither suspected by Homer or even by Virgil, feminine types of such elevation, such delicacy, such purity of sentiment could not have been conceived any more by the great Samskrit epic writers if these had not met on the banks of the Ganges what did not exist either by the shores of the Meles or of the Tiber.

Shakuntala is Kalidasa's most exquisite heroine. She combines Heaven and Earth in one sole name. An unparalleled lass, born of a nymph and a royal sage, rounded by youth and perfumed by love, as tender as the *navamallika* and as guileless as the deer, veiled in shyness and jewelled in beauty, playing with the creeper-sisters and sporting with the fawn-brethren, the very breath of Kashyapa and the life of Anasuya and Priyamvada, tormented by love but restraining herself with inviting no's and with trellised fingers hiding her lips' lusciousness, married and *enceinte* and taking leave of the hermitage, rejected and humiliated as cunning and loose, observing the austerities of separation and reunited to her royal lover—she gathers the whole stage to herself. She grows before our very eyes—one of the superb strokes of the poet. The rosy pudency of the first act grows big with the fire of kingliness into an austere Motherhood on Hemakuta like Patience on a monument—thin, unkempt, unshowy.

[5] I see myself recognized by you.
[6] This is not like my lord, indeed.

Apart from other strokes of inventive genius and above them all is said to be Kalidasa's invention of the curse of Durvasa. It is. The royal rake of the *Mahabharata* story is by this device transformed into a king among lovers and a lover among kings. The curse of Durvasa is not the play of a *deus ex machina* but one rooted in human nature, say the apologists of the play. From a strictly dramatic point of view, nothing that does not issue out of human agents should have play. What has a play to do with sages' curses, zooming up to the heavens and landing on Hemakuta, rings found in fishes' bellies and amulets that hiss and bite like serpents if touched by persons other than parents? The master stroke of Kalidasa is not, thus, dramatic material strictly. The island of Calypso cannot be Ithaca.

Further, the play need not stretch into seven acts. The sixth act, for instance, is like a sixth finger. The delicious and romantic agony of the King seems to be intended for Sanumati to carry the happy news of the King's suffering to Menaka and Shakuntala or to tell us what happened after the third act on the love-perfumed banks of the Malini. A single remark of Shakuntala in the seventh act sums up the wasting sorrows of the King: "*Na khalu āryaputra iva.*" Nothing moves here; the sixth act is a tear-filled pool of regrets. In *The Tempest* Shakespeare in a similar incompetent way handles the story of Ariel—for the benefit of the audience.

In spite of this long-windedness, luxuriating in love-lorn grief, the play is one of the most carefully written and carpentered structures we know. The strict interior stitching is one of the amazing things besides the nurslings of immortality—the two Viśakha stars round the new digit of the Moon and the old lady Gautami; the irascible Sharngarava and the mild Sharadvata; the delightful scene of the policemen and the fisherman becoming boon-companions, etc. Not a single word is superfluous; there is no material unused; every incident has a long-delayed relevance. In the *Śākuntala* centre and circumference are one. Touch a thread, and the whole web moves in response. Consider for instance Dushyanta's attempt to disguise his passion from his friend: *Parihāsavijalpitam...*[7] (Act 2) seems to be just a ruse of the lover for the time being; its agonizing relevance is seen in the sixth act when the Vidushaka uses the very words of the King: "*Parihāsavijalpa eṣaḥ.*" Every stroke of the poet's pen adds a beauty somewhere. With amazing propriety Shakuntala is kept ignorant

[7] This is the first word of a line in which the King tells the Vidushaka, for fear of his discretion, that he must not take in earnest what the King had said in jest about his passion for Shakuntala.

of the curse, and the knowledge of the curse comes after the union and makes the marriage of true minds still more "*adwaitic*" (to borrow the superb use of the word by Bhavabhuti). With great insight Kalidasa did not restore Shakuntala to Kanwa's hermitage; it would have been as bad as Lear's restoration to his kingdom. She has to work out her salvation. The blessing of the brahmins, "*Chakravartinam putram āpnuhi,*" at the beginning of the play, is realized in the seventh act.

The hermitage of Maricha on the Hemakuta echoes the hermitage of Kanwa on the Malini. The drama of the flesh, the beating of two hearts, is enacted between two hermitages where flesh is renounced and the beats of the heart are stilled. Hearts are knit in one; souls are knit each in the other. A penance grove is the alpha and the omega of the *Śākuntala.* The unions take place in hermitages and the separation is effected in the city where people are unwashed, impure, dozing and in the bondage of flesh. A childless king goes to a hermitage where deer are the children, goes back to the bleak childless city, rejects his unborn child, is worried about the childlessness of Dhanamitra, envies Indra with his son, finds his own child on Hemakuta.

What is lost and recovered is never lost again; what is forgotten and remembered is never forgotten again. A thing is endeared by being lacked. In the *Śākuntalam* things are growing, developing, evolving. A bud becomes a fruit; a king and a husband falls at the feet of a subject and a wife. This falling at the feet is comparable to Lear's kneeling before Cordelia: "I think this Lady to be my child Cordelia"—the kneeling of a king and a father to a subject and a child. A hermit girl becomes a queen. The lass of his love becomes the mother of his child. Who was once wooed is now worshipped; the glamour of youth gives place to the glamour of character. One is reminded of Gandhiji's great sentence: "Remember that a Woman was your Mother before a Woman became your Wife."

The hermits come to the city. Some experience is being gained every minute. Great things are done, said Blake, when men and mountains meet. Here Earth and Heaven meet; men and animals meet; the animate and the inanimate are one. The *Śākuntalam* is the happy meeting-ground of widely disparate experiences and widely differing segments of life. From the urbanities and comforts of a city we slip into the rough (from the Vidushaka's point of view) life of the forests; we saunter along the Malini and get back to the ache and fret of the city (from the hermits' point of view); we zoom into the heavens and descend to Hemakuta—part of this earth, no doubt, but eclipsing the beauty of the heavens; it has all the beauty and purity of a dewdrop suspended in mid-air. Even in the life of

the hermits shades and nuances are revealed. Durvasa represents the *brahmacharya* stage; Kanwa the *gṛhastha* stage; Maricha the *vānaprastha* stage.

K. VISWANATHAM

(To be concluded)

A HOPE OF RENAISSANCE

DR. JUAN MARIN'S address at the Foundation of the Renaissance Society on April 9th, 1960, is fresh and bold. Taking down all the *clichés* with a deft touch, he shows the Renaissance to have been an age of preciseness. The Renaissance has often been hastily labelled as a return to classicism; but Renaissance men did not humbly adore the past — they looked to the present and more to the future, for they fostered a spirit of continuous creation. Dr. Marin says, with no suggestion of timidity,

> the creative character of an age such as our own is a clear sign of a reawakening of the Renaissance spirit.... Presenting the Renaissance as a dynamic rather than a static process shows clearly its resemblance to our own age, in which the most far-reaching of transformations are taking place in man's existence and in his universe.

Dr. Marin, one feels, may help the "Angry Young Men" to be less petulant. He is no facile optimist, for he sees that the world is weighed down with anxiety and wretchedness and that man is at the mercy of chance; but he also sees the effort to find a world in which man can be creative. Man has once more become the focal point, the centre of action.

With the confident gesture of a Prospero he dismisses "the Frankenstein myth of science and technology":—

> The present-day technico-scientific trend is merely a prolongation of the Renaissance. There need be no fears in regard to man. He will never allow himself to be mechanized nor will he sell his soul in exchange for a vain and fleeting glory.

Many looked at the Renaissance with the same fear and time proved them wrong.

In this way Dr. Marin builds a structure with the logic of courage. He must have made his listeners wish it was more elaborate and detailed than the limits of an address allow it to be.

TILOTTAMA SIRKAR

THE SENSE OF GOD

[**Mr. H. C. Duffin** describes some of the types of immediate experience which bring assurance to the human soul that it is in relation to a more enduring reality than its familiar, objective world. "The Sense of God" Mr. Duffin describes is the sense of God immanent — a profound source of encouragement and moral sustenance when it ripens into the realization that "there dwelleth in the heart of every creature...the Master — *Ishwara* — who by his magic power causeth all things and creatures to revolve mounted upon the universal wheel of time." — ED.]

BELIEF IN GOD, which is the root of religion, may rest on authority or come through personal experience. No one who has had, or believes he has had, personal experience of God requires, or would accept, the support of authority, however exalted. The personal experiences need not be continuous, or of a sublime order. Mr. Julian Duguid has told us that once, in a crisis of acute despondency, exactly as he touched the breaking-point, his wife came in with a large bowl of chrysanthemums.

> She placed them on a table in the window, turned on the light, and went out. An instant later my mind was filled with understanding and a peace beyond description.

A not dissimilar experience of my own was on a more imposing scale, and the communication came without the intervention of human agency. These are "signs," and it has been said that the demand for a sign is unspiritual if the whole world is a sign already. The whole world is indeed a sign, but its meaning becomes plain only at moments, and I have known moments — once alone on an open heath, once in a sitting-room with my wife — when my whole being was suddenly flooded with serene assurance, the quiet certainty that I was no individual but an integral part of an infinite whole — of beauty, and light, and peace — that was God. I felt a companion if not a compeer of Jacob Boehme, who tells us that as he was one day walking in fields the mystery of creation was suddenly opened to him, and he turned his heart to God in praise.

But these momentary signs —

> when the light of sense
> Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
> The invisible world —

are inadequate, and lack their full significance, unless they induce a permanent sense of union with the pervading Universal Being. With Wordsworth and Carlyle this sense was always present; with Whitman, too, except that for him the underlying reality was secular, lacking the

attributes of deity. The great naturalists, or those of them, like Richard Jefferies and W. H. Hudson, whose approach was imaginative as well as scientific, have perceived a vast consciousness in nature with which they were mystically united. William James points out that many religious philosophies, differing in outward form—"Hinduism, Neoplatonism, Sufism, Christian mysticism"—share a unanimity of mystic achievement of becoming one with the Absolute. Nor is it necessary to be a saint or a poet to participate in this knowledge. Miss Margaret Bulley says all can be aware of the harmony of the unseen world, though the artist responds to it more profoundly. Undoubtedly music and the other arts provide a very special vehicle for this sense. Mr. Neville Cardus writes:—

> For years I was as dogmatic an atheist as could be. It was when I understood for the first time the later quartets of Beethoven that I began to doubt my rationalism.... If I know that my Redeemer liveth it is not on the Church's testimony but because of what Handel affirms.

The way to an enduring sense of God lies for the common man through happiness. The world is too much with us for many of us to be capable of living in ecstasy. But all men—or far more than is generally supposed—can compass happiness, the happiness compounded of love and peace. Aldous Huxley said virtue is an essential preliminary to mystic experience, and this may well be true, but I believe happiness, as defined, to be equally a preliminary. In fact happiness, so defined, is itself a form of mystic experience, a way of living in unbroken contact with the Absolute Reality, the Eternal Beauty which is God.

The American philosopher Santayana inquired what "ultimate religion" a man might come to if he could contrive to strip himself of all predilections and become "a wholly free and disillusioned spirit." It is probably impossible to shake off (even if we felt it desirable to do so) the effects of early teaching, but assuming this to be done, and the subject to begin with a completely "open mind," Santayana thinks his immediate reaction would be to feel himself in the hands of an alien and inscrutable power. Presently he would discover harmonies between his spirit and the nature of things, and, at rapt moments, feel overwhelmed by the presence of universal good, by "the sum of all those perfections, infinitely various, to which all things severally aspire." So he would come to "that desired perfection, that eternal beauty, which lies sealed in the heart of each living thing." But still, Santayana thinks, even when thus "sensed," God, the universe, would remain foreign, marvellous, unknowable.

Only a personal relationship with God can mitigate the bleakness of this unquestionable truth. Christianity has for its end the establishment of such

a personal relation, but this end is rarely achieved. It can certainly be achieved through the happiness already recommended, which keeps the eyes open to indications of the beneficent intervention of the hand of God. "The only strength for me," said R. L. Nettleship, "is to be found in the sense of a personal presence everywhere," and this, paradoxically, while it brings happiness, cannot be experienced except by one who is already happy. When Aldous Huxley said, "To be in love is...to have achieved a state of being in which it becomes possible to have direct intuition of the essentially lovely nature of ultimate reality," he meant by "being in love" what I mean by happiness, for happiness is being in love with life. There is much that is ugly and evil in the world, but ugliness is but a drifting cloud over the face of beauty, and evil is temporal, as Pompilia knew: "This is the note of evil: for good lasts."

It is beauty that is truth: beauty is the stamp of eternity upon time, and those whose spirit is attuned to beauty feel, with Richard Jefferies, that "it is eternity now. I am in the midst of it. It is about me in the sunshine."

H. C. DUFFIN

THE THRESHOLD

My heart was wildly beating and my eyes were full of tears,
and through my brain were staggering a thousand million fears,
and I saw that all around me was a mighty raging sea
as I stood upon the threshold of the Life that is to be;
and its towering waves were crashing with a grim and dreadful sound
and the wind was sharply howling like the baying of a hound,
and the earth that I was leaving seemed to fall away from me
as I stood upon the threshold of the Life that is to be.

Without me there was chaos, so deep within I dived
down through layer and layer of being that can never be described,
and at last I reached the centre of the being that is "me"
as I stood upon the threshold of the Life that is to be;
and there I saw the Lotus, and it was a thrilling sight,
for glowing deep within me was the fiery fount of light,
and all the darkness vanished and I waited, calm and free,
as I stood upon the threshold of the Life that is to be.

YUVARAJ KARAN SINGH

DOLDRUMS IN RELIGION

[**Mr. Ernest V. Hayes,** himself positively concerned for spiritual ideas, examines in this article the conditions prevailing throughout the civilized world in regard to religion. He makes many important observations, and we agree with him that "the civilization and culture which they take for granted may wither and die, unless continually fed by a Spiritual Bread of Life and a Wine of Spiritual Exhilaration." — ED.]

BRITAIN is under observation in this article, but there is good reason for asserting that other countries of Europe are experiencing in religion (both exoteric and esoteric) the same twilight that can be noticed in the British Isles. The general impression is that the same flinty materialism and gay indifference to the things of the Spirit are to be found in North America, Australia and New Zealand, and in some countries labelled Eastern as well. We are not considering those Communist countries in which an active dislike of religion is evident, with some persecution, because in those countries — significantly enough — there is a revival of the religious spirit in the face of State hostility.

A point often made by the neo-pagans of the West is that church-going, accompanied by sacramental observances, is not a genuine proof of true spirituality. Yet it has been a fact throughout history — and still remains a fact where the religious tendency revives, in spite of repression — that some outer behaviour of a ceremonial kind is always observed to express the inner convictions. No sect in England is more devoid of rites and observances than the Society of Friends — the Quakers. But they have their meetings for worship and meditation, and the recognized periods of silence must be regarded in themselves as sacramental; one cannot imagine a Quaker meeting without these established silences. Among Theosophists of some schools, and those who follow New Thought, there is, without prayer, hymn or adoration, a certain seeking after God.[1] If we agree with the Catholics that theology in itself is a form of worship, we must agree that even talking about spiritual matters, ethics and common decency in daily life is allied to church or temple attendance at ritual performances.

Now the neo-pagans of Western lands do not, as a general rule, take any interest in such discussions or in the practice and behaviour that should flow from them. One feels it is almost an insult to the pagans of the past and the present to use the same title for those who at least had

[1] Practices differ among various groups which consider themselves theosophical; but in Madame Blavatsky's own works it is made quite clear that in Theosophy God is an impersonal Absolute Reality — like *Parabrahm* in Vedanta — ED.

and have some religion, some moral code, some effort towards inner development, and for those who ought more truly to be labelled hedonists or good-timers—"let us eat, drink, and have fun, for tomorrow where are we?" This query about tomorrow is not confined to a query as to after death, but to the uncertainty of the very good time that is being enjoyed in this life. One detects a certain fear of the physical tomorrow amid the great prosperity among the masses that has never been known before. There is a fear not of where the next loaf of bread is coming from—as in the young days of this writer—but how long one can pay the instalment on the car, the television set, and the washing-machine; how many "rock-'n-roll" records one can manage to buy at 21s. each. There is nothing to be said against this wave of general prosperity for the masses; one wishes that it could be shared more widely by the still poorer nations of the earth. Poverty is not a necessary factor in spirituality. But where the spirituality is already lacking, material well-being tends to keep it more securely away. Nor can it be denied that those who practise the outer forms of a religion include some who are profoundly unspiritual. Such points are really irrelevant to the study of the doldrums found today in religion.

Has the prevalent religion in the West—Christianity in its various expressions—spent itself and is it now in its ebb, likely to retreat still farther from the discernible shore? There is a spot on the East Coast of Britain probably known, as a memory, at least, in Bombay, Lhasa, Pekin, Timbuctoo, Moscow, Venice, Yucatan and Ocean Island. It is called Southend-on-Sea. The tide goes out for a mile and a quarter, and a stranger, seeing it out for the first time, might well believe it can never come back. It is said that the mile and a quarter of oozy mud left behind is life-giving for certain sufferers. Those who do not suffer do not bother to try it, having various kinds of entertainment to keep them busy till the tide comes in. Religion is in that position in Britain at the present time. A few who feel they are suffering from some lack or other derive some benefit; about eighty per cent of the population merely see it as a very dreary affair, not worth their attention in the slightest, except for weddings, christenings and funeral services. The marriages soon lose their sacramental character, as proved by the divorces and separations; the baptisms are as described to me by an Anglican Church curate working in an East End district of London: "The women in this district always do two things for their babies. They have them baptized and they have them vaccinated. The vaccination generally takes, but the baptism doesn't often." The burial services are so lifeless and hollow that it would be better to omit them—only, the irrelig-

ious public would be indignant if that omission was attempted.

I have in mind a typical road in a middle-class neighbourhood well known to me. It is typical of the entire district, and it seems it is fairly typical of every district, throughout England and Scotland at least. There are over a hundred houses in this typical road. A careful observation reveals that out of the hundred families (with lodgers, very often) only in five houses does anyone move out on Sunday mornings to attend a church. They go to tennis, to bowls, for walks, to the inns for refreshment, out in their cars and to their television and radio—though not for the religious items on the programme. They are not aggressively irreligious; they are good-natured enough to admit that those who like religion can have it. In a way, as with the life-giving mud of Southend, they receive some vague benefit from a Faith that they do not practise; the very civilization in which they were nurtured, and which still colours their lives in pastel shades, was born of the religion that they ignore and was gradually brought to maturity in the face of bitter opposition and much hypocrisy. That the civilization and culture which they take for granted may wither and die, unless continually fed by a Spiritual Bread of Life and a Wine of Spiritual Exhilaration, and cleansed by the Water of constant re-adjustment where there is trespass and the need for correction, is a possibility that they wave aside and at which they shrug in a kind of good-tempered "*après nous, le déluge.*" They watch a family of the Catholic persuasion going to Sunday Mass with great regularity, and often members of the family going to week-day Mass also. There is no reproach in it for them; they do not jeer at the devotion; they merely comment: "Well, it isn't *my* cup of tea, anyway." And they might add (in the words of the immortal Mrs. Sairey Gamp of Dickens), "They are born so, and will please themselves. Them which is of other natures think different."

Yet there is a minority to whom religion is an important thing. The churches are not so empty as some would suggest, their wish being father to their thought. Some of the churches are well filled and some are fairly full. But the total attendance is a definite minority for all that. This minority is earnest enough and most of those who form it do truly spiritualize their lives by a sense of contact with the Unseen. About ninety-five per cent of this minority are fundamentalists, accepting the Scriptures and the Creeds at their literal interpretation. They see no need to be anything else but fundamentalists, for it is not orthodoxy that causes the majority to set aside religion. The revision of the Creeds would bring no more into the churches than there are now; in fact, many of the careless and indifferent majority, if asked, would express a belief in the orthodox profession of

religion; some would even be indignant if the Christian Faith were attacked. And most of the converts made by evangelical missionaries (such as Dr. Billy Graham of America) find no difficulty at all in accepting the common creed of Christendom; the difficulty is to persuade them to a new life involving the practice of religion in daily use.

There remains for consideration a small number of very devoted people who seem to have very little effect on the population. These tend to form little bunches or clusters of believers away from the main faith of the West. The more important of these will include Unitarians, Jehovah's Witnesses, Christian Scientists, Christian Spiritualists and adherents of various forms of an esoteric or a mystical Christianity, none with over a few thousand in membership and some with only a few hundred or a few score. None of these would be considered orthodox; few would accept the Nicene Creed, and those who do would interpret its clauses in ways not to be approved of by the millions who, nominally, at least, belong to the Churches of Catholicism, Eastern Orthodoxy, Anglicanism and most Protestant sects. The Unitarians would be the hardest nuts to crack in the direction of the Scriptures and the Creeds being interpreted in an esoteric way, or a truly mystical way. They are really Rationalists with a slight coating of religious expression; mysticism is no more acceptable to them than orthodoxy and fundamentalism. They may be right and the fundamentalist may be wrong; the practical point is that they carry very little weight and are not at all likely to agitate the stagnant waters of religion in Britain at the present time.

The only active religion in Britain, in the sense of making converts, rousing the sluggish among those born in the faith and showing great earnestness, self-sacrifice and intensified work, is the Catholic Church, and the leaders of that church admit that while they gain from the non-Catholic population, they lose a very large number of those who were born and baptized as Catholics. In France, it is admitted that Catholicism has lost the allegiance of the entire working-class, and that the middle-class is Laodicean in its warmth for more than formal practices, and as few of these as possible—to keep them in the aura of *comme il faut.*

So far as Britain is concerned, this spiritual lethargy is no new thing. The revivalists of the eighteenth century (John Wesley, George Whitfield, etc.) yearned over it, and before the Reformation preachers lamented or raged about it. What makes it so marked today is the vast increase in population. When Britain had about four million inmates, or even ten million, a third of the population indifferent to all religious activity was not too noticeable, scattered as the population was over vast areas and mainly

agricultural. But it would not be safe to suggest more than ten per cent of the population as concerned in religious activity at the present time. Radio, television, cinemas or sports cannot be praised or blamed for this. The minority who are churchgoers—notably the Catholics—enjoy all these modern entertainments as well as any of the neo-pagans. Nor can free-thinking take much credit or be discredited for a great share in this godlessness, accompanied quite often by unethical behaviour. If we allow ten per cent for the religiously inclined, we might allow less for the thoughtful and the studious. There is scarcely any active and aggressive atheism to be accounted for; occasionally, one meets with a contemptuous reference to religion, but this is generally based on no sound philosophical study.

One cannot well remind the average Britisher that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of" in his philosophy, because he has no philosophy worth calling such. The condition of the mass of the population suggests very forcibly that they are incapable of appreciating religion in its deeper sense or any spiritual appeal; there seems to be a complete lack of the mysterious gift of the soul by which we seem to be naturally related to the Unseen; the minority who have that gift only make the lack of it more striking in nine out of every ten men and women in the British Isles. And the thoughtful religious man must be reminded inevitably of that doctrine of faith in some quarters which has now been allowed to slip out of sight as not acceptable to the modern mind. It is the idea of what has always been called in Christianity Predestination. Perhaps we may not worry ourselves to the extent of finding a reason for the complete religious indifference of today. Some of us feel that such a reason ought to be found. The reason may not be entirely satisfactory, but it must be explanatory to some extent. Otherwise, we must say of the religious minority that they are unbalanced and in some instances quite crazy and living in illusions, or that, if they are on the right path, the God-intended path, then something has gone wrong with the majority, whose paths are all away from spiritual realization and whose main purpose seems to be to walk away from God rather than with him.

A careful reading of the Epistles of Paul reveals that he believed in a special selection of a certain number of that vast multitude we call humanity. And the Christ before him seems to have favoured the same view: "You are of your father, the devil; and the works of your father you will do." St. Augustine has the same idea; John Calvin was to incorporate it into his Reformed Church, and the Albigenses of the Middle Ages had also accepted it in their own peculiar expression of it. And the

Established Church of England declares in every copy of its official Liturgy that "Predestination to Life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby ... he hath constantly decreed ... to deliver . . . those whom he hath chosen in Christ out of mankind...." The old Zoroastrian teaching of the Good God and the Bad, Ormuzd and Ahriman, seems to imply something of the same idea.

Against this stands the Indian conception of "All is *Brahman*" (although that seems to be modified by the *Gita* to some extent, within Time and Space, at least). Many mystically inclined people nowadays lean to a similar idea, such as that we are all "sparks" of Divinity or that we are all in God. It might be more correct to say that Divinity is not issued in sparks but that what we call the "God in us" is, in the majority of cases, only hovering over us, and that its entry into our consciousness is dependent on our deliberate co-operation with it; that our very immortality is conditional on that co-operation and that entry; not automatic; not granted to all although, in the vast sweep of Eternity, ever available to all. Between saying that spirituality is *available* to all and saying that all *are* spiritual (though they do not know it and do not act upon it) there is a deep line of demarcation. It may last for ages—who can say? And so, looking at humanity as we find it, we shall for a very long time find an unspiritual majority—to whom ethics is a matter of keeping on the right side of the law and avoiding the policeman, and religion is like Grand Opera, Abstract Art and Esoteric Poetry—"not exactly in our line." We are assured now and always of the minority of man to whom *Yoga* under a score of names and a score of variations is an actual religion—who are a light to every succeeding generation, a healing to those who come in contact with them, a very present help in times of trouble. We must not expect too much from the majority but be glad when an elect soul breaks away from the mass and seeks a more singular companionship. We must not use as smooth *clichés* such phrases as "we are all sparks of the Divinity," but in the Zoroastrian way see in Time and Space two armies; the Army of the Good and the vaster but more disorderly armies of the Less-Good and at times the definitely Bad. We may be happy to feel that we are on the winning side, though the victory is distant and can hardly be taken into account in the heat of the struggle, and spend ourselves in quickening one another in the Good Army, keeping in step, not dragging in unwilling recruits but accepting eager comrades during this *Kali Yuga*, this Darker Age, growing for some time yet ever more material.

ERNEST V. HAYES

THE VILLAGE AND CIVILIZATION

[WE are glad to welcome to our pages **Mr. E. W. Martin,** historian and sociologist, author of *Where London Ends, The Secret People, The Case against Hunting*, etc. In this interesting article Mr. Martin speaks of the problems of village communities overtaken by the effects of industrial expansion in the towns, and of the importance of finding such solutions to them as will permit villages to continue making their peculiar contribution to civilization — the recognition "that human arts and institutions ultimately depend on the integrity of persons." — ED.]

UNTIL RECENT YEARS the village was the centre of rural life in Britain. It had evolved for itself, through many centuries of contact with the soil, a philosophy of work and worship that satisfied the needs of country people. Villages are now passing through a particularly difficult transitional phase, from which a different kind of social and agricultural balance will emerge.

There is, of course, no true similarity between a society, like that of India, where the village can still be looked upon as the stable basis for planning and that of Britain, where all the streams of progress seem to flow from the overpopulated urban centres.

To see what is happening to the village — in the agricultural and rural counties of Britain not yet overrun by industrialism — it is necessary to realize that only two out of ten persons live outside the towns. Also it must be shown how the average country parish has lost not only its self-sufficiency, but also its feeling of isolation. Too many writers have stressed the numerical decline in village population without considering in detail the economic reasons behind such migration to the towns.

The most striking fact of modern times is that, with the speeding up of communications, rural communities have been brought into contact with the wider world. People who were once static are now mobile. Loyalties once cramped within the narrow limits of one parish are now widely dispersed. In fact, so much is happening to the lives and minds of rural inhabitants that their material and spiritual standards are different now from what they were even a couple of decades ago. We must look for a moment at certain material and cultural factors which are part of a predominantly urban and industrial organization, imposing itself on the old rural structure.

The material pattern has changed greatly since 1920, when the writer George Bourne published his book, *Change in the Village*. Bus services have established permanent lines of communication between groups of

small villages and their market towns. In terms of local government, the small town generally gives name to a rural district, administered by a Rural District Council. Almost all market towns are managing to keep their populations at even level, while practically every village has suffered a marked decline in numbers.

Villages that were once the centres of a vigorous spiritual and social life are not without vigour now, but the smaller places battle against great difficulties. Such parishes depended, in the past, on the bounty of landowners or country squires, who often employed many of the villagers in their country houses. Most of these landowners have disappeared: taxation and death duties have made it impossible for them to exist in homes that were kept up by cheap agricultural and domestic labour.

The squires gave unity to county parishes. They imposed their will on the people and in return they made it possible for such parishes to hold together, even though wages were very low and housing conditions often cramped and insanitary. With the disappearance of the squires, many who formerly worked in such country houses had to seek employment elsewhere. Gradually the population dwindled, and then would follow the closure of the one-teacher schools and the removal of the country clergyman to a larger parish from which he would take charge of perhaps two other parishes. So country parishes, bred in an individualist tradition, tend towards greater co-operation. They share not only their parsons but also a doctor and a district nurse.

The removal of children from village schools, or primary schools, takes place after the age of eleven. These children then attend grammar schools or secondary modern schools in nearby towns. They are thus brought into contact, at an early age, with a way of life somewhat different from that which their parents were familiar with at the same age.

In addition to the closure of schools and the abandonment of country houses, villages in Britain have also suffered from the decline in rural crafts. In the past, the craftsman was one of the most important working persons in any rural community. Nowadays it is common to find villages in which there are no blacksmiths, carpenters, thatchers, masons or tailors. Those who still survive are generally elderly men who cannot find apprentices to follow their crafts. Efforts are being made by the Rural Industries Bureau to stimulate local crafts and rural industries, but the modern villagers in Britain now turn more and more toward the towns for the solution of their problems.

On the cultural side, one of the most obvious influences at the present time is—television. The great characteristic of rural living in the past was

isolation. That isolation also implied some personal discomfort because of lack of amenities. The amenities are now becoming available, in the shape of electricity, piped water supplies, indoor sanitation and so on. Because rural people were once cut off from the main stream of urban civilization they were content to build up their own local culture and to maintain their own distinctive crafts. This local culture was almost entirely a manual culture, but it had its songs, its distinctive dialect, its defined social standards, its caste system. The influence of mass society is changing all that. Television has made its way not only into villages but also to isolated farmsteads and cottages. Ideas form a currency of which the rural labourers of Britain knew very little. They are now beginning to pay more attention to the cultural side of things, which once was the prerogative of the leisured classes.

In the remote village where I have lived for some years, one of the most welcome innovations has been that of the Travelling Library. Villagers have not been in the habit of reading, nor have they encouraged their children to cultivate a habit which they themselves tended to despise. But the more sensible of rural dwellers are coming to see that knowledge really is power. Farmers want their sons to acquire a knowledge of science so that they can employ it for the benefit of farming. Labourers desire their children to take advantage of State education in order that they shall be enabled to escape from the ill-paid drudgery of farm work.

It is quite plain, therefore, that conditions have forced the modern village to look beyond itself. Some years ago the Scott Committee issued an important report on the problems of rural Britain; and it stated:—

> Socially, the village has tended to become a loose and indeterminate unit with some of its members looking almost exclusively to the neighbouring town for their amusements, whilst the others suffer from the resulting decline of local institutions, thus robbed of the support of a considerable fraction, especially of the younger people.

This Committee thought that the big problem for villages was how to "refocus cultural life within the village itself." This problem does appear to be insoluble when thought of simply in terms of the village alone. It seems natural at present to think of villages in groups rather than in isolation; and it is as groups that they can continue to contribute much to the economic and spiritual life of Britain.

When the villages are compared to the great urban centres, it might be possible to say—on superficial analysis—that the villages are much inferior. They lack libraries; they lack proper centres for entertainment; their dance-halls are not expensively furnished and the bands employed

would not be to the taste of the sophisticated. But sophistication is not civilization. It is no more than a veneer that seeks to pass itself off as the real thing.

In villages one does come into contact with people who, if they are not spiritually enlightened, do try to behave as neighbours to their fellow men. They certainly think about the wage they ought to receive for a certain type of work, but in addition they do not fail to think of the job itself. The spirit of the rural craftsman, rooted in personal integrity, is not entirely absent from the villages of rural Britain.

The future of the villages of Britain is certainly bound up with the development of a scientific agriculture and the planning of new industries. The true seeds of civilization, however, lie in the realm of the spirit; and thus the new balance of forces in rural Britain will have to be human and communal as well as economic.

Village life has always been what I have called elsewhere a quest for neighbourliness. That neighbourliness must extend not only to other villages and to towns but also to other countries and other creeds. No single society, religion or political system has a monopoly of truth. In order to progress, mankind must be continually searching for new knowledge or for fresh insight into established truths. The pooling of ideas in the cultural sphere now moves from the realm of desirability into that of urgent necessity.

Thinkers nowadays, mainly concerned with human society, cannot split the cost of civilization into parts. They have to begin to look upon it as a whole. This means that inhabitants of rural Britain—living in a face-to-face relationship—cannot escape from the world's problems. In their living they can help to make the human person more aware of the community.

It is this thought for community which is particularly important. The rights of the individual have long been valued in the conflict between freedom and authority; and rural society, whether in India or in Britain, can help urban society to see some of its human problems in perspective. Life is not manufacture; nor will the ethics of a humane community be evolved by science alone.

Rural tradition in India is not dead. It has not been assaulted by more than a century of urban growth and urban infiltration. Such a rural society, with its live craftsmanship, may demonstrate what can be done for the sake of civilization if the village is accepted as the basic unit in a rural-industrial evolution. Men can dream dreams and they can use their hands. What is built in the mind and spirit will affect what is constructed

in the business of planning.

What endures in the villages of Britain today is not the grand homes which the squires built for their enjoyment but the persistent will of the former peasant to make the land abundant and to serve mankind by bending his back to tasks demanding patience and skill. In the past, in eras when life appeared to be a simple affair, country people had faith in their spiritual leaders and teachers. They were fortified by certainties that shine now, through the haze of progress, like burning question marks.

Because life itself is becoming complex, the person cannot find the same solace in simple solutions. In villages, where there is time for meditation and for the furthering of communal virtues, solutions might be discovered which will bring urban and industrial civilization to the point where it is bound to recognize that human arts and institutions ultimately depend on the integrity of persons.

E. W. MARTIN

IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD

In the silent hours of the morning,
I view Thee,
In the daytime whilst I am working
Thou art with me,
In the night when I am resting
Thou lovest and beholdest me.

NETTE BOSSERT

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY IN INDIA

[AGAIN AND AGAIN in recent months the indiscipline among students and various forms of rowdiness and vulgarity among young people have been causes of public concern in India. **Shri C. V. H. Rao** writes sympathetically of the potential or repentant delinquent, and draws our attention to how inadequate are the provisions for helping a youngster *before* he is confirmed in wrong-doing.

Particular attention is indeed needed for those in danger of slipping into delinquency. But a deeper question also arises: Are the elders, even the socially respected elders, living such lives as to bring home the truth which above all others sustains a human soul in temptation, the truth expressed in the *Gita* in the words, "Learn that He by whom all things were formed is incorruptible, and that no one is able to effect the destruction of IT which is inexhaustible." ? — ED.]

ALL AROUND US youth is restless. In the universities and colleges young men are becoming susceptible to a diversity of conflicting influences which, far from helping them to evolve into harmonious and integrated personalities, are making them disgruntled and discontented. In cities like Delhi many incidents occur of teenagers annoying girls in the streets and at bus stops and throwing acid at their faces when their lascivious advances are spurned; refusing to accept the disciplines imposed in educational institutions; and committing diverse other misdemeanours. Some time ago a good-looking and well-dressed boy of about sixteen was being led by two policemen in a Delhi street. Enquiries elicited that he belonged to a respectable family but had made a habit of committing petty larcenies in his home and in the neighbourhood. Child-guidance clinics in some of our cities have as their clients a number of children, coming from middle-class families, with psychological problems and maladjustments.

All these children and adolescents are not by any means confirmed in delinquency. They are, however, potential delinquents and as such pose a serious social problem. If left to themselves they may place themselves outside the pale of the law or grow up into a social menace. But with sympathetic understanding and treatment of their maladjustments and their psychological problems they can be reclaimed as useful members of society.

Juvenile delinquency is a world-wide phenomenon though in different countries and in different environments it may assume different complexions. Poverty or economic destitution is not the sole cause for it, though, in India, with its large numbers of underprivileged and destitute families,

it constitutes an important factor in its emergence. Poverty is generally accompanied by discordant domestic conditions, in which the emotional needs of children remain unsatisfied. But in India, as in other, supposedly more advanced, countries, a proportion of juvenile delinquents come from families belonging to a higher stratum, because the parents themselves are susceptible to maladjustments arising from and associated with the present industrial civilization and galloping urbanization and from practising habits and modes of living incompatible with traditional social norms.

An eminent American psychologist, Consultant to the State Department on Mental Hygiene, Dr. David Abrahamson, attributes the growth of juvenile delinquency in the United States to the breakdown of the family unit —not to poverty as such but to the lack of the affection and security that a family provides. Crimes are committed by adolescents not because they are criminally minded but because crime seems to them a means of securing recognition of their unsatisfied egos and an escape from the emotional stresses engendered by denial of such recognition in the family circle.'

The problems of juvenile delinquency demand urgent attention because of the big risks involved in their neglect. The number of underprivileged and unadjusted adolescents is increasing under the stress of modern conditions; and since they belong to an age group which, under proper guidance and sympathetic handling of its problems, is susceptible of reformation and of development into healthy citizens, they can be neglected only at peril to national progress and social stability.

In India an organized attack on the malady has evidently rested with the passage, two or even three decades ago, of Children Acts, the organization of a few probation services and the establishment of a few juvenile correctional institutions. We still tend to be obsessed with the idea that the most effective method of dealing with a child prone to abnormal behaviour or anti-social tendencies is to send him to a remand or reformatory institution or to a Borstal school, or, when these institutions are not available, to a voluntary welfare institution. The treatment available at these institutions conforms to a set pattern of teaching the inmates reading and writing and training them in some craft or trade in the hope that they will acquire some skills and turn over a new leaf.

Little or no attention has been paid till recently to preventive measures which would eliminate some of the root causes constraining a normal child to deviate into a path of delinquency. It is at present beyond the financial resources of the State, and even more of voluntary agencies, to promote family-welfare services on a scale which would make many poor and middle-class families domestically harmonious and able to provide their

children with facilities for healthy recreation, enabling them to evolve into psychologically adjusted adolescents. Family and community welfare is still a somewhat nebulous notion with us and the services available in these fields are so scanty as to be almost negligible. Equally disconcerting is the position regarding other welfare services which could assist children and growing adolescents with personal and other problems in cultivating healthy habits of living and thinking, such as an educational system which could instil pride of tradition and innate serenity of mind. There are more influences conducive to the cultivation by children of anti-social attributes than to that of balanced and emotionally subdued personalities.

Even the institutional services are not on such a scale as to meet the requirements of the large and growing number of children and adolescents with psychological and behaviour problems. Only in a few States such as Bombay, Uttar Pradesh and Madras have anything like organized services in these directions been established.

The result has been that children without parental protection, emotionally and psychologically unadjusted children and destitute children on the one hand and adolescents in rebellion against social conventions and environmental conditions on the other become automatically a problem to be dealt with by the police and the law courts if they do not become vagrants or develop into anti-social elements. The police and the magistracy deal with them much as they deal with an ordinary criminal, so that, if prior to being taken under custody by the police they are delinquents only potentially, they become actual delinquents thereafter. The probation services and the special juvenile magistrates do attempt to instil a less rigid and more humane outlook into the treatment of these types, while social-welfare workers attempt to rehabilitate them socially by educating public opinion on the theory that no child or very few children are born criminals but that most of them are driven to crime by the denial of social protection.

The institutions or homes to which the juvenile delinquent is remanded pay less attention to the informative aspect than to the penal aspect during the period of domiciliary treatment, and, even if the former aspect is accorded due attention, the absence of follow-up services and the social stigma attached to the quondam inmate of a correctional institution is not easily obliterated. For children who in their formative years are victims of discordant and unhappy home conditions and parental neglect, child-guidance clinics and recreational and other facilities providing suitable outlets to their emotional urges and for satisfaction of their suppressed or wounded egos are necessary on an extensive scale. But again their number

is disproportionately small.

This disparity between the extent and the complexity of the problems of juvenile delinquency and the preventive and curative efforts to alleviate and remedy the situation is the conspicuous feature of the existing position in India. The relatively large bias towards institutional treatment as distinct from the treatment of the root causes and the realization of the need for family-welfare services, the relatively greater importance given to care services than to after-care services and the emphasis on temporary relief measures as against the need for permanent economic and social rehabilitation of juveniles cumulatively represent an attitude and a kind of thinking among the public and the State agencies concerned with the problem which are wholly unsatisfactory.

To remove these deficiencies in our social-welfare services it is necessary that a high priority should be accorded to the preventive, curative and rehabilitative measures for the benefit of adolescent delinquents. A judicious and effective combination of such measures, involving a substantial expansion of institutional services by establishing a large number of juvenile correctional and care institutions, the creation of a special police and magisterial organization for conducting juvenile cases and a considerable expansion of facilities for the training and rehabilitation, social and economic, of quondam delinquents is the need of the hour.

The softening of the effects of domestic disharmonies and amelioration of family environment, which is a vital aspect of the preventive steps necessary in this connection, is interlinked with the provision of larger and more comprehensive welfare services such as proper housing, education, facilities for recreation and entertainment of a healthy character with the welfare of the family and the community as the target.

Nevertheless, assuming that for some time to come the only avenues available for the care, protection, education and training of children who are victims of psychological and other maladjustments and poverty are juvenile institutions like remand homes and Borstal or certified schools, it follows that the number of such institutions should be considerably increased in the near future. It also follows that, as such children will have to be discharged from the institutions after a specified number of years and at a particular age, there should be agencies, institutions and services which can assume charge of them on discharge and provide the requisite after-care and rehabilitative services, such as training in crafts or trades and placing them in suitable jobs and employment. As a corollary, services should also be available to help in removing the social stigma that attaches to those who at any time have been inmates of correctional institutions.

Nothing wounds the ego of an adolescent willing to make terms with society more than a feeling that society does not trust his good faith.

Whether, for financial or other reasons, an adequate number of correctional and care as well as after-care and rehabilitative institutions are established or not, recognition of their need is spreading gratifyingly. For example, proposals have been framed by various State Governments for setting up more remand homes and certified and Borstal schools during the Third Plan period. After-care Homes, with co-operative production units attached to them, are being established in different States under the After-care scheme of the Central Social Welfare Board, of which economic rehabilitation of adolescents discharged from juvenile institutions forms an integral part.

The connecting link between institutional treatment and after-care services for juvenile delinquents are—or should be—the social-welfare workers, such as probation officers, case workers and child psychologists properly trained, and voluntary welfare workers. Adequate personnel for managing and staffing juvenile institutions and for employment in ancillary services can be made available only if training facilities for different cadres of workers at different levels are expanded. It is an inexplicable and distressing aspect of our developmental schemes in the economic as well as social spheres that while inadequacy and non-availability of trained personnel is deplored *ad nauseam*, a large number of such personnel in different fields remain unemployed and have to waste their talents for lack of opportunities for work. This paradoxical situation should receive serious consideration from the planning body and other organizations concerned with planning and implementation of welfare services. A large volume of voluntary effort, which remains untapped, can be mobilized for providing the social-welfare content of rehabilitation schemes for juvenile delinquents. While State grants to voluntary agencies should be liberally provided, the growth of mushroom agencies without roots in local support should be guarded against.

There has recently been much useful thinking on the need for, and the significance of, co-ordination of social-welfare services and their administration, which, it is hoped, will be reflected in the programmes for the welfare of juvenile delinquents. As these latter gather recruits mainly from neglected, orphaned and otherwise socially defenceless children, effective co-ordination among schemes for child welfare as such and schemes for care and rehabilitation of juveniles is clearly indicated.

C. V. H. RAO

SEAN O'CASEY IN DUBLIN

[**Mr. R. M. Fox** is well known to our readers, especially by his warm, sympathetic sketches of important figures in Irish life and letters. In this article he gives us interesting glimpses of the playwright Sean O'Casey. — ED.]

FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS the famous Irish dramatist who has interpreted the life of the Dublin tenements to the world has been a voluntary exile from his native city. Recently he celebrated his eightieth birthday. His first play, *The Shadow of a Gunman,* was presented at the Abbey Theatre in 1923 and made an immediate sensation. But in 1926, when *The Silver Tassie* was rejected by that theatre, he left Dublin and settled permanently in Britain.

My first meeting with O'Casey was in 1922, not long before his first play was presented. I had written an article calling for the release of Jim Larkin, the fiery Irish Labour leader who was then imprisoned in Sing Sing Gaol in America. We met in Delia Larkin's flat high up in Mountjoy Square, Dublin. Delia was Larkin's devoted sister and we were united in the desire to see Larkin released. O'Casey succeeded in getting the article published in an Irish journal.

I was just finishing my three-year term at Oxford and spoke of my intention to settle in Dublin, when I left college, in order to write. When I mentioned this to O'Casey he shook his head and laughed. "I've known dozens who left Dublin to write," he told me. "But I've never heard of anyone who came to Dublin as a writer!"

I had the optimism of youth. But looking back I must confess the prospects were pretty hopeless. The city looked shabby and shiftless. It had been smashed up in the national struggle and ruins were everywhere. And just then it was on the brink of civil war over the London treaty establishing the Free State. I stayed but, in a few years, O'Casey had joined the exiles.

When *The Shadow of a Gunman* was put on, the effect was electric. The Abbey had languished in the troubled years, but it now became a centre of living drama. The play was about the struggle which had involved not only the city but the whole country. A few nights before it was due to appear Yeats visited O'Casey, it was said, and told him he would have to change the original title because it had already been used. O'Casey was puzzled, but he happened to glance in the mirror and saw his reflection. So he christened the play *The Shadow of a Gunman.*

The principal character, Davoreen the poet, was based on O'Casey

himself. I knew the people on whom O'Casey modelled two of his characters. Mick Mullen, an unheroic character of the tenements, and Seamus McGowan, who, in the play, was killed after leaving a bag of explosives in a tenement room, not long before the police raided the place. Turning to facts, I know that O'Casey had shared lodgings with Mullen and that McGowan, who was a pedlar at the time, used to drop in and leave his bag. McGowan was actually a militant Citizen Army man who had much to do with explosives. He was not killed, as in O'Casey's play, but lived for many years and took a pride in being the model for the gunman. On the other hand Mullen always nursed a grudge against O'Casey because he portrayed him as a cowardly character, concerned only with saving his skin. Both these men had the racy Dublin speech and were excellent models.

O'Casey always went direct to life for the background of his plays. One morning, not long before the civil war broke, he took me along to the Fowler Hall, the headquarters of the Orange Lodge in Dublin, situated in Parnell Square. This was a bitterly Protestant and Unionist body originating in the North. By a stroke of poetic justice the building had been seized by the Republicans to house Belfast refugees driven out of the shipyards during the "pogroms" in that city. A great billowing tricolour hung from the upper window of the building as we stood on the steps of this mansion.

I waited expectantly on the steps as O'Casey knocked. He told me he knew the Commandant in charge. Nothing happened at first. A group of men drifted along the street. O'Casey hailed one as they passed,

"How are things going in your part of the country?" he asked.

"Terrible!" replied the man, shaking his head, dolefully, "All the cornerboys on both sides have got arms and nobody knows what will happen next."

"You know the remedy for that, don't you?" retorted O'Casey. "Join the army and get arms! In a properly constituted state every man should be in the army!"

While this cross talk was going on, I heard a sharp movement of the metal letter-box and saw that the shutter was lifted. Stooping level to the slit I looked in and saw a man's eye alongside what appeared to be a piece of gas pipe resting on the letter-box. Then I realized it was a man with a revolver.

By this time O'Casey was parleying through the letter-box and soon with a clanking of chains and an undoing of bolts a narrow gap opened, just big enough for us to squeeze through. In the hallway we saw an array of sandbags with a man lying behind them, holding a rifle. Stepping over

the bags we went upstairs to the main hall, where I talked to some of the refugees, mostly old men, women and children,

Heaps of bedding were curtained off roughly with blankets. On the walls were big, framed portraits of Queen Victoria, Lord Carson and other heroes of the Northern loyalists, gazing down with glassy-eyed disapproval. When I had finished writing in my notebook O'Casey informed me that the Commandant wanted me to promise that if I wrote anything about the place I would submit it to him first.

I was always suspicious of censorship and most hostile to military censorship.

"Why should I do that?" I demanded. "How can any of these pitiful stories be used against the garrison? Why should I agree to such a request?"

"That is all very well!" said O'Casey. "But the refugees are not the most important part of this establishment. They are only the camouflage. There is a store of ammunition in the basement. And they are expecting an attack any minute from the Free State forces. That is why it was so hard to get in."

After we had seen the interior of the Fowler Hall, O'Casey went with me to the "illegal" Sinn Fein court, a crowded room where cases were being tried. By this time no one attended the British "legal" courts. Lawyers bitterly opposed to the Republicans came to plead in these assemblies.

This mixture of belligerency, defiance, jocularity and tragedy was a common feature of Dublin life at that time, especially in these gaunt tenements which O'Casey knew so well. He drew on this inexhaustible well of incident, character and atmosphere when he came to write his early plays. His realism and fantasy, his biting and poetic phrases, made him a true voice of his native city in those years of stress.

R. M. Fox

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

GNOSTICISM AND EARLY CHRISTIANITY *

UNTIL the present century there was still so much that was uncertain about Gnosticism that its significance could very easily be exaggerated, especially by the esoterically-minded. It was tempting to believe that the Gnostics were in possession of a secret wisdom, which can still only be revealed to the initiated. That view is no longer tenable, except by the credulous, since the discovery of the chief Gnostic documents, notably the large collection which was recovered in 1945 by a chance find at Nag-Hammadi in Egypt.

The main features of the Gnostic systems had long been known from the attacks upon them by the Church Fathers of the second to fifth centuries. These attacks were often bitter and sarcastic, but it is now evident that the writers were not ill-informed or guilty of deliberate falsification.

If illusions about Gnosticism ought not to be cherished, this should not mean any lessening of interest in its various manifestations or of sympathy with what they represented. With the added help of the Dead Sea Scrolls it now becomes possible to clarify a great deal that was previously obscure of a remarkable transition period in religious history, when Jewish and Christian ideas were making their impact upon, and themselves being affected by, the revision of traditional beliefs among the Mediterranean peoples.

Dr. Grant, in a book which furnishes a lucid account of the principal Gnostics and their systems, lays stress upon the contemporary causes of this development, the anxiety to find a new certainty about the universe and the meaning of life in the face of the breakdown of intellectual acceptance of the old mythologies and cosmologies. He makes the not entirely novel suggestion that a factor which played an important part in this rethinking was the failure of the Jewish Messianic and Eschatological anticipations arising from the disastrous revolts of the Jews against the Romans from 66 A.D. to 135 A.D. This led to an agonized reappraisal of the relationships between God and Man, between the spiritual and the material world. The question, already being asked as a result of Iranian theological influences, was now a matter of vital consequence, whether and in what way the universe and human destiny were governed dualistically by opposing spiritual Powers.

Orthodox Judaism and Christianity rejected Dualism, but the unorthodox flirted with it, and non-Jewish teachers in varying degrees accepted it, distinguishing the Unseen Father (the good God) from the Creator God, Demiurge, by some equated with Yahweh, and the planetary Archons.

For Gnostics the material world was evil, and they were temporarily enmeshed in it by their souls and bodies. Their *gnosis* was that they were spiritual beings, redeemed from this world and reascending to that from which they came.

> The Gnostic is a Gnostic because he knows, by revelation, who his true self is. Other religions are in varying measure God-centred. The Gnostic is self-centred. He is concerned with mythological details about the origin of the universe and of mankind, but only be-

* *Gnosticism and Early Christianity*. By R. M. GRANT. (Columbia University Press, New York; Oxford University Press, London. ix + 227 pp. 1959. 31*s.* 6*d.*)

cause they express and illuminate his understanding of himself.

Dr. Grant's book consists of a series of six lectures (revised and with useful source notes), and in this form it is a valuable guide to the reader who is not a specialist. But the character of the work prevents the author's elaborating on some of his themes, and he would appear to have insufficient acquaintance with the Jewish records. He does not employ the Jewish-Gnostic source material in the Talmudic tractate *Chagigah*. Neither, when he is dealing with Genesis and the Angelic Powers, does he introduce the comparable themes of Jewish occultism, *Maaseh Bereshith* and *Maaseh Merqaba*, the Lore of Creation and the Lore of the Heavenly Chariot (in Ezekiel). As regards the famous Simon Magus, the "Standing One," he does not use the Talmudic references to Ben Stada, who brought magic out of Egypt, and he gives no information about the Jewish Gnostic Elisha ben Abuyah. The subject of Gnosticism and magic is touched upon only incidentally, and without consideration of the Babylonian magical bowls and the Great Magical Papyrus in the National Library of Paris.

These omissions indicate that a much more extensive treatment of Gnosticism is needed in the light of old and new information. Its origins also require more exact investigation, especially those Jewish and Judaeo-Christian documents which point back to beginnings in the last quarter of the first century B.C.

HUGH J. SCHONFIELD

The Soma Hymns of the Ṛgveda: A Fresh Interpretation. Part II (*ṚV.*, 9 16-50). By S. S. BHAVE. (Oriental Institute, Baroda. ix+152 pp. 1960. Rs. 5.50)

For over a century much research material has accumulated in the field of Vedic studies, thanks to the labours of Western and Indian scholars. The task of utilizing all this material and arriving at a fresh interpretation of the *Ṛgveda* is now before the Vedists of today; and it is very gratifying to note that scholars like Professor H. D. Velankar and Dr. Bhave are making worthy efforts to give us critical and authoritative translations of as well as commentaries on select *Ṛgvedic* hymns.

It redounds to the credit of the learned author that he has utilized the results of Western scholarship up to date and succeeds often in suggesting new lines of approach. His method is a judicious combination of modern philological research on the one hand and Pāṇini's account of Vedic grammar on the other. The latter supplies him a sure ground to review Sāyaṇa as well as modern interpreters of the Veda.

The translations of the hymns are followed by detailed exegetical notes which will be read with interest by all and which will prove a boon to those who do not know German and French. One wonders, however, why there are no references in the work to Indian Vedists like Dr. A. Venkatasubbiah and why the explanations in Sanskrit on 9.16 by Pandit M. V. Upadhyaya should often differ from that of Dr. Bhave.

Some of the words well explained in the light of Pāṇini are: *pravātaḥ* (p 29ff.), *abhiṣṭikṛt* (p. 104), *avīvaśan* (p. 24). Whether a given usage is not a grammatical irregularity is difficult to decide, though. Some original suggestions like that equating *sūryasya duhitā* with "the genius of poetry" (p. 32) and *venā́* with "beloved son" (p. 22) may not win universal acceptance. The grounds for some other interpretations are not clear.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Hellenism: The History of a Civilization. By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE. (Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, No. 238. Oxford University Press, London. ix+255 pp. Maps. 1959. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

It is forty-five years since this book was commissioned and in the meantime its author has blossomed into a universal historian of the rise and fall of civilizations. Naturally he refuses to define Hellenism in terms of race or even language. Hellenism, as he sees it, rose out of barbarism about 1100 B.C. and succumbed to Christianity about 700 A.D., and in geographical extent it stretched as far as Alexander's conquests in the East and the Roman Empire in the West. Its spiritual content is what gives it its character and this is defined as "the most whole-hearted and uncompromising practice of man-worship on record to date."

There is a certain excitement, even majesty, in such a sweeping treatment of the theme. The author's erudition sometimes trammels him. In a volume that suffers from lack of elbow-room it is irritating to find a good deal of space devoted to Peru because its climate resembles that of the Aegean basin. But where the character of a civilization is the theme we must expect comparisons with Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Mithraism, Judaism; and the internal history gains by the breadth of vision. Its strength lies in its penetrating glances into the nature of successive phases of Hellenic culture: the rise of the city-state bringing emancipation from tribal bondage; the revolution of the sixth century, rescuing the city-state from economic isolation; the final failure to achieve a corresponding political unity.

But there are weaknesses too. The failure to understand the extent and originality of Greek technology turns the chapter on the physical environment into a piece of geographical determinism. It was not their environment but their mastery of it that made the Greeks. The role of astrology is underestimated. Finally, and above all, the central analysis of the character of the civilization does not carry full conviction. Whole-hearted and uncompromising man-worship? Why, the Greeks would not even call their highest thought "wisdom," which belongs to God, but "love of wisdom," which alone befits men. The rich bibliography might also be improved. Among the moderns the name of Singer for technology and Cumont for religion and astrology should find a place. If it had not been thought necessary to enumerate the separate titles of all Aristotle's works, room could have been found among the ancients for the names of Lucretius and Cicero or even Virgil. Livy and Cato are included, the sole representatives of the contribution of Rome to Hellenism!

BENJAMIN FARRINGTON

The Philosophy of Whitehead. By W. MAYS. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 259 pp. 1959. 25*s.*)

> Whitehead was not putting forward a Platonic realism, but was rather applying certain concepts from symbolic logic, for example, the concept of the propositional function and the variable, to elucidate the structure of experience. (p. 74)

This judgment Mr. Mays supports by a scholarly study of Whitehead's philosophy of organisms, divided into two parts, the first dealing with its logical or structural side, the second with its physical-experiential side; throughout he takes great care (greater, one suspects, than did Whitehead himself) to harmonize the philosopher's scattered and chronologically widely separated utterances.

Without a knowledge of modern physics, mathematics, cybernetics and symbolic logic the reader will find this admittedly "very condensed" commen-

tary little more intelligible than the text. But with such a knowledge it will help him to understand Whitehead better, as far, at any rate, as he can be understood from the point of view of those disciplines.

All that Mr. Mays tells us is, no doubt, true. But it is not the whole truth. A philosophy which is a metaphysical system is an attempt to tidy up the universe, and because this is an impossible, though a vitally necessary, attempt, it ends up in a mess. The commentary on it is generally an attempt to tidy up the philosophy — by neglecting or covering up the mess. But it is precisely the mess — the loose ends, the contradictions and *non-sequiturs,* the fusions, confusions and fallacies — that is of value, because it contains all the creativity, the effort to transcend the obvious and commonplace, and so the stimulus for the next vitally necessary, though impossible, attempt.

This applies to a great philosophy (*e.g.,* Plato's or Aristotle's). But is Whitehead a great philosopher or is he rather something of a charlatan (unconscious, no doubt) using language illegitimately to invest himself with a semblance of Delphic pregnancy through Delphic obscurity? (What, for example, is the point of his hierophantic talk about God, if, as we are told on p. 60, God merely $= R (x_1 \ldots x_2 \ldots x_n)$?). This is the puzzle about Whitehead as a whole, for which, however, this commentary provides no solution, since, though it does not neglect or cover up the mess, it does not evaluate it, but merely breaks it up, into its constituent minor puzzles (*e.g.,* the attempt to bridge the gap between matter and mind or to make physical descriptions and descriptions of experience isomorphic.) But then, Mr. Mays is writing for readers for whom metaphysical philosophy requires, not to be evaluated, but only to be apologized for. He provides the apology by pointing to Whiteheadian influence on or kinship with Gestalt psychology, cybernetics and logico-mathematical methods in philosophy, and expressing some hope in his emphasis on the dynamic character of mind and nature (pp. 237-8).

PHILIP LEON

Pictorial History of Philosophy. By D. D. RUNES. (Philosophical Library, New York. x+406 pp. 1959. $15.00)

This book marks a new venture embarked upon in the hope that "this personal touch of seeing the faces and some of the milieus of the philosophers, will stimulate study of their writings." Philosophy as conceived here has nothing to do with scientific methodology or with social, political or theological problems but only with treading the road to inner freedom. Acceptance of this meaning of the term leads the author to include many names which ordinarily would not, strictly, find a place in a history of philosophy. Prophets, literary writers, theologians, men of science and psychologists are all brought together — thereby blurring the boundary lines of philosophy and leaving one at the end with a certain sense of bewilderment. The initial standpoint, *viz.,* that philosophy is ethics and has to do with the "Inner Conscience" that sees man as a mere form in an infinite ocean of Being, naturally results in shifting the emphasis from its intellectual content and in seeing it as a way to live rather than as an attempt primarily to understand and interpret reality, which, to our mind, it ought to be.

The procession of pictures, very interesting in itself, does not, however, give much idea of the philosophies themselves. Even important philosophers, *e.g.,* Kant, get no more than two small paragraphs, biography and all else in-

cluded. Even if the purpose is to excite the appetite for more, one feels, these *hors-d'œuvres* may fail to achieve it. What can one learn, say, about Indian philosophy from the excellent pictures and a few paragraphs that go with them?

We may compare this with another similar publication, Bertrand Russell's *Wisdom of the West*. They differ in their views regarding the subject-matter as well as their treatment of it. By comparison, Dr. Runes's book offers little solid to bite on, though I must add, in fairness, that its sweep is much wider. What we have here is a feast for the eye and its preparation must have meant to the author an enormous labour of love.

A. K. JIANDANI

What is Wisdom? By CYRIL UPTON. (Linden Press, London. 147 pp. 1959. 16*s*.)

This book is instructive. The author, learned in philosophy, poetry, science, art and the history of religion, and having observed the world in his travels, has come to be in possession of an insight into the nature of an *experience* which, alone, gives or ought to give man the authority to live his life. The aim of the book is to discuss the world's oldest question in the light of the contemporary bewilderment. Mr. Cyril Upton feels that even if civilization survives destruction, it is threatening to be engulfed by a materialism from East and West: the dialectic of philosophers, the assurances of theologians, the scientific rationalism and humanism of our era are of no avail. Man's intuition rejects them; it rejects also the "ignorance is bliss" philosophy of resignation. The human spirit marches on, on its pilgrim's path, mystified by its surroundings, but in quest of truth, and so Mr. Cyril Upton affirms that "to seek after absolute wisdom is a purposeful activity and a manifestation of the evolutionary urge."

In discussing science and mysticism Mr. Cyril Upton observes:—

> The major torment of the cosmologist is his complete ignorance of the "First Cause" which distributed matter in space as we now perceive it, and of its ultimate destination. This torment is unknown to those who have known, if only momentarily, the mystic experience. To one who has felt, however fleetingly, the sense of infinity and eternity which accompanies the mystic experience — and such people exist and have always existed, however incapable the Scientific Humanists may be of believing it — the idea of a beginning and an eventual end, far from being imperative, seems illusory. It is not surprising, therefore, that, in observing the eternal mutability which the universe appears to present to our limited perception, the many theories evolved in the endeavour to explain that mutability should, themselves, display mutable qualities.

N. A. NIKAM

Man: Divine or Social. By ARTHUR GUIRDHAM. (Vincent Stuart, Ltd., London. viii+230 pp. 1960. 27*s*. 6*d*.)

"The great weakness of the scientific outlook is its distrust of practical, working generalizations and its preference for rigid systems based on scientifically verifiable but restrictive data." The quotation gives the clue to the understanding of the book. The author is a distinguished consultant in psychiatry. The substance of this book, as of earlier writings, is derived from practical experience and observation in the course of professional work, *i.e.*, working generalizations derived from a whole approach to the whole man. Thus, Dr. Guirdham aims at demonstrating, by the inductive method, not merely that there are religious factors in psychology but that within each man there is the capacity for religious experience. The argument turns on the contention that behind behaviour there lies something more

basic and primary than instincts. There are what he calls the *Cosmic* and the *Herd-Personality* urges. The former is innate and, as enabling contact with God, religious. The latter arises from the individual's sense of apartness. Man must choose between God and the Herd. The whole approach to psychology, worked out in varied and interesting detail, is informed with the spirit of religion. It is claimed, with some justice, that the book contains the raw material for a specific approach to religious experience.

> What I have aimed to demonstrate is that our ordinary human psychology includes an immense potential capacity for religious experience. I have shown that life itself is innately spiritual and that the *Cosmic Urge*... is a religious force.... Most important of all, I have demonstrated that throughout life there are at our disposal psychological mechanisms which enable us to attain to higher planes of being.

Dr. Guirdham, however, is at pains not to approach his theme from the standpoint of any particular religion. The tremendous assumption that there can be "religion" as such is never examined. The weakness implicit here is apparent early in the book where it is assumed that "rebirth" in Christianity, Hinduism and Buddhism means the same thing.

We note with interest that the author proposes, in a later work, to develop the practical implications of what is here discussed.

MARCUS WARD

The Balanced Life: An Essay in Ethics. By HANS FREUND. (Philosophical Library, New York. 186 pp. 1959. $4.50)

On p. 71 of this book the author quotes the following passage from Epicurus:—

> Vain is the word of a philosopher which does not heal any suffering of man. For just as there is no profit in medicine if it does not expel the diseases of the body, so there is no profit in philosophy either, if it does not expel the suffering of the mind.

Our author has brought out a book which does expel the suffering of the mind — the chief malady of the mind, which is "imbalance." As the subtitle of the book indicates, it is "An Essay in Ethics." The book aims at explaining what the good life consists in and how it can be attained. Consequently, it is a work, not merely of theoretical importance, but of considerable value for the conduct of life. Morality is defined by the author, after Aristotle, as that form of life which is marked by the excellence of man *qua* man. The moral life is the good life worthy of man. The author conceives of the good life as a life in which all of man's basic desires are harmoniously satisfied and man is not torn and tormented by inner conflicts. A good and happy life is a balanced and integrated life.

There are six basic desires in man, according to the author. Three of these come under the head of "self-centred desires" and the other three under the head of "world-centred desires." The former are: (1) recreative desires, *i.e.*, desires for relaxation, entertainment, health, etc.; (2) material-security desires, *i.e.*, desires for money, property, etc.; and (3) social-recognition desires, such as desire for a certain status in society. Under the latter head come: (1) creative desires, *i.e.*, desires for intellectual contribution, acquisition of knowledge, artistic creation, etc.; (2) fellowship desires, such as those fulfilled in the family, etc.; and (3) religious desires or desires for communion with God or the Absolute. Not to give priority and precedence to the self-centred desires over the world-centred desires, but to maintain the proper balance between them, is, according to our author, the task and the mark of the good life.

The six basic desires give us the six basic values of life, distinguishable, according to the author, as "intermediary" values or values which are means to ends and "final" values or values which are ends in themselves. The self-centred values are "intermediary," while the world-centred values are "final." Though both are necessary ingredients of the good life, the three world-centred values constitute the inner core of human goodness, whereas the self-centred values represent its outer shell.

In the latter half of the book, the author passes in review the three major ethical systems of the Western world: Hedonism, the Greek ethics of Perfectionism and the Judaeo-Christian ethics. The last of the three is commended as the best exponent of the good life in all its completeness. Hedonism, by extolling pleasure over everything else, leaves the balance in favour of the self-centred desires. The Greek ethics put an exclusive emphasis on the *arête* of the mind or creativeness. The Christian ethics become the exponent of the fullest ideal of the good life by laying as much emphasis on fellowship and communion with God as on those with man. The reviewer feels that the book would have gained in up-to-dateness if the author had also reviewed some of the contemporary currents of ethical thought such as those to be found in the modern schools of positivism and existentialism. But this omission does not destroy the usefulness of the book so far as it goes.

In the last chapter of the book the author makes very thoughtful observations on the role of education in the promotion of the good life and on the necessity of moral and religious education. The reviewer wholeheartedly agrees with the author that it is chiefly through the agency of an education of the right type that we can succeed in removing the imbalance and disintegration that disfigure the personality of the modern man.

To conclude: *The Balanced Life* is a good book on the good life and deserves to find a place on the shelf of every lover of good books. The printing is neat and the production excellent.

S. N. L. SHRIVASTAVA

Human Potentialities. By GARDNER MURPHY. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. x+340 pp. 1960. 25*s*.)

After stating that the bombs that fell on Hiroshima and Nagasaki "were toys compared with those now ready to be dropped at a moment's notice on the great cities of the world," Dr. Murphy proceeds, with heroic optimism, to develop his theme showing how mankind can, by its own free choices, control its own destiny and that of countless generations to come.

The author, who has contributed as a writer, scholar and teacher in many fields of psychological study, and who was for many years Chairman of the Psychology Department of the College of the City of New York, is now Director of Research at the Menninger Foundation. Thus he is entitled to our careful attention, and, no doubt, many advanced study groups would find a critical consideration of this volume rewarding and inspiring.

The main aim of this book is to develop an understanding of human nature, as such, from its earliest development, so leading us to look forward to the possibilities of the human nature of the future. The matter of greatest interest, many may agree, is the author's belief that human nature is not a separate entity, but "our way of being one with our fellows and our world." Another point of interest, particularly coming from an American citizen, is his appreciation of Asian philosophies and values.

Thus, he states:—

> ...in many of the great Asian civilizations this intense preoccupation with personal worth is less easily found... the thing to do is to fulfil the obligations of the social position which one inherits, not to become competitively or pre-eminently worthy in one's own personal right.

Finally, there is a helpful and interesting Bibliography to encourage wider reading and an admirable Index.

ELIZABETH CROSS

GANDHIJI'S *Correspondence with the Government, 1944-47.* (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. xlviii+375 pp. 1959. Rs. 6.00)

This is a sequel to a previous publication, *Correspondence with the Government, 1942-44,* and is a vivid and living record of history in the making in India during 1944-47. This period is characterized by Shri Pyarelal in his foreword to the book as "the stormiest period in Gandhiji's life and a crucial one in India's history." The correspondence here published is exclusively with the representatives of the British Government. Shri Pyarelal's illuminating introduction to the volume strings together the incidents bearing on the correspondence in a continuous narrative. It gives the necessary perspective to the reader in wading through the mass of correspondence.

Gandhiji's letter to the Viceroy, dated July 27th, 1944, contains the following sentences, which strike the keynote of sweet reasonableness permeating his entire correspondence from start to finish, though the letters were written in circumstances of great stress. These sentences written to Lord Wavell are remarkable as revealing Gandhiji's gift for negotiation and persuasion, free from wrath and rancour: "I am used to work in the face of disappointment" and "I shall continue to knock so long as there is the least hope of an honourable settlement." These sentences may be taken to be the golden thread which strings together all the different beads of letters that he wrote to Governmental authorities about problems ranging from mass civil disobedience to employment of child labour in mica factories.

In his inimitably puckish letter to Winston Churchill, dated July 17th, 1944, Gandhiji referred to his being called a "Naked Fakir" as Churchill was said to have described him: "I have been long trying to be a fakir and that, naked — a more difficult task."

The unfailing human touch of Gandhiji makes even the formal political correspondence a thing of charm and beauty. The volume of correspondence is best read as a companion to Shri Pyarelal's *The Last Phase.*

This book makes exciting reading and, like its predecessor, is of incalculable value to the future historian of India, who will have to reckon with the events narrated here. It makes a faithful record of all that happened in India's political history during the eventful years 1944-47.

M. YAMUNACHARYA

Gopal Krishna Gokhale. By T. V. PARVATE. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. ix+484 pp. 1959. Rs. 8.00)

"Like the endless meaning in the narrow span of a song" — a line from Tagore's *Chitra* — best expresses the life and work of Gopal Krishna Gokhale. Gokhale lived for only forty-nine years. Within that narrow span of life he crowded services, of great range and intensity, which have an endless meaning. Shri T. V Parvate, who did a good service by writing the biography of Bal Gangadhar Tilak, has rendered

another good one by his biography of Gokhale. The two heroes were the centres of great, and often acrimonious, controversies in their time. Shri Parvate has written about both with commendable objectivity and deserves congratulations.

Gokhale's greatness of character came out best in the Apology Incident. He was attacked virulently by a section of Indians who accused him of having humiliated India. Some eminent British and Indian friends stood by him in the darkest hour of his public life and assured him that he had acted as a perfect gentleman. In a letter to an intimate friend, Gokhale revealed the anguish of his soul as well as his heroic philosophy:—

> Obloquy, such as I am resting under, is to a sensitive mind the hardest thing in the world to bear and it is made even more unbearable than it would otherwise be by the knowledge that it is causing distress of mind to relatives and friends. For myself, I am bearing the blow with composure... and confident that justice may be done to me one day....Moreover, remember, that the best part of our nature is manifested not when we enjoy but when we endure. There is sublimity and moral elevation in undeserved suffering which nothing can equal and which is almost its reward.

In resuming his public work after the incident, Gokhale said:—

> All that is necessary for me to do is to go on doing my duty, whether it be sunshine or shade. Public duties, undertaken at the bidding of no man, cannot be laid down at the desire of anyone.... One is always glad of the approbation of the public of what one has done.... In this country it constitutes the only reward in public life. But it is not the highest purpose of existence, nor nearly the highest. "If it comes," to use the words of Herbert Spencer, "well; if not, well also, though not so well."

Mahatma Gandhi appropriately characterized him as "Gokhale the Good," and said, "Gokhale's career served me as an ideal. I installed him in my heart of hearts as my teacher in politics."

P. KODANDA RAO

C. P. Snow. By WILLIAM COOPER. (Longmans, Green and Co., London. 39 pp. 1959. 2*s.* 6*d.*) Received through the courtesy of the British Council, Bombay.

A recent addition to the popular "Writers and Their Work" series sponsored jointly by the British Council and the National Book League, Mr. William Cooper's *C. P. Snow* mixes in the right proportion information, comment and criticism. Sir Charles Snow is a scientist who has turned scientific administrator and popular novelist. He has even tried, in his Rede Lecture, to play the prophet, though his effort has also been condemned as "a handy illustration of present-day scientific bigotry and conceit." His main reputation, however, rests on his Lewis Eliot novels, eight of which have appeared so far. He is supposed to have brought to this series "techniques like those of a scientist." The time-range is 1914-54, and the social range is middle class, with a decisive academic (especially Cambridge) bulge in some of the novels. Of the eight novels, two (*Time of Hope* and *Homecomings*) are novels of Lewis Eliot's "direct experience," the rest, of his "observed experience"; and these unequal groups are so balanced that there somehow results "a resonance between what Lewis Eliot sees and what he feels." The general is particularized, and what happens to others happens to oneself also; it is the way of all flesh.

Sir Charles had begun his career with research papers on molecular structure. It is natural that, as a novelist, he should turn to the structure of society and the forces that keep it alive. But human beings are not just atoms, and the laws of physics do not quite comprehend the imponderables of human life, the obscure infinitudes of

the human heart. For a serious novelist, scientific acumen and industry are not enough. That Sir Charles's novels are well constructed and that they read well enough may be readily admitted. In a novel like *The Masters*, a mere storm in a teacup — the election of a new Master of a College in Cambridge — is evoked with a multiplicity of detail and a feeling for atmosphere; and the defeated Dr. Jago lingers in one's memory. But, competent though he is, it will not do to mention in the same breath Sir Charles and Dostoevky or Proust. Sir Charles is a painstaking novelist who can adroitly skim the social and psychological surfaces of his characters. But there is no triumphant art here, he is no great stylist and he is no prophet.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Varṇaka-Samuchchaya. Part II. By B. J. SANDESARA and R. N. MEHTA. Gujarati. (M.S. University of Baroda's Oriental Institute, Baroda. 255 pp. 1959. Rs. 8.25)

This No. 8 of Old Gujarati Books Series of M.S. University of Baroda is the second volume comprising systematic, alphabetically arranged notes and indices, intended to complete the study of the eleven texts of the *varṇaka* type published three years ago. The first volume containing the texts was reviewed at the time in these columns The present one gives two more texts, dealing with dresses and ornaments, and also the missing and, therefore, hitherto unpublished leaf of *"Sabhā Shringār"* made available from Shri Nahta's collection. Taking the two volumes together, we have here a unique opportunity to study the various aspects of Indian culture and linguistics between the fifteenth (in a sense, the eleventh) and the eighteenth centuries — unique, because, barring Dr. S. K. Chatterji's *Varna Ratnakar* in Maithili, of the fourteenth century, we have no such published material in the country.

Rightly, the editors, prescribing limits to their task, have remained objective and factual, and not rarely are even tentative. But, however useful to scholars as a book of reference, an enumerative account does not quite satisfy the general reader or a scholastic beginner. Towards the end of each introductory note we do find some general observations. But it would not be too much to expect Dr. Sandesara with his lively pen to bring out a regular book of social history, incorporating the extracts from other sources that he has withheld and showing how worldly things or culinary and other useful arts were cultivated and even enjoyed with enthusiasm and how religion provided the framework of a general outlook. For the *varṇakas* were practical aids to the cultivation of the rhetorical art of elocution employed in religious preaching.

VRAJRAI DESAI

Govardhanram Madhavram Tripathi's Scrap Book, Parts 1 and 2. Edited by KANTILAL C. PANDYA *et al.* (N. M. Tripathi, Private Ltd., Bombay. Part I: xx+276 pp. Part II: xxv+319 pp. 1959. Rs. 5.00 each)

Govardhanram Tripathi's epic novel *Saraswatichandra* has been a household word in the whole of Gujarat since its first volume was published in 1887. It took fifteen years for the author to complete all its four volumes, and in them he has given a complete picture of life as he envisaged it in all its manifold aspects. In spite of everything that has happened during the

last sixty years, that novel reigns supreme as a great work in the realm of Gujarati letters. It is well, therefore, that the present set of volumes is published, so that students of the master can have a peep into the inner life, motivations, ideas, ideologies and thought-processes that made possible the creation of the great novel and other works by Govardhanram.

The author rightly calls the MS. of these volumes "Scrap Book." It is not a diary; it is not a correlated, regularly maintained account of anything and everything that the author thought about and felt; it is a collection of stray scraps of thought which the author poured into these books because he had "no friend to talk to" except himself. He himself writes:—

> What is the meaning of writing and writing and writing in such books? Hereby I sometimes note down my conclusions to prevent their loss; sometimes I make myself exact thereby; at other times I ease my heart by pouring it on paper. I have no friend to talk to except myself. (July 10th, 1891)

It is only through these scraps that we can know about the intensive and extensive, moral and practical, struggles that he had to wage before he took the final step of renouncing a lucrative practice at the Bombay Bar to turn to a life of contemplation and literary effort at the comparatively young age of forty-three. It is only through these pages that we can have a peep into the lives of all those near and dear to him, whom he so intensely loved and whose faults he could nevertheless see and analyze with the expert eye of a lawyer and a man of letters, and it is only through the pages of these volumes that we can feel the inner goodness and intrinsic greatness of a man who is so humble even in the privacy of the pages of a secret scrapbook.

The style is heavy and the language stilted at many places. The natural flow and rhythm of language emanating from the pen of a great writer are not to be found in these books and many times one feels that the author has been inadequately translating his thoughts into a foreign tongue, which does not lend him its idiom or its verve. But then he did not mean these books to be published. He wrote them "to talk to himself." And it is very well that he did talk to himself, because it was a very noble self and besides representing his own individual self it represented the best and noblest in the personality of the Gujarat of his time.

GULABDAS BROKER

Sahitya-Vimarsha. By RAMNARAYAN V. PATHAK. Gujarati. (Maharaja Sayajirao University, Baroda. 376 pp. 2nd Edition 1959. Rs. 3.50)

The late Ramnarayan V. Pathak (1887-1955) was an eminent Gujarati scholar and teacher. *Sahitya-Vimarsha* is a collection of his critical essays. A great part of it consists of reviews; there is a long critical essay on *Rai-no-Parvat,* an outstanding Gujarati drama by Ramanbhai Nilkanth; and there are discursive essays on literary problems such as the relation of literature and life, the value of tradition, the function of criticism and the art of the short story. While all the reviews are estimable for their insight and understanding, the discursive essays are remarkable for a dispassionate examination of some fundamental literary issues, and the learning and clear thinking that the author brings to bear upon them. Between Indian and Western thought he has a preference for the Indian approach. While admitting that poetry is a value in itself, art according to Professor Pathak cannot be a substitute for life. There is, for instance, nothing like vicarious heroism. In fact the man who

passes the heroic in life by has a poorer relish of the heroic sentiment in literature. Again, when the moral value of a literary piece is called in question, the point to be examined is whether the piece does not suffer in *art* and *beauty* because there is an immoral significance. Professor Pathak also tries to correct wrong notions about idealism and realism. He holds that realism defeats its own purpose by a wilful selection of the sordid, whereas the idealist cannot afford to ignore the real altogether. On the question of the creativity of criticism, he is somewhat orthodox. In so far as criticism reveals a reconstruction of the author's conception and expresses the reaction of the spirit of the critic as a single intuition, it may be regarded, I think, as creative literature.

The reviews deal with the works of Ramanlal Desai, Dhumketu, Munshi, Kalelkar, Mashruwala, Gandhiji and others. Professor Pathak's approach in every case is marked by ease, sensibility and justness; and his prose style is simple, elegant and conversational.

V. R. TRIVEDI

A Grammar of Indian Planning. By S. AMBIRAJAN. (Popular Book Depot, Bombay. xiii+200 pp. 1959. Rs. 5.00)

This is a small handbook, giving a useful and concise account of Indian planning, supported by charts and statistics. The possibilities and limitations of democratic planning, factors of economic development, the two Five-Year Plans, and the evils of planning from above are discussed in the light of Aldous Huxley's criterion that the plan should transform society into a just, peaceable, morally and intellectually progressive community of non-attached and responsible men and women.

Planning is neither daydreaming nor an invitation to dictatorship. It should be democratic planning, which should not need, as dictatorship does, to bolster up its fading prestige with claims of sensational planning triumphs. "There should be," in the words of Barbara Wootten, "a happy and fruitful marriage between freedom and planning," wherein liberty is not stifled by the habit of authority. Besides, planning should be by stages. "A thundering success is not needed in our planning endeavour" and the goal cannot be reached in one quick jump.

Co-operation will have to take the place of coercion, accommodation will have to forestall expropriation and neither the needs of the nation nor the life-giving freedoms of the individual and the citizen will need to be sacrificed; for history gives the warning that "a dictated sacrifice and an imposed cast-iron plan are likely to build only an impressive cemetery."

The book represents the researches of a scholar and is therefore wholly without the bias of an advocate. There is much that is suggestive and cogent in the course of the argument. It impresses the reader as being inspired by a wide range of contacts and of reading.

M. V. KRISHNA RAO

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** writes this month of the impressive personal qualities and work of Jian Giono, the pastoral poet, author of *The Song of the World* and *Lovers Are Never Losers*.—ED.]

JIAN GIONO, the pastoral poet, has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. He sings the "song of the world" — of the daily doings of humble, unknown peasants. How many people have read the works of the sylvan sage? Giono would hate to be called wise; he is a "peasant-anarchist," a positive, creative artist. He loves life — every minute of it. He even found his life in prison during the first World War real fun. It excited him as a new journey or voyage might excite someone.

Today, when everyone speaks about abolishing bombs, people would sympathize with Giono's genuine pacifism; but, when in *Refusal to Obey* he spoke out manfully against war, against conscription, his diatribes did not make him very popular in France. There is a glorious passage in *Blue Boy* which would have appealed to Tolstoy and Gandhiji:—

> They are always talking about God, when the only product of his good workmanship, the only thing that is godlike, the life that he alone can create in spite of all your science of bespectacled idiots, that life you destroy in an infamous mortar of slime and split, with the blessing of all your churches. What logic!

Indeed, Giono has no great confidence in man. According to him man has not progressed a millimetre since the age of the savages. Take any civilized society and put its members in a great passion, and you will see them behave like the beasts of the jungle. Even Christianity, Giono holds, has brought nothing except a kind of hypocrisy.

There has been no progress ever since the artisan became a proletarian. That was a step backwards. One day the process will be reversed; for factory workers will once again return to become artisans, only to be ennobled. Goethe once said that man will become cleverer, more acute, but not happier.

Giono does not want to be a crusader, to be "good and helpful." There is a passage in *Blue Boy* which is autobiographical. "Where I made a mistake," said Giono's father to him, "was when I wanted to be good and helpful." All Giono has to say comes out beautifully in *The Song of the World* and *Lovers Are Never Losers*.

Always, Giono has refined his fingertips, the points of contact with the world. The music of his words is for ever being ripened, for in him the music and the instruments are one, since Giono has become a writer who has raised listening to such an art that we follow his melodies as if we had written them ourselves. He deals "in galaxies and constellations." I cannot find a single vulgar passage in all the books of Giono I have read. In a way good French literature is generally innocent of vulgarity.

Does Giono merely write a legend and not a story of our time? No, Giono belongs to the world of man and nature. There is something Oriental about him in that he does not separate man from nature; rather he makes the human family a part of nature. There is suffering and punishment because of the operation of divine law through nature. Giono's world is an understandable world; he recognizes all sorts of contradictions in human nature. One cannot or should not read Giono except in small doses or when one is miles away from the infernal bustle of the city. Giono, the Manosque, is as open as the spaces; that is why he cannot live in the cities for all the intellectual life

they afford.

Giono is a rare universal figure, rare in France, rare anywhere. He cannot be said to belong to France; he is too big for that and too unconfined. "Be what thou art, only be it to the utmost." That is his message. But that is not easy. I recall with awe what Paul Valéry said in *L'ame et la Danse*:—

> The Universe cannot endure for a single instant to be only what it is. It is strange to think that that which is the Whole cannot suffice itself!... Its terror of being what it is has induced it to create and paint to itself thousands of masks; there is no other reason for the existence of mortals. What are mortals for? Their business is *to know*. Know? And what is *to know? It is assuredly not to be what one is.*

Yes, many illumined beings have *known* and *experienced* and many more will come to know today, tomorrow or the day after.

BALDOON DHINGRA

A CASE AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

DEATH in the gas chamber was the end prescribed by the State of California for Caryl Chessman. The death sentence was for the principal charge of robbery and sexual assault (technically "kidnapping" in Californian law) and he met his end on May 2nd, 1960. In the past twelve years, however, he was able to appeal and postpone the sentence eight times. He had also taught himself shorthand and law, and even wrote four novels. Better still, he came to have a striking knowledge of the concepts of crime and punishment. He had matured. In his letter to Will Stevens of the *San Francisco Examiner,* written on his last night on earth and published in *The New York Post* of May 3rd, he mentions:—

> ...I did want to live. I believed passionately that I could make a meaningful contribution to both literature and my society with my writings.
>
> ...We must learn to forego hatred and vengeance, for these breed a milieu that makes a rational or humane approach to the problem of what society can and should do about the man who has turned violently against his fellows — and himself — impossible.

A chance to lead a righteous and useful life was denied to him. Hence, nothing has been accomplished through his violent end by "retributive justice." The front-page article, "A Barbarous Form of Punishment," in the *New York Herald Tribune* dated May 3rd, rightly states:—

> Californians are no safer today than before Chessman died, and respect for law — which is different from fear of its power — is no stronger.
>
> The law should inculcate respect for life by itself respecting the sanctity of life.

The same editorial rightly points out that Chessman's innocence or guilt is not the major issue: it is the useless cruelty of capital punishment as such and its finality, so unsuited to a fallible human system of justice.

M. C.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

The Kalinga Prize, founded by Shri B. Patnaik, a leading industrialist of Orissa, and offered annually by the Kalinga Foundation in India for the popularization of science, was awarded this year to M. Jean Rostand. It has in the past seven years gone to such distinguished recipients as Louis de Broglie, Julian Huxley, Waldemar Kaempffert, Augusto Pi-Suner, George Gamow, Bertrand Russell and Karl Frisch. M. Rostand, son of the French playwright, Edmond Rostand, is a member of the Académie Française and known throughout the world for his research on heredity and genetics. In his own words, he has propagated and popularized biology by every means in his power and helped in acquainting the French public with

> those fundamental concepts which emerge from a study of the sciences of life — concepts which henceforward are part and parcel of that positive humanism which one must possess if one claims to have solid and concrete ideas on anything in any way related to man.

He has written more than forty books on his special subject of research and on scientific thought, philosophy and pure science.

At the special function held at Unesco House, Paris, to award him the Prize, M. Rostand spoke of the outdatedness of Renan's aristocratic concept that the uncultivated multitude should become the ward of a handful of the "informed." In the present day, when science had intruded into the lives of men whether they desired it or not, it was not advisable, it was not possible, to fence in knowledge as the preserve of the few. "All men are entitled to the truth, and Truth is entitled to reach us." Quoting Father Gratry, he emphasized that today "the presentation of the sciences in popular language is one of the most urgent intellectual duties of the friends of mankind."

Enumerating the various reasons for popularizing science, he said, the true and specific one was purely and simply

> to introduce the greatest number of people into the sovereign dignity of knowledge... to bring man closer to man by striving to reduce the terrible if invisible gulf of ignorance; to struggle against mental starvation and the resulting under-development by providing every individual with a minimum ration of spiritual calories....

M. Rostand concluded his speech with a reference to one of the aims of the Kalinga Prize — to strengthen the ties between India and the scientists of the world — and a tribute to India:—

> There are still countries in our world of today who command respect and inspire friendship by the nobility of their aspirations, the loftiness of their ideals and their fidelity to universal values. India is such a country. Not only does one unhesitatingly accept something from her; it is an honour to be indebted to her.

This is, alas! an era when Mercury, God of Wisdom, too often assumes the other character assigned to him as patron of thieves. For stealing, whether petty "fiddling" or on the vast scale of bank raids, planned with all the precision of a major military operation, is a commonplace in the present civilization. It is not only material wealth and goods that are stolen. *John O'London's*, the well-known literary weekly (now revived after some years' break), hits out forcefully in its editorial of May 19th, 1960, at "Literary Larceny," the "disgusting and dishonest business" of plagiarism, of which it has at least three

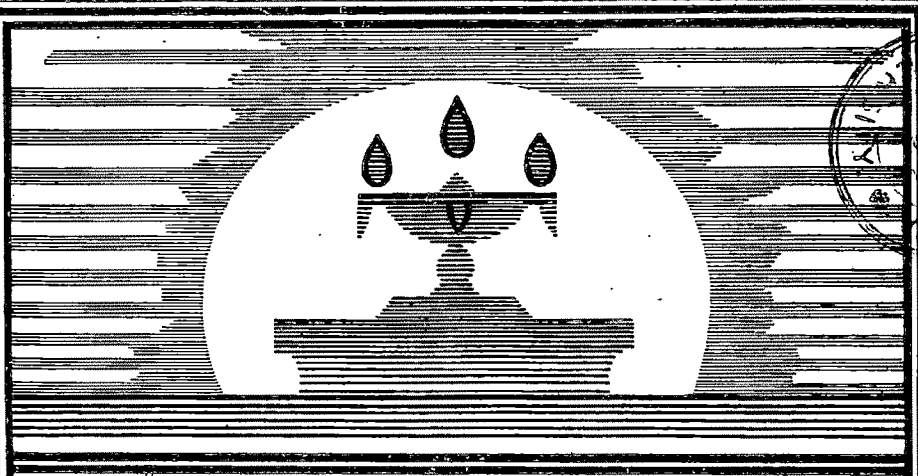
times in the past eight months been the innocent agent. Under the 1956 Copyright Act, the author has some protection. The publisher, however, having paid the literary thief, may also have to pay damages to the real author. No editor can possibly know every story or poem published, and the risk is far greater where an editor valiantly encourages the younger, unknown writers. *John O' London's* questions the motive for this "despicable" practice. In some cases obviously the few pounds "easy money" is the lure. A short story for which the magazine paid one contributor (now vanished) proved to be stolen from an Australian writer. But three prize-winning entries in the *Daily Mirror's* first Children's Literary Competition were also found to have been "lifted." And a word-for-word plagiarized verse contribution invaded *John O' London's* "Poetry Page" (a feature for which no payment is made). Are there then plagiarists who are inveterate thieves by nature, or "evil practical jokers"? The editorial comment ends by declaring that

> any person who so debases the value of copyright commits the deadliest *literary* sin and in any context such conduct deserves to be condemned. A thief is a thief whatever he steals.

It is good to have the position stated so bluntly. But it is not so much the question of "punishing" the thief that is important as the problem of inculcating right values. It is perhaps a daydream, but it would be interesting to imagine the results upon public and private morals of a campaign by all publishers and publications to "put over" the true concept of what is called in the East the Law of Karma. For men generally have not realized that the natural law "action and reaction are equal and opposite" must be applied to the subjective and psychological planes also. The thief who steals, when the reaction comes, inevitably, will be himself bereft. The one who injures, when the reaction comes, will be the victim — in this or in some future life.

If the men of intellect and understanding, who should be leaders, could grasp and pioneer the idea, the rest would in time follow their example. To be able to rely on the honesty of mankind — is it only a dream?

WE greatly regret that exceptional difficulties have continued to press on the editorial office and delay THE ARYAN PATH. The end of them, however, is in sight, and we hope to return soon to schedule. The July issue is in press, and by the time this June issue reaches readers' hands, the August issue will also be in press. The July and August issues will be dispatched together. We request our readers' indulgence through this phase.—ED.



The ARYAN PATH

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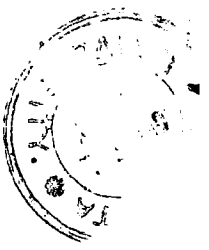
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THE ARYAN PATH



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

VOL. XXXI JULY 1960 No. 7

PARENTS AND STUDENT INDISCIPLINE

[IN THIS GUEST-EDITORIAL, on a question at present disturbing many in India, **Professor G. C. Bannerjee, B. LITT. (OXON.)**, a teacher and educational administrator of very long experience, at present Principal of Elphinstone College, Bombay, draws attention to an "important factor in the situation which seems to have been overlooked." His contribution is important, since students these days are subject to strong influences from the atmosphere of home and general society, rarely living out this stage of their lives in any seclusion devoted to scholarship.—ED.]

THERE IS a great deal of discussion of student indiscipline these days. There have been seminars, discussions and debates. The University Grants Commission appointed a committee which made a report which was discussed the other day at a conference of Vice-Chancellors held at Poona.

All sorts of causes have been put forward—from the active instigation of political parties to psychological and sociological factors. The teacher is blamed, warned, appealed to. Sometimes the rather naïve hope is expressed that, if only he is better paid, all the trouble will cease.

A variety of other remedial measures are proposed. The latest is a year's social service in rural areas during which the students would be subjected to a semi-military discipline. It is doubtful whether subjection to a military type of discipline for a year or so will produce disciplined citizens. We do not know how soldiers demobbed after a year's training would behave in situations similar to those in which the students function and subject to the same pulls and pressures.

One important factor in the situation seems to have been overlooked: the parent. Where do the parents stand in this business of discipline and indiscipline? What do they think of it? Do they approve when their children or their grown-up sons and daughters walk out of their schools and

colleges to protest against this or that; or when they walk out of examination halls because the question paper is not to their liking? Some investigators have issued questionnaires to students, studied the answers and made reports out of them; others have investigated the teachers. But no one seems to have studied the parent and parent reactions to this and other educational problems. Yet it will be readily conceded on all hands that this is necessary. It is very necessary to find out what the large mass of parents think about what their children are taught, how they are taught, how they are examined, why there are so many failures at examinations, why there are so many agitations, demands, strikes, walk-outs, riots. Do they approve of the latter? Or are they puzzled and perplexed? Or are they merely indifferent? There must be some—perhaps many—who disapprove. Some of them disapprove, but do nothing to dissuade their children from joining in the demonstration, etc., for fear that their children would be marked out for ridicule, or intimidation, or even downright violence. Perhaps there are many such, but because each one keeps silent they do not know their own number and their strength. If they knew one another, if they learned to work together, first in groups interested in one school or college, then in federations of such groups, their united strength would act as a very powerful deterrent against rash, ill-considered and foolish behaviour on the part of their children.

Parent-teacher associations are practically unknown in this country. In the expensive schools that cater to the needs of the well-to-do, the relationship between the school and the parents is fairly close. Parents visit the school, are invited to school functions and expect fairly detailed reports about the progress of their children. But, in the crowded, mammoth institutions that serve the less fortunate, there are hardly any contacts between the school and the parents, and they are usually at moments of crisis: when the boy has failed to pass an examination or has got into a serious scrape; the atmosphere is hardly friendly, the parent manœuvring to wrest a favour or a concession, the principal resisting. Thus there are no opportunities for the building up of understanding and friendship.

Even higher education has reached down to these sections in society: the peasants, the small traders, the industrial workers. They have a pathetic faith in education as being a "good thing" for the children, but they know nothing at all about its nature, its processes, or the relationship that should subsist between the teacher and the taught. They are themselves on strike on occasions, and out in the street shouting slogans. So perhaps they do not see anything wrong with a son doing the same thing. They would perhaps be inclined to agree that if a question paper is found to be

difficult it is quite proper to protest and walk out of the examination hall!

It is very necessary for our educationists to establish contact with *all* parents, but more particularly with this class of parents. They should be met in groups, their grievances should be patiently heard and they in turn should be made to understand the true nature of educational discipline and its importance in the educational process.

Many who will accept this idea for schools will boggle at its application to colleges. But let it be remembered that the undergraduates of today are, in age, and in mental and emotional maturity, little better than senior schoolboys and schoolgirls. It will be argued that colleges have not the personnel for this task. The answer is that we must find the means to provide it, since the results that will flow from this contact are so vitally important. If this friendly relationship is built up between parents and college teachers, there will be, on the part of the former, a greater understanding of our educational effort, a better appreciation of the need to pay better salaries; greater co-operation in making the pupil do his work at home—and, at times of crisis, a clear and unmistakable attitude which will effectively deter the young from getting into mischief.

G. C. BANNERJEE

ENTRANCED

You are not here who sit so motionless
But fled from your corporeal shell
Beyond strange seas to some enchanted land
Whose marvels none can tell.

A timeless world is yours, its vivid hues
Were never seen by wakeful eyes,
But you, so silent, lost in reverie,
Discover paradise.

HERBERT BLUEN

KALIDASA'S ABHIJNANASHAKUNTALAM

[READERS will remember the impressive essay on "Tragedy and Sanskrit Drama" in our issues for September and October 1959 by **Shri K. Viswanatham, M.A.,** Reader in English, Andhra University, Waltair. This long essay, of which the third and concluding part appears below, is planned as a comprehensive examination and appreciation of the *Abhijñāna-śākuṇtalaṃ*. As before, Shri Viswanatham writes with a passionate feeling for his subject and the essay is steeped in literary reminiscence. — ED.]

III

THE PLAY BEGINS in the month of Jyeshtha, the hot summer symbolizing the hot and passionate blood and the sudden leap of love. "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" And the play ends in Chaitra, in the season of spring; the season of flowers and honey: *sarve nava ivā bhānti madhumāsa iva drumāh.* Resurrection, new life, freshness—are the miracle of spring. The play is a *dvija*: twice-born. It is another *Ṛtusamhāra*—a dramatic lyric on the cycle of the seasons. Time marches from the hot summer through rain and autumn to the season of bees' hum and flowers' fragrance and love's hope—an act of creation or renewal.

The play is a globed, compacted thing: has a rounded felicity of form. It falls naturally into two parts: Shakuntala queens it over the first part and King Dushyanta bestrides the second. The first four acts are a unit; Kanwa's hermitage blesses the nuptials of the royal lover and the hermit girl. The fifth and sixth acts revolve round Hastinapura. The rejection and the repentance, the sight of the ring and wave after wave of sweet memories beating against the King fill these two. The seventh act stands on the high peak Hemakuta and lifts us in soul and body from the murky atmosphere of the capital. Two Loyalties worn out by grief, severely tested, still calling to each other in accents of unsuspecting confidence and inviolate love, meet and are oned into a spire of love and devotion. The first part remains with us as an abiding memory. That is the structural flaw. The dewy eyes of Shakuntala languorous with love move like fish in large pools of still water; the miracle of her unearthly loveliness envelops the play in the fragrance of a beautiful passion. The soft roundness and soft feminine grace pained by the duty of watering the plants wrench Dushyanta's heartstrings. Love like a migrant bird on a ship in mid-ocean roosts in the hermitage and the passionate grace shines like the full moon on a lagoon from an unclouded sky, waves and rustles like a field of ripe corn on a summer day. It is a cynical remark that with two lovers there is always one who loves and one who lets himself be loved. "But now and

then there are two who love and two let themselves be loved. Then one might fancy that the sun stands still as it stood when Joshua prayed to the God of Israel." The play puts us in mind of woodland creatures who bathe in the mountain streams and gallop through glades like little fawns on the back of bearded centaurs. The play deals with primal innocence and purity and freshness. From the æsthetic point of view one has to say that the play is *Śākuntalam* only, not *Abhijñānaśākuntalam*. The earlier half is disproportionately more impressive. The sixth act is sixth only in counting; it just describes what happened after the third act through the rosy mistiness of the King's reminiscences of Shakuntala's love and beauty. The seventh act is not by itself a counterweight.

The time taken by the action is roughly six or seven years. In Act 1 the King pursuing the deer reaches the hermitage in the forenoon of a day in Jyeshtha. Act 2 follows Act 1: the King stops the hunt in the morning and stays in the hermitage. The Vidushaka is sent back to the capital. Some fifteen days elapse between Acts 2 and 3. In the *Viṣkambhaka* (Prelude) before Act 3 the hermit boy tells us of Shakuntala's being unwell and we proceed to the *vetasa* bower on the Malini, the scene of the loves of Shakuntala and Dushyanta in the afternoon. Roughly some twenty bright days pass by and Dushyanta has gone away. Between the *Viṣkambhaka* and the main act in Act 4 there is an interval of four to five months. Durvasa's curse falls like an unexpected levin from morning clouds. Kashyapa,[1] who had been away for six months (the time taken to proceed from the Himalayas to Kathiawad and back), has just returned. On a day following a full-moon day Shakuntala is sent to her husband's house when the sun was fairly up. In the afternoon of the (? same) day Shakuntala is rejected and spirited away by a lovely apparition. Six years roll by and we are in the *Praveśaka* (Introductory Scene) to the sixth act. The fisherman is caught in the evening and the ring restored to the King. The heavy weeks tread wearily and one evening the King is stung to action by Matali. Some ten days go by and in the seventh act we are on Hemakuta in the evening of a day.

The interior stitching is scrupulously done. The *Śākuntalam* is a play of amazingly fruitful cross-reference, of retrospection and anticipation, of closely knit and mutually echoing words and actions and situations.

1. The hermitage on the Malini and that on Hemakuta bind the play.
2. The first union is indicated by a throb; the reunion by another.
3. Kashyapa's journey to Somatirtha to avert some evil to Shakuntala

[1] Kaṇwa, Kashyapa is another name, a kind of patronymic.

prepares the reader for the curse and the rejection.

4. The blessing of the hermits removing childlessness is harped upon throughout. The Queen Mother thinks of performing "*putrapindapalana.*" Kashyapa repeats almost the very words of the hermits, "*chakravartinam putram apnuhi,*" in saying farewell to Shakuntala. Dhanamitra's story is an unhappy comment on the same issue. The King's *purohit* Somarata harks back to the blessing of the hermits and the child receives the blessings of Maricha.

5. The sixth act tells us retrospectively what happened on the banks of the Malini in the rich red glow of love.

6. The *valkala* (bark garment) joke is said to be symbolical. Shakuntala's breasts are heaving, fretting at and bursting the irksomeness of the *valkala.* She is too big a girl for the penance grove. She requests Anasuya to unloose the bodice. But Dushyanta is the person to do so.

7. The lover is the predatory bee. Shakuntala, to drive away one bee, has invited another. The bee is a *rasika*; Hamsapadika in her song reproves the bee bedded soft in a lotus forgetting his former enjoyment of the mango blossoms. The King envies and reproves the bee that drinks the *ratisarvasvam* of his Shakuntala; if he does it he shall be imprisoned in a lotus stalk.

8. The song of Hamsapadika is autobiography. It may refer to Shakuntala too; she may be the wild mango blossom of the forest. It makes the King uneasy in mind. It is a glimpse into the life of royal polygamy. It preludes Shakuntala's rejection. On the pretext of mollifying Hamsapadika, the poet can show the Vidushaka sent away.

9. The falsehood uttered by the King to his jester cannot be appreciated till we come to the sixth act, to the soft impeachment of the Vidushaka by the King.

10. Shakuntala was asked by Kashyapa to receive any guests. She receives one and obtains a husband; she ignores another and almost loses that husband.

11. Priyamvada's joke about the *vanajyotsna* and the mango tree is a very happy simile of the marriage of Shakuntala and Dushyanta.

12. The reference to Menaka in Act 1 makes the descent of the lovely apparition probable in Act 6.

13. The wild elephant may symbolize the violence and disturbance of emotions alien to the hermitage.

14. The ring which is not accepted in the first act by way of compensation for Shakuntala's neglect of watering duties is also not accepted in the seventh act. It is offered by the lover and accepted by Shakuntala and

used as a sort of calendar that broke her hopes. It disappears near Shachi-tirtha into the belly of a *rohita* fish, which is caught accidentally by a fisherman. It is restored to the King, bringing waves of poignant memories. It is declined with thanks by Shakuntala. She does not trust it. Instead of being a mascot it has been a black sheep. In Act 7 *Abhijnānaśā-kuntalam* becomes *Śākuntalam*; the signet is now only a signet, not the talisman it was in her absence.

15. The wheels of chariots roll both at the beginning and at the end. The King is armed for pleasure in Act 1 and in the sixth he bears arms to help the gods. The very desire of the King to do obeisance to the hermits brings him good—union and reunion.

16. In Act 4 the friends of Shakuntala wish to propitiate the presiding deity of Shakuntala's prosperity. Anasuya upsets the basket of flowers—a bad omen.

17. The overpowering strength of fate is referred to on various occasions. The pupil of the hermitage comments on it: "*loko niyamyata iva ātmadaśāntareṣu.*"[2] The Vidushaka is aware of it in Act 6: "*bhavitavyatā balavatī.*"[3] The King recognizes its power: "*bhavitavyānām dwārāṇi sarvatra bhavanti.*"[4]

18. Shakuntala is interested in the *garbhamanthara mṛgavadhū*[5] because she is herself pregnant. Her own anxiety about approaching motherhood makes her feel for the doe just as the childlessness of Dushyanta makes him sympathize with Dhanamitra's widow. She is abandoning the deer and she is herself abandoned by her husband.

19. Shakuntala's alluding to the *chakravaki (sahacharam apaśyantī)* perhaps foretells her own separation.

20. Anasuya and Priyamvada casually advise Shakuntala to show the ring: "*anguliyakaṁ darśaya,*" and the ring cannot be shown.

21. Like Sita in the *Uttararāmacharitam,* Shakuntala expresses a desire to step into the penance grove again: "*kadā nu khalu bhuyopi tapovanam drakshyāmi,*" and fate removes her immediately to the penance grove of Maricha.

22. Shakuntala is sent away because *arthohi kanyā parakiya eva* (a daughter, indeed, is another's wealth), but the husband at the other end does not accept her. The fifth act is the finest peripety of all that is

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[2] People are, as it were, educated in the alterations in their states [by the rising and setting of sun and moon].

[3] Fate is powerful.

[4] Gateways to those [events] which are to be are everywhere.

[5] The pregnant doe [literally, "deer's bride"].

thought of in the fourth act.

23. Shakuntala's right eye throbs and misery is in store for her.

24. The fisherman was about to be impaled; he gets a reward. He expects a stone and gets bread instead. *Śūlāt avatārya hastiskandhe pratiṣṭhāpitaḥ*.[6] In the same way the King may be lucky; the Vidushaka offers him hope that just as the ring was recovered his wife too may be, because the parental roof is not the proper shelter for a wife. Better serve in the husband's house than reign in the father's, said the irate hermit to the rejected Shakuntala.

25. Being honoured by Indra is an auspicious indication of his coming good fortune. The recognition scene is done almost like a problem in arithmetic. Step by step we approach the solution as the lordly lion approaches his lair. There is a sheer intellectual thrill. There is deliberate slowing or delaying that the delight may be stabler and stronger: (i) the King feels a strange stir within him; (ii) the boy bears the marks of a Universal Emperor; (iii) there is delight in the touch; (iv) the boy resembles the stranger; (v) instinctively he obeys the King; (vi) he comes of the Puru family; (vii) the boy's mother is related to a nymph; (viii) the father is an unnameable abandoner of a chaste wife; (ix) the toy peacock makes the boy mention his mother's name; (x) the King touches the amulet unscathed; (xi) the child tells Dushyanta: "My father is Dushyanta, not you." And the father gathers him in his embrace.

26. The *naṭi* or danseuse makes a general comment on girls' wearing *śirīṣa* flowers in the delightful summer season and attracting the bees, and that is what happens later.

27. The pupil of the hermit looks at the night lotus after the disappearance of the moon and thinks of the sorrows of a woman caused by the absence of her lover—a strange thought for a hermit boy but precisely indicating Shakuntala's lot now and for years after.

28. The blessing in the fourth act: "*bhartuḥ bahumatā bhava*,"[7] of the dwellers of the hermitage, is echoed by Kanwa and repeated by Maricha. What else is there for a woman more precious than the love of her husband? It is frozen in the fourth act and thaws in the sixth.

29. Mātali tells the King in Act 7 that Maricha was practising penance along with his wife, that he was expounding the duties of a chaste wife to the wives of the hermits there—all delicately creating the atmosphere for the reunion of the long-estranged husband and wife.

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[6] Being taken down from the impaling stake, [he] has been set upon an elephant's shoulder.

[7] Be highly regarded by your lord.

30. In Act 2 the hermits say that the wives of the gods in heaven delight in his victory. *Aśamsante surayuvatayaḥ*....At the end of Act 6 Matali descends to drive him to the heavens to fight against their enemies.

31. Priyamvada's reference to the *mṛgapotaka* (fawn) is said to indicate the birth of a son to Shakuntala through the *gāndharva* marriage.

Scattered throughout the play are the most delicate touches of courtesy and crystals of wisdom that have almost become proverbial in validity and currency. The Sanskrit language is essentially a language of courtesy, delicacy and sensitiveness; the omnipresence of the passive is an indication of the genius for courtesy it has. Note what a delicate compliment Anasuya pays to the King: *katamo vā virahaparyutsukajanaḥ kṛto deśaḥ?*[8] She could ask him: Which country do you rule? Note how the sage Maricha presents Dushyanta to his wife's favour by telling her: "*putrasya te ranaśirasya ayam agrayāyī.*"[9] The King talking to the sage calls his wife the sage's servant: *ājñākārī*. In the joy of reunion Kanwa is not forgotten; Galava is sent to inform him of the happy tidings though he knows. In Act 4, after giving advice to Shakuntala: "*Śuśrūṣasva gurūn,*" etc., Kanwa shows ineffable courtesy to Gautami: "*katham vā Gautamī manyate?*" Courtesy to human beings is understandable, but Kanwa's appeal to the creepers, etc. to give Shakuntala leave to depart is the very pink of courtesy; courtesy is not the word; it is a profound awareness of the unity of life. In bird and beast and tree and man it is the same life

> that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought
> And rolls through all things.

The King divests himself of royal paraphernalia when he gets into the penance grove. Even in love his delicacy is admirable:—

> Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
> Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.

He says: *sadayam sundari gṛhyate raso:sya; sadayam*[10] is the word. In Act 6 too occurs the same paradisal word: *pītam mayā sadayameva ratotsaveṣu.* He tastes love's nectar more delicately than a bee and embraces the flower of youth more caressingly than the loving gale. "*Muhuranguli...na chumbi-*

[8] What land has been rendered [full of] people forlorn on account of separation [from you]?

[9] Of the van of your son's army this [King] goes in the very front.

[10] Tenderly. [But the English word does not convey the undertone of "compassion" which the Sanskrit word has. The whole phrase and that in the next sentence refer to kisses.]

tam tu"[11]—is the very ceremony and holy observance of love's rite even when hot passion is knocking at the heart. It is the provocative denial in act though tempting in thought. "*Pratishedhāksharaviklavābhiramam*"[12] can only be matched by "*avyaktavarnaramaṇiyavāchaḥpravṛttin*"[13] for a kind of shy budding beauty.

Of course there are improprieties like Dushyanta's observation about Shakuntala to Priyamvada, another woman: *stanavepathum janayati,* just as there are anachronisms like Dushyanta's capital being called Hastinapura. But *sarasijamanuviddham śaivalenāpi ramyam*;[14] these do not touch the poetic ripeness of the *Śākuntalam*. Its beauties of simile, of phrase, of description, are legion. Not the least is the budget of proverbial sentences:—

1. *Atisnēhaḥ pāpaśankī.*
2. *Satām hi sandehapadēṣu vastuṣu pramāṇam antaḥkaraṇapravṛttayaḥ.*
3. *Arthohi kanyā parakīya eva....*
4. *Sarvah sagandheṣu viśvasiti....*
5. *Manorathā nām tataprapatāḥ.*
6. *Prāyaḥ svam mahimānam kshōbhāt pratipadyate hi janaḥ.*
7. *Kāmī svatām paśyati.*[15]

"*Ramyāni vīksya...*"[16] has become a very Bible of æsthetics, as "*Satām sandehapadeṣu...*" has become a very decalogue of ethics. "*Chināmśukamiva ketoḥ prativātam niyamānasya*"[17] and "*svahastadhṛtadandamivātapatram*"[18] bear out the justly praised expertise of Kalidasa in similes. *Dhanyāḥ*

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[11] Verse 23 in Act 3. It speaks of how Shakuntala gently turned away from the King's kiss, and he bore it, though he had already raised her face.

[12] Charming in the perplexity and faint words of denial. [Epithet applied to Shakuntala's face in the verse referred to in the previous note.]

[13] With essays to speak made charming by imperfectly uttered syllables. [Epithet applied to children.]

[14] A lotus is lovely even when entangled in mossy weeds.

[15] Respectively:
Great love fears evil [for the loved one].
For the good, in matters of doubt, the authority [to be followed] is the impulses of their own inner consciousness.
A daughter, indeed, is another's wealth....
All trust in their own kind.
Hopes cast themselves over precipices [like waterfalls].
Generally beings are roused to their power by provocation.
The lover sees [a reference to] himself [in all things].

[16] Verse 2 in Act 5: When a being, though happy, grows melancholy on seeing charming [things] or listening to sweet words, indeed in his mind he remembers, without having previously known, affections of other lives, made enduring by feeling.

[17] Like the silk of a banner being borne against the wind. [The King says this of his mind speeding back to Shakuntala while his body moves forward away from her.]

[18] Like an umbrella the staff of which is carried in one's own hand [kingship is wearying].

tadangarajasā malinibhavanti"[19] has a place in any book of familiar quotations.

The play is polished and symmetrical. There is nothing immature or undeveloped or eccentric. The genius of Kalidasa is measured and ordered; there is a warm oneness about it. The *Śākuntalam* reminds one of everything that is young, growing, delicate and developing. It has fœtal richness and promise; it is the mounting sap of poetry. The gaunt and austere Motherhood on Hemakuta does not eclipse the warm juvenescence and the nubile lushness of the bower on the Malini, where the lovers are

Imparadised in one another's arms.

The freshness and the fragrance and newness of all that is the first and the earliest — the cooing of the earliest cuckoo and the first laugh of the *navamallika*, the spring of the year and the hum of bees, the first indistinct lisp of children and the harvest of a first kiss, of sprouted leaf and opening blossom and expansive motherhood, of young dawn and fresh dew and exquisite love, of baby innocence and the very simplicity of truth, of sexual congress, gestation and birth, of virgin soil upturned and the first showers of the year and the rich ears of corn and *śirīṣa* blooms, the fertile ooze of the Ashadha cloud and the lightning's dance.... The play is best epitomized in "*anāghrātam pushpam.*"[20] It is a fresh-blown flower, a sprout unplucked, an unpierced pearl, untasted honey, the fruition of great virtue. The poet offers unalloyed freshness and unstaled newness, the golden purity and unsophisticated vintage of love.

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like to thine.

The *Śākuntalam* is the crystal vase of innocence uncorrupted but mellowed by experience. Kalidasa's poetic maturity, like the heroine's *payodharavistārayitrukam yauvanam*, is reaching out to fresh experiences. The play is a dramatic and sensitive exploration of Innocence and Experience, of Freshness and Enjoyment, of Simplicity and Complexity, of Rejection and Acceptance, of Voyage and Discovery. The Forest can queen it over the City. The play is the union of opposites, the meeting-place of Earth and Heaven. The play is further the book of our origins — the *Bharatiya* land and people and culture.

But Kalidasa is so disciplined and confident of himself that he does not disturb us. The reader is

[19] Blessed are they who are soiled with the dust from their [own sons'] limbs.

[20] Flower unsmelt. [The first two words of a verse in which the King describes Shakuntala.]

hugged in the arms
And nuzzled 'twixt the breasts of happiness

of Kalidasa's genius like *śaratchandramarīchikomalam mṛnālasūtram rachitam stanāntare.*[21] Obstinate questionings do not distract. Even the rejection proceeds out of a curse and our questioning is forestalled. The poet does not tease us out of thought. That is his glory and his weakness. His one fault is that he has none in his spiritual and bright genius.

K. VISWANATHAM

TREASURE

Poet, who seeks for gold,
Dig deep down into your heart,
There you'll find wealth untold
Which by your art
You can transform
Into marvels of shape and sound,
Sunscapes whose dazzle can blind,
Countries and kings of the mind,
Rivers that lazily wind,
Broad seas unmapped and profound.

In your heart are quarries of grief,
They are rich with rarest ore,
Oh, add to your store
Of diamonds, rubies, amethysts, sapphires,
Stones yet more precious than these
Whose splendour surpasses belief.

Poet, who seeks for gold,
Dig deep down into your heart,
There you'll find wealth untold,
Beauty in manifold
Aspects of dream, shape, and sound,
Colour and song,
A faith that is strong—
Dig deep the heart's ground.

HERBERT BLUEN

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[21] [A necklace of] lotus-fibre, tender as the autumnal moon's rays, laid between the breasts. [The King recalls the lost Shakuntala as having worn one.]

HAWAII: DEMOCRACY AT ITS BEST

[TODAY when tensions prevail in so many places, it is refreshing and encouraging to turn to Hawaii, where people of many races live and work and study together in as near perfect harmony as is humanly possible. **Dr. Charles A. Moore,** of the University of Hawaii and the Editor of *Philosophy East and West,* describes the happy life of the people of these islands. Their example could well be followed by the world at large, and their remarkable achievement has been possible because they are able to think in terms of humanity rather than in terms of races, creeds and the like. In Goethe's challenging words: "Above all nations is Humanity." And, by the way, that is the motto of the University of Hawaii.— ED.]

HAWAII is the "living proof" that peoples of different races and creeds can live in harmony. Hawaii's cosmopolitan population consists of Japanese (35 per cent), Caucasian (25 per cent), Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian (18 per cent), Filipino (12 per cent), Chinese (6 per cent), Puerto Ricans, Koreans and Negroes, as well as Samoans and others from the Pacific. And yet, in Hawaii, harmony is the norm; disharmony the rare exception.

Hawaii is a unified (and an American) community—not merely a hodgepodge of disparate parts. We have a common way of life in Hawaii today and great mutual assimilation of the best from all racial sources. The culture of Hawaii is "rich, diverse, unique," providing without discrimination the fullest opportunity for everyone to differ, to give full expression to his own cultural and spiritual heritage—a true unity with rich and healthy human diversity. And that is the essence of democracy.

Equality before the law is recognized and lived in Hawaii without any deviation, of course, regardless of race, creed, place of origin, economic status, or any other circumstance. But the harmony which prevails in Hawaii is a matter of the spirit, in the hearts and minds of the people, not in legal or political requirements. The spirit of *aloha* has constituted the essence of Hawaii's unique way of life. This spirit cannot be expressed in any law, cannot be described in words, cannot be demanded of or forced upon any man, but it generates for all in Hawaii that "wonderful feeling of living like a man among men" which pervades the Hawaiian scene.

Perhaps nowhere in the world does practice fulfil ideals, but Hawaii very probably approaches this perfection more completely, more willingly and more naturally than any other society. The spirit of Hawaii is not one of mere tolerance. It is, rather, the spirit *and practice* of positive mutual respect, cordial equality and genuine fellow feeling.

This unique and remarkable spirit in Hawaii — and the social and cultural complex which implements and reflects it — has been widely recognized and praised.

DR. S. RADHAKRISHNAN, Vice-President of India :—

> Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos and Caucasians live there [in Hawaii] in perfect amity and friendship and, if only the spirit of Hawaii could be expanded to a world scale, many of our problems would disappear. Hawaii is a supreme example of a multi-racial society which is free from any colour prejudice.
>
> ...What prevails in Hawaii does not prevail in many other parts of the world. That is our difficulty.

PRESIDENT DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER :—

> Hawaii cries insistently to a divided world that all our differences of race and origin are less than the grand and indestructible unity of our common brotherhood. The world should take time to listen with an attentive ear to Hawaii.
>
> In the Hawaiian Islands, East meets West...a unique example of a community that is a successful laboratory of human brotherhood.

DR. WILL DURANT, noted American philosopher, commenting upon his experience in lecturing to a class at the University of Hawaii :—

> Never before, not even in China, or Japan, or India, had I so keenly felt the narrowness of my perspective and the superficiality of my thinking....I shall consider no man a mature scholar henceforth unless he unites in himself something of the culture of both East and West.

DR. Y. R. CHAO, University of California, Berkeley :—

> This [Hawaii] is the only place which has the advantage of being thoroughly Occidental in its outlook and of having, on the other hand, a considerable range of actual Oriental ways of living and thinking in its midst.

PROFESSOR F. S. C. NORTHROP, Yale University :—

> To understand the East, more than the reading of books is required. One must have before one for study the actual subject-matter to which the books refer....here where Chinese, Japanese and Americans move side by side as colleagues and students, the interest of one in the beliefs of the other is not merely natural and spontaneous but inevitable.

DR. GREGG M. SINCLAIR, President Emeritus, University of Hawaii :—

> In Honolulu, the Orient is a living reality.

DR. HERMAN B. WELLS, President, Indiana University:—

> The University of Hawaii is a natural, ideal place for an international, inter-cultural programme.

MR. D. HENRY THIAGARAJ, graduate student from Madras Christian College, now associated with the United Nations in New York, after one year in Hawaii:—

> Hawaii will eventually be making...to the whole world a contribution for a democratic community where there will be genuine freedom to individuals, free from prejudice, hatred and discrimination. The Islands of Hawaii blend various veins of blood into one stream of humanity as a living example of the one family of man. Nowhere else are people so racially mixed through social intercourse and marriages that they become integrated into one community.

U. S. FEDERAL JUDGE GUS SOLOMON:—

> It is part of the Hawaiian culture to judge each person on the basis of his own worth. Here Caucasians and Orientals—people from the Mainland, as well as from Europe and Asia—have lived and worked together in peace on the basis of mutual respect and dignity.

YAAKOV AVNON, Consul General of Israel, Los Angeles, California:—

> Never in my world travels has the spirit of hospitality and brotherhood been as truly evident in any place I have visited as it was in Hawaii.

MR. BENJAMIN MKAPA, representative of Tanganyika at the recent Afro-Asian Student Conference at the University of Hawaii:—

> In Hawaii you feel that the person next to you is an individual. You are not conscious of racial differences as in my country.

No listing of the actual facts of social practice and human attitudes which constitute this remarkable spirit and culture could do justice to the ideal which is realized therein, nor could any list of facts adequately describe the spirit which pervades Hawaiian life. Perhaps it is advisable to cite some such facts, however, to give substance to such glowing tributes as those just mentioned, to *describe* Hawaii and to give evidence of the extensive, serious, and genuine interest which Hawaii has and expresses in Asian cultures as well as Western—in this obvious bridge between Asia and the West.

First there is the University of Hawaii, whose revealing motto is "Above all nations is Humanity," and which in all its activities succeeds remarkably in living up to this ideal. There are also many prominent and active cultural and educational organizations in Hawaii, most of them of international repute, which are devoted exclusively to the promotion of

knowledge about the several Asian and Pacific cultures. Japanese and Chinese language schools also contribute to this interest.

The day-to-day activities of the people of Hawaii, of all races, reflect the spirit of the Hawaiian way of life most effectively. Here we find incontrovertible evidence of normal and natural racial harmony, racial and cultural intermixture and mutual respect and co-operation among peoples of differing racial backgrounds, cultural patterns and religious creeds. To list merely a few of the facts, activities and events that fit into this picture of racial harmony, we note the following interesting items.

All schools—public, private and parochial—and all churches, hotels, restaurants, residential (with two small exceptions) and business areas, and public places and functions are fully open to the public, truly "integrated"—although we do not even use the word in Hawaii, where equality is taken for granted and where there is no segregation.

The lists of Hawaii's political officers—both elected and appointed—in the Federal, State and City Governments always include members of practically all races represented in the population. (Nor is there any evidence whatever of racial bloc-voting, which might be expected to exist.) The recent election following Statehood was typical. Hawaii elected a Caucasian Governor, a Hawaiian Lieutenant Governor, one Caucasian and one (the first ever) Chinese Senator and one Japanese member (the first ever) of the House of Representatives of the United States Congress. The Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court and the Attorney General of the State are both Japanese; the State Treasurer, a Chinese. Governmental Boards and Commissions are always cosmopolitan in personnel.

All major athletic teams—and there are many—are inter-racial in their make-up, even some which theoretically represent a racial group or organization.

Major business organizations—with a few exceptions—make a regular practice of including members of various races on their Boards of Directors, including all the major banks in the State.

"Religion in Hawaii is an amazing and deeply complex phenomenon." The religions—and sects and denominations—of Hawaii are many, Asian, Hawaiian and so-called Western: Buddhist, Confucian, Shinto, Taoist, Jewish and Christian (Catholicism and over thirty denominations of Protestantism). These many religions exist and function in mutual tolerance and respect—often in remarkable co-operation. Religious bigotry is unknown here. Religious freedom is complete. The entire situation is marked by significant fluidity. There is wide-spread free movement from one religion to another, and the various racial groups are represented in

nearly all the religions, and welcome in all.

Practically every civic, social-welfare, parent-teacher, alumni, neighbourhood and community group is widely multi-racial—as a matter of common practice.

Inter-racial marriages are extremely common, some 35 per cent during the past year, and increase every year.

The same equality of person and equality of opportunity is present in the economic area, where the prosperity of the rich and the high standard of living even for the non-rich are shared without any racial distinctions whatsoever. Success and failure are determined by personal capabilities, and do not depend on racial backgrounds.

In the professions there is remarkable and possibly all-inclusive racial representation, in law, medicine, the ministry, teaching, nursing, engineering, accounting, etc.

The distinctly cultural life of Hawaii is also multi-racial. Throughout the year there are pageants, festivals, ceremonies, dramas, movies, music, television and radio programmes in Asian and Western languages, dances, beauty contests, architectural displays, garden exhibits and many other events which bring to light the richness of Asian as well as Western cultures and which represent in their own way the racial harmony and the mutual interests and respect of the peoples of Hawaii. The blend of East and West reaches into all facets of life in Hawaii for the enjoyment and edification of all.

Perhaps even more important than these specific and identifiable activities is the over-all day-by-day, event-by-event, almost moment-to-moment—but unidentifiable—interrelation of all the peoples of Hawaii at work, at school, at play, in a cordial intimacy that represents the very best in human relations. Racial harmony is the normal, the expected; any deviation from this pattern, most unusual and unexpected.

This glowing picture does not mean that perfection reigns in the social relations of even this Paradise of the Pacific, as Hawaii is often called. While the actual is close to the ideal of human relations in Hawaii, there are exceptions. There are discrepancies, some misunderstanding, perhaps some intolerance or lack of respect here and there. Not everybody in Hawaii has caught the spirit of the Islands, and newcomers have sometimes been long in letting the Islands revise their thinking to that of the spirit of harmony and cordiality. In the social area, in the area of human relations, tolerance and respect seem to be almost universal. In the economic sphere, however, until significant progress and improvement

developed recently, it was difficult for Asians to reach the top positions on plantations, in banks, in government, and in other areas of economic and political activity. In the political sphere, this has now passed, and in the economic sphere the equality of opportunity which one would expect in Hawaii is now an actuality and has been fulfilled in great prosperity for the sons and grandsons of Asians who came to Hawaii penniless.

In Hawaii, even today, certain clubs are exclusive; there are cultural groups representing the various racial traditions somewhat exclusively; there are racially distinct Chambers of Commerce (although a Japanese is President of the Hawaii State Chamber) — and undoubtedly other deviations from perfection exist. Hawaii prides itself, however, on the fact that, though perfection is impossible anywhere, especially perhaps in human relations, that ideal is perhaps most closely approached in Hawaii of all areas of the world and that continued progress is being made. It would be naïve and a vast oversimplification to say that all is perfect in Hawaii. Realistically, we know that "there are bound to be individual violations of the code of social harmony." It is indispensable, though, to recognize the operation of personal factors in what is often charged to racial discrimination. This has long been true in the economic sphere. Until recently, the Caucasians, who enjoyed economic superiority, were unquestionably "disproportionately competent" in these matters, and their superiority was based on no discrimination, even in this economic area, on the basis of race. There are inevitable exceptions to the fine human relations in Hawaii, then, but these are *exceptions* and in many instances the reason for what appears to be discrimination is not discrimination at all. With improvement in their capability, the Asians who came to Hawaii with nothing now rank on a par with all others — in every respect.

Social scientists cite many contributory factors to account for this almost unique achievement: "mid-ocean isolation," "equable climate," a relatively small land area, the limited population and certain economic and geographic aspects of the situation. All of these contributed to the final result, no doubt. To many, however, the chief cause is that wonderful though intangible spirit of *aloha* which was here when the White man and later the Asians came to these Islands — a gift of the Hawaiians to the new and future residents of these Islands, and now to the world at large. It is impossible to describe *aloha*, but it encompasses love, cordiality, respect, friendliness, welcome, and certainly the spirit of harmony among peoples. The spirit of *aloha* is the spirit of Hawaii and, whatever the other favourable factors may have been, it is unquestionable that these Islands

would not have developed into the greatest example of democracy on earth, a living embodiment of the idea of human equality and mutual respect, without the overpowering effect of the spirit of *aloha* in converting all to equal status as fellow human beings.

This is the destiny of the new State of Hawaii—the Aloha State. As Dr. Radhakrishnan said in the quotation cited earlier, if the spirit of Hawaii could be adopted on a world-wide scale, many of the problems of men would disappear. Hawaii's composite culture stands for all the world to see, and to emulate, as a living, breathing, irrefutable demonstration of the possibility of genuine democracy. This is the message of Hawaii for the world—and, to a large extent, the world's only hope.

POSTSCRIPT

It is the personal conviction of the writer that neither the geographic, climatic and other "factual" conditions, on the one hand, nor the *aloha* spirit, on the other—alone or together—would have produced Hawaii's unique racial and personal democracy. A third and clearly an important factor may well have been the Asian peoples themselves and the highly developed and welcome cultural, philosophical and religious pattern of life which they brought with them. Their personal dignity and restraint, their family discipline, their law-abidingness, their almost instinctive interest in and respect for education (some parents saw as many as ten children through college although they had had little or no education back home), their high degree of moral character and religious seriousness, their gentleness (still famous here on the part of nurses of Asian racial descent), and even the attractive femininity and exotic beauty of many Asian women and girls—these traits must have played an important part in the Asians' being accepted into the Hawaiian complex and in their winning their place in and contributing significantly to Hawaii's new and unique culture. All three of these sets of circumstances were present and all were important, but surely not the least of these was the highly developed cultural background of the Asians themselves.

CHARLES A. MOORE

EXISTENTIALISM

[**Dr. S. N. L. Shrivastava** has surveyed in his recent articles various schools of philosophical thought. He deals here with one of the most controversial, the new movement of existentialism, broad enough to include Christian theists and atheists. It stresses the subjective, upholding the doctrine that existence precedes essence. It lays emphasis on man's free choice and therefore accounts him fully responsible. The writer criticizes the denial by many existentialists of a moral law independent of and transcending man's choice. Beyond man there is a realm of eternal values and ideals, to overlook which deprives human life of its true meaning. In Lord Buddha's words, as the poet represents them in *The Light of Asia*:—

> Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
> Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
> The heart of it is Love, the end of it
> Is Peace and consummation sweet. Obey!

—ED.]

NO PICTURE of the philosophical landscape of the twentieth century could be regarded as complete if it failed to depict existentialism in its proper place. This new movement of thought is fascinating enough, though as yet it has not so well established itself in the English-speaking countries as on the Continent. Opinions regarding existentialism range from regarding it as nothing more than a passing fashion in ideas to regarding it as a system of thought full and complete in itself. In this new movement of thought we find

> that something new is abroad, something that seems to threaten traditional values in a more overt way than anything in literature since Nietzsche, and yet that gives signs, as indeed he did, of offering new values of its own making.[1]

The animating impulse of the existentialist movement is often described as a revolt of life against the dominance of ideas or abstract truths and the formulation of philosophy from the standpoint of the actor and not from that of the spectator. To the critics existentialism appears to be just one more drift towards the irrationalism so common these days, an undue disparagement and condemnation of thought, which has always been man's only means of philosophizing, existential philosophizing included. The existentialists discriminate "concrete truth," which they claim to be their brand of truth, from "abstract truth," which is the label they would put on the truths of all other philosophies save their own. What else

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[1] E. L. ALLEN: *Existentialism from Within*, p. 1.

but thought, I should like to ask, makes this distinction—or any "distinction" whatsoever, for the matter of that? I should not be considered to be adopting an adverse attitude at the very outset towards a school of philosophy which I am going to describe, but I have a genuine difficulty which I cannot help expressing in connection with the existentialist discrimination referred to above. To me the very propriety of giving currency to the phrase "abstract truth" seems questionable. A truth, if it be truth at all, must be about things, actualities, or it is no truth but error.

Once thought is denied its capacity to reveal reality, to render intelligible all that there is in life or in existence, there can be no business left to philosophy save the one dismal one of winding up its business. You may interpret life from the standpoint of the actor or from that of the spectator or from any other standpoint you like, but if your interpretation is intelligible at all, it can only be so in terms of the basic categories of thought. Of course, a new system of philosophy may shift its emphasis from one set of concepts to another or give currency to a new set of structural concepts in the field, as science also is doing at the present day, but it cannot move away altogether from the foundational principles of intelligibility, which must always remain the same.

Yet it is against what it has dubbed "a philosophy of pure thought" that existentialism has posted itself.

> A philosophy of pure thought [wrote Sören Kierkegaard, the Danish thinker who inaugurated the existentialist movement] is for an existing individual a chimera, if the truth that is sought is something to exist in. To exist under the guidance of pure thought is like travelling in Denmark with the help of a small map of Europe, on which Denmark shows no larger than a steel pen-point — aye, it is still more impossible.[2]

Kierkegaard was the first man to voice his protest against the great systems of philosophy just at a time when the Hegelian Idealism had reached its highest peak of ascendency. What Kierkegaard, in his attack upon speculative philosophy, sought to bring into clear relief was the fact that the massive systems such as the Kantian analysis of the mind or the Hegelian, of the evolution of thought and history, left untouched those individual decisions on which the real course of events depends—the anxieties and tumults in the human soul, the conflicts and tragic dilemmas, the agonies and perilous adventures of faith into unknown territories. The universal concepts which were applicable to *things*, to objective exis-

[2] KIERKEGAARD: *Concluding Unscientific Postscript.* Trans. by DAVID F. SWENSON and WALTER LOWRIE. p. 275.

tence, were not applicable to *man*, to his inner, essential reality, his individuality. "Truth is subjectivity," said Kierkegaard. It was in the inner or the subjective region of the soul that man encountered God and understood his relations with Him. The philosophers and scientists of his time, Kierkegaard thought, though most of them were devout Christians, had depersonalized God into an Absolute or had objectified Him as thought.

Why this emphasis on subjectivity? Philip Mariet, explaining the subjectivist trend in existentialism as resulting from the social circumstances of the times, writes:—

> There can be no doubt that the social circumstances and the prevalent moods of defeated Germany — indeed of Central Europe generally — in the 1920's were fertile soil for the seed of subjective absolutism. Extreme disillusionment prevailed as to the political and social systems upon which men had previously relied, and their discredit extended to all cults and systems of objective thinking that had been associated with them. In such circumstances men try to get back to the roots of their knowledge in search of a more secure basis of life. They are ready to question the authenticity of all the beliefs, principles and institutions they find around them, and much more willing than in better times to seek for the truth in subjective and psychological spheres.[3]

There seems to be nothing improbable in the suggestion that objective social circumstances may have given the "inwardizing" turn to existentialist thinking. It has to be admitted that the rôle of social conditions in shaping philosophies is by no means insignificant. It is also the mechanized character of modern civilization, which annihilates man's individuality, that has led the existentialist philosophers to accentuate the inner reality of man. Karl Jaspers, a leading German existentialist thinker, in his book called *Man in the Modern Age*, offers a powerful indictment of the progress of contemporary civilization with its ever-growing reliance on the objective criteria of thought and its corresponding ever-deepening ignorance of the real nature of human existence. "The sclerosis of objectivity is the annihilation of existence"—this celebrated statement of Jaspers sums up the existentialist protest against the swamping of the essential subjectivity of man by the objectivist concepts of thought and the complete surrender of his soul to a mechanized and technological civilization.

The existentialists can be divided into two camps: the Christian theists, including Kierkegaard, Karl Jaspers and Marcel Gabriel, and the atheists,

[3] Introduction to SARTRE: *Existentialism and Humanism*, p. 10.

in whose group we may put Heidegger and Jean-Paul Sartre. The common platform on which both of these groups meet is the doctrine that existence comes before essence, or that we must begin with the subjective.

That existence precedes essence is the cardinal principle of existentialism and one which has given the name to the movement. This principle, which is applicable to man, is best understood when contrasted with its opposite principle, *viz.*, that essence precedes existence, which is applicable to material objects. In the case of a material object, say, a paper-knife, one cannot suppose that it has been brought into existence without its essence, *i.e.*, the manner in which it is made and the definite purpose for which it is made, etc., first existing in the mind of the artisan who made it. In the case of all material objects essence precedes existence. In the case of man also, according to the theists, the individual, before he is brought into existence, exists in the mind of God or his essence is there in the mind of God. But the atheistic existentialists like Heidegger and Jean-Paul Sartre say that this is not true of man. Man at first simply *is*, or exists, before he becomes anything by which he is definable. This is how Sartre explains the principle:—

> We mean that man first of all exists, encounters himself, surges up in the world — and defines himself afterwards....He will not be anything until later, and then he will be what he makes of himself. Thus there is no human nature, because there is no God to have a conception of it. Man simply is....That is the first principle of existentialism...man primarily exists — that man is, before all else, something which propels itself towards a future and is aware that it is doing so. Man is, indeed, a project which possesses a subjective life, instead of being a kind of a moss or a fungus or a cauliflower. Before that projection of the self nothing exists; not even in the heaven of intelligence: man will only attain existence when he is what he purposes to be.[4]

The next principle of existentialism, a necessary corollary to the first, is that the entire responsibility for what man makes of himself is squarely on his own shoulders. He makes himself what he is by his own choice, and in making a choice he makes one not only for himself but for all men. Further, what he chooses he values, and thus by his choice he commends its valuableness to everybody. The existentialists reject outright any suggestion of a realm of fixed and eternal values. Man, according to them, is himself the creator of values. This is what has given its distinctive flavour to the entire ethico-religious attitude of existentialism.

Connected with the principles formulated above are the typical existen-

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 28.

tialist concepts of "Anguish," "Abandonment" and "Despair." It has been pointed out above that it is the individual who makes the choice, and he makes it not only for himself but for all people. Thus in making a choice in all crucial circumstances, man experiences a profound responsibility, the responsibility of giving a value to what he chooses and thereby also commending its value to others. This is what the existentialists call "anguish." Kierkegaard called it "the anguish of Abraham." Ever in anguish, man seeks for secure bases of his conduct either in the commandments of God or in the existing ethical systems. But he knows not with certainty whether God exists at all or whether the so-called commandments of God are really His. The moral rules of existing ethical systems also cannot decide anything for him with certainty. That is why he finds himself "forlorn," "abandoned," solitary, with nothing to fall back upon, either within him or without him. Man decides *for himself*, and cannot but do so, without obtaining a sanction for his action from anywhere, *i.e.*, man is free or man *is* freedom. "We have neither behind us, nor before us in a luminous realm of values," says Sartre, "any means of justification or excuse." But man has to work within limitations, within the sum of probabilities which render his action feasible. This is his "despair."

Omitting details—which I have perforce to do within the limited space of this short and by no means complete article—if I am asked to state the cardinal principle of existentialism, the common thread which runs through all its varied forms from Kierkegaard to Sartre, I would say that it is the insistence on the unique ontological structure of the essential and inner reality of man and his utter freedom.

Kierkegaard set the ball rolling. He went only so far as pointing out that Hegel's all-embracing speculative philosophy had failed to do justice to the reality of the human individual. But he did not elucidate the principle of the structure of the inner man in its proper existentialist setting. Kierkegaard's primary interest was not a theoretical but a practical one, that of guiding man in the conduct of his life.

Heidegger works out with a fullness of detail the ontological structure of what he called *Dasein* or man in his inner reality. Heidegger brings out the features of *Dasein* by contrasting it with things which are not *Dasein*. Things which are not *Dasein* are *vorhänden* (literally, before [one's] hand), that is, objectively given, and, in the case of such tools made by man as the utensils, they are *zuhänden*, close at hand or in readiness at one's disposal. A second characteristic of *Dasein* is expressed by Heidegger by saying:—

> *Dasein* is always my own *Dasein*. It cannot be ontologically grasped as the case or the example of a genus of beings, as can be done with things that are *vorhänden*.

A third mark distinguishing *Dasein* from things which are *vorhänden* is that, while the latter have special qualities or an ascertainable "essence," the characteristics of the former are not qualities but "possible ways of Being." *Dasein* does not express "essence" but its Being—Being-there (literally, *Da-sein*).

Jean-Paul Sartre also, in his *magnum opus, L'Être et le Néant,* now available in the English translation as *Being and Nothingness* (Methuen), mainly discusses the nature of human consciousness and the world in which it is involved. Here he brings out his concept of the essential nature of man as the non-positional, non-thetic, pre-reflective Consciousness, the "for-itself" or *pour-soi* which is ever distinguishable from, though ever dependent upon, the object, the "in-itself" or the *en-soi*.

It has not been possible for me here, within the limits at my disposal, to dwell on anything more than the point of view in general of existentialist philosophy. I shall now close this brief article with a word on the ethico-religious implications of existentialism—that aspect of its philosophy for which existentialism has come to be regarded as the *enfant terrible* of contemporary thought.

It has already been pointed out that there are two camps in existentialism, the theistic and the atheistic. Of the atheistic and the anti-ethical phase of the movement, Sartre is taken as the accredited mouthpiece. E. L. Allen, in his book *Existentialism from Within,* has shown disagreement with those who hold that Sartre has no ethic whatsoever. The critics of Sartre, Allen argues, base their views on the fact that Sartre in his novels has portrayed the obscene and the morbid side of life. But the critics, says Allen, miss the point that Sartre draws the attention of his readers to the choice of the obscene and the morbid as illustration of inauthentic living. By presenting these realistic accounts of lust and greed to his readers, Sartre really intended to drive them into revolt against them. It may be so, though one cannot but wonder whether the readers of the obscene and the morbid do really derive the lesson which, according to Allen, Sartre intended them to derive. The real danger to ethics, to my mind, comes not from Sartre's novels so much as from his doctrine that "One can choose *anything* but only if it is upon the plane of free commitment,"[5] coupled with his denial of a realm of eternal values and ideals from which man must derive the sanction for his conduct and of the existence

[5] *Ibid,* p. 54. The italics here are mine.

of God. Sartre has himself sought to defend his position against the charge of unethicality by pointing out that he has not advocated irresponsible action but action with "responsibility." But nobody can ever have any sense of "responsibility" without the antecedent acceptance of certain moral principles and values rooted in the *a priori* of the moral consciousness. It is our "commitment" to the *a priori* of the moral consciousness which stamps an action with a moral quality.

S. N. L. SHRIVASTAVA

LOVE IN PERSPECTIVE

Love in whatever form or degree never disappoints
As long as it does not end in itself,
But expresses Divine Love within and between us.

It is only when embraced in Divine Love
That human love receives perspective — becomes perfect,
And human relationships are simple and beautiful.

Human love only purifies the soul
If it derives from spiritual growth — of each one of us —
Into the understanding of the love of God.

NETTE BOSSERT

THE ETHICS OF JEWRY

[**Mr. George Godwin** is an old contributor and needs no introduction to our readers. In this interesting article he examines the elaborate code of law of the ancient Jews, an expression of the Mosaic Law, and therefore considered divinely revealed and not to be altered by man. This became its weakness and was no doubt responsible for its increasing rigidity and emphasis on the formal and technical side. And yet it contained much that was noble and there is evident a sincere and almost passionate desire to do justice by taking elaborate precautions against any possible miscarriage. The author concludes with a reference to the trial of Jesus, "a massive act of injustice."— ED.]

DURING a recent attempt to examine as a judicial procedure the trial of Jesus, I had occasion to acquaint myself with the doctrines of the Jewish Law, about which an English lawyer has ordinarily no occasion to acquire knowledge. This brought me to the writings of one who might be styled the Jewish Justinian, namely, the Talmudist sage, Maimonides.

It was thus that I became aware that for all Jews law and religion are almost interchangeable terms.

Maimonides makes this abundantly clear:—

> Every Israelite, whether poor or rich, healthy or sick, old or young, is obliged to study the Law; and even if so poor as to be maintained by charity, or beg his bread from door to door, and have wife and children, he must devote some time to the daily and nocturnal meditation of it, for it is said "Thou shalt meditate therein day and night." (*Joshua*, I. 8)

The learned sage then proceeds to ask: "How long ought a man to pursue the study of the Law?" and, answering his own question, concludes: "Till death."

If, then, one attempts to judge the judges who tried Jesus, one must know something of the Code of Law by which the High Court of the Sanhedrin, sitting as a criminal court, was bound.

The Law of the Jewish Commonwealth consisted of a systematic collection of law, or commentaries and decisions developing and elucidating the Law of the Twelve Tables, as given to Moses on Mount Sinai, purportedly by God, and as elaborated in the Pentateuch. This Law was oral, and transmitted by word of mouth from generation to generation by the learned doctors and sages.

The Law might be, and indeed was, widely interpreted. But it could never be changed, for it had been divinely given for all time. A single injunction (*Deuteronomy*, IV. 2) is unequivocal: "Ye shall not add unto the

word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish ought from it." Now, all other jurisprudences reveal the normal processes of growth and change: only the Law of Moses remains static and unchangeable. That is both its strength and its weakness.

The *Mishnah,* which forms part of the *Talmud,* is the *corpus juris* of the Mosaic Law. It is an orderly collection of the Oral Law (*Torah*). The *Talmud* includes a commentary upon the *Mishnah* in the form of decisions and interpretations made by the doctors and sages. These are known as the *Gemara,* of which the above citation from Maimonides is an example. The foundation of the *Gemara,* then, is the Oral Law. It had the same force as law as the decisions of an English judge in the interpretation of a Statute.

The process appears to have been as follows: The Oral Law was first committed to writing about the second century A.D., by which time it was, in the words of Dr. H. Danby, its translator into English,

> a deposit of four centuries of Jewish religious and cultural activity in Palestine, beginning at some uncertain date (possibly during the earlier half of the second century B.C.) and ending with the close of the second century A.D.

The *Gemara* is, put simply, a collection of the opinions of the sages upon the Mosaic Law. It is heterogeneous and without logical order. It is often confusing for the student, and sometimes in its servitude to the letter, pedantic to the point of absurdity.

The written law, that is to say, the law as set out in the Pentateuch, was split up by the doctors of the Law into 613 precepts, 365 of which were negative or prohibitive, and 248 affirmative, touching those things necessary to be done.

The application of these precepts, their correct interpretation, produced many problems for the solution of the sages, whose sole purpose was not to make Law, but to interpret Law as divinely ordained. Consequently the Law was sacrosanct and unchangeable for all time. Thus there evolved the legal findings of the prophets and sages upon which rested the decrees of the Sanhedrin, the highest court of judicature, and the decisions of the judges and the expositions of the doctors of the Law. These last resemble the Rescripts of the Roman Emperors and the *responsa prudentium.* In a sense, they were not altogether unlike the Law Reports of the present-day British and American courts.

These subsidiary judgments and interpretations, which made up the Oral Law mentioned, were first committed to writing in the second century A.D. by the great Jewish scholar Rabbi Judah Halkadosh. This great com-

pilation has been justly named the Pillar of the Law. It covers all themes dealt with in the Pentateuch, and also rules and ordinances regarding almost every human activity. They were known as the Hedges of the Law, and were designed to preserve it unchanged and intact. If for the word "hedge," which suggests merely a defined boundary, one substitutes the word "fence," the expression acquires a plainer meaning.

Though the *Mishnah,* as written compilation of the Mosaic Law, was not in existence at the time of the trial of Jesus, the Oral Law—the Tradition —to which it gave the form of a written word, was already well established. The Jewish Law, as later set forth in the *Mishnah,* is the Law which bound the High Court of the Sanhedrin which tried Jesus.

What one must now ask is this: What was the Jewish concept of Justice?

Justice in the Jewish criminal court was sustained by four cardinal principles: precision of indictment, public trial, freedom of the accused in his defence, rigid rules of procedure. The rules laid down in the *Mishnah* can bear comparison with any other system of law for their high morality and concern for justice. For example, the *Mishnah* forbids the secret interrogation of an accused by a sole judge, either before or after indictment. "Be not a sole judge, for there is no sole judge but one."

The Jewish criminal law was characterized by rules of procedure of absolute rigidity. They were designed, to a degree unknown in any other jurisprudence, to protect the rights and interests of an accused. This is but one of the several admirable aspects of the Jewish criminal law.

The indictment was unknown. A charge was preferred by witnesses. Evidence was classified under four heads—vain testimony, standing testimony, equal or adequate testimony and the testimony of them that agree together. The first was not accepted without corroboration; the second was admitted only provisionally; the third was required to be complete. The slightest disparity was deemed sufficient to invalidate the testimony.

In capital cases the form of oath prescribed for witnesses was a noble injunction in the following terms:—

> Forget not, O witness, that it is one thing to give evidence in a trial as to money, and another in a trial for life. In a money suit, if the witness bearing shall do wrong, money may repair that wrong. But in a trial for life, if thou sinnest, the blood of the accused and the blood of his seed to the end of time, shall be imputed into thee.

In capital trials the witnesses were subjected to a rigid procedure, thus: "In what week of years? In what year? In what month? In what place?"

Then: "Do ye recognize him? Did ye warn him?" "The more a judge tests the evidence," runs the *Mishnah*, "the more is he deserving of praise."

A few words about the procedure of the Jewish court.

There were no advocates. After witnesses for the prosecution had been heard, the court heard evidence for the defence, including the accused himself.

All offences against the Law were divided into four categories: criminal actions resulting from constraint, from error, from pride, from "High hand." An example of the first would be that of a woman violated; of the second, error based in ignorance; of the third, the giving of judgment or legal decision without authority; of the fourth, contempt for morality.

Punishment was governed by four considerations: the magnitude of the offence, the facilities for its commission, the temptation and frequency. The greatest crime, it was held, was that which caused the greatest injury, and it carried the heaviest punishment. In practice the death sentence was rarely inflicted and was greatly abhorred. A court that inflicted it once only in seven years was considered to be a "bloody court." The sentence was prescribed for corruption of the faith, heresy, idolatry, adultery, incest and murder. That is the order in which Maimonides places these offences.

There were four methods of execution, namely, stoning, burning, beheading and strangling. Crucifixion had no place in the Jewish methods of execution, a fact that may well come as a surprise to many Christians in our day.

Throughout the Jewish legal writings one is conscious always of an abhorrence for injustice and a preoccupation with safeguards against any miscarriages. This is brought out in a dramatic way by the rules enacted to safeguard against a miscarriage of justice after sentence of death. The *Mishnah* describes the procedure.

The accused has been sentenced and led out for execution. Thus the *Mishnah*: In the meanwhile an officer is to stand at the door of the court with a cloth in his hand; another, mounted on horseback, follows the procession so far, but halts at the farthest point where he can see the man with the cloth. The judges remain seated, and if anyone offers himself to prove that the condemned man is innocent, he at the door waves the cloth, and the horseman instantly gallops after the condemned and recalls him for his defence.

A further precaution against a miscarriage of justice was taken. The condemned man was provided with a pike and conducted by an officer of the court. From the pike a banner fluttered to attract the attention of

anyone passing who might, perchance, know of grounds for clemency.

These precautions are notable as evidence of the scrupulosity of the Jewish law, and of the profound, almost religious, veneration of the Hebrew for justice.

It is possible from the writings of the learned Talmudist, Rabbi Judah, to get a fairly clear picture of a criminal trial in those days.

> There were [he tells us] three [scribes]: one wrote down the words of them that favoured acquittal, and one wrote down the words of them that favoured conviction, and the third wrote down the words of both of them that favoured acquittal and of them that favoured conviction.

These, obviously, were measures taken to ensure accuracy.

The President of the Court sat at the centre of a court arranged like the half of a round threshing floor so that the judges could see one another. At the side of the President sat the Ab Beth Din, the "Father of the Court," and beside him sat the sage. Facing the judges sat three rows of "disciples," that is, students of the Law studying under the sages. If an additional judge was needed, a student took his place on the bench. The accused stood at the centre, facing the President.

There were no advocates, as we understand that term, but, even so, advocacy on behalf of an accused was a regular feature of a criminal trial. The "Bar," if that term is permissible, was composed of the disciples, or students studying under the sages. According to the *Mishnah*, the procedure was as follows. A student desiring to be heard rose and "said 'I have somewhat to argue in favour of his acquittal.'...If there is ought of substance in his words they listen to him."

The accused was also heard in his own defence. After a conviction, which was arrived at one day after trial, the sentence was pronounced. The court was composed of no less than twenty-three judges, and where the division of opinion as to guilt was equal, further judges were called in until a majority verdict, one way or the other, was arrived at.

What, then, would appear to invalidate sometimes a system of law with so much of nobility in it? It was, I think, the Jewish weakness for hair-splitting, for mistaking the trivial for the important, for what looks uncommonly like a lack of common sense in the learned pedants of the schools.

One example will assist the reader to understand something of the preoccupation with forms and words.

Blasphemy was the crime of crimes in the Jewish jurisprudence. It was punishable by death. "The blasphemer," says the *Mishnah*, "is not culpable unless he pronounces the Name itself.... During the trial of one

so charged, the court never spoke the word. The witnesses were examined by the court by way of fictional names — thus: "May Jose smite Jose"— to obviate the use of the Name itself.

Great as were its virtues, the old Jewish law was the slave of form and procedure, rooted in the interpretation of the Mosaic Law. There was no flexibility. All was rigid, and to a degree that appears to us as pure pedantry. Just as the qualifications of the judges were so defined as to exclude large categories of worthy men on trivial grounds of objection, just as the court procedure was subject to cast-iron rules, so the place of trial was clearly prescribed. A trial conducted with all the proper forms laid down by divine authority might be invalidated if held in some place unauthorized by law. Thus, trials for life had to be heard in the Hall of Hewn Stone (Lishkath Ha-gazith) according to the *Talmud*. Only in that place was a sentence of death legal.

I think the most impressive characteristic of the Jewish ideal of Justice is its quality of mercy and scrupulous regard for the taking of evidence. Its defect, one would hazard, was a pedantry rooted in theological imperatives. It is a system deep-rooted in Mosaic authority.

These undoubted qualities make very perplexing the New Testament accounts of the trial of Jesus, for therein nearly every iron rule, as defined by the great teachers of the Law, and by the religion of the race, was cast aside in one massive act of injustice. It is not part of the purpose of this brief article to examine the probabilities of that matter. It is enough to indicate the quality and character of the Jewish code of ethics and how that code found expression in the Mosaic Law. Whether that Law was dishonoured throughout the trial of Jesus opens up another and complex subject.

GEORGE GODWIN

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"AN OUTLINE OF A GREAT SUBJECT" *

VAST general surveys of literary epochs are usually the work of historians or academic teachers. That is doubtless the reason for the publisher's claim that "there has never been a book like *Literature and Western Man,*" which is offered as "a magnificent conspectus of what modern man has written since the Renaissance."

Neither assertion is quite true, but certainly, not since Ford Madox Ford's stimulating, if sometimes perverse (and now apparently forgotten), *The March of Literature: From Confucius to Modern Man* (Allen and Unwin. 1939) has a critical record of the comprehensive nature of Mr. Priestley's new book been published by one who is himself a distinguished creative writer.

Against Ford's closely printed 900 pages we can now measure this handsome, solid and well-printed volume. As a sound, sensible guide to what is really vital in European literature, with a shrewd glance at America, most readers will probably, and rightly, prefer Priestley. He has given us an outline of a great subject, written with the relish and appreciation, the vitality and the gusto, which H. G. Wells lavished on his seminal *Outline of History.*

The judgments are personal judgments, and are the better for being so. Many will quarrel with some of Mr. Priestley's estimates. For example: "... we must not forget Ford Madox Ford, whose war novels are his best," is a shockingly inadequate reference to the author of *Some Do Not* and its three great successors, and to the man who gave us among his sixty other books a novel such as *The Good Soldier.* The page allotted to a minor poet-librettist (Hugo von Hofmannsthal); the lines allowed to the melodramatic *feuilletoniste,* Eugène Sue; the space devoted to that sentimentalist of the Victorian nursery, Elizabeth Wetherell; all of these by comparison provoke a protest from the reader in search of stimulating guidance to unjustly neglected authors with something important to say to mankind.

Here and there, then, we have the impression that the name has been pushed in to avoid the criticism which would be automatically forthcoming if no mention at all were made of certain authors who deserve some attention in such a vast survey. Here and there, one feels that inadequate treatment may be worse than omission. To compensate, Mr. Priestley does certain authors proud, and these are not always the major figures. Brilliant pages on Shaw, a masterly summary of the German Romantic movement, and a most readable, enjoyable section on Dickens, are not permitted to swamp a shrewd, just estimate of the fundamental weaknesses of Rudyard Kipling as a writer, or to get in the way of adequate treatment of Manzoni and his masterpiece, *I Promessi Sposi.*

Mr. Priestley's flowing, lucid style, and the systematic arrangement of his book ensure that it will be read with enjoyment. In spite of the broad generalizations inevitable in such a work, few general readers, however much they know already, will not profit by studying this masterly record of creative

* *Literature and Western Man.* By J. B. PRIESTLEY. (William Heinemann, London. xi + 512 pp. 1960. 42*s.*)

writing from Caxton in 1476 to Thomas Wolfe, William Faulkner and Thomas Mann of our own time. An Appendix of brief biographies, and an Index of authors, titles, literary forms and specific topics add to its value as a reference book, though to readers who are used to the sensible convention of ignoring the definite and indefinite articles when arranging an index it will come as a shock to have to look for *The Talisman* under *The* along with hundreds of other titles beginning with the definite article, from *The Adventures of* . . . to *The Wound and the Bow.*

Literature and Western Man will provoke discussion and stimulate appreciation of books wherever it is read. If it leads to demonstrations by placarded students displaying notices, PRIESTLEY UNFAIR TO FLAUBERT, if it occasions a complementary thesis *Praise for Authors Ignored by Priestley,* so much the better.

And here it may be noted that one living author with a world audience is not included in the index — but his name will be found on the title-page.

F. SEYMOUR SMITH

Disjecta Membra: Studies in Literature and Life. By S. V. MUKERJEA. (The Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore. vi+334 pp. 1959. Rs. 13.00)

Rajaratna Satyavrata Mukerjea is cast in the large mould of administrators like the late Romesh Chunder Dutt, a distinguished Civil Servant who was also a versatile man of letters. There is something in the atmosphere, too, for places like Baroda are evidently congenial to such a balanced development of the administrator as a humanist! Shri Mukerjea was so good an administrator — he could so clearly see the mass of humanity behind the façade of the administration — that he was able to charge even a Census Report with something of the tremor of life.

The present collection of his essays reveals both the understanding civil servant and the fastidious "taster" of literature, Western and Indian. These are mostly "occasional" pieces, no doubt — reviews, addresses, reminiscences, reports. But the same personality, cultured, suave, urbane, wide-awake, well-informed, is revealed throughout. The range is as wide as the understanding is deep: literature in Assamese, Bengali, Marathi, English, French; vignettes of literary history as also essays in literary criticism; appreciations of individual writers like Tagore, Sarojini Naidu, Toru Dutt, Bezbaroa, Gide; the impact of existentialism, pre-Raphaelitism, Platonism, feminism; even, occasionally, controversy, though without a touch of rancour. The approach is sober and rather conventional, but there is no forbidding staleness or heaviness; on the contrary, there is, now and then, a ring of memorable statement: "Tagore has spanned, for India, the ages with his song"; Toru Dutt "was the first Indian feminist"; and so on. The long essay on "English Poetry in the Eighteen-Nineties" is a painstaking and perceptive piece of literary history and criticism, and is a gallant attempt to revive interest in poets like Ernest Dowson, Arthur Symons, Lionel Johnson and John Davidson. Shri Mukerjea's inquiry, "Indian Literature: What of the Future?" is a candid appraisal of the present and a bold projection of a possible future. He concludes the discussion with his "one and only prophecy": that the future will be with the dramatist. Accordingly he appeals to the Indian dramatist of tomorrow to avoid hackneyed themes and promiscuous music, to wield a sensitive language evolved out of common speech, and to essay adventurously dramas of the spirit somewhat in the manner of Tagore's *Dak Ghar* and *Mukta-Dhara.*

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Australian Literature: A Critical Account to 1955. By CECIL HADGRAFT. (Heinemann, London. vii+302 pp. 1960. 25*s*.)

Mr. Cecil Hadgraft's volume might well be described as an honest attempt to answer the rhetorical question which so many Australian critics and lecturers are in the habit of asking themselves as a kind of preface to their observations —"Is there an Australian Literature?" With only 290 pages of text to cover the poetry, novels, short stories, essays and literary criticism of a hundred and fifty years, as well as the background against which they were produced, the author has not the space to delve very profoundly into individual works, but he does succeed in calling attention to all the most important writers and in providing an excellent introduction to Australian writing as a whole.

Some few years ago another Australian critic, Mr. Brian Elliot, pointed out:—

> Every nation that exists as a self-communing entity requires a mythology of some kind; when such a thing is not inherited, something must be done to create it.

The truth of this statement is driven forcibly home when one sees it in operation in the actual course of a country's literature. Mr. Hadgraft's timely study reveals very clearly that it was this need, conscious or unconscious, for mythology capable of expressing the history, characteristics and potentialities of a people growing into a distinct nationhood, which compelled the rapid developments in Australian literature during the last fifty years or so.

As was natural for a country with no "civilized" past, the earliest writing was concerned with immigration, settlement and life on the land; hence the realistic and often ironic stories and ballads of the cattle-drovers, ex-convicts, and "swag-men." Nevertheless, if we examine the output of the period, we can discern in the novels of such writers as Furphy, Richardson, Dark and White, and in the work of such poets as Brennan, Nielson, Slessor and Judith Wright, a distinctive common quality which can be said to constitute the Australian literary tradition; though, as Mr. Hadgraft rightly observes, it is in the sphere of poetry that the most outstanding achievements have been evident.

HOWARD SERGEANT

A Short History of German Literature. By GILBERT WATERHOUSE; continued to 1958 by H. M. WAIDSON. (Methuen and Company, Ltd., London. vii+168 pp. Third edition, revised, 1959. 15*s*.)

We heartily welcome this excellent revision of *A Short History of German Literature*, which at the same time gives testimony to the intense interest in present-day German writing. Moreover, readers will be particularly glad to see that substantial additions have been made by Dr. Waidson to Chapters VII and VIII, *e.g.*, on A. Stifter. Perhaps Hölderlin and Mörike, in view of their greatness as creative writers, could have been given a little more space.

The two new chapters on the twentieth-century literature (1890-1933 and 1933-1958) are also by Dr. Waidson, who in his recent penetrating book on *The Modern German Novel* (1959) has already proved himself a distinguished scholar in the field of modern German fiction. He rightly singles out Thomas Mann as "the best known literary figure" of twentieth-century Germany, whilst Rilke is called "the most discussed German poet of the present century."

Space (*cf*. G. Heym, etc.) was obviously a real tyrant to the author, but it is amazing to see the wealth of information, historical and literary, which has been most successfully condensed into this book. It is our great hope that in a

fourth, new edition some more space can be devoted to exciting technical experiments in contemporary German lyrical poetry. A most informative and guiding list of publications is added at the end as "an introduction to a second stage in the study of German literature." We have great pleasure in recommending this *Short History of German Literature* to the student and general reader strongly and warmly.

AUGUST CLOSS

Macaulay. By G. R. POTTER (Writers and Their Work, No. 116. Longmans, Green and Co., London. 40 pp. 1959. 2*s*. 6*d*.) Received through the courtesy of the British Council, Bombay.

This small booklet on Thomas Babington Macaulay was published appropriately to mark the centenary of the famous historian's death. The honest and gracious life of this "Sauric deity of English letters" has been immortalized in the biography by his nephew, Sir Otto Trevelyan; many others too have since written about Macaulay. Mr. Potter offers nothing new to the Macaulay admirer; nevertheless, yet another survey of Macaulay, however brief, is always welcome.

Macaulay (1800-59) had a brilliant academic career, entered politics while still young, came to India as a member of the Supreme Council of India, played a leading part in instituting English studies in India, returned to England to devote the rest of his life to writing the celebrated *History of England since the Accession of James II*, and passed away in honour and fame. Mr. Potter traces in brief this happy life, touches upon Macaulay's poems and essays, revealingly outlines his political life and feelingly describes the historian at work in his last days, racing against time to complete his *magnum opus*. The peroration is apt:—

> The twentieth century has not been entirely sympathetic towards the arch exponent of the Whig interpretation of history; his purple passages and rolling periods are out of fashion, many additions to and corrections of his masterpiece have been made. And yet in the long roll of English historical writing from Clarendon to Trevelyan only Gibbon has surpassed him in security of reputation and certainty of immortality.

One would wish to have, of course, a longer critical assessment of Macaulay than this miniature study from Mr. Potter's pen. It is not easy to compress into a few words such a large and magnanimous life, nor is it possible to put in a nutshell the manifold achievements of the man. But the aim of this series is only to stimulate the reader's interest in the author. Towards that end, Mr. Potter has succeeded with admirable efficiency.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

The Art of Rudyard Kipling. By J. M. S. TOMPKINS. (Methuen and Company, Ltd., London. xiv+277 pp. 1959. 25*s*.)

For many years Kipling has been unfashionable. This is not the same as being unread, for Kipling's readers are still told in their thousands. But between the reading public and the intelligentsia a gulf of difference often exists. The former, looking only for entertainment, pronounce him a satisfactory author: the latter, interested in Kipling's ideas, regard him as unacceptable. Miss Tompkins's present book is the first to concern itself principally with Kipling the artist, not the thinker.

The real work of restituting Kipling's good name began with T. S. Eliot's fine essay, which introduced a choice of the poet's verse published in 1942; but it is Kipling's prose contribution which

Miss Tompkins concentrates upon. In Kipling the man there existed certain unlovely streaks. Aware of this, or of the hostility which he occasioned in many, Kipling left his own instructions to those who should write upon him:—

> Seek not to question other than
> The books I leave behind.

These instructions Miss Tompkins has observed and her only biographical interpretations are drawn from Kipling's own autobiographical sketches.

Since Max Beerbohm pilloried Kipling in his book of parodies, *A Christmas Garland,* there has been a tendency to regard his imagery as pseudo, sensational or glibly scientific. Much of such a criticism must still stand; but it is one of Miss Tompkins's good works that she helps us to see this imagery (whether valid or invalid) in a fresh light.

> If [she declares] we were to call this imagery "Jacobean," instead of simply "showy," we should be aware, even in its excess, of its likeness to the imagery which those leaping, forcible, all-experiencing minds fetched from too far off, or too near at hand, to please Doctor Johnson. It has not their intellectual quality, but it has their appetite. But there are also images, even in the earliest tales, of unquestioned appropriateness.

This is a point well made, a new sighting of the subject; and in such new points and new sightings this well-read, intelligent, objective book abounds.

DEREK STANFORD

Language of the Self. By FRITHJOF SCHUON. Translated by MARCO PALLIS and MACLEOD MATHESON. (Ganesh and Co., Ltd., Madras. xx+262 pp. 1959. Rs. 15.00; 30*s.*)

M. Schuon is one of the Western Orientalists who belong to the line of research in Indian philosophy adopted by M. René Guénon, and whose work has more than academical interest. In M. Schuon's opinion, although religions differ from each other, they have a common truth, "*gnosis* or *philosophia perennis.*" He finds the highest wisdom in Shankara's thought and says that Shankara has accepted Ramanuja but at the latter's level. The world with its preoccupation with raising the standard of life may forget and lose the eternal wisdom, at its own peril.

Language of the Self consists of eleven chapters, in the last of which is explained how gnosis is the language of the self. Love, light, etc., which are attributed to God and which are forms of communication between God and the soul, are secondary to gnosis (p. 237). M. Schuon shows in a very interesting way how the several religious virtues can be related to the self and its gnosis, and how evil and suffering are due to man's lacking it. It is man's ego, the ontological "bubble" (p. 233), that is at the root of evil, and it can be pierced by spiritual life. All the ethical and spiritual forms of activity prescribed by the different religions are expressions of gnosis, its language.

Like M. Guénon, M. Schuon gives a new interpretation to the word orthodoxy: it is accordance with universal truth (p. 1). This is again what the Indian Sanatanists call *sanatana dharma,* the Eternal Religion or Law. (*Cf.* pp. 31 and 59). The book contains such fresh and new interpretations of many words used in religious literature.

Language of the Self is an interesting book of religious philosophy.

P. T. RAJU

An Analysis of Morals. By JOHN HARTLAND-SWANN. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 208 pp. 1960. 25*s.*)

The source and origin of this book is betrayed by its statement that for Puritans

> ... the most important moral end was no doubt something like "conforming to God's will" — and this did not mean securing material happiness for yourself or others. But we need not bother ourselves with such eccentricities. It is not unreasonable to assume that we do know, within certain limits, what basic human needs are; and it seems rational to regard the satisfying of those needs as constituting the primary ends of conduct. It is thus these ends, in whatever particular way they are formulated, which have a good claim to rank as moral.

This is a measure of contemporary culture. You *assume* that you can account for all the phenomena in experience without mind, other than that conventionally accepted as known in man and doubtfully admitted to exist in animals. The author does consider the case of rescue and argues that the rescuer acts because he recognizes that it is *socially* important and that if he acts from sympathy, that is because sympathy is one of the factors responsible for maintaining that sort of conduct that most moral codes enjoin:—

> On rules relating to kindness to others, tolerance, truthfulness, fidelity and honesty there is a large area of agreement among the whole of mankind, simply because such rules are conditioned by basic human natural tendencies....

Can one possibly refrain from adding marks of exclamation? The author considers the case of slavery:—

> ... we might say that in pre-Wilberforce Britain it was not considered wrong to enslave black men, but that now it is so considered. this when we ask, futilely, "But surely slavery We only run into trouble on an issue like must be right or wrong *in itself*?"

After that, the deluge.

R. F. RATTRAY

Mythology and Possibility. By BASANTA KUMAR MALLIK. With a Foreword by T. R. V. MURTI. (Published for The Basanta Kumar Mallik Trust by Vincent Stuart, Ltd., London. xvii+226 pp. 1960. 30*s*.)

Shri Mallik has written several philosophical books before, *The Real and the Negative, Related Multiplicity* and *Non-Absolutes* and this is the last book to come from his pen. He died after a long illness in December 1958. Professor T. R. V. Murti, of the Banaras Hindu University, has written a Foreword to the present volume in which he admits that, like the author's previous works, the present book "makes difficult reading, owing largely to the subject-matter and to Mallik's peculiar use of technical terms." Clearly this is not a book for the casual reader, for even the amateur philosopher finds it "hard going." A complete chapter is devoted to what the author calls "The Absolute and the Cosmology of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky." The reviewer has been studying this system of thought for over thirty years, yet he confesses that he was completely floored by this chapter and, had not the names Gurdjieff and Ouspensky frequently appeared in the text, he would never have connected what he was struggling to understand with anything with which he had been familiar for a great number of years. This being so, the reviewer can only say, quite honestly, that this is quite possibly a very brilliant book, but that it is beyond his own, and probably also beyond a great many other people's, understanding. It is for scholars and expert metaphysicians only.

KENNETH WALKER

The Women at Oxford: A Fragment of History. By VERA BRITTAIN. (George G. Harrap and Company, Ltd., London. 272 pp. Eight plates in half-tones. 1960. 21*s*.)

In this book, Miss Brittain tells the

eighty-years-long story of women at Oxford, and an interesting story she makes it.

The first small beginnings occurred in the 1870's. At that time, education for women was at a low ebb. It is true that, with the foundation of the North London Collegiate School and Cheltenham Ladies' College, standards of secondary education were improving, but few were able to profit by it, and the crying need was to find women capable of acting as teachers. There was, however, a growing thirst for knowledge, and the movement began in Oxford with the institution of Lectures for Ladies. This was followed in 1879 by the foundation of Somerville and Lady Margaret Hall. A third body, the Society of Oxford Home-Students, composed mainly of girls with their homes in Oxford, was also in existence. St. Hugh's and St. Hilda's followed later.

Gradually, women were admitted to lectures and to examinations, but their presence in Oxford was quite unrecognized by the University. Indeed, after women had been taking them for twenty years, the Statutes still blandly announced that no one could be admitted to the examinations who was not a member of the University. Partial recognition came in 1910, when the Delegacy for Women was set up, but the giving of degrees did not follow till 1920. Even after this, women were still not at the end of the road. For instance, in 1927 a Statute was promulgated limiting the number of women students, and this remained in operation for thirty years. Not until 1959 was full equality reached, when the women's "societies" were given the full status of colleges, and their heads made eligible for the office of Vice-Chancellor.

The whole process might perhaps be looked on as a typically British way of doing things. Beginning with voluntary effort in the shape of Lectures to Ladies, going on to a share in official activities but without official status, advancing cautiously from concession to concession until the experiment was proved beyond doubt to be successful, when at long last full recognition was won. Truly an example of "slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent"! Oxford University is very old, and, if to others eighty years seems a long time, to the University it covers only a fraction of its history.

What, one might ask, have women done with their privilege of an Oxford education? The earliest to enjoy it sought learning for its own sake, and with the object of passing it on to others. Their leaders were not ambitious. "We want," said Miss Wordsworth, first Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, "to turn out girls so that they will be capable of making happy homes." No doubt from generation to generation they have done this. But the University has also given to the world many noted scholars of the female sex and great public figures such as Gertrude Bell, Eleanor Rathbone, Maude Royden and Margery Fry who have served the world in a wider field.

The author is generously dividing the profits on the book between the five women's colleges.

VERA DOUIE

A Reasonable Rebel: Georg Christoph Lichtenberg. By CARL BRINITZER. Translated from the German by BERNARD SMITH. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 203 pp. 1960. 21*s*.)

A Reasonable Rebel: Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, has been translated from the German by Bernard Smith very competently, so that Brinitzer's lively, one might at times want to say sprightly, biography remains an entertainment. But his subject, Lichtenberg

(1742-1799), never seems to reveal the stature attributed to him. He was seriously deformed in boyhood, but showed extraordinary energy in his scientific and philosophical work, varied by his need for woman's tenderness. The biographer seems to use Lichtenberg's affairs with women as light relief from the major portion of the book, which, however, is easy enough reading — a skilfully composed picture of the fairly well-known social and intellectual background of Lichtenberg, the poor German student who reached the university and became a well-known mathematician and astronomer. He had a strong liking for English institutions and manners, and stayed twice as a guest of an English lord. It was the period of the Hanoverian sovereigns of England, and there was much intercourse on intellectual and professional planes between the two countries. Lichtenberg was increasingly taken up with critical and controversial views of society (it was indeed a brutal time in spite of the spread of a new intellectual freedom), but this book hardly convinces one that Lichtenberg can rightly be treated as one of the major figures, though he was often a lively correspondent. The direct quotations from his letters indeed suggest that a deeper impression would be made by more and fuller versions, instead of the many paraphrases by the author to fill in the background. We could then see if Lichtenberg in courage and originality was the equal of, say, Daniel Defoe, whose earlier "Essay on Projects" would offer ground for interesting comparisons.

R. L. MEGROZ

Basic Facts and Figures. (142 pp. 1958. 10*s.*; $2.00); *The Provision of Popular Reading Materials.* (298 pp. 1959. 15*s.*; $3.00) (Both UNESCO, Paris.)

These two publications deal with two vitally important aspects of culture and education. *Basic Facts and Figures* pertains to international statistics concerning culture, education and mass communication. The member states of the UNESCO are required to report periodically their educational and cultural statistics. In this volume the period covered is up to July 1958. A perusal of these statistical figures enables one to assess educational and cultural progress in one's country in an international perspective and brings home the truth that progress in one country is a part of the total progress in the world, and, by the same logic, that backwardness in any part of the world is the backwardness of the whole world. Thus a global view is developed which is *the need* of our times.

This brings me to the consideration of the other publication, pertaining to the provision of popular reading materials. Most of the peoples of the world are illiterate and they are ignorant about the modern world of science and technology. To spread literacy and the light of knowledge is a Herculean task. Nonetheless efforts are being made by various agencies including UNESCO to repel the darkness of ignorance. How the provision of popular reading materials is being attempted in a scientific manner and to a plan in various countries has been presented in this publication. Both volumes have reference value and should find place in all libraries. Those working in the field of literature for the neo-literate, especially, need to study them thoroughly.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

A LETTER FROM LONDON

[READERS are familiar with **Shri Sunder Kabadi's** quarterly letters. We are glad to announce they shall now appear each month.— ED.]

London, May 21st, 1960

THE QUESTION which dominated the Conference of the Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth was the racial policy of South Africa. More than half the time of the members was taken up with the subject. Although the prolonged discussions were inconclusive, the ground has been cleared for a definite decision when the question comes up again. That will be when South Africa applies to be allowed to remain a member of the Commonwealth after she has become a republic.

There are two principles in conflict. One is that the Conference of Prime Ministers does not discuss the internal affairs of the Member States. The Coloured nations are as determined to uphold the principle as the White nations. There is, accordingly, no division of opinion on that principle.

The other principle is that the Commonwealth stands for racial equality. When a Dominion has turned into a republic and applies for membership, it is for that State to prove its admissibility as a member. Therefore, although it would have been contrary to the first principle to discuss the racial policy of South Africa at the Conference of Prime Ministers which ended a week ago today, it would be entirely in order for the racial policy of South Africa to be discussed if, after the proclamation of a republic, she applies for admission to the Commonwealth.

There is nothing to indicate that that analysis of the problem was presented by anyone at the Conference. It is one which could, of course, be submitted at the next Conference. At that Conference there will be at least one new member, Nigeria, and possibly two new members, because Sierra Leone will attain independence in July 1961. In any event, even if South Africa is represented at the next Conference, there will be a majority of representatives of Coloured nations. It is impossible to imagine that they would consent to the admission of South Africa unless its racial policy is fundamentally changed. It is now for the United Nations to bring about an abandonment of the policy of Apartheid.

There is another fact which has been completely overlooked in the discussion. That is that the Commonwealth has already accepted the racial policy of South Africa. The country was handed over by the United Kingdom to the Whites — Boers and Britons — when it was given its independence. Besides, when India and Pakistan remained in the Commonwealth after they had become republics, they did so in awareness of the racial policy in South Africa.

But the people who clamoured for the Conference of Prime Ministers to take action against the Government of Dr. Verwoerd appear to assume that the racial policy of South Africa began with its present Prime Minister.

The outstanding fact about the Conference is the calmness and sweet reasonableness with which an extremely contentious matter was discussed. While that was largely due to the strong stand taken by Mr. John Diefenbaker of Canada on racial equality and the statesmanship of Mr. John Menzies of Australia, who all the time held the balance between the conflicting views, the happy result finally achieved was mainly the work of Pandit Nehru.

The Indian Prime Minister is now seventy. His face, his demeanour and the deliberation with which he chooses his words when he speaks, show that

he has attained a very high sense of responsibility as a world statesman. Clearly he realizes his own importance and influence. Experience has also, no doubt, taught him that the path of wisdom lies in gaining time for passions to cool and for reason and good sense to obtain the mastery.

Upon him has fallen the leadership of the Coloured nations of the Commonwealth. It is something which is even more vague than the Commonwealth itself. It is not even a recognized concept. Nevertheless it is a reality. One word from Pandit Nehru on a matter affecting the interests or the feelings of the Coloured nations of the Commonwealth can tilt the balance decisively.

Therefore, the Indian Prime Minister threw the whole weight of his authority on the side of a search for a way out of the dilemma posed by the racial policy of South Africa, and not for a triumph of one view or another. The problem was discussed not in terms of alternatives but upon the basis of a search for common ground for an agreement.

Strongly as the representatives of the Coloured nations felt on the racial policy of South Africa, none of them had come to the Conference with the intention of doing anything which would create a crisis or lead to a split in the Commonwealth. Consequently, Pandit Nehru was able to lead the roaring lions with a silken thread, and no one can carry out such a task with a delicacy surpassing that of the Indian Prime Minister.

SUNDER KABADI

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[IN this month's leaves **Shri Baldoon Dhingra** pays his respects to the memories of Maeterlinck and the late MM. Paul Fort and Jules Supervielle, nature poets who belonged to "a great spiritual republic."— ED.]

FRANCE has just lost two great poets: Paul Fort, nearly fourscore and ten years old, elected by his contemporaries "Prince of Poets," and Jules Supervielle, who was approaching eighty. Paul Fort was a lonely beacon of neo-Symbolism standing in the pre-war period among the tempestuous seas of Surrealism. Supervielle was born in Montevideo and spent the greater part of his life travelling in Europe and South America. His poetry has a mysterious, nostalgic atmosphere, such as one might find in a poet who, away from home, deeply loves his country and recaptures its loveliness in memory. Did not Tagore once say that memory, the priestess, kills the present, and offers its heart to the shrine of the dead past?

There is a lovely poem of Supervielle called *"Dans la Forêt"* which gives some idea of the poet's nostalgic feeling:—

In the forest without number
A tall tree is felled
A void
Trembles upright shaped like a trunk
Above the fallen tree.

While it still is murmuring,
Seek, birds, seek
Where your nests once rested
In this lofty memory.

Many poets, including James Elroy Flecker, have translated Paul Fort. There is something strangely magical about his lines, a haunting quality which one does not usually find in modern French poetry. There is a passage in Paul Fort's *"La Vision Harmonieuse de la Terre"* which might, in musical terms,

recall Debussy, because it has a rich rhythm reflecting harmony:—

Earth is the earth I see, Earth is the earth I hear,
Earth is beneath my eyes and lives within my ear.
Rhythmic and musical, yet more, still more sublime!
Its stories blue fly down, float up, take windless time.

A slow last level heath drops down upon the plain,
Then — then it is the plain with harvest-fields of gold.
Earth is beneath my eyes, musically controlled,
And, as I listen still, more musical again.

Nature poetry of this kind is rare in France at the present time. There are many lyrics of beauty in contemporary verse, but it would seem that the emotions have no fire, only a kind of timid adoration as of one worshipping at a distance. It is true there is much cold intellect in French poetry, but it is uninhibited as always. Poets like Fort and Supervielle belong to an older generation, in which optimism demanded too much faith, courage too much will. There is nothing didactic about their work. They were poets, that was all. In a way they were robust both in mind and in spirit, untouched by decadence, unweakened by divided aims, citizens of a great spiritual republic because inheritors of a common faith vitalized by the essential virtues. They did not stand between "two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born."

Maurice Maeterlinck's birth centenary is now being celebrated. It is interesting to note that Tagore, who had something in common with this great Belgian poet, is being honoured at the same time. The hidden mystery lying close beneath the surface of ordinary life was a theme always occupying Maeterlinck's mind.

There are a few gems which, as a kind of homage to the author of *L'Oiseau Bleu* I should like to quote:—

All the happiness of life lives in our memories. We never enjoy the hour which belongs to us. Happiness begins once it has gone.

Life would not have taught me anything if it had not taught me to smile at the memory of that which hurts the most.

We should not ever speak of God. To speak of Him is to stir images which do not represent him. It is by praising Him that we really commit blasphemy. A silence free of thoughts is alone worthy of Him.

After a certain age, one knows dead people only. An effort of imagination is necessary to enable us to admit that some of the living are still alive.

No government will ever be good, for man, in a crowd, is too stupid an animal to let himself be led by intelligence. On the other hand, history tells us that the best government becomes, by endosmosis, after a certain length of time, as stupid as the masses it leads to catastrophe.

We cannot think without words. Therein lies the great obstacle that hinders everything.

BALDOON DHINGRA

SAVING ANCIENT MONUMENTS

THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT of underdeveloped countries presages the construction of large river dams for power and irrigation. At times, this involves submerging ancient monuments and archæological sites, our cultural inheritance from people in bygone ages. There can be no two opinions about the preservation of such monuments at any cost; and, if possible, other schemes should be substituted to save the monuments from destruction. Often, however, this is impossible.

India was faced with such a problem in the construction of the Nagarjunasagar in Andhra Pradesh. As it was not possible to change the site of the dam, the Government of India decided to

rescue valuable relics of the past by extensive excavations and preserve them for posterity.

The problem which faces Nubia is much more expensive and serious. To ensure the development of the water resources of the Nile to the best advantage, the United Arab Republic considered it necessary to build a second dam near Aswan. This is the Saad-el-Aali Project. Once the waters of the Nile are banked up, by 1965, all the splendid sites and monuments of the Nubian Valley will be submerged for ever.

The Governments of the United Arab Republic and the Republic of the Sudan, within whose purview the site of the dam lies, approached UNESCO for international co-operation to safeguard the monuments which will be submerged. A Committee appointed by UNESCO to examine the problem has made the following recommendations: the Abu Simbel temple should be preserved at all costs by means of an earth-and-rock-filled dam; the temples of the Island of Philae should be preserved by creating an artificial lake; a full inventory of rock inscriptions should be prepared and their preservation, removal and gift to foreign missions should be decided upon by the authorities concerned; free-standing rock temples, tombs and chapels should be removed and erected at places to be decided upon by experts. The Committee further recommended that the archæological sites should be thoroughly explored, surveyed and recorded.

A special issue of *The Unesco Courier* (February 1960) offers a trip through the Valley of Nubia.

Woven into its descriptions of the temples and other monuments is the fascinating story of the crafts, the technical inventions, the art and religious faith, and the intrigues during the long period of Egyptian history running from the 19th century B.C. to the days of the Ptolemies and the Roman emperors.

It is hoped that with the good will of all co-operating nations the monuments of Nubia, which are the common heritage of all mankind, will be rescued from the threatened destruction.

MOTI CHANDRA

NOTHING BUT FRIENDLINESS

THE STUDY *American Children's Questions about Life in India*, by Stephanie Hinkson (Claremont Asian Studies, No. 6, California. 33 pp. 1959. Rs. 4.00; $1.00), is a consequence of research directed toward "the nature of racial and cultural awareness" and "prejudiced social attitudes in intermediate and high school children." It presents the attitude of younger children, aged seven and eight years, towards the distant and different behaviour-pattern of people in rural India. Thirty-four pupils from a Southern Californian school were shown six films and their questions and reactions recorded and then variously classified.

The children were tremendously interested and curious, seeking out differences and similarities. Most of these reactions are included in the booklet and those included in the sections, "The Child's Imagery of Himself in India" and "American Child's Imagery of the Indian Children in America" are very encouraging.

There were no negative responses. The study proves beyond doubt that young children have no inherent prejudices, nothing but friendliness.

MUMTAZ CURRIM

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

The Times of India (June 12th, 1960) reports the unqualified success of the Gandhian technique which was first used by four coloured students in Greensboro, North Carolina, for breaking the racial segregation at lunch store counters (THE ARYAN PATH, April 1960, p. 190). Eight southern cities of the United States have quietly admitted Negroes to lunch counters, without violence or boycott from the Whites or humiliating expressions of victory from the Negroes.

The "Negro Gandhi," the Rev. Martin Luther King, who has launched this non-violent, direct-action movement, states that, "though changes must be accomplished, there is no desire to use or tolerate force. Thus it is consistent with the deeply religious traditions of the Negroes." A process of resisting without resistance!

Though suffering and sacrifice was necessary on the part of the demonstrators before the present results were achieved, it is of interest that their adversaries, used to opposing force, were bewildered by the new methods of passive resistance. The comforting part of the campaign's history is the widespread sympathy from a large part of the White population, many of whom have not only refrained from resentment but also actively allied themselves with the peaceful agitators.

All of this goes to show that India's antipodal neighbours are recognizing human solidarity and the rights of individuals irrespective of skin pigmentation, nationality and creedal beliefs. Surely, one more of the seeds of *satyagraha* has sprouted into a plant of real democracy, which will later proffer the fruits of freedom.

The press today, said Melvin J. Lasky in a wireless talk on "Publicity and Public Affairs" (*The Listener*, May 19th, 1960) is not the simple "medium" for mass communication that it ostensibly claims to be, but has become "a historical force of major proportions," a "fourth branch of government" that can often override governmental powers. But too little is known about the subject, not merely how, when and where reporters get their story, but also *why*.

Mr. Lasky instanced McCarthyism in the U.S.A., a story whose front-page headlines were melodramatized first by the American press and then by the foreign press the world over. Politicians and administrators must admittedly bear a share of the blame; McCarthy too was, according to his biographer, Richard Rovere, "the most gifted demagogue ever bred on the American shores," a veritable master of "ballyhoo"; and further, the material problems and psychological conditions and tensions of the time encouraged the infection of the disease. Nevertheless, the American press was accused after the event of having had the greatest responsibility for McCarthy's astounding rise to power and notoriety, before his headlong fall.

The press defence was that McCarthy was "news" and that the function of a newspaper is to present "facts." Readers must sort out the truth for themselves (as if, as one critic said, a restaurant were to serve poisoned food, leaving the diner to decide whether to eat or refuse it). They claimed that the "interpretation" of facts would lead to a corrupt and worthless press. This would only apply, Mr. Lasky said, to a press tied to an authoritarian govern-

ment, but for the serious press in most countries

> the maintenance of independent critical faculties at the very source of news-reporting is a decisive factor in supporting truth-telling and civility in public life.

A reporter must have the right of "interpretative comment in the due process of fact-gathering." The editor should have the right "to place the interests of the obvious truth no lower than loyalty to the gathered fact." He pointed out how, curiously, the "image" of the journalist in the U.S.A. leaves out the intellectual, individual and moral aspect, and presents him as a mere mindless mirror, a one-dimensional "reporter." But he hoped there would be a "break-through," and that in an increasing self-awareness and "re-examination of fundamentals, the press may come to know something of its own real philosophy, sociology and ethics." Only so, we may add, can it safeguard itself against becoming a tool of destruction in the hands of cunning and ambitious schemers.

The emphasis on memorizing a mass of information for the passing of University examinations has led to a variety of undesirable practices, resulting in students' failure to develop their reasoning and understanding faculties. Such is the present examination system which fosters unhealthy competition and on occasion leads to questionable methods of obtaining the desired marks. Student indiscipline and violent disturbances are only some of the visible effects which arise.

The re-orientation of the examination systems, improvement of study techniques and encouraging habits of continuous steady work amongst students are some of the suggestions to the University Grants Commission by a committee of educationists, according to a report from New Delhi in *The Times of India* of June 13th, 1960.

The recommendations of the committee are for a phased process of change in the present method of examinations by introducing assessment of term work from a cumulative record as part of the evaluation for classification. *Pari passu* with this change is the suggested improvement of the process of learning and teaching by means of greater use of seminars, tutorials and discussion groups.

That there is urgent need for such reform is recognized by the committee, which has formulated practical ways of improvement to be carried out by stages so as to meet possible resistance and practical difficulties.

This is a welcome move in the right direction; for the object of education is neither to train the mechanical memory nor to provide "qualifications" for highly paid jobs. The object is to make young people grasp the nature of the mind's dealings with truth — to teach them to recognize evidence, probability, proof, in their separate degrees, and, above all, to make instinctive in them that complete submission of personal feeling to impersonal truth which is to scholarship what *vairagya*, spiritual detachment, is to soul-life. To one who has learnt this even in some degree, the most recondite or the most tedious studies can yield a delight which is not a lesser ecstasy than exquisite music or holy love.

In June appeared the interesting Report of the British Children's Theatre Association's first Conference at Bradford, Yorks., in April 1960. Delegates from no fewer than twenty-two Children's Theatres in different parts of England gave accounts of work achieved, four others sent written reports, while Scottish and other Children's Theatres, lacking delegates, sent messages of good will. The business of the

Conference was enlivened by plays given by two of the Yorkshire Children's Theatres, and by the Pace Eggers, a folk Mummers' group, with a performance traditionally given at Easter.

The Association was founded last year by Michael Pugh, the present Secretary, and as the Chairman emphasized:—

> Nobody comes to Children's Theatre for glory or monetary reward, the central person in our thoughts is the individual child in our audience whichever side of us he happens to be [spectator or actor].

The Association hoped also to make a useful working liaison with the Educational Drama Association, and possibilities were discussed of linking up with one or more of the puppetry organizations. An up-to-date, enlarged Directory of Children's Theatres in Great Britain will supersede last year's publication, and a full Bibliography of plays should be ready some time in the summer. A Readers' Panel now "reviews" MS. scripts of plays for publishers, and assists in encouraging the production of recommended plays. Accounts from abroad of Children's Theatres in Brazil, Bulgaria, Canada, Poland and South Africa have been issued as Papers, while three Newsletters have been published. A Panel of Advisers offers suggestions to groups wishing to start a Children's Theatre, and there is a loan Exhibition of Children's Theatre Work from all over the world.

Mr. Peter Slade spoke of the need for the Children's Theatre to grow naturally, and it could best be treated as part of the "wider total form of training and education" afforded by a Child Centre (such as that at Birmingham, where he worked), which allowed for a continuity of development from childhood to grown-up activities. Mr. Gerald Tyler drew a picture of an ideal Children's Theatre in a Children's Park, and also stressed the need of interrelationship between older and younger levels, so that dramatic material used was never played down to the children. The value of Children's Theatre for Training Colleges was the theme of Mr. Stanley Evernden, while Mr. Derek Newton spoke on "The Belgrade Experiment." This is the modern theatre, built a few years ago at Coventry, which is aiming to create a new, discriminating, theatre-conscious audience among the young people, those not hitherto interested, or too inhibited by class and culture misconceptions to think that the theatre is for them. The Belgrade Theatre is "theatrically alive and socially acceptable." It serves as community centre, and to the plays are added informal talks and discussions, demonstrations of acting and production techniques, etc. The aim is to develop understanding of the theatre, not to encourage youngsters "to go on the stage." Help and advice is given to local societies; speakers from the Theatre go out to schools, colleges and societies; and courses on drama have been organized in response to requests. Special price concessions are given at the Theatre to the Young Stagers Club and to school parties (avoiding too "educational" a tone in the plays), and — with no delinquent behaviour at the theatre or its coffee bar. All manner of exciting possibilities open up, if enthusiasm and support are maintained.

Several subjects, such as "Child Reaction," had to be left over for a future Conference, and it would be of interest to hear, some time, about the type of dramatic material that is proving of value. It is not only the "why" and "how," but also the "what" that is important. Meanwhile it is obvious that much significant and devoted work is going on "behind the scenes" of which the self-centred, or "ad-mass" person "Is there a heaven?" It ran:—

The Institute of Education, London, will be publishing a report next year on

research undertaken this year by a group under Harold Loukes, of the Oxford University Education Department, and author of *The Castle and the Field,* the 1959 Swarthmore Lecture. The subject is the religious education of seniors in secondary modern schools, drawn from all over the British Isles. A preliminary comment by a *Daily Telegraph* reporter brings out some interesting points. It is easily understandable that the children of today demand a more "adult treatment," and that mere straight Bible teaching is insufficient; that instruction is asked to link up with the child's interests and problems, especially human relationships, and such questions as that of suffering and death, justice and authority, etc. It is also natural that there should be a "strong similarity" in the general religious outlook, whether the family are churchgoers or not. But what is surprising is the strong preoccupation with some form of reincarnation shown by the senior children, although in different areas and schools. *The Daily Telegraph* (June 8th, 1960) quotes a portion of one answer to the question "Is there a heaven?" It ran:—

> I think that you kind of come back into the world again until you're perfect, and then, well, there isn't a place, but I think you go to God when you're perfect.

Tape recordings were made at eight different schools; then, later, children at twelve other schools were asked for comments on the conception of God as a calm old man in white with a long beard. Unfortunately the newspaper does not record the answers to this, and we must wait for the full report. Meanwhile, one cannot but speculate whence has come this preoccupation with reincarnation. Certainly, one meets the conception (or distorted versions of it) in books and films and plays, but what has made it take hold of the children's imagination in this way?

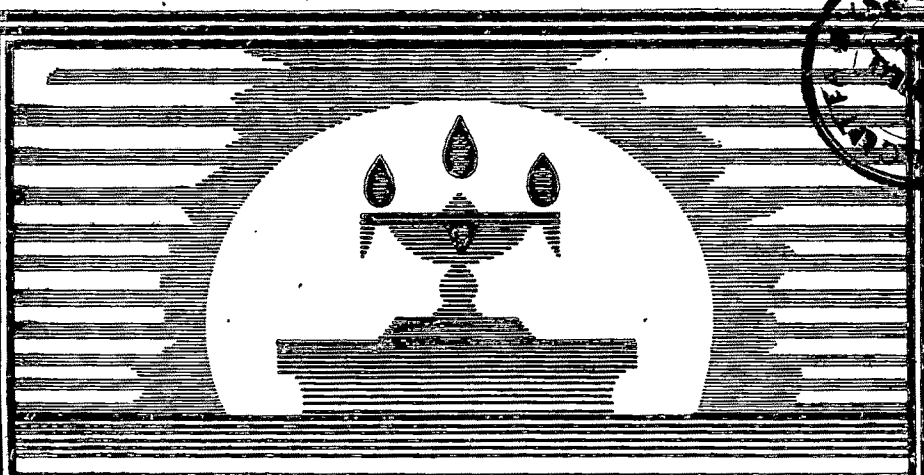
"WE still have the possibility, here in America, of building a civilization based on Man, where the importance of an enterprise is judged less by its financial profits than by the kind of community it creates; where the measure of a man is his own character, not his power or his wealth. If we have sufficient desire, we can still build a civilization whose leadership rests on the respect and confidence it instills in others, and whose standard of life is the quality of life itself.

But time is short. . . .

There is no materialistic solution, no political formula, which alone can save us.

Our salvation, and our only salvation, lies in controlling the arm of Western science by the mind of a Western philosophy guided by the eternal truths of God. It lies in the balanced qualities of spirit, mind, and body of our people."

—CHARLES A. LINDBERGH,
This Weekly, May 15th, 1960.



The ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH



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

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THE LORDS OF MAYA

[IN this month falls the second anniversary of the passing of **Shri B. P. Wadia**, who imparted a peculiar quality to the texture of THE ARYAN PATH with his many articles born of profound Theosophical study and meditation. To the last he was the servant of Those of whom he speaks in this article. In reverence to his memory, we reprint this from THE ARYAN PATH of November 1930, where it appeared over the signature "Occultus."—ED.]

THE SPIRIT IN THE BODY is often called the imprisoned soul. This earth is often called the only veritable hell that there is. Both these statements are true of the ordinary man. The Perfected Man is not imprisoned by the body; voluntary exile from Nirvana, the Soul of Space, He retains a freedom even though He uses a body for His own purposes. The hell aspect of Earth does not touch Him, though He lives and labours here for the sake of all the souls held in bondage on earth. The damnation of these souls lies in their ignorance about their bondage. Thus they create for themselves their own hell. This ignorance or *avidya* is illusion or *maya*.

We might say that there are three kinds of human beings—(1) those who live on earth and know not that they are in hell; (2) those who recognize that life on earth is a state of imprisonment and bondage; and (3) those who living on earth are yet free, are untouched by the magic power—maya-shakti—which makes of earth a hell. This last class consists of the Masters who have mastered all the secrets of colour, sound, smell, taste and sensation, and subdued their own senses and minds.

Most men belong to the first class: the glamour of tints and shades, the enchantment of odours and scents, the haunting and obsessing quality of tones and sounds, the enslaving power of tastes, of sensations, of feelings, of thoughts—all overwhelm puny man. The more he heeds them, the more he goes away from himself. He loses his *own* power to know, in the

thoughts and ideas of other people, and these so enchain his mind that it forgets to turn in the direction of his Self. He attunes his ears to fleshly sounds and the note of his soul is not heard. The riot of colours blinds him to the colour of his own being;—thus in the many directions of sense life, till a divorcement takes place between the soul and its vehicle, the latter becoming a passive medium and automatic repository of outer influences. All mediums tend in a direction opposite to perfection. The spiritualistic medium is the flower and apotheosis of mediumism, generally speaking, in which our race is enveloped.

For all men there are three paths. First, the path of Maya which keeps men wedded to Maya, tied to a life of senses and lusts, finally leading them through mediumism to utter forgetfulness of the soul or self. They hug the shell of Maya and are absorbed by it. This is why this path is sometimes called the path of Annihilation.

The second path is the path of Abandonment. This awakens man so far as to desire to reject Maya and run away from its pain. Such abandonment results in the innocence and happiness of the sweet but ignorant child. He who runs away from the shadow of Maya is pursued by it. Men may try to feel that they have succeeded in abandoning Maya; it never abandons them.

The third path is the path of Fulfilment, on which Maya's power is recognized, its secrets are learned, and it itself is mastered. This path is also called the Path of Woe because in all three stages—of recognizing, learning and mastering—there is pain and suffering. To recognize that we have been under foolish glamour, that we have been wasting time and polluting space, is a painful awakening. More painful still is the effort to wrest out of Maya-Devi her well-guarded secrets. She wraps herself in the many folds of her *sari* of matter; she hides herself in veils of varied textures and colours. Long are the years and hard is the labour which she claims, and frustrations innumerable cause anxiety and anguish and untold suffering. But at last conquering the soul of Maya, man rises above pain and pleasure—Maya's lord and master.

Thus for those who awaken from the glamorous sleep of illusion the path bifurcates—abandon everything and everybody, and in solitary glory lose your soul in the Bliss of Ages; or fulfil your dharma in pain, in sorrow, in woe, controlling Maya, remaining beside her, her master, in order to help her victims to find and walk that same path of fulfilment.

On the first path, the Path of Maya, teachers are many who impart the knowledge of how to die but not the knowledge of how to live; they impart knowledge of the body, the feelings, the mind, how these constantly change

and change and change. Variety and difference of views is the keynote of these teachers, and inconsistency the great characteristic by which they may be known.

On the second path, the Path of Abandonment, there are no gurus. Those who are slaves of Maya cannot teach how to abandon her; those who have abandoned her are not here; they are running, running, running to find a spot where Maya's sway is not.

On the Path of Fulfilment, the third path, and on it alone, are the real gurus to be found. Having mastered Maya-Devi, They alone are capable of showing us how *we* can also master her. They master her by making obeisance to her laws of infallible justice and using those laws to serve humanity. Serving her, They alone can teach us how to serve. They are changeless and reposeful, for They know the secrets of Life; They are immortal and eternal in whom death has died again and again. All such are of one mind and are united in Will. They have a constant mission and a consistent message. They speak the language of colour and sound; They know the number underlying each form. They have fathomed the ultimate divisions of Time or cycles which make days and nights of mortals, of Gods, but above all, of Maya-Devi, who is the cause of the coming and going of universes; and thus They are not disturbed at the time of general dissolution. They are awake when all else sleeps.

They smile in compassion at men who chase the shade of Maya and watch earnestly those who are pursued by the shadow of Maya, while They hold in trust for all the Soul of Maya—whom They have subdued through service.

To conquer Maya one must seek the Lords of Maya.

OCCULTUS

A POET'S CALL

[IN THIS GUEST-EDITORIAL **Shri Gurdial Mallik** writes movingly of his *Guru*, the Poet Tagore, whose birth centenary India will be celebrating on a nation-wide scale in 1961. August marks the anniversary of his passing, and so it is fitting to publish this tribute by one who lived and laboured at Santiniketan for many long years. Tagore, who was both Poet and Philosopher, wrote:—

> When in relation to them [the arts] we talk of æsthetics, we must know that it is not about beauty in its ordinary meaning, but in that deeper meaning which a poet has expressed in his utterance: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty."

—ED.]

"I AM A POET"—thus Rabindranath Tagore often used to introduce himself to his audience. Perhaps he could not help doing so. For, even when he was as yet a child, he had sensed what his particular vocation would be. It was, however, after his vision of the oneness of Life, which he had in his youth, while watching the sunrise from the terrace of his ancestral house in Calcutta, that he grew quite conscious of his mission and message. As he put it, the hitherto slumbering and sealed fountain awakened to life and its water sprayed up and around in colour and in cadence. Thereafter, he sang "many a song in many a mood," but the ultimate meaning of every one of these songs "pointed to Thee."

Who was this "Thee" or "Thou"? It was both a Person and a Principle. It was an amalgam and apotheosis of the infinite and the finite. In the realization of this truth and his reorientation to it, the poet was helped not only by his inborn love of the beautiful in Nature but also by the teachings of the sages of the Upanishads, which he found exemplified and embodied in the person of his great-souled father Maharishi Devendranath Tagore. To these influences were added later those of the devout Vaishnava poets and the God-intoxicated singers, the Bauls. His hero in life was Raja Ram Mohan Roy, rightly acclaimed as "the Maker of Modern India," as his Master was the Buddha. The cumulative effect of these several sources of impact and inspiration led him to evolve for himself a religion which he called "The Religion of Man." That is why he called his book of this name his last will and testament to humanity.

Such being the Poet's religion, it is no wonder that Rabindranath Tagore was deeply interested in all that concerns the evolution of Man, the Eternal. Art, Music, Science, Social Service and other allied instruments of the individual's evolution in the image of Perfection ("Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect") he laid under contribution in his varied literary work, extending over nearly

seven decades. His twin institutions in Santiniketan and Sriniketan were intended to be an enlarged version of his vision of Man, ever moving towards the Eternal through his many-sided modes of creative expression, each perfumed with a touch of Truth. As man is not the final word in evolution, so his achievement, howsoever great, is also not the ultimate. "The best is yet to be," as Browning says. It is for this reason that he said, when he was once asked whom he considered to be the greatest artist, author, orator, poet, musician: "Nature hates superlatives. We can be sure of the great, but never of the greatest."

In this connection, it will not be out of place here to refer to some of his other "confessions," which he made in answering a questionnaire, sent out by the editor of a Bengali periodical many years ago to some representative writers and thinkers and leaders of the world. The characteristic he admired most in a man was "love of truth," while in a woman it was "love of creatures." His best quality, as his greatest failing, was "inconsistency." He was greatly annoyed by "spiritual arrogance." He would like to visit "all parts of the world." He held that dress does influence character "when we are conscious of it." He had no favourite motto, as he could not stick to any single one. The best sovereign in Europe, he said, was "the People."

Such then, were some of the characteristics and concepts of Rabindranath Tagore, the Man. They reveal him as a pilgrim to the ever-present and yet ever-receding Shrine of the Eternal, which is glimpsed now and again by every creative artist, be it in the field of literature or in any other sphere of life. Such a pilgrim's vision of the Eternal verity is catholic and comprehensive, a veritable symphony. This was reflected in his lifelong aspiration towards achieving some kind of "a completeness of life," through an integration of various outlooks, attitudes and activities. For only an integrated individual can become a confluence of the limited and the limitless, Time and the Timeless, Form and the Formless, the Near and the Far, his own self and the selves of others. Thus he lives for all and labours for the welfare of all, believing that self-fulfilment and not merely success, material or intellectual, is the be-all and end-all of life.

But such an integration is not easy to compass. It requires an austere inner discipline, *tapasya*, as the Poet would say. An artist is not a self-willed, irresponsible creature. He is one who controls his appetites and ambitions. A person who is drunk, for instance, can never observe, far less appreciate truly, the beauty of a flower. He has not "the third eye" with which to see it—"the third eye" which is opened by transcending the pairs of opposites like love and hatred, joy and sorrow, mine and thine.

This inner discipline is indicated and evolved by withdrawing oneself daily for some time from the world of outer forms and phenomena. Hence the poet's deep faith in the power and purifying processes of Silence and Meditation. Not a single day in his long span of life did he miss his tryst with Truth, the Eternal. Hence his unending prayer and petition for Light, more Light.

Most of us are, alas! indeed blind to the Eternal verities and values. And so poets like Rabindranath Tagore have to proclaim to us that the Light of the Eternal exists and through their songs invite us to open ourselves to its impact and influence and operation. Their call assumes the aspect of a prayer for blind and benighted humanity. To quote one of his own songs:—

They stand with uplifted eyes
thirsty after light
Lead them to light, My Lord!
They cannot see the paths
in the twilight dark
while the night of despair gathers
before them.

Those that are lost to themselves,
Seeking for the load-star
hidden in the depth of night,
bring back their sight
to the world of forms,
to the paths of the celestial light,
My Lord![1]

GURDIAL MALLIK

---

[1] *Visvabharati News* (Santiniketan), June 1960.

NORMAN HOUSE

AN INTERVIEW WITH MERFYN TURNER

[READERS may remember the interesting accounts by our esteemed friend, **Mr. G. H. Brown, B.Sc.,** of his interviews with Mr. Lyward of Finchden Manor and with Father Huddleston (THE ARYAN PATH, May 1957 and March 1958, respectively). In this interview he describes the humane and wise work of Mr. Turner in affording some released convicts the sense of belonging and the opportunity of a real return to citizenship.—ED.]

WE SAT TALKING before a cheerful gas fire and beside a large covered billiard table on which a member of this "family" of discharged prisoners recently made a record break of eighty. On the other side of the entrance hall was the pleasant Quiet Room. There the family will gravitate in the evening if Mr. and Mrs. Turner sit there. Sometimes a discussion will develop. The subject may turn to crime and it is characteristic of these men that they talk of their own without shame.

Above and around the mantelpiece in our room were pinned snapshots of former members. A visitor called it the "Rogues' Gallery"; so now no more are put up. Before saying my final good-bye I went over to the Gallery and Merfyn Turner told me something of the men there portrayed. One had written to him recently and asked to be remembered to Tom and Fred. "Probably the only friends he has," said Merfyn Turner. I understood then a little of the loneliness of these men and a little of what Norman House means to some of them. Merfyn Turner unconsciously revealed himself, also, for he told me that he found himself forgetting the crimes for which they had been imprisoned. Norman House would not exist if they were not, for him, individuals before they are former criminals.

I did not understand that many return to crime not of deliberate choice but because they are rootless and friendless, and cannot face the world. "Being on the road breaks you in the end," said one man to Merfyn Turner. I quote from the 1958-1959 Norman House Report:—

> ...for at least three-quarters of our prison population crime is anything but a calculated first choice. Frequently it is the last link in a personal, social, economic chain of events which reveals the inadequacy, the immaturity, and the instability of the offenders.

Merfyn Turner reached this understanding in his voluntary work as a prison visitor and he conceived the idea which came to birth in a large Victorian house in Highbury, London, about five years ago, with the help of the London Parochial Charities. Since that time about two hundred men

have lived there, some for a few months, others for nearly two years. One, only one, has relapsed into criminal behaviour while in residence. About three times this number have been helped in other ways, such as in the finding of lodgings in the neighbourhood from which they can visit and make use of Norman House. Many keep in touch after leaving the House and among these the number who eventually relapse is small. The number is much greater among those who break the contact. Merfyn Turner would like to do more to help the men to make social contacts and create a niche for themselves in the outside world, but, apart from occasional visits, say, to the theatre, he is unable to do much. "Men grow into rather than out of Norman House," he said; and considers that there are a few who, because they will always be dependent psychologically and yet will not return to crime while they are there, should be able to stay indefinitely.

This is by no means Merfyn Turner's first essay in social service. He has carried out a successful experiment with a group of about twenty "unclubbable" boys, *i.e.*, boys whom the Youth Service of Great Britain had either failed to reach or failed to satisfy, and who were in danger of becoming confirmed delinquents. Together they formed a club in a converted sailing barge, the Normanhurst, which was moored at the banks of the Thames near Wapping, and together set out on a voyage of self-discovery and group understanding. Merfyn Turner has written an account of this experiment in his book *Ship Without Sails*. Within this account one can trace his developing insight into the inner motivations of the group and into the inner relationships between its different members, and the whole is a convincing demonstration of his thesis that, rightly handled, the group contains within itself its own salvation.

In his book I had noted a significant use of the word "insight," and I began our conversation with the suggestion that if his work both in Norman House and in the Normanhurst could be typified by one word, that word was "insight." Merfyn Turner deflected the conversation by pointing out that while the various Aid Societies did much to provide discharged prisoners with basic physical necessities, they lacked this essential quality of insight into the lives of those they set out to help. A separation was left between them. He stressed that the relationship at Norman House, even more than it was in the Normanhurst, was a giving and receiving. The men are accepted, without any reservations, as members of a family. They belong. They have paid the penalty for their crimes which society exacts and now the obligation rests upon society to give them the opportunity to rehabilitate themselves. I have reason to believe that Merfyn Turner regards true social service as a giving of oneself, not the giving out of the surplus of

one's wealth; and holds that implicit must be the attitude that the beneficiary of today may be the benefactor of tomorrow.

We passed next to a discussion of the factors which determined the choice of the men who went to Norman House. The majority are at least second offenders, because these find the way back to acceptance by society more difficult. Since Merfyn Turner believed in getting to know the men while still in prison, about ninety per cent used to come from Pentonville, where he visited. Now the number was below fifty per cent, for such preliminary contact was no longer always possible. He might be asked by a court, a probation officer or a psychiatrist to take a particular man. Sometimes a man himself might ask to come. Before accepting anyone, all available information about him would be considered in an attempt to assess both his likely degree of benefit from Norman House and his likely impact on the already existing group. Many men do not want to return to crime, but, because they are rootless and friendless, drift almost inevitably into their old ways. It is for such as these that Norman House exists, but before accepting a man Merfyn Turner likes as far as possible to be satisfied that he not only is sincere in his wish to rehabilitate himself, but also has a reasonable chance of doing so in the environment of Norman House. He does not usually take the mentally ill and those undergoing psychiatric treatment, or those with a history of false pretences, or sexual offenders, drug addicts and alcoholics. Such require a specialist treatment outside the scope of Norman House. Often, however, men in these categories are to be found there, either because a man seems to be responding to treatment and in the opinion of the psychiatrist will benefit from such association, or because a man has proved to be a much more complex person than available information suggested.

Merfyn Turner stressed that he had learnt two things about those who commit crime. The very first was that most of them are not essentially different from other men but merely exhibit exaggerations of normal behaviour; and the second, that the criminal who is not a highly complex being is hardly to be found.

Some three years ago I had the equal privilege of interviewing for THE ARYAN PATH Mr. Lyward of Finchden Manor. (I refer to him as Mr. Lyward because of Michael Burn's book *Mr. Lyward's Answer*). In reflecting upon my conversation with Merfyn Turner and upon *Ships Without Sails* I have been struck by a certain kinship between Norman House and Finchden Manor: the kinship that there is between two unique expressions or embodiments of the one abstract idea, or the kinship that there is between two unique incarnations or embodiments of the same ancient soul of

a man. Each is the unique creation of the one who conceived it. Each creator has had the same kind of success with the misfits of society, one with "unclubbable" boys and discharged prisoners, the other with wayward and delinquent youths and boys with whom conventional schools have failed. Each has achieved his success by becoming, through a degree of selflessness, a living centre within his own creation from which others drew hidden sustenance. I say "hidden" partly because they do not direct, organize and inspire in the way of the ordinary leader. Both start from acceptance of those who come. Mr. Lyward said to me: "Finchden must maintain a sense of values which may be different from that of the boys, without passing judgment on theirs." I believe Merfyn Turner would say the same of Norman House. "Finchden seeks a deeper relation with its boys than that on the plane on which we react to one another." Merfyn Turner wrote in *Ship Without Sails* that the disfavour and the dissatisfaction he showed, and the criticisms he made, had to rest on a positive relationship that remained basically unchanged. Both men achieve a degree of insight into the individual behind the unit in a category; both achieve a certain loving and letting be; both achieve a certain willingness to remain aware, to observe, to wait before acting.

I suggest that in the field of education and sociology today we are in danger of over-emphasizing the role of quantitative investigation, statistical analysis, the control group and so on. Valuable as these are, perhaps indispensable, they can do no more than put tools in the hand of the worker. Real social and educational advance must rest ultimately, not on action dictated by the results of scientific research, but on the Turners and Lywards of this world. They do not act upon information about human nature; they embody in creative action an insight into human nature.

Two very important people in Norman House I have scarcely mentioned: Mrs. Turner and Geraint Turner, aged three and a half. I know them only by repute, but I accept that this is a home and I have noted that if Mr. and Mrs. Turner are in the Quiet Room in the evening the rest of the family gravitate there. It would be impertinent of me to say more.

Merfyn Turner had set aside an hour and a half for me. Soon after the hour I rose to go, only because I thought it would be unfair to him to take more of his time. It was then that we spoke for a few minutes of the human beings behind the faces whose likenesses were pinned upon the wall.

GEOFFREY BROWN

THE FULFILMENT OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN

[**Mr. Robert Martin** of Buenos Aires, a professional accountant and economist, and for many years also an independent writer whose articles and fiction have been published in Argentina, England and the U.S.A., writes with a warm enthusiasm in this article. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights, to which he makes so much reference, was a milestone. But Mr. Martin presses for effective arrangements to secure the rights proclaimed in that Declaration to all citizens in practice.

We are wholly in sympathy with aspirations toward a World Government. Spiritually, mankind is one. All forms of social order are means to express and defend the values of human unity against the lower natures of particular persons. They need to be as wide in scope as the fields of human relationships they regulate. Today a single field of relationships contains the whole inhabited world, and nationalist loyalties too often exalt the part at the expense of the whole.

Readers will judge for themselves the feasibility of Mr. Martin's suggestions as to ways and means. Agreement in detail is unnecessary for sympathy with his deep concern for human rights. The first Parliament of the Commonwealth of World Citizens, inspired by similar concerns, was commented upon in THE ARYAN PATH, Vol. XXX, p. 383. — ED.]

THE NATURAL RIGHTS OF MAN are involved in the four freedoms that were so aptly summarized by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1941 — freedom of speech, of worship, freedom from want and from fear. The greatest fear in the world today is war, so great that on it depend all the freedoms and rights of man. A second world war has come and gone; a third is imminent, and therefore now, before it gets started, is the time to prevent it and to make possible the conditions of stable world peace that are so necessary for the establishment of the rights of man.

In the world as one, the important thing that must be recognized is that moral law is the only sovereignty — moral law based upon the rights and duties of human beings. The individual human being is the important unit in the world, followed in importance by the family. All other bodies — church, trade union, club, political party and national state — are merely institutions or associations of individual and family units. It is no more right to talk of the sovereignty of a nation than it is to talk of the sovereignty of a cycling club. Both nation and club are simply associations for the purpose of increasing the general well-being of the members, and as such are entitled to respect but not to preposterous rights of inviolable sovereignty and enforceable allegiance. Just as provincial state sover-

eighties, in a federal system, are subject to a national government's control, so nations, being parts of the world, must now be subject to world control.

We can no longer compromise with political nationalism or regionalism. The religions of mankind, upon which the hopes of millions of human beings have always rested, are failing through allowing nationalism to take the first place: the sight of their clergy blessing arms and praying for victory on innumerable opposing battlefronts has naturally engendered world-wide scepticism.

A clear and fearless movement is required today, and in this respect we suggest the immediate establishing of two leading aims: a definite organization of persons who wish to be recognized as world citizens and a definite organization to make it possible for individuals all over the world, who so desire, to set themselves free from allegiances and yet remain unmolested within their own countries to exercise their universal rights. The carrying out of these aims will require: (a) a headquarters and branches for the world organization, set up where free persons can meet at all times and to which they can always have direct and immediate recourse when in need of counsel or help; (b) a sanctuary to which world citizens can repair in case of persecution or expulsion by their recalcitrant national governments; and (c) a mechanism to protect people all over the world who, having declared and taken their freedom, wish nevertheless to remain resident in their own countries.

In all cases protection will have to be rapid and really effective, involving the taking of action against governments guilty of contravention of the rights of man.

In order to set these things going, a call should be directed personally to influential individuals all over the world, to outstanding men in science, education, religion, industry, politics and the arts who are already known to be receptive to the ideal of world freedom, earnestly requesting them to declare openly their support of the movement. They must be assured of the protection they may require, and in return for this be asked to begin work at once upon spreading the ideal and putting it into practice.

A call directed in general to the masses of the world would not be effective, for the general run of men cannot be expected to make so great a leap out of their apathy, fear of their governments and ingrained subservience to nationality. But a call directed to a large number of leading individuals and free associations in the world and the giving of full publicity to the resulting declarations would have the effect of driving deeply into the immovability of the masses. The ideal of world citizenship would

then have commenced its actual existence; the lead would have been given; and very soon large numbers of general mankind would follow in assuming the same rights.

Great courage is required of individuals who are to give this lead, but it is courage invested in a cause supremely worthy and sure to be successful.

Concordantly with the call, other things can be done to help make effective the rights of man. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights should be published in all available newspapers and periodicals across the world and repeated at intervals in order to keep the matter constantly in the minds of the people. A good idea would be to have papers publish it on their front pages every New Year's Day.

A very important step in the popularizing of the idea of world freedom is to spread all literature on the matter and to prevent the banning or obstruction of books such as *Union Now* by C. K. Streit, *The Case for Federal Union* by W. B. Curry, *One World* by Wendell Wilkie, *The Anatomy of Peace* by Emery Reeves and the Einstein, Baruch, Lilienthal, Culbertson, Sumner Wells and King-Hall proposals, to mention but a few outstanding modern works dealing with the world idea. The circulation of the numerous periodicals now being published on the subject should also be protected and fostered.

Yet another step is the turning of the press mentality of the world into peace thinking and peace writing. Everything possible must be done to convince the great newspapers of the world of the necessity of giving more space to the publication of news stories and articles for peace. If the papers protest that they write up war, disaster and fear items because newspapers deal in news, latest and sensational, then let us supply our news to them in that form. Let us keep giving them new and sensational successes in our peace idea and activities every single day. The call, for instance, can make front-page headlines and the results keep on doing it.

The existence of the United Nations Organization is a great move towards world peace, but it is only a step and, in one particular, a very imperfect one. The imperfection is in that it is a union of *states*, and this is something we must insist upon regarding as merely preliminary and transitory. The next step must be the setting up of a union of *peoples* in which the authority at the Union tables will vest in peoples' representatives, that is to say, not necessarily their governments alone, but also whatever other associations are appointed freely by people to represent them.

The Declaration of Human Rights states that it is essential that the rights be protected by a *régime* of law in order that men are not compelled

to the last resort of rebellion (Preamble, Para. 3). This is the crux of the matter: the rights of man must be made into world law, that is, law above and quite independent of international and national law.

World Courts must be set up in all the nations of the world to ensure their compliance with the rights of man and the protection of world citizens. These courts obviously cannot be subject to control of any sort from the governments or other authorities of the nations in which they are situated, not even if such control is made legal under the laws of any nation.

It must be made clear that the Universal Declaration of Human Rights is supreme and above all national charters. Hence any stipulation in a national constitution or law that is contrary to, or limits or hinders, any of the rights of man must be set aside by the World Courts. The implication of this must be faced: to take a specific instance, it means that national law for obligatory allegiance or military conscription is void against any citizen who refuses to accept it; for such laws are a direct violation of the rights of man (Articles 3, 4, 5, 12, 18 and 20(2)). A citizen's right in this must be upheld by the world courts and be imposed upon national governments.

Some world vigilance over national governments is needed. It is stated in Articles 8 and 9 that a man has "the right to an effective remedy" by national tribunals in case of violation of his rights as recognized by constitution or law. But this is not enough: many constitutions do not guarantee the rights of man; some violate them; and it is a well-known, sad fact that many states that have excellent constitutions and law are often ruled by corrupt governments, legislatures and police who make a mockery of them. Hence the people's need for direct, rapid and effective recourse to super-national authority, courts and police. Article 30 remains quite ineffective until these things are provided.

Again, because of the same deplorable reasons of official dishonesty, Article 21, asserting citizens' right to a freely chosen government, suggests to our mind the need for a world body to be set up for the purpose of supplying representatives to supervise elections within nations in order to guarantee freedom from fraud.

Articles 19 and 30, again, suggest the need of an independent world communication and transport service in order to avoid the resistance in some of the existing international and national services. For it is another sad fact that some nations are members of the UNO in word, but in deed their governments hinder and even prohibit the distribution of UN material within their borders. The world communications staff must have the

right to work within nations, absolutely free of interference or censorship; they must have even greater immunity than that enjoyed by embassies.

We might address United Nations personnel on behalf of man, thus:

Ladies and Gentlemen of the UNO, all these are things which the peoples of the world cannot obtain for themselves. Therefore they are things which you, who are in an international position, can and must provide. As one pioneer world citizen, Mr. Garry Davis, has put it bluntly: if the international organization is incapable of settling the fate of one individual citizen it will certainly be wasting its time trying to solve the problems of the nations of the world.

Today you are international. You must forthwith proceed to be supernational and take your place above governments. The first step in the programme of the UNESCO was stated to be a campaign directed "to combat the idea that we are citizens of this or that country, for we are really citizens of the world." Good, this is the first step, but we must not stop there.

When Dr. Julian Huxley came round the world to explain the aims and purposes of UNESCO, he was on an exasperating errand of having to state this first step and then the limits preventing it from being carried out, namely that "UNESCO would deal only with governments and international associations." To a practical press question whether this meant that a country's spirit would be represented in the UNESCO only by the people chosen by the government, he replied in the affirmative. This is a rather disappointing and frustrated sort of step, but we realize that it is only the first and a temporary one, the thin end of the wedge for freedom breaking into the hard crust of established sovereignties. The next move is for that wedge to push national limitations aside and thrust through all powers that oppose the spread of world freedom. The only people who can lead the way are you and the time is now. Let loose the call and soon unconquerable numbers of people all over the world will seize on the lead and back you up.

The time for first steps has gone; we must go ahead and force the pace. We shall never win through by further condoning or compromising with nationalism and no effective lead will come from further sacrifices by conscientious objectors and passive non-combatants. We do not want more martyrs; what we want are pugnacious projectors and active defendants of peoples' rights and peace. We need more militants like the Australian delegate to a recent Paris conference who declared that "the security of the fundamental rights and freedom of a human being is essential and we are not prepared to stop at anything to ensure that the private world of

one subject is protected against violation."

Is all this too much to ask, too big a thing to expect? No, it is not! See what other big things the world of mankind has obtained from leadership to strike the spark, to enlighten public opinion and action. We can do away with the shackles of national separations and the dangers to peace just as we have done away with the atrocities of the inquisitorial sovereignty of clergy, the Divine Right of kings and slavery. We can demand and win world citizenship and the rights of man just as we have demanded and won written constitutions, popular representative governments and social legislation.

These great social enterprises were all started by strong-willed enlightened pioneers. Today, Ladies and Gentlemen of the UNO, it is our opportunity and duty to be the strong-armed initiators of this greatest of all social enterprises—the universal recognition and practice of the rights of the individual and the establishing of the world brotherhood of man. Let us set to work!

ROBERT MARTIN

ONE MAN

In me the sun
Unwinds its golden skeins,
Exultantly
The sea leaps in my veins.

In me the stars light
Immensities of space
And dreams like meteors
Startle the night's calm face.

Mere speck am I,
Of countless men, a man,
And yet a part
Of one vast cosmic plan.

HERBERT BLUEN

THE SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS AND THEIR KEY POSITION IN SCOTLAND'S LITERATURE

[WE are glad to welcome to our pages **Dr. Kurt Wittig**, a German scholar whose publications include works on subjects as varied as phonetics, linguistics, Renaissance literature and American studies, besides his work on *The Scottish Tradition in Literature* (1958). Out of his special study also comes the present article, in which he traces the strands of history, culture and folk imagination that weave the delightful fabric of the Scottish ballads. We print a very well-known ballad after his article as a specimen.—ED.]

IT SOUNDS A PARADOX that the ballads should hold a key position in Scottish literature. For balladry is international, and ballad themes have wandered freely to and fro.

To understand this paradox it is essential to relate the Scottish ballads to the twisted and broken history and culture of the country. Scotland has never enjoyed a uniform culture; its web and woof has been made up of threads of widely divergent origins: the originally Celtic-speaking country[1] had early contacts with Anglo-Saxon culture infiltrating from the South-East, and violent contacts with the Scandinavians who left their imprints along most of the shores and cut off the Scottish Gaelic province from the Irish Gaelic motherland. Thus, throughout the later Middle Ages and the Renaissance, we are faced with the dualism of Highland Gaelic culture *vs.* Lowland Scots culture, the latter being made up of Anglo-Saxon, Danish, local and submerged Celtic origins. Though Scotland was nominally united under one king, these two cultures largely tried to ignore each other as two self-sufficient spheres, while the Islands of the North were Scandinavian pure and undiluted.

This picture, complex as it is, was further complicated by the radical break in Scottish history caused by the Union of the Crowns in 1603.[2] The Union was not only, as a Scottish politician put it, "the end of an auld sang," but the end of any form of courtly culture (and language) in Scotland, which found its new orientation in the court of Westminster. Scotland, thus drained of many of her leading spirits, and having a new, English culture superimposed as socially superior, bade fair to degenerate

[1] Predominantly Gaelic, but with pockets of Cymric (Welsh) in the southwest.

[2] The development was already introduced by the Reformation of 1560, which translated the Bible into English, not Scots; it became absolute by the Union of Parliaments in 1707.

into a mere province, when the revival of Scottish literature in the eighteenth century (with its climax in Burns and Scott)[3] and the Scottish Renaissance of this century tried to put Scotland back on the map of Europe. How far they succeeded is a matter of dispute. At any rate, three of the four cultures of Scotland find disciples, passionate disciples, in the country today: English, Scots and Gaelic; while the Scandinavian culture, apart from the Orkneys and Shetlands, has the rôle of a strong tributary to the others.

Where, in this broken criss-cross pattern, do we find the Scottish ballads? On the surface of it, the two halves of Scotland's literature are separated by more than a century, during which Scots poetry seemed to have vanished with the court at Edinburgh, while the savage religious and political strife of the seventeenth century further paralyzed cultural life, and the Presbyterian Church tried to suppress what remained of worldly pleasures, songs and dances. And yet, when a stream of Scottish poetry becomes visible again in the revival of the eighteenth century, it is fed by a rivulet here and a trickle there, through many devious and underground channels that connect it with the first great period of Scots literature, *i.e.*, the poetry of the great "Makars." For not all forms of oral, popular poetry had been suppressed, and by far the strongest of all those tributaries that suddenly seemed to come out of nowhere was that of the Scottish popular ballads, one of the finest achievements in the whole of Scotland's literature. Decades before antiquarians started collecting the ballads in England, they had already stimulated imitations and refashionings in Scotland. And they are more than a merely historical link between the two main periods of Scotland's literature.

> A ballad [says Gordon Hall Gerould] is a folk-song that tells a story with stress on the crucial situation, tells it [dramatically] by letting the action unfold itself in event and speech, and tells it objectively with little comment or intrusion of personal bias.[4]

Their present form is largely determined by singing and by tradition. The recurrent tune helped to shape the metrical form, often including a refrain which gives a touch of lyricism; strophic singing also strengthened the emphasis on what was essential, focused the action sharply and created a suitable medium for the leaping and lingering pace of the ballads. No matter by whom it was originally composed, every ballad was created anew, *re-made*, every time it was sung, and its final form was thus in effect

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[3] Scottish Gaelic poetry, too, achieved a new climax in the eighteenth century.

[4] G. H. GEROULD: *The Ballad of Tradition* (1932), p. 11.

a product of communal "editing" as it was handed down in oral tradition. This also gave the ballads their peculiar poetic conventions: a standard vocabulary with certain stock phrases, so that similar incidents were narrated in the same or similar words and whole stanzas were sometimes "borrowed" from another ballad; conventional colours; incremental repetition; in fact, a stylized but apparently artless poetic form of strong symbolic force and inherent intensity.

Obviously, the communal editing of the ballads emphasizes communal features, the character of the country, and this explains why the Scottish ballads, though international in their origin and connections, are nevertheless unmistakably Scottish. They are rich in old folklore harking back to pre-Christian times; they contain a whole network of primitive taboos, magic numbers, old superstitions and a powerfully expressive pagan mythology, all fundamentally symbolic of the essential realities of human experience. If Scottish balladry is infinitely richer in this folklore than ballads of other countries, it is because Scotland, and especially the Border, was a melting-pot into which were thrown Gaelic and Cymric, Celt, Dane and Angle, Scot and Englishman. Here we find traditions of King Arthur and the Scottish national hero William Wallace interwoven with survivals of paganism, Norwegian saga and local history—the unusual predominance of the mother in the Scots ballads is perhaps a faint echo of the matrilineal social system of the old Picts and Gaels, and in one or two ballads we are reminded of the Celtic custom of fosterage. In this one field of Scottish culture, all the various peoples that set foot in the country left their seeds. The largest common ground here is with Scandinavian culture: about two dozens of the Scottish (and English) ballads can be paralleled in Scandinavia, but in no other country, while about ninety of the total 305 in F.J. Child's standard collection of *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*[5] are truly international.

The links with Denmark and Norway are particularly evident in the ballads of the supernatural, for in no other country does this group constitute such an important element. Yet at the same time these Scottish ballads are truly national in their character: most of them are centred around the semi-historical figure of Thomas the Rhymer, and they are rich in echoes from the copious Celtic fairy lore, with the fairies coming out of their hills on Mayday and Halloween, the Gaelic Bealltain and Samhuinn. We find numerous beliefs familiar from other Scots poems, many of them

[5] Five vols., 1882–98, reprinted 1956. An extract in one vol. is *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, eds. H. C. SARGENT and G. L. KITTREDGE (1904). A good Scottish selection is *Border Ballads*, ed. W. BEATTIE, Penguin Books (1952).

connected with the mediæval "witch-cult," which was very wide-spread in Scotland and was itself partly a child of old pagan, Celtic mythology and social customs. When we read the reports of some witch-trials at Aberdeen towards the end of the sixteenth century, we are curiously reminded of, on the one hand, the strange marriage customs of the Picts and Celts,[6] and, on the other hand, certain passages of the ballads of "Thomas the Rhymer" and the Queen of Elfland.

Ballads have an unusually important place in Scottish literature: perhaps only Denmark has such a large and compact body of ballads of such artistry, poetic intensity and dramatic power. The reason is that, on account of their "communal origin," ballads throve in, and expressed the attitude of, small homogeneous communities, particularly the harsh social climate of a border community. Both geographically and politically, the common Border with England was much more important to Scotland, the smaller country, who, moreover, had other borderlands: between Highland and Lowland, and between Gael and Norseman. No wonder that the Border ballads are the most characteristic type of Scottish ballads.

The clash between Gael and Norseman in the West Highlands and Islands seems to have left little trace in Scotland's balladry. The usual verdict is that the Celts with their strict and artistic bardic poetry never developed ballads. This may be true of Wales and Ireland, but in Gaelic Scotland we find a vigorous strain of folk poetry which at least has much in common with ballads: their symbolism, selectively dramatic presentation, localism, conventional colours, intensity and "primitive" style. But the development of this folk poetry at the end of the sixteenth and in the seventeenth centuries is much too recent to take advantage of the typical ballad situation as it had existed at the time of the clash between Gael and Norseman. Both as regards ballad motifs and outlook, there is a stronger bridge between Lowland and Highland cultures in the Scottish Gaelic folk-tales: these are remarkably different from Irish folk-tales, and their flavour of tragic fatalism is strongly reminiscent of the Border ballads.[7]

The Border ballads proper, themselves a branch of the historical ballads, present to us the picture of a closely knit community in the virtually autonomous Border district. They tell of the vigour and valour of men

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[6] *Cf.* N. K. CHADWICK: "Pictish and Celtic Marriage in Early Literary Tradition," in *Gaelic Studies*, VIII (1955).

[7] For the folk-tales see *More West Highland Tales*, ed. J. G. MACKAY, Vol. I (1940), esp. pp. 278 ff., 292 ff.; for folk poetry see D. S. THOMSON: "Scottish Gaelic Folk-poetry *ante* 1650," in *Gaelic Studies*, VIII f (1955 f.).

who act as members of their family and feel a clannish loyalty to their "laird." This creates a sombre pattern of heroism and cruelty, loyalty and treachery. Historically, these ballads are not reliable, but they have all the authenticity of a local setting. Their ground theme is cattle-raiding, with such incidental variations as rescuing those captured in previous raids. The unashamed realism of cattle-lifting as a poetic theme seems peculiar to the Scottish ballads (and to Scots poetry in general), but it may be relevant that most of the Old Irish heroic tales are largely concerned with cattle-raids. Ballads of other countries, in this respect, are much more romantic.

The third type, for want of a better name called traditional ballads, contains the pure essence of balladry. Many of them originated in specific historical events or situations, but in the process of handing down, all trace of the specific was washed away, and there remained only the elemental situations and passions of life, the bare bones of poetry, the stuff of life in any age. They speak to us of things always present: birth, death, love, the stark facts of human conflict and passion. Everything is reduced to the simplest possible terms—a tragic theme, two or at most three characters: mother, son, lover, husband, symbols of life in any age.

These traditional ballads are most truly international, and the Scots specimens show differences rather of degree than of kind. There is a stronger note of tragedy and fatalism, and of ironic contrast with the vanity of life:—

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone:
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.[8]

(O our Scots nobles were right loath
To wet their cork-heeled shoes;
But long before all the play was played,
Their hats they swam above.)

Beginning and end alone are suggested; attention seems focused on sharply realistic details, but the resultant images are inherently symbolic; and the stanza brings home the tragic pathos of the event.

We have seen Scottish balladry as the one link between the various cultures of the country, Lowland Scots, Scandinavian, English and Highland Gaelic; we have recognized the ballads as part of that popular poetry which connected the Golden Age of Scotland's literature with the revival

[8] The ballad "Sir Patrick Spens."

of the eighteenth century. This connection goes deeper than meets the eye: the elements by which the Scottish ballads tend to differ from international balladry are exactly those that occur again and again in the poetry of the old "Makars" Barbour, Henryson, Douglas, and these very characteristics are as dominant as ever in the whole corpus of Scottish literature since the revival, from Fergusson, Burns and Scott to Stevenson and the poets of our own days. Some of these traits, in addition to those mentioned in the preceding paragraph, are: a strong sense of the dramatic; a delight in wilder nature and in sensuous experience; a grimness of humour; a businesslike realism; the expression by means of a sharply projected picture. These traits are, on the one hand, nothing but characteristics of the Scots people and language; but they also are poetic conventions handed down by tradition.

But the strong support that Scottish poetry of recent centuries has drawn from popular poetry and the ballads also presents a danger sign: for generations Scottish poetry lacked intellectual quality deeper than that of a proverb, it tended to be "hamelie" in false emulation of Robert Burns, and only the present generation of poets in Scotland has taken decisive steps to re-establish full-grown poetry in Scotland.

KURT WITTIG

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

There lived a wife at Usher's well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons came hame to me
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are long and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair enough.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about
She down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away."

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said
"Brother, we must awa'.

The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide;
Gin we be miss'd out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide."—

"Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She'll go mad ere it be day."—

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!"

A FIXED GAZE

[**Shri V. V. Bhatt** has already considered our social problems in direct, deeply felt essays contributed during the last year to these pages. In this essay, following some of the profoundest thinkers of this century, including Gandhiji, he advocates the decentralizing of social organization, so that the individual can participate genuinely in the affairs of the community. And very rightly Shri Bhatt insists that, if our gaze is not fixed upon the Pole Star of inner self-realization, reform of social organization will avail nothing.—ED.]

TO SURVIVE the forces of destruction and death we must radically transform the whole of our life. We must change the purposes that guide us and bring about a transvaluation of values. Man must change. Without a change in man, changes in the social structure will avail nothing. We saw the inner truth that should be the Pole Star for man.[1] At the same time it is also true that, unless the social structure is changed, a great part of humanity will find it impossible to change itself. When the future seems to be dark, and chaos and confusion reign supreme, a few sensitive souls are moved to the depths of their being, and they try by all humanly possible means to change their fellow beings and consequently bring about a change in the social structure. It is only after the social structure has been changed that the large mass of people change their mode of life. History amply bears out this law of change. So then, at present, the enlightened few must try to re-educate the people and in that process of re-education should try to bring about suitable changes in the social structure. Keeping a fixed gaze on the Pole Star, we should steer the course of our ship. What, then, are the principles according to which we must reconstruct, remould, reshape our social structure?

The ultimate purpose of human existence is self-realization or the realization of the best within one's self. For the fulfilment of this purpose every individual must be able to enjoy full freedom for the unfettered expression of his personality. Whatever the social structure, it must satisfy this fundamental need of the individual. All social structures which forget the individual are built on sand.

But man, as he is, is a bundle of impulses and many a time his perverse impulses dominate him and the demoniac in him exploits his fellow beings and makes it impossible for them to realize their liberty. In the very interests of preserving individual liberty, the need arises for some social

[1] See Shri Bhatt's "The Forgotten Pole Star," in THE ARYAN PATH, Vol. XXX, p. 502. —ED.

control over the individual: individual liberty and social good must be reconciled with each other.

The social control exercised over the individual must not be arbitrary; for, if it is, it would mean the negation of individual liberty. The individual must feel that all measures of control are based upon the interpretation of either his own experience or upon the experience of his fellow beings—all restraints on the individual must directly follow from the generalized experience of society as a whole. Then restraints or measures of control will no longer be in conflict with the real demands of individual liberty; they will, on the contrary, promote and maintain conditions within which it becomes possible for the individual to realize his best self. The body exercising control over the individual must be such that it is in a position to take advantage of every significant experience of individuals. Whenever its controls become arbitrary, unrelated to the common experiences of its members, they must be in a position to change it and replace it by one which represents their experiences and choices.

If the unit within which control over the individual is exercised is too large, the individual is bound to feel at some time or the other, even if the unit is democratically organized, that he is merely a cog in a big machine, over which he has no direct control; for rigidity and inflexibility inevitably accompany big organizations. Moreover, the relationship between the individual and the organization will no longer remain personal, and hence control will have to be made effective by the use of force. Changes will be delayed and individual liberty will not be attained in practice. The unit of social control must be so small that he must feel that he has some voice in the moulding and shaping of affairs which intimately concern him. It must also be so small that its control over the individual is made effective more by exercising a sort of moral influence over the individual than by means of force. In such a unit it will be possible to embody the experience of all the individuals concerned. All direct control over the individual must be exercised only through this small unit organization. Not only the geographical unit but even the large-scale industries, to which we have grown accustomed, and all other large-scale organizations must be run on this principle of the small unit.

But these small units ought to be neither isolationist nor exclusive. Even if we desired such a development, it would be neither practical nor possible in a world which now has become a compact big unit, its parts so interdependent that anything that we do has its repercussions on all other parts of the world. Freedom and prosperity are indivisible; one cannot be free while his neighbour is a slave. To promote the common interests of the

whole world and to ensure a harmonious policy of peace, prosperity and progress, a hierarchy of organizations will be necessary. Our small units, nevertheless, will form the basic units of such a world structure and direct control over the individual will still be exercised only through these small unit organizations. The general policy to be followed by the different small units mustbe evolved by the larger organizations in their respective spheres from the suggestions made by these units, and the burden of carrying it out will also fall on the small units.

The small units or village organizations will be at the bottom; at the apex will be a world organization. Between these two will be an appropriate hierarchy of regional units. The function of each larger unit organization will be to reconcile the conflicting claims of its respective component units and to promote their common interests. If any of the component units becomes refractory and pursues a policy that endangers the common interests of many units, and if it persists in such a policy in spite of warnings from the larger unit organization concerned, the latter will be justified in using force against that small unit. But such a contingency will not generally arise if all the units are perfectly democratic in their form and morally influential members have the ultimate inner goal at heart.

Small streams, flowing down from the mountain, glistening in the sunshine, lose their separate identity and merge themselves into the brook. The brooks, in turn, merge themselves into rivers, and the rivers into the shining sea. Similar must be our social structure: such that the limpid clear flow of the village streams of their own sweet accord merges into the brooks and the rivers in turn, and ultimately into the world sea.

Though the words have now become so hackneyed that they have lost their content, we could describe our social structure as based on the principles of liberty, equality, democracy, local self-government and internationalism. A plutocratic capitalism is the negation of all these principles; it is based upon the exploitation of many by the few. A regimentative socialism, on the other hand, might promote some equality at the cost of liberty, democracy and internationalism. A democratic brotherhood based on the principles of individual liberty and active individual sense of justice, local self-government and internationalism might answer our need.

Let us, nevertheless, not mistake means for ends. Scientific inventions and changes in productive technique are not ends in themselves. Mere change or accumulation is not progress. Let our gaze be fixed on the distant Pole Star of self-realization, and let us steer our ship accordingly. Let us have a clear-cut vision of our purpose and our end, and let all possible means be utilized so as to attain that end. If our going back to a

"primitive" way of life and the abandonment of scientific inventions itself be necessary for attaining our end, we should not for a moment hesitate to do so. Yet always we must remember that, whatever social structure we accept, it will yield the fruits we desire only if it is suffused with the law of love and truth.

V. V. BHATT

THE RETURN OF DECIMAL MEASURES

WE all realize that the painful teething process of changing to metric weights and measures will benefit us in the long run by giving us a more universal mode of measurement and bringing us in line with many nations over a large part of the world — Japan, China, Russia and most of the European continent.

At this time, it is interesting to note that the United States Congress has under consideration the decimalization of their existing "f.p.s." (foot-pound-second) system of measures. The San Francisco magazine *This Week* (May 15th, 1960) has an article by Dr. Edward Teller, an eminent physicist, stating the case for America's early adoption of the metric system. The comparison is made between the easily handled decimal currency (cents, dime, dollars) and the complications due to the engineers' using the "f.p.s." measures and the scientists, the simpler "c.g.s." centi-meter-gramme-second) system. The arguments put forward in favour of the decimal system are the advantages for the education of scientists, the development of technologies and international business. The advantages Russia has gained by adopting the decimal system since 1927 and hence the urgent need for the U.S.A. to do so if she is to keep pace are pointed out. Visualizing the problems of the change to be brought about, Dr. Teller has suggested a phased programme spread over a period of thirty-three years.

The decimal system has decided advantages over the "f.p.s.," not only in ease of calculation, but also in the universality of its acceptance, which makes technologies, business and commerce easier of operation on a global basis.

It is of great interest that the decimal notation dates back to antiquity, having been used by Pythagoras in the sixth century B.C. There are even indications of this mode of measurement in the pyramids of Egypt. All this goes to show that the spiralling effect of time has brought us back to a reconsideration of ancient and universal systems and standards for the benefit of a mankind spread over our great globe.

A. R.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"THE RELIGION OF THE OCCIDENT" *

ERNEST RENAN remarked once that Christianity became a world religion in spite of itself and thus lost all its originality. The great French agnostic seems to have been correct in his estimation. Indeed, all the arguments put forward by ancient and modern apologists in order to prove the pre-established universalist purpose of Christianity have miserably collapsed before the bearing of modern scholarship on its traditional doctrines.

In recent times the defence of Christianity takes much more often the form of a claim that it is socially useful than that of an attempt to prove it a unique dispensation of God for the salvation of men.

Christianity was not the only religion in the ancient world in which it made its appearance. How was it born? How did it grow and succeed in supplanting all its rivals and finally becoming the religious faith of the Occident? This question cannot be answered by merely perusing ancient Christian documents. In the ancient history of religions, as in the ancient history of nations, the first account given of origins is almost always a myth. A divine founder is craved by the primitive imagination no less for cults and institutions, tribes and politics, than for forms of life and the universe itself; and real history, like science, may roughly be said to begin only when that craving for first causes has been controlled by the later arising instinct of exact observation.

Christianity owes its life and vitality, not to the divine power or the genius of its hero, whose story, as Celsus pointed out in the second century, was refashioned "three times, four times, and many times," in the interest of the movement which adopted him, but to those men and women of the first and second centuries who, in the faithless, hopeless and loveless environment of a great slave-empire, made Christianity the medium of their frustrated aspirations to freedom, equality and brotherhood. The movement lost its primitive impulse and elasticity, and became ossified into a dogmatic Church, when narrow and calculating elements misinterpreted it and succeeded in subjecting it to their ambitions.

In the last two centuries an enormous amount of new light has been thrown on the origin and development of Christianity by different branches of research. This new light has come firstly from the study of the ancient books referring to Christianity in their original tongues, Hebrew, Aramaic and Greek; and secondly from the study of Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian and Indian religions and monuments. Since the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls in 1947, however, it is no more possible to look upon Christianity otherwise than as a natural link in the long chain of causal development in the history of mankind.

Unhappily, all these enlightening and liberating historical discoveries are not accessible to the common reader. In fact, in the East and especially in India, where a great part of the secondary and higher education is still in the hands of the professional propagandists of Christianity, the ignorance of even those who call themselves educated Christians about their own religion is appalling. This state of things, no doubt, is due

* *The Religion of the Occident.* By MARTIN A. LARSON. (Philosophical Library, New York. xxi + 711 pp. 1959. $ 6.00)

to the suppression of free thought and free scientific research in the field of religion by interested agents, who, immersed as they are in their mediæval darkness, ignore that the problem for the Christian apologist today is, not that science has called in question this or that traditional religious belief, but rather that the establishment of scientific culture corresponds to an entirely new view of, and feeling about, the world, on the part of men in general, which renders unacceptable the whole traditional way of understanding religious truth; but, in a special way, this state of things is the result of the lack of competent books for the popularization of the new discoveries.

For this reason alone the extensive study of Dr. Larson would be most heartily welcome, but, furthermore, the essay is a notable piece of sustained and careful research based upon an intensive study of ancient Egyptian, Persian, Indian, Judaic, Essene and Christian literature, most of which is listed at the close of the volume. Besides, the reader has in this book a compendium of representative views in a single volume, and is able to follow the trend of scholarship through successive generations.

The book is divided into four parts. In the first part the four cultural trends which culminated in organized Christianity are examined. They are:

The soteriological concept or the idea of a Saviour God whose flesh is eaten and whose blood is drunk in a mood of exaltation, in order to attain salvation. This concept, originally from Egypt, was taken by the mystery cults of ancient Greece.

The ethical element and the concept of the priesthood, which came from India, the former from Buddhism and the latter from Brahmanism.

The eschatology including the concept of Heaven and Hell, that of the last Judgment, of angels and devils, of personal immortality and the advent of the new world, which came from Persia.

Finally, the Messianic concept, which is an Essene adaptation of the Zoroastrian doctrine.

In the third part we see how these fundamental elements are combined in the doctrine of Jesus, whose historicity is here discussed and the composition of the synoptical Gospels explained. The fourth part deals with the development of Christianity in the pagan world. Here are examined and discussed the struggle between Petrinism and Paulinism marked in the Epistles of St. Paul and the final triumph of Paulinism; the great synoptical additions of the birth and resurrection of Christ; the composition of the Fourth Gospel in the second century, in which the Judaic Christ was rejected and instead a human being in whom, at his Baptism, the Word of God entered as an immanent power and made him the Christ, was accepted; the composition of the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles; the Persecutions, Heresies and Councils; the development of the Papacy; the conquest of Islam and its influence upon Christianity; and, finally, the political triumph of the Roman Catholic Church.

It follows from the foregoing survey that Christianity, regarded by its adherents as *the unique* religion, is a synthesis of various concepts evolved by man at various stages and in various circumstances in order to satisfy his deep religious craving. Why did his mind travel in that way, and why did these particular concepts appeal to him more than others? These are questions which have no answer in this book. The success of Christianity can be attributed to the fact that it contained elements which were already known to the Greco-Roman world. According to our author the advantage of Christianity was twofold: first it possessed the impetus and fanaticism of the Jews among whom it was created; and second, unlike the

other mystery religions, in which the Saviour God was an ideal being, Christianity possessed a human founder who was crucified under Pontius Pilate, to whom was attributed almost every quality and achievement with which the mystery cults had endowed their Saviour Gods.

The best parts of the book are the analysis of the Dead Sea Scrolls; the chapter on Augustine, where we see how the amiable son of Monica, the deep author of the book of confessions, turns into a shrewd, unscrupulous, intolerant and superficial controversialist once he enters into the organization of the Christian Church and becomes one of its petty officials; and, finally, the chapter on persecution, where an interesting comparison is made between the nine persecutions supposed to have been endured by the Christians, in which some of the noblest Roman emperors, such as Trajan, Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius are involved, and the persecutions inflicted by the Christians since 325 not only upon the non-Christians but also and with greater fury and barbarity upon the dissident Christians, solely moved by spite, ambition and intolerance.

It is unlikely that many of Dr. Larson's readers will be entirely satisfied with his reconstruction, for it reveals, more clearly than he would perhaps care to admit, how irreconcilable are the New Testament records, considered against their background, with the traditional doctrines of the Christian Church.

For all the valuable information it contains and the spirit of impartiality and understanding in which it is written, the present reviewer finished the book with a sense of disappointment. For all practical purposes it ends with the conquest of Islam. We wish, however, that there could have been a final chapter showing the morphological changes through which the Religion of the Occident has passed and is still passing under the influence of the social, political and psychological developments of modern times.

There is no doubt that this book, in which critical insight and great erudition are so well combined, will not only facilitate further research but also help the diffusion of knowledge concerning the problems of New Testament scholarship.

A. DE MENDONCA

AN EXPOSITION OF INDIAN THOUGHT *

IN THIS SURVEY of Indian philosophy the author, Reader in Philosophy at Banaras Hindu University, has given an exposition of Indian thought in one volume which is, as is rightly claimed in the Preface, "neither too small nor too big." This substantial contribution is largely based upon the Sanskrit originals which are either referred to or quoted in the notes. Though other manuals of Indian philosophy are mentioned, the author's interpretations are generally independent and often original. The following are the main points in which the present survey differs from older ones.

The table of contents makes it clear that special importance is paid to the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. Its fundamental metaphysical teaching is said to be that "of the unreal there is no being, and of the real there is no non-being" (p. 33, quoting *BG.*, II. 16). Though such an interpretation may be attractive on account of its simplicity and rationality, it may obliterate the distinctive features of this unique holy book. The importance of Sāṃkhya in the *Gītā*, on the other hand, is minimized. The author is very prob-

* *A Critical Survey of Indian Philosophy.* By CHANDRADHAR SHARMA. (Rider and Company, London. 415 pp. 1960. 30*s*.)

ably right in declaring that the terms *sāṃkhya* and *yoga* in the *Gītā* may merely signify "knowledge" and "action," respectively (p. 38; *cf.* Edgerton), but this is contradicted in the (later) chapter on Sāṃkhya where it is said that Sāṃkhya doctrines are found in the *Gītā* (p. 149).

It is praiseworthy that due attention is paid to Buddhism, sometimes somewhat neglected in treatises on Indian philosophy. After a chapter on Vijñānavāda a special chapter, mainly devoted to the Buddhist logicians, is called "Svatantra-Vijñānavāda": for according to the author the earlier Vijñānavādins have to be distinguished from Diṅnāga and his followers. This thesis could have been further developed if use had been made of the work of Frauwallner and Tucci. Whereas it is the author's view that "Buddhist logic is at once logic, epistemology and metaphysics combined" (p. 124), the position could be also defended that with Buddhist logic purely formal logic made its appearance in Indian thought.

In the Nyāya chapter there are interesting formulations of the Aristotelian syllogism in Indian terms and *vice versa*. The author is probably right in rejecting the view that the Nyāya syllogism originated in Greece, but the reader seeks in vain for the justification of the interesting statement that "we find the development of the Nyāya inference before Aristotle" (pp. 199-200). It is unfortunate again that for Navyanyāya no use has been made of Ingalls's work.

In the chapter on Pre-Śaṅkara Advaita the author enters the Gauḍapāda controversy and refutes the views forwarded by Bhattacharya. Here mention should have been made of the earlier refutations by Mahadevan. In the chapter on Post-Śaṅkara Advaita the controversy on the identity of Maṇḍana Miśra and Sureśvara is dealt with (mentioning Hiriyanna and Kuppuswami Shastri, but not Hacker or Mlle. Biardeau). It is observed that anybody may "modify and change his views," so that the argument seems still inconclusive.

The chapter on Buddhism and Vedanta (read: Advaita) is mainly intended to stress the similarity between the two traditions. Large portions seem to be directed against T. R. V. Murti's *Central Philosophy of Buddhism*. It would have been justified to inform the reader of this.

The chapter on Rāmānuja is interesting, but the concept of grace may have been misunderstood and the attribution of the view "God enjoys sin" to the Teṅgalais seems misleading. Although the ninety-five pages devoted to Advaita appear fully justified, it is disconcerting, especially after Dasgupta's exemplary treatment, to find three and a half pages reserved for Dvaita. The reviewer agrees on the other hand with the author on his inclusion of Aurobindo among the Vedānta schools. It might be stressed that the use of English is here an important distinguishing mark (as the Teṅgalai's use of Tamil). It is lastly to be regretted that in this as in most other manuals of Indian philosophy hardly any mention is made of the Indian philosophies of language.

These few remarks may have shown that the material of this book is rich and the treatment suggestive and thought-provoking. Dr. Sharma's "Survey" can be fully recommended to all who are interested in Indian philosophy.

J. F. STAAL

The Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan. Volume I: The Way of Illumination; The Inner Life; The Soul, Whence and Whither? The Purpose of Life. (Published for International Headquarters of the Sufi Movement, Geneva, by Barrie and Rockliff, London. 240 pp. Frontispiece. 1960. 25*s*.)

This book deals with modern Sufism, which differs very greatly from the original Sufism, which developed in Islam at an early period, from the desire for a more spiritual faith and a direct relation with God. This, the early Sufis believed to be derived from Islamic sources only, though undoubtedly it was influenced by other elements in the world in which it arose. The earliest Sufis were ascetics, renouncing the world, and regarding Sufism as a way of life, of which the guiding principle was love to God. Later, pantheistic ideas began to appear, and some of the Sufis were universalists, admitting that truth was to be found in all faiths, but all of them were Muslims.

This volume, containing four of the author's books, is an introduction to his concept of Sufism, which derives some elements from the historic Sufism, but its adherents come from faiths outside Islam, and it is not itself Islamic.

The first book is *The Way of Illumination,* giving the ideal of God "as a lift by which he [the Sufi] raises himself to the eternal goal." For the Qur'an and other sacred books is substituted the book of nature. The second book is *The Inner Life,* by which the author means the journey towards God, establishing a relationship to God as Creator, Friend and Beloved, while maintaining fellowship with men. The third book is *The Soul, Whence and Whither?* and the fourth book, *The Purpose of Life,* is a continuation of this. The souls of men, the author holds, are derived from the Divine Spirit; "through man God experiences life at its highest perfection." Man must therefore strive for perfection, which is the ultimate aim and goal of creation.

> In the accomplishment of the purpose of life the purpose of creation is fulfilled. Therefore in this fulfilment it is not that man has attained, but that God Himself has fulfilled His purpose.

The book is at times difficult to read, but is very interesting.

There is no index, which is a great disadvantage for those who wish to make a study of the subject.

MARGARET SMITH

The Four Loves. By C. S. LEWIS. (Geoffrey Bles, London. 160 pp. 1960. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

What does *love* mean? As the late Professor C. E. M. Joad might have said: "It all depends on what you mean by *love.*" Some languages use several words by which to show something of the variety of meaning. English is less fortunate with its one word to express the wide range between the extremes of the disposition which seeks only to grasp and get and that which desires only to give. Professor Lewis takes up the theme with the use of four descriptive words — they are hardly synonyms — "Affection," "Friendship," "Eros" and "Charity." His book is, however, not just a series of definitions. It contains an argument, the purport of which is indicated by the three quotations which point to the writer's governing principles. First, St. John: "God is Love." Then, John Donne: "That our affections kill us not, nor dye." And lastly, Denis de Rougemont: "Love ceases to be a demon only when he ceases to be a god."

The whole treatment is marked by the perceptiveness and skill characteristic of a writer who is at once a distinguished literary critic and a devout Christian. The wealth of literary allusion may escape some readers, and his humour and down-to-earth-ness will not appeal to all. But if Professor Lewis keeps his feet on earth, his mind soars high.

After dealing with the first three of his terms, stripping them of much mis-

conception and sentimentality, he comes to "Charity." He refers to the review of William Morris's poem "Love is Enough" — "It isn't!" This is the core of the argument. The natural loves are not self-sufficient. This is not to depreciate them but to indicate where their real glory lies. The final chapter, to which all else leads, is brief, but so full of significance that it cannot be summed up in a sentence. Indeed, it has little meaning unless read as the conclusion to the sustained treatment which precedes. A brief quotation must suffice:—

> The Divine Love does not *substitute* itself for the natural — as if we had to throw away our silver to make room for the gold. The natural loves are summoned to become modes of Charity while also remaining the natural loves they were.

It is this sense of *wholeness* that makes the treatment so good. It is well known that Professor Lewis's writing is not to everyone's liking (though it could be to the profit of all). This book is not likely to be an exception. But to all who take it seriously and persevere to the end it will be a rewarding experience.

MARCUS WARD

Images. By CECILE PERIN. French poems. (Le Divan, Paris. 128 pp. 1959. Price not mentioned.)

Mme. Cécile Périn is the author of about twenty books of poetry published between 1907 and 1956. Some of them, *viz., La Féerie Provençale, Mélodies* and *Regards sur L'ombre,* have won her prizes from the Académie Française, which is a testimony of her poetic genius.

Images contains thirty-seven poems, and groups of poems about a few regions of France, entitled *"Petite Suite Champenoise," Petite Suite Girondine," "Petite Suite Provençale";* besides, there is also a group of poems inspired by Algeria — the *"Petite Suite Algérienne."*

Madame Périn's poetry is mostly descriptive, with both the romantic and the Parnassian veins flowing throughout. She is enchanted with Nature,

Ayant recu, présents de baptême, ces yeux
Et cet esprit qu'enchantent à jamais la nature.

(*"Le Conte,"* p. 29)

(Having received as baptismal gifts the eyes
And the spirit that is ever enchanted by Nature.)

More than anything else, Nature in all her variety of flowers, of movements and of sounds has impressed her and has found expression in her poems. The sound of bells from a village church, or from the home-coming cattle, the songs of birds, the running water and the gentle breeze — all these resound in her soul and find an echo in her sensitivity. The word "echo," incidentally, recurs in her poems and the very first poem in this book is entitled "Echo." The echo of Nature in her verses through simple rhymes and rhythms is well adjusted to the subject presented and is very suggestive to the reader's ears. All the charms and delicacy of Nature are present in Madame Périn's *Images.* Every aspect of Nature speaks to her the language of poetry, and this is the magic gift which transforms the banal aspect of things to make them directly perceptible to the soul:—

Ouvre moi les jardins ou se métamorphose
Quand tu parais le moindre brin d'herbe, ou l'on voit
Scintiller tout coup, fleurs qu'on croyait décloses,
Les myrtes d'autrefois.

(*"Poésie,"* p. 10)

(Open to me the gardens in which is transfigured,
When you appear, every blade of grass, in which one sees
Scintillate, suddenly, flowers one believed closed,
Myrtles of long ago.)

NICOLE BALBIR

The Principle of Truth. By PETER D. KING. (Philosophical Library, New York. v+110 pp. 1960. $3.75)

In the Introduction, the author says:—

> The primary purpose of this work is to offer a goal, which is simple, meaningful, and — I trust — correct, to be used by both society and individual. This goal is *understanding*; it is the core of the Principle of Truth.

He further adds:—

> Let us define Truth as *everything*, its complete explanation, history and reason, — if any — for existence.

Therefore, he maintains that the pursuit of Truth is the most important and best activity possible. And the application of intelligence and an objective approach are indispensable to the carrying on of this quest. Accordingly, he deals with such problems as Society; Government; Economics; Law and Custom; Crime, Violence and War, in this manner. His argument is indeed free from a dogmatic attitude, on the one hand, and airy imagination and utopianism, on the other. For

> the ideal society recognizes all of life and permits it to grow unhampered unless it offers a clear and present threat to survival.

The author closes his book with a charter of truths which have been demonstrated and which, consequently, are offered for the regulation of life and society; for example, free inquiry, free opinion, free speech, free assembly for any purpose, free action, etc. *The Principle of Truth* is, in short, a strong plea for criticizing one's own self and the various institutions and amenities and objectives of civilization constantly in order to keep up the momentum of questioning and questing in the endless domain and dimension of Truth. As such, it is a much-needed challenge and corrective.

G. M.

The Universe of Relationships. By J. H. REYNER. (Vincent Stuart, Ltd., London. vii+130 pp. Diagrams. 1960. 25*s*.)

The aim of this book to relate recent scientific discoveries to deeper conceptions of reality will find many sympathizers. Whether the line of pursuit has been well planned is questionable.

The treatment is on the popular-science level, descriptive and superficial; and there is one serious error of fact in attributing to Rutherford work done earlier by others, and of understanding, in alleging that this provided the crucial evidence for his theory of the nuclear atom. At intervals and with little preamble occur statements of almost breath-taking import, said often to be from an esoteric source not explained properly. For example:—

> Even more remarkable is the development of a single fertilized cell into a child, where by the operation of successively higher levels of intelligence during the period of gestation the assembly of the hundreds of billions of cells which have developed from the original cell acquire an order and harmony culminating in a manifestation in an entirely different world, a transformation from the cosmos of the cell to the cosmos of man.

How can the reader of 127 pages of cursory description of enormous fields of scientific research understand, let alone accept or reject, such a specious statement unless he has pondered long and deeply on certain lines?

I suggest that in a book of this nature it is unwise to run too far ahead of common knowledge and familiar lines of reasoning, or the plodder may abandon the pursuit.

GEOFFREY BROWN

Stay with God: A Statement in Illusion on Reality. By FRANCIS BRABAZON. (Edwards and Shaw for Garuda Books, Queensland. 166 pp. 1959. 18*s*.)

Stay with God is a song of dedication to Meher Baba, who, according to the poet, is a modern Avatar, brought into actuality by the stress and havoc of our times. In this long poem, the author presents Meher Baba's gospel as a synthesis of the fundamental theme of love and compassion in all the great religions of the world. Basically, man must understand that this creation exists only in the imagination of the Self — that it has no *real* existence. "But Self identifying itself with its imaginary création deludes itself that it is actor, and experiences the resultant pleasures and pain of action." The release from this psychological subterfuge in which the deluded Self indulges is possible only through "its realization in experience of its actual condition of Unlimitedness and Unchangingness." The five cantos of this saga seem to symbolize five progressive stages on the way to ultimate self-realization.

The last canto also attempts a reorientation of the concept of art in terms of the new spiritual awareness. Art, according to Brabazon, is the loveliness of God embodied in man.

Stay with God is written in flowing blank verse, and at places reminded me of *Paradise Lost*.

S. K. KUMAR

The Nature of Genius. By DALLAS KENMARE. (Peter Owen, Ltd., London. 180 pp. Illustrated. 1960. 21*s*.)

The study and analysis of genius is an uneasy, awkward subject to manipulate. Its possessor will not self-consciously and wastefully turn his mind to self-dissection; and how are the rest of us to speak for the mystery? Miss Dallas Kenmare enters with caution on her brief inquiry by quoting from one after another of her fellow theorists. This brings her, through several aspects of incompatibility between the imaginative spirit and the common man, towards the practical-impractical conclusion that understanding would avert a thousand tragedies. Understanding of what? Of the psychological fact that genius can never be understood.

The impasse does mean something — if only a plea for tolerance and restraint from judgment by the tenets of mass morality. However, on reaching the question of love in the creative organism, Miss Kenmare turns from discipleship to confidence and warmth. Now she commands our whole attention, replacing the commentaries by examples of the flame in action. Her discussion on the impact of George Sand and Chopin has an urgent transparency that lights up the image and the message, and so justifies her plea for understanding. The mystery here is "the Unknown Eros, the love that is different *in kind*, not in degree only, from love as it is commonly known and recognized."

In woman, Miss Kenmare points out, it clashes with her biological instincts; while on the petty practical surface she is also thwarted by domestic chores. The last point, applying to every woman with mental interests, broadens but deflects the argument. Curiously, the author weakens in this Woman chapter: she turns prudish over Emily Brontë's "vile and violent" product of a "distorted soul," sees Emily Dickinson through the eyes of a sole interpreter and is taken in by Katherine Mansfield's over-indulgent diary-introspections. Her final conclusions on artistic genius are wise, provocative and illuminating. But I wish she had not chosen to repeat (pp. 15, 149, 155) a hideous piece of

pseudo-scientific jargon by C. E. M. Joad about "the repository of a special potential of Life." Joad was no genius, and the words proclaim it.

SYLVA NORMAN

Commonwealth of Americans. By BYRON D. MURRAY. (Philosophical Library, New York. 219 pp. 1959. $ 3.75)

Professor Murray has set out in this book to "pull together the many strands" of the "complex culture" of the United States. The "commonwealth" of Americans he portrays is a phenomenon in social and historical continuity in the sense that it was — and still very much is — the product of a national consciousness rooted both in the Renaissance and the Reformation. Thus the typical American emerges as a "faithful" skeptic who must be a rationalist *par excellence* and yet keep his profound sense of mystery. This, according to Professor Murray, would explain the many underlying contradictions whether in the democratic dogma of the Americans or in their fierce worship of Success as it is oriented towards competitive individualism.

In exploring the implications of the American ethos for modern times, the author has attempted to write history "differently." Fortunately, he has not yielded to particularist enthusiasms which present American society as being pluralistic almost to the point of acculturation, as a tangled aggregate of conceptual images drawn from socio-economic, geo-political, anthropological, theological and literary postulates. He has, instead, stressed those elements in the American heritage which lie embedded deep enough to contribute towards an inward unity and directional firmness despite the stresses and strains on the surface. The testimony of literature, serious and popular, sacred and profane, has been culled greedily in support of the hypothesis of the organic singleness of American culture.

All this is highly instructive, and Professor Murray raises almost every question of a fundamental sort in regard to the shaping influences in American history. One feels, however, that the author has indulged in generalization and speculation rather too much. At times it is not quite clear whether he is discussing America or Europe, American literature or British. And he has occasionally slipped in comments and observations on Oriental philosophies and attitudes which do not seem to be altogether well-informed. If Professor Murray had told his story without all these garrulous indirections, the American Commonwealth would have unfolded a fascinating drama of growth and fruition. Had he looked a little more into the American mirror, and a little less into the European one, his image of America would have been more authentic and convincing. As it is, there are far too many unnecessary pages in the book, considering its avowedly American theme.

D. V. K. RAGHAVACHARYULU

The Ethiopians: An Introduction to Country and People. By EDWARD ULLENDORFF. (Oxford University Press, London. xv+232 pp. Illustrated. Map. 1960. 30*s*.)

In all the continent of Africa, only Egypt has rivalled Ethiopia in its capacity to attract, generation after generation, over centuries, the attention of great European scholars and observant travellers. But, whereas many writers have from time to time summarized for the general reader the contemporary state of expert knowledge of historical and modern Egypt, very few have done so in respect of Ethiopia, and these not in English, nor at all recently. So, a few wise men know a great deal, while

too many know far too little, not only about the country, peoples and civilization of Ethiopia, but about the wisdom of the wise, and how they acquired it. It is this deficient state of affairs that Professor Ullendorff here sets out to put aright in a short, readable book, drawing upon his own twenty years of research, his personal experience of life in Ethiopia and his (generously acknowledged) indebtedness to fellow *éthiopisants,* past and present.

This is not an easy task for a scholar versed in the language of scholars, and used to students who never admit when they do not understand the Professor's terminology; and Dr. Ullendorff certainly is an optimist at times when he has to decide what is "intelligible to the non-specialist." His "general reader" may be excused if he skips a chapter or paragraph or two. But no reader, honestly wanting to learn about this country and its people, should fail to enjoy and gain much from the author's clear and concise account of its exploration and study from early times until the present day, and his outline of its history; and then, according to his taste, and motive, to find much that is of interest in the chapters on ethnic groups, languages, literature, art, music, daily life, customs, government, religion and the Church. And, where his interest is whetted, Professor Ullendorff can guide him excellently to sources of greater knowledge.

And if, as well we may fear, Ethiopia and newly rising Greater Somalia clash in the near future, disturbing the Horn of Africa, and probably Southern Arabia and the Gulf, and bringing on to the world's bookstalls many a popular account of Ethiopia's internal and external politics, this most unpolitical book will still quietly serve a useful purpose — for those who want to know what kind of a people is getting involved yet again in the world's high politics. It will be a pleasant supplement to the volumes on Ethiopian economics and politics we are then sure to get.

ALAN DE RUSETT

Naikas-Naikdas: A Gujarat Tribe. By P. G. SHAH. (The Gujarat Research Society, Bombay. 87 pp. Illustrated. Map. 1959. Rs. 5.00)

The author of *Dublas of Gujarat* has earned the gratitude of social workers and the tribal-welfare departments, and of anthropologists in particular, by throwing a light on the Naikas-Naikdas, a hitherto little known Gujarat tribe, numbering 1,16,000 souls and steadily growing. His is the "spirit of service" and his hope that, with the publication of the monograph, "the tribes will receive increasing attention at the hands of administrators, social workers and the general public" will, we hope, bear fruit in our awakened India.

This volume, though smallish in size, gives an intimate picture of the "small, thin, wiry" tribal with hair described as possessing a "distinct tendency towards the Negrito trait." Poverty-stricken and generally landless, the community struck the author as giving a position of superiority to women (he says the women are cleverer than the men), because of demographic and economic factors special to the tribe.

In the chapter on marriage, the position of the *"Vastalio,"* who negotiates marriage as a mediator, strikes the reader, for, we hear, he exercises his influence in restoring peace ever afterwards in unquiet conjugal lives and is often beaten for arranging marriages with a "so-called low party." We wonder if civilized society might not copy this Naika restorative of disturbed conjugal relations.

Among other things, the illustrations

and the map of the Gujarat Research Society's tribal-study unit, the chapters on folklore, Naika dialect, anthropometric data and seriological data are very useful to those who wish for a real insight into Man in India.

CHARULAL MUKHERJEA

Kahevat-Kathanako. By SWAMI PRANAVTIRTHAJI. Gujarati. (Maharaja Sayajirao Vishvavidyalaya, Baroda. 320 pp. 1958. Rs. 6.50)

Two short words, "Proverbs" and "Parables," sum up the gist of the above book. This book is likely to hold a unique position in Gujarati literature, as for the last thirty years there does not seem to have been a competently edited and explained collection of Gujarati proverbs and parables. This book does not aim at giving a technical definition of proverbs or parables but gives a delightful collection of them.

Readers from Gujarat may be surprised at the inclusion of some proverbs which are not entirely Gujarati. They are interspersed with some colloquial Urdu, Marvari and Hindi ones. This is due to the fact of the conversion of people to Islam in the middle centuries and to the fact of the Gujaratis having spread far and wide out of Gujarat.

The book brings before us an interesting parade of almost all communities and classes of Gujarat. Each character appears on the page, recounts the story of a proverb or a parable full of worldly wisdom, garbed in humour, and passes on to give place to another.

There is, in these proverbs, much ironic comment on the characteristics of various communities and sects, but this irony is without rancour and is often justified. This book brings out the Gujaratis' capacity to ridicule their own characteristics and provide laughter for others and join in that laughter themselves.

Every language and province has its own fund of proverbs which enrich its literature. Gujarat has a vast variety of these and there is scope for research into this subject by scholars. *Kahevat-Kathanako* is an excellent effort by Swami Pranavatirthji to put this scattered wealth in a collected form before the public and so open the doors to this vast store of Gujarati literature. The book has an attractive cover and is well printed.

CHITRA DESAI

Professional Association in the Mass Media. (UNESCO, Paris. 206 pp. 1959. 17*s.* 6*d.*;$3.50)

One of the useful publications of UNESCO is the present one, a kind of handbook of press, film, radio and television organizations. Needless to say, in the modern world the mass media of communication occupy a most important place. They not only bring the people close together but also help in the development of mutual understanding, which is so necessary for the creation of the one-world of our dream. In this volume we find short descriptions of organizations concerned with press, film, radio and television. A perusal of the activities of the various international organizations mentioned in this handbook will enable the reader to note the extent to which these mass media are being put to the service of peoples all over the world.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

[This is the first part of a lecture delivered by **Major-General S. L. Bhatia, C.I.E., M.C., M.D. (Cantab.), F.R.C.P. (London), F.R.S. (E)**, at the Indian Institute of World Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, in July 1959. For reasons of space the long lecture is slightly condensed. This part deals with medical ethics in the Ayurvedic tradition of ancient India, giving many quotations from the ancient texts.— ED.]

MEDICINE AND ETHICS

I

WITH the development of corporate life among human beings rose the need to observe ethics in their daily life and conduct, and this need steadily grew. Community life began with the family, which first developed into a larger family group, the joint family, then into a community or a tribe, then a nation and finally, as we observe today, it seeks to include the entire human race in its purview, irrespective of any racial or geographical boundaries. As a consequence of this, there is gradually a restriction of the individual's liberty of action in the interest of the larger and larger groups to which he belongs. This happened especially in the case of those who were engaged in the practice of medicine. The medical man was the first category of professional man in the evolution of society. A physician, while looking after a sick person, comes into more intimate contact with his fellow beings than a member of any other profession, and this throws greater responsibilities upon his shoulders. Thus it came about that the early physicians imposed important restrictions on themselves, which were largely in the interest of those whose suffering and pain they were called upon to alleviate.

At the outset, may I say that, in order to understand the true significance of medical ethics, a study of the history of medicine is essential? It would help medical men to appreciate and absorb from its ancient records the high standard of medical ethics laid down by the early pioneers. It would help them to respect the antiquity, the sanctity and the dignity of our calling. It would inspire them with a love of their profession. It would infuse them with a sense of humility, so that they do not overestimate the value of their present work. In brief, it would enable them to realize, in the words of Andrew Lang, that "the little present must not be allowed wholly to elbow the great past out of view." The study of the history of medicine has not received the attention it deserves in India, and I should very much like to see it pursued with increasing vigour and interest in our universities and medical colleges.

In discussing today the subject of medicine and ethics against its historical background, I shall confine myself mainly to the old Ayurvedic medicine in India and Greek medicine.

The history of Ayurveda goes back to about 3,000 B.C. and its early part is shrouded in mystery. The ancient Hindus believed that the knowledge of medicine was a gift of God. Medicine in India had reached a high stage of development in the old days. Its in-

fluence was not confined to India but spread also to other countries in Asia, including Persia and Ceylon as well as South-east Asia, Egypt and Greece. Charaka and Sushruta are considered the highest authorities in Ayurveda and their writings, *Charaka Saṃhitā* and *Sushruta Saṃhitā,* are still read with profound respect and esteem. I shall restrict myself here to the ethical principles propounded by them.

To begin with, in admitting students to the study of medicine, as much importance was attached to the moral fitness as to the intellectual and physical fitness of the pupils; for it was considered axiomatic in those days that moral excellence was the basis of all true education, including medical education. The object of education was not merely to prepare the student to earn a livelihood but also to infuse into him a strong desire to lead a good and virtuous life. Further, there was a very intimate contact between the teacher and the student, so much so that during the period of education the teacher was actually regarded as a father. The students were carefully selected for admission. It was laid down that, before a student was admitted, he had to undergo a probation lasting from six months to one year. If, after this, the teacher was satisfied as to the character and intellectual capability of the student, he was allowed to proceed further and continue his studies. Says Vagbhata in *Aṣṭānga Sangraha*:—

> A disciple who is capable and possessed of modesty, purity and arts and who has served a probationary period of six months should be taught as long as he gains perfection in the theory and practice of the science.

Preference was given to members of families with long medical traditions. It was believed that they would have a better aptitude for medical learning and practice than those from non-medical families.

A special initiation ceremony was held when the student commenced his medical studies. I shall describe in some detail the Oath of Initiation as given in (i) *Charaka Saṃhitā,* (ii) *Sushruta Saṃhitā,* (iii) *Kashyapa Saṃhitā* and (iv) *Hastyayurveda.*

I. *Charaka Saṃhitā*:

The teacher instructed the disciple in the presence of the sacred fire, Brahmanas and physicians, saying:—

> "Thou shalt lead the life of a celibate (*Brahmachari*), grow thy hair and beard, speak only the truth, eat no meat, eat only pure articles of food, be free from envy and carry no arms....
>
> Thou shalt dedicate thyself to me and regard me as thy chief. Thou shalt be subject to me and conduct thyself for ever for my welfare and pleasure. Thou shalt serve and dwell with me like a son.... Thou shalt behave and act without arrogance and with care and attention, and with undistracted mind, humility, constant reflection, and with ungrudging obedience. Acting either at my behest or otherwise, thou shalt exert thyself for the achievement of thy teacher's purposes alone, to the best of thy abilities.
>
> If thou desirest success, wealth and fame as a physician and heaven after death, thou shalt pray for the welfare of all creatures....
>
> Day and night, however thou mayest be engaged, thou shalt endeavour for the relief of the patients with all thy heart and soul. Thou shalt not desert or injure thy patient even for the sake of thy life or thy living. Thou shalt not commit adultery even in thought. Even so, thou shalt not covet others' possessions. Thou shalt be modest in thy attire and appearance. Thou shouldst not be a drunkard or a sinful man nor shouldst thou associate with the abettors of crimes. Thou shouldst speak words that are gentle, pure and righteous, pleasing, worthy, true, wholesome and moderate. Thy behaviour must be in consideration of time and place and heedful of past experience. Thou shalt act always with a view to the acquisition of knowledge and the fullness of equipment....
>
> No offering of gifts by a woman without the behest of her husband or guardian shall be accepted by thee. While entering the patient's house, thou shalt be accompanied by a man who is known to the patient and who has his permission to enter, and thou shalt be well clad and bent of head, self-possessed and conduct thyself after repeated consideration.

Thou shalt thus properly make thy entry. Having entered, thy speech, mind, intellect and senses shall be entirely devoted to no other thought than that of being helpful to the patient and of things concerning him only.

The peculiar customs of the patient's household shall not be made public. Even knowing that the patient's span of life has come to its close, it shall not be mentioned by thee there, where, if mentioned, it would cause shock to the patient or to others.

Though possessed of knowledge, one should not boast much of one's knowledge. Most people are offended by the boastfulness of even those who are otherwise good and authoritative."

II. *Sushruta Saṃhitā*:

The teacher addresses the pupil thus:—

"Thou shalt renounce all evil desires, anger, greed, passion, egotism, envy, harshness, meanness, untruth, indolence and other qualities that bring infamy upon oneself. Thou shalt clip thy nails and hair close, observe cleanliness, wear brown garments, and dedicate thyself to the observance of truth, celibacy and reverence to elders. Devoting thyself at my bidding to movement, laying thyself down, being seated, taking thy meals and study, thou shalt be engaged in doing whatever is good and pleasing to me. If thou shouldst behave otherwise, sin will befall thee. Thy learning will go fruitless and will attain no esteem.

If I do not treat thee properly despite thy proper observance of these behests, may sin befall me and my learning go fruitless!

The twice-born, the preceptor, the poor, the friendly, the travellers, the lowly, the good and the destitute — these thou shalt treat, when they come to thee, like thy own kith and kin and relieve their ailments with thy medications. Thus behaving good will befall thee.... Thus thy learning will attain esteem and will gain for thee friends, fame, righteousness, wealth and fulfilment."

III. *Kashyapa Saṃhitā*:

The teacher addresses the pupil thus:—

"O gentle one, you should be agreeable in disposition and righteous. You should control your senses and be ready to study, when called. You shall have no secrets from me, share the suffering of others, bear in mind country and clime and be resolute. You should be free from greed, anger, infatuation, envy, derision, enmity, wine, flesh and females. You should apply yourself to study after serving the preceptor. You should not go away without taking his permission, without having worshipped the preceptor and without completing the full course of study."

IV. *Hastyayurveda*:

The teacher addresses the pupil thus:—

"O son! you should never turn deceitful, wicked, greedy, envious, hard-hearted or unfair. You should always be free from lethargy and sin, and you should have the character of venerable persons and compassion for the family, and should always put yourself at the service of the preceptor."

Thus, you see, medical education was pursued in a spirit of dedication, as evidenced by these Oaths of Initiation. After elaborate ceremonial, the *Guru* or the teacher depicted the duties and responsibilities which fell upon the young student who aspired to join the profession of medicine. The pupil was informed fully as to how he should behave during his student career, and later as a qualified physician. All this was done with due dignity and solemnity through an Oath of Initiation, which was administered by the teacher to the student before the sacred fire and in the presence of Brahmans and well-known physicians, and the student took it after invoking the names of the divinities regarded as the great pioneers of Ayurveda, *e.g.*, Brahma, Dhanwantari, Prajapati, the Ashwins, etc. The ancients attached great importance to this ceremony, as it impressed upon the mind of the young student at the commencement of his career the solemnity and sanctity of his duties as a physician.

On the completion of the initiation ceremony the student was designated as a *Brahmachārī*, and he retained this title till the end of his student life. During his student life, he was specially instructed to observe celibacy, not to carry weapons and not indulge in rebellious or immoral acts. According to

Kashyapa, he was advised as a *Brahmachārī* to keep a liberal and receptive mind and make his contributions to the growth of knowledge and progress generally.

At the conclusion of his studies, when the student was about to embark on a medical career, a ceremony known as the *Samavartana* ceremony was held. This, according to Charaka, was as follows.

There was at first a repetition of the main substance of the Oath of Initiation already mentioned above. Then the teacher thus addressed the young physician who had newly qualified:—

"Acting at my behest, thou shalt exert thyself for the achievement of the teacher's purposes alone to the best of thy abilities.

There is no limit at all to the 'Science of Life.' So thou shouldst apply thyself to it with diligence. This is how thou shouldst act. Again thou shouldst learn practical skill from another without carping. The entire world is the teacher to the intelligent and the foe to the unintelligent. Hence, knowing this well, thou shouldst listen and act according to the words of instruction of even an unfriendly person, when they are worthy and such as bring fame to you and long life, and are capable of giving you strength and prosperity.

The twice-born, the preceptor, the poor, the good and the destitute — these thou shalt treat, when they come to thee, like thy own kith and kin and relieve their ailments with thy medications. Thus behaving, good will befall thee. Thus thy learning will attain esteem and will gain for thee friends, fame, righteousness, wealth and fulfilment."

The young physician was also advised, according to the *Charaka Saṃhitā,* as follows:—

Having finished his studies and being permitted to leave the school, he should go about wearing white garments, with clipped hair, with undeluded mind and with his eyes looking straight before him. He must be genial and take initiative in a conversation. He must never resort to the patient's house uninvited. Having entered, he must scrutinize the prognostic omens. He should not turn his gaze on anything else in the house but the patient. He should not make his entry into a house without announcing himself. He should not broadcast the secrets or the shortcomings of the patient's household. He should withhold from the patient the untoward prognostic signs that he may have perceived. He should continually offer consolation to the patient. He should not administer the medicine in the wrong order nor should he delegate his responsibilities to another. He should make an altogether novel combination and administer it. He must be versed in the knowledge of characteristics of constitutions, drugs, disease and age. He should always be equipped with the store of fumigating drugs, eye-salves and other medicines. He should not incur the hostility of other members of his profession. In co-operation with them he should prepare the medications. He should be given to speech that is bold, unambiguous, prompt, vivid, charming, gentle, persuasive, comprehensive, non-contradictory and righteous. For, indeed, the physician who desires the well-being of people enjoys happiness in this world as well as in the other.

From the above oaths we learn that the following points were stressed upon. The graduate could not return to his home without the express permission of the preceptor. He must complete the course of theoretical texts and must fully understand their interpretation. He must have witnessed the performance of actual operations himself. He must be neat and clean in appearance. He must put on white clothes, carry an umbrella and stick and put on shoes. His dress must not be foppish. His mind must be pure and good. His speech should not be violent. He must not practise any deceit. He must have a brotherly feeling towards all creatures. He must possess sufficient assistants and equipment. He is advised as to how he should proceed to the patient's place, what he should do there, how he should examine the patient, what kind of cases he should accept for treatment, what are the most difficult cases for cure and lastly, though not of the least importance, is the injunction given to avoid intimate association with women. His relations with other physicians are emphasized upon and consultations with other physicians in difficult cases are strongly recommended. These oaths formed the basis

of the ethics of the physician, and a physician having all these qualities could have a successful medical career.

In ancient India, after finishing one's medical education one had to obtain the permission of the King to start one's professional career. This is what Sushruta says:—

> Having studied the science, having fully grasped the meaning, having acquired practical skill and having performed operations on dummies, with ability to teach the science, and with the King's permission, a physician should enter into his profession (*Sushruta Samhitā*).

This was done to protect the people from quacks and charlatans.

Shukracharya also states positively that without the permission of the King no physician should be allowed to treat.

Ayurveda is deeply rooted in the soil of India and a large majority of the people still seek comfort from it. It has largely contributed to our cultural heritage. It is closely linked with old Hindu philosophy and spiritual wisdom.

The teachings of the Buddha had a most salutary influence upon the practice of medicine in the old days, especially on the ethical side. His famous saying, "Brethren, he who would wait on me, let him wait on the sick," had very far-reaching effects. It was because of this humane teaching that charitable hospitals were established during the reigns of Ashoka and other Buddhist kings. Charaka, the author of the *Charaka Saṃhitā*, was the court physician of the Buddhist king Kanishka. Nagarjuna, the Buddhist sage, infused new life into the science of Ayurveda. He was a man of very versatile character. He was a great chemist and a philosopher of ancient India, who lived in the first century of the Christian Era. During his time, there was a well-known university on the banks of the river Krishna. He resided there. Nagarjuna Kunda, a hill in Guntur District, is named after him. Apart from the Mahayana form of Buddhism, which he propounded, he made many contributions to medicine and chemistry. It was he who introduced the processes of distillation, sublimation, calcination, the colouring and alloying of metals and the extraction of copper from pyrites, and invented the necessary apparatus for carrying out these processes. He was the first to use metal oxides and *kajjali* or black oxide of mercury and other preparations of mercury in medicine. He advanced our knowledge of chemistry a great deal. He may truly be called the Father of Indian Chemistry. And further, in practising medicine, Nagarjuna followed the noble ethical principle of Buddhism, namely, to practise this profession in a true spirit of service. I need hardly emphasize that it is in our own past tradition and culture that we find our noblest inspiration.

S. L. BHATIA

(To be concluded)

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, June 25th, 1960

THE CONFUSION in the Labour Party arises from a conflict of views upon two questions — the possession of nuclear weapons by Great Britain and the nationalization of the means of production, distribution and exchange as the economic aim of the Party.

The policy of the Labour Party is formulated by the National Executive, the chairman of which is the Parliamentary Leader. It has to be approved by the Annual Conference. Therefore, the policy which Mr. Hugh Gaitskell is carrying out is a policy which has the formal sanction and support of the party.

Nationalization is still the official policy of the Labour Party, but at the Conference at Blackpool last year Mr. Gaitskell proposed that it be taken down from its position as the economic aim of the Party and be relegated to the position of one of the means by which a Socialist society might be attained.

The views of Mr. Gaitskell were considered at a meeting of the National Executive early this year, and a so-called compromise was agreed on. It was no compromise at all. It was only a face-saving device which left nationalization exactly where it was. Nevertheless, the extreme Socialists in the Party, led by Mr. Michael Foot, were not content with that situation. They felt that they could no longer trust Mr. Gaitskell and the Right Wing, and they intensified the campaign against him which began immediately after the Blackpool Conference.

There are two mistakes that Mr. Gaitskell made. The first was at Blackpool. His attack on nationalization was half-hearted. Had he come forward with a straightforward repudiation of nationalization as the aim of the Party, he would certainly have split the Party, but he would have prepared the ground for a decisive battle against the extreme Socialists, in which the latter would have been defeated.

The second blunder of Mr. Gaitskell was in the National Executive meeting in London, when he did not stick even to the small guns that he had fired at Blackpool. On the contrary, he gave in to the extremists of the National Executive. The compromise document does not differ from the old formula. If Mr. Gaitskell wants to attack the extremists, he must abandon the compromise and make an all-out onslaught on nationalization as an aim of the Party. In other words, he must now do what he should have done last year at Blackpool.

At the moment the compromise is worth nothing, because it cannot replace the original formula until it has been approved by the Party Conference in October. Meanwhile, the question that Mr. Gaitskell must decide is whether he should scrap the compromise and reopen the issue of nationalization as an aim of the Party. If Mr. Gaitskell shelters behind the compromise, he will be on the defensive, and he will be defeated by the extremists. His only hope of defeating the extremists is to re-open the issue.

Upon the question whether Great Britain should retain the hydrogen bomb or not, there is a great deal of noise, but the advocates of one-sided nuclear disarmament are only a tiny minority. Moreover, their propaganda has not been properly attacked. The official policy of the Party on nuclear armament will stand. Mr. Gaitskell is determined to fight the issue out to a finish.

Mr. Gaitskell and other leaders of the Party are seeking to calm the storm in the Party on the two issues by ap-

pealing to the disputants to discuss ideas and not to attack personalities. They are crying for the moon. The reason is that the discussion of issues in British politics is as dead as the dodo.

There was a time in this country when political parties and politicians discussed issues. The controversy on the Irish Home Rule Bill was one of the last examples. One may here recall the two-hour speech of Herbert Asquith (afterwards the Earl of Oxford and Asquith) as a model of the exposition of a measure in Parliament. Nowadays, one does not hear speeches like that. Instead, one gets propaganda and attacks on persons.

There has never been an impartial or scientific examination of the facts of any problem in this country since the end of the First World War on November 11th, 1918. That is why Parliament totally failed to deal with the problems of trade depression and mass unemployment, which arose after the war of 1914-18 and continued till the outbreak of the Second World War on September 1st, 1939.

Even during the Great World Economic Depression, which began with the collapse of prosperity in the United States in October 1929, the British political parties could not bring themselves to look at a scientific analysis of the problem and pronounce judgment upon it. All that all the political parties did during the Ten Terrible Years 1929-1939 was to put the blame for the depression upon each other. The Tories seized the opportunity to introduce Protection. That was what they were interested in. Whether it would have an adverse or a beneficial effect upon depression did not interest them. In fact it aggravated the depression and opened the door to power in Germany to Hitler.

What is happening in the Labour Party today is, therefore, only a manifestation of the diseased state of British public life today. It is not merely the disintegration of the Labour Party that we are witnessing but the corruption of the whole system of parliamentary government. And the responsibility for the situation lies upon the Press.

SUNDER KABADI

PROFESSOR A. NORMAN JEFFARES has been to many of us more than a familiar name or a friendly visitor and so we looked forward to a review of English literature,* edited by him. Having read it, one might say, risking the alliteration, it is simple and satisfying; it is singularly unpretentious in spite of a solid and impressive list of contents and contributors. It is sober and traditional and of its kind excellent. We were getting used to our modern journals, their startling typography and their "scientific and overspecialized criticism"; dare we say that here is a journal which offers the corrective to such pretentious writing, the example of critics who write clearly and with zest, and like Dryden, Johnson, Coleridge and Arnold write to be widely read? It certainly will be more widely read.

---

* *A Review of English Literature*. Vol. 1, No. 1. Edited by A. NORMAN JEFFARES. (Longmans Green & Co. Ltd. 79 pp. 1960. 4s.)

A LEAF FROM A BERLIN DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** was in Berlin recently, and in this month's communication speaks of that city of fear and of how a young Indian, in spirit a disciple of Gandhiji, is trying to apply the idea of *Satyagraha* to that ominous crux of international tensions. — ED.]

THE LAST TIME I visited Berlin, fourteen years ago, it was a heap of rubble, a sad and stricken city. Today, Berlin is Janus-headed: one face is bright and smiling, flashing its snow-white teeth and its sparkling eyes to all who greet it; the other is a city — or so it seemed to us — of dead souls where no one smiles and every back is bent and heavy with a thousand sorrows. It is the grim aspect of everything that strikes one: the shops are ill-arranged, the windows undressed and everyone clothed in sackcloth without the peace that goes with it.

Into this once great city, now a city of fear, a young Indian, Tapeshwar Zutshi, seems to have brought a ray of hope. Tapsi — so his friends call him — is attempting something which no one believed possible: *satyagraha* in Berlin.

Tapeshwar Zutshi is a young man of thirty-two. His face is calm, his eyes alert, and every look and gesture expressive of an inner resolve. No place in Europe, unless it is Berlin, presents the world problem, fear and suspicion, in a nutshell. Violence, Tapsi fervently believes, is an outmoded weapon; whereas *satyagraha* is the way of the strong-minded. This requires preparedness and purification. Like Gandhiji, whose fervent disciple he obviously is, Tapsi went through many phases of calm introspection watching events and trying to adapt the basic principles of *satyagraha,* as he understands them, to the conditions of German thinking. He could, and perhaps does, think non-violence is the only answer to the situation in Berlin, that is, if enough men and women adopt that method and are willing in thousands and hundreds of thousands to go to prison, and perhaps worse, for their conviction, which is the supreme importance of being free to develop themselves according to their own genius.

For a long time, nearly two years, Tapsi was regarded as some publicity-seeker, a charlatan, but, when he undertook a twenty-one-day fast near the gates of Brandenburg and many joined him in his undertaking, the suspicions grew less. When he went to East Berlin like a sandwichman with a placard bearing the slogan, "Speak the truth even if you starve for it!" people were impressed. Tapsi's short imprisonment — he was hospitalized for five days after rigorous questioning — moved the Berliners to call him "The Berlin Gandhi." The young man warned the press that he considered it a sacrilege to be compared to the Master.

Tapsi's methods were his own, even though the inspiration came from the Mahatma. What is to be Tapsi's next step? He does not himself know. For the present more than 10,000 people — 500 from East Berlin alone — have signed a pledge to speak the truth, to be without fear and if necessary to starve for their cause: which is ultimately the re-unification of Berlin and Germany.

Tapeshwar Zutshi is a graduate from Banaras and holds two degrees in mechanical engineering and psychology from two universities in the United States. In America, where he learned to work with his hands, he started to think and to develop a practical philosophy, of which he had only hazy notions during his early years. Tapsi loves

India but he can no longer consider himself as belonging wholly to one country. In Vienna, two years ago, he helped Hungarian refugees to celebrate the anniversary of their martyrdom; in Berlin he is teaching himself to be silent — to write his statements before launching a protest. The element of propaganda is there, of course, but the purpose is to restore the spirit of the people, hopelessly crushed, to a sense of freedom. This is no easy task anywhere and I don't know whether Tapsi can cause more than a slight ripple on the surface of things. For the present, he lives simply in the house of an old lady, a Theosophist, who provides him with food and shelter. There is a radiance on the face of this sweet lady who has found in Tapsi, her adopted son, a young man with love in his heart. Meanwhile, Tapsi waits and watches and hopes that when many more really join him on this pilgrimage — for Love casteth out Fear — he may move the Communists to loosen their grip on the people.

I don't know what to say. I am so anxious for Tapsi to succeed that I shall not even attempt to repeat that East Berlin is like a city in a trance, that the people are either like walking shadows or somnambulists. The Devil of Fear has got into them. Can Tapsi help exorcise the Evil Spirit?

BALDOON DHINGRA

THOUGHTS ON INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1959

Let this be our effort
And our prayer, my friends!
Let not our clock stand still
When the sun and moon are in the news.
Let not this land of saints
Be also a land of beggars.
Let not angelic weakness and modesty
Spread the red carpet
For a devil-dance.
Poverty is not beatitude
Nor are slums the new Jerusalem.
Let us not hug Perversion as Delight
In the crazy quest for Comfort.
Let us not breathe with iron lungs
Eat with robot hands
See with dead men's eyes
Think with electronic brains
And feel with an engrafted double heart.
Let us not split the atom
Only to split mankind.
Let us not burn incense
In the path of a jet,
Or rocket,
And forget the horizon
That lifts as we arrive.
How can they be a people
Who insist on rights
And desist from duties?
How are we a people
If the part obscures the whole
And the whole neglects the part?
How can languages not divide a people
If the heart's language does not unite them?
What good is the Alphabet
If it makes us more unlettered?
What use is Colour
If it sullies the sun himself
And paints him red or pink?
Let not the foot-rule of Reason
Cancel the Immeasurable.
Children we are, of Time;
But let not Time blind us with its noon
To the Stars that enrich our destiny.
There are spaces in the soul
That no missiled monkeys can reach.
There is a self-luminous centre within
Whose circumference none can trace.
Let this be our effort
And our prayer, my friends!
In this four-dimensional world
Of Wealth and Desire
And Duty and Illumination,
Let us choose the path
That runs like a golden thread
Through many contraries;
The path that winds
But never ends;
That path that, like the sabre's edge,
Is difficult to tread.
But tread it and bleed,
And you bleed like Christ.
Take it and speak
And you speak like the Buddha.
Then shall we build the temple
That is eternity itself
In the heart of Time.

V. K. GOKAK

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

This June the British Press has been moved to pay sincere tribute to a couple hitherto unknown, and, once again, we find there is no hard and fast line between the ordinary human being and those of heroic pattern. The divine potentialities are in all.

During recent disturbances in Northern Rhodesia, an African mob attacked Mrs. Lilian Burton, the lovely, gay wife of an engineer who had settled in the country in 1956. She was out driving with her children, and the mob burned her so badly that she died of her injuries eight days later. But, and this is the point, she not only bore her suffering with high courage — many can do that — but kept a steady compassion, without bitterness or anger, towards those who had brought her to death, showing gratitude even to the Africans who made sacrifices to bring her flowers. The manner of her death woke other people's hearts to inspiration. Her husband, after the first natural human flush of pain and anger, appealed to Europeans in her name not to take reprisals, while the acting general secretary of the European Mineworkers Union pleaded for the founding of a Rhodesian Institute of Race Relations as a practical memorial to her compassion. When Robert Burton came to England with his four children, for a rest, he spoke of this to a South African friend. From then on the idea took wings. The owner of *The Observer,* one of the foremost British Sunday papers, took it up, while various organizations and experts concerned with the problem of race relations began to come together on the proposal.

Whether the idea will materialize when Burton returns to Northern Rhodesia, whether Burton will himself run it or not, remains to be seen. But he asserts that it must be an institute for all races, and, above all, for practical problems, since time is too urgent for mere academic studies. All who feel that the ideal of universal brotherhood should not remain a mere *cliché* will wish success to such a project, that it may embody and encourage the spirit of heart-understanding.

"Progress in Freedom" was the title of the mid-June Conference of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, held in West Berlin. Speakers included Raymond Aron, Bertrand de Jouvenal, Salvador de Madariaga, George F. Kennan, Jayaprakash Narayan, Ayo Ogunshaye, J. Robert Oppenheimer, Michael Polanyi and others of equal distinction. What seems to have been noticeable in all the sections of the Conference was the concern shown about the harm done to culture and to society by "affluence." The term recently stepped into the limelight as a result of the book *The Affluent Society* by John Kenneth Galbraith, who was also one of the speakers at the Conference.

Ironically enough, as *The Guardian* (Manchester) Correspondent points out (June 21st, 1960): "A generation ago it was poverty that was the root of all evil: now evidently, it is affluence." An affluent society, accumulating its automobiles, television sets, washing machines, with "large, noisy, meretricious" advertising becoming almost an end in itself, was "a society of essentially rootless men," the prey of opportunists. It was infertile ground for a living culture. West Germany

itself afforded an example. The poor, struggling, derided artist of the past was now the darling of a rich society, greedy for culture. But, with funds and every material aid for "cultural affluence," theatres, concert halls, and so on, packed, no official or unofficial opposition, and applauding audiences, there was nothing fresh, nothing vital in what was produced; everything was imported, and even that aroused no spark of real life. The extremes of poverty and affluence are obviously equally deadly.

Perhaps one could view the situation against the background picture of a universe maintained by the dynamic balance of two opposing forces, centrifugal-centripetal, spirit-matter. When matter is too weak, spirit has no adequate means of expression. When matter is too dominant, the machinery crushes the manifestation of spirit. One can understand why "the Middle Way" is the fundamental ideal taught by the great spiritual teachers.

Linguistic fanaticism is raising its ugly head in several parts of the country and the need to put an end to the unlovely wrangles is urged by many public leaders and organizations. The Assam Pradesh Congress Executive Committee has, in a resolution (according to a report in *The Statesman*), expressed

> grave concern over the unrest and undesirable incidents occurring in Assam on the question of official language.

The Committee has appealed to the people of the State to maintain peace, unity and harmony among all sections of the people. Similar reports from Punjab also indicate the urgent need for a settlement of the vexed language problem. In the latter State, the linguistic wrangle is mixed up with the demand for a separate Sikh State, thus complicating the issue.

The Andhra Pradesh Government has decided to introduce Telugu as the principal regional language of the State, thus following Madras which has already decided to resort to Tamil for its official work.

Earlier, some other States too, Bihar and Rajasthan, it may be recalled, have decided to switch over to Hindi as the official language within those States. It will not be long before the other States follow suit and use their respective regional languages as their official languages.

It is necessary to enquire into the consequences that flow from the adoption of regional languages as the official languages of the States. Primarily, knowledge of the regional language becomes a *sine qua non* for anyone to gain entrance into the State Government service. Thus would be created watertight administrative compartments within the Union, barring entrance of persons of one State into the service of another State. Already the tragic example of Assam warns us of the dangers of such a situation and reports in newspapers give indications of the prevalence of serious tension, bordering on a state of siege and war. *The Statesman* from its Calcutta office reports:—

> Two senior officers of the Union Government's Civil Aviation Department left Calcutta for Mohanbari yesterday to make an on-the-spot inquiry into the situation arising out of the threat to the non-Assamese staff of the Department there by the local people. Details of how the situation developed were not available, but according to information received in Calcutta considerable tension was indicated. It was learnt that except the approach to the control tower all communication to the Mohanbari airport had been stopped. Movement of aircraft to and from the airport had not been affected, but it was stated that if the situation deteriorated operations might be affected any time.

The sad state of affairs is further revealed by the appeals for Central intervention made by various organizations in the State:—

> According to a Karimganj report, secretaries of the Karimganj Bar Association, Merchants'

Association, People's Association and of the Praja Socialist Party yesterday jointly sent a telegram to the President, the Prime Minister, the Union Home Minister, the Governor of Assam and the Chief Minister stating that "extreme rowdyism and lawlessness, including stabbing, looting and arson, are rampant in many places in the Assam valley on the State language issue, jeopardizing the security of the non-Assamese inhabitants, particularly Bengalis."

The telegram added: "Railway and RMS employees, an Income-tax officer and an aviation officer of Dibrugarh have been severely injured and passengers, irrespective of sex and age, manhandled. Immediate Central intervention is solicited."

Ranging from mild protest to inhuman fanaticism, the outcry against "outsiders" has, in recent months, assumed serious proportions reminding one almost of the Hitlerite persecution of "outsiders" and the South African *apartheid* policy. Similar outcries have been raised in Ceylon and in Notting Hill (Britain), too, where timely intervention has fortunately prevented further degeneration of the situation.

At a time when there is great need for the emotional integration of the vast country of India, when in the world at large the future of the human race imperiously demands that individuals learn to place wider loyalties above local and national ones, these eruptions of narrowness are a grave symptom. On the one hand Governments should avoid such external measures as provoke these feelings — the whole linguistic reorganization of India has been unfortunate in this respect — but also, on the other hand, an instilling of "universalist" ideas plainly has become an urgent need.

ERRATUM

WE regret that in THE ARYAN PATH, July 1960, on p. 333, the third line from bottom in the right-hand column is one that does not belong there. The slug bearing the right line was accidentally exchanged for another and this was overlooked by us. The entire sentence should properly be:—

Meanwhile it is obvious that much significant and devoted work is going on "behind the scenes" of which the self-centred, or "ad-mass" person is, as yet, hardly aware.

—ED.

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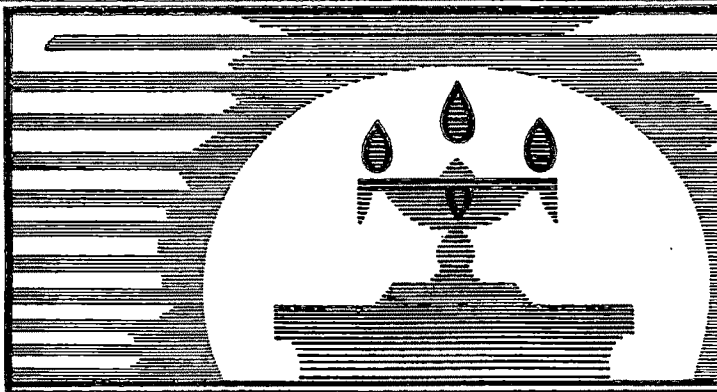
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THE ARYAN PATH

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

VOL. XXXI SEPTEMBER 1960 No. 9

OUR EDUCATIONAL DILEMMA

[**Shri K. Guru Dutt** needs no introduction to the readers of THE ARYAN PATH. He is an old friend to both this journal and the Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore, of which it is the organ. His criticism of what are almost the defining characteristics of the last few generations deserves the utmost attention.—ED.]

THE WORLD TODAY is obsessed by war hysteria, and the very survival of humanity lies precariously at the mercy of nuclear weapons and their purblind advocates. Frantic efforts are being made to avert catastrophe in the immediate future. Whatever success might attend such efforts, it is clear to all thoughtful men that any temporary alleviation of symptoms is by no means a cure of the disease itself, and that there can be no hope of enduring peace unless the root cause of the modern malaise is diagnosed and treated.

The situation is entirely of our own making: it is our *karma*. We sowed the wind, and in due course are reaping the whirlwind. It is slowly dawning on our minds that the content of education in recent times and the type of values fostered by it are largely responsible for our predicament. This has to be fully realized in all its implications. As Howard Mumford Jones has pointed out in his book *Education and World Tragedy*, the most prominent fact in contemporary history is that

> modern warfare is increasingly a function of education, and education is increasingly dominated by war. We do not like to think this is so. We try desperately to deceive ourselves.

Just over three quarters of a century ago there was a radical shift in the balance of the European educational pattern. For too long, a liberal education had been equated with an antiquated classical literary tradition. The natural sciences, which had made such phenomenal progress and altered men's ways of life and their notions regarding the nature of the

world they lived in, had practically no place in the educational scheme. It was high time for a change, and a revolution came about which displaced the humanities in favour of science. The worship of things was substituted for the worship of "mere words." Today it is being realized to what an extent the movement has overshot its mark, much to the detriment of mankind.

Emerson foresaw this long ago when he wrote his well-known lines:—

Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind
There are two laws discrete,
Not reconciled,
Law for man, and law for thing;
The last builds town and fleet,
But it runs wild,
And doth the man unking.

So he counselled:—

Let man serve law for man
Live for friendship, live for love
For truth's and harmony's behoof....

The changed educational outlook was reflected about thirty years later in the First World War. It had been almost a complete reversal of time-honoured values. Not only had things ousted words, but a craze had been engendered for quantity and number, and above all for speed; and heroism had come to be associated with the breaking of records. The Second World War and its aftermath were the consummation of the new outlook, although we are very reluctant to recognize this. Urgencies are crowding on urgencies, and crisis following on crisis. We fail to see that these urgencies are the direct outcome of the prevalent worship of speed. The problem is mainly psychological and subjective. Urgency is the compulsive feeling that there is no time for taking thought, for "deliberation." The only hope of a cure for this "world neurosis" lies in the possibilities of the deliberate cultivation of the sense that there is always time for taking thought. In fact, today, this is the greatest of urgencies, demanding priority over all others. Only by this realization can we break through the vicious circle which is holding us in its iron grip. This cannot be done except by a reorientation of educational objectives.

Incidentally, it may be observed that this question of speed has a deeply moral aspect. Pace is not a matter of indifference, something to be stepped up or down at pleasure. Such an attitude does away with all norms. The Buddha was fond of comparing the right adjustment of life to

the tuning of the strings of a lute. Just as there is a right tension for them, there seems to be a correct pace for every normal human activity, including thought. Even the temperature of the body, the rates of the heart's beating and of breathing, even the processes of metabolism, have their range of norms. Any kind of forcing of the pace is unhealthy and even immoral. It is a form of violence. In the world today, if the democracies are to be preferred to the totalitarian states, it is not so much for a difference between them as regards their objectives, as for the question of pace. The totalitarian states believe in forcing the pace, in revolution, which is only another name for violence, in achieving their ends speedily and no matter at what cost in human values. The democracies are supposed to insist on a natural pace, on evolution, which does no violence to human nature.

The speed mania is only one special instance of the general worship of quantity and number. It is an alarming symptom of a growing and deep-seated impatience which is the seed-bed of intolerance and violence; and war is only the final consummation of violence. The cultivation of patience is the only remedy for impatience. It is here that education has to step in; for patience is wholly a matter of training, and not of casual resolves. All talk of non-violence is futile if the essential background of tolerance and patience is wanting. If war is to be eliminated, there must first be education for patience, however old-fashioned this may look—an education which will deal with the unconscious as well as conscious elements in the human make-up.

The craze for quantity has resulted in the complete loss of a sense of proportion, which was one of the principal values cherished by the civilized world in olden times. The Greeks called it moderation. In India, *Dharma* was primarily a question of proportion and perspective, of a healthful balance between competing urges, adjusted to the capacities of the individual: *Puruṣārtha*. Above all, excess was to be avoided: *Ati sarvatra varjayet*. Violence was to be eschewed as a flagrant form of excess. The Buddha, too, deprecated excess and counselled the Middle Path. In sixteenth-century Europe, the wise Montaigne asks, "Can there be excess in virtue?" and answers his own question by declaring that there can be no excess in virtue, because the moment there is excess it ceases to be virtue. Educational ideals embodied such values. Education was by common consent held to be a training for the good life, for virtue, for *Dharma*. It was regarded as a mode of taking thought, of learning to weigh and deliberate, to discriminate the good from the bad, to look before and after and all around, of gaining and retaining a just perspective on life, of so

living in the present as to allow their due meed to the past as well as the future, but without imbalance. Education was more a question of *how*, rather than *what*. It provided for the development of the right attitudes and feelings towards the environment, human and other; allowed scope for the unfolding of the personality through friendship, love and admiration. Its aim was the formation of the mind and not merely information. At any rate, such was the ideal.

All this was changed overnight, as it were. The illusion gained ground that the unprecedented achievements in science had so changed the conditions that all the cherished ideals had become outmoded and irrelevant. Education soon transformed itself into a technique for the mass production of technologists, of "trained barbarians" as Ortega y Gasset has called them. But the events of the past few decades have proved eye-openers. There has been stark disillusionment, and people are uneasily wondering whether they ought not to retrace their steps before it is too late. The conviction is growing apace that, in the modern world, the need for the great human values of the past is not less but infinitely more urgent. There are already signs of an awakening, and educationists are struggling to ensure that education no longer serves as the handmaid of technology but as its rightful corrective. But the odds are heavily against them. That in brief is the educational dilemma.

It is against this background that we have to appraise the educational problem in India. In the words of the Report of the last Universities Commission:—

> During all these centuries the people of India have evolved a culture and preserved it in an uninterrupted continuity. Its ideals are recognized not so much as superstitions but as living truths capable of satisfying the spiritual needs of humanity.

Literacy was not made a fetish of, and learning was mainly by the ear; yet in its own way it was remarkably effective and wide-spread. There was a break in the continuity of the tradition when an alien system was introduced into the country by its rulers in the last century. It was, however, an adaptation of British models, and there was nothing sinister about it. So long as it was received in good part, it brought about commendable results, although not free from defects. Soon, the growing political consciousness chose this as the butt for criticism, deliberately ignoring its good points. A system which, even when accepted with a divided heart, could produce men like Gandhi and Nehru and countless other worthy men and women in all walks of life, surely did not merit the obloquy which has been showered on it. Of late, especially after Inde-

pendence, the condemnation has reached a crescendo, and authoritative declarations have been forthcoming regarding the need for root-and-branch reform.

Yet thirteen years after Independence, we see that the system remains practically what it was, except for the repercussions of the language controversy. So-called reforms have effected little improvement, if any. The number of institutions of all types has, no doubt, increased but at the cost of quality. The marked deterioration in the standards of general education, as well as the disintegration of all discipline in the student world, are giving room for grave anxiety. We are facing the educational dilemma in its acutest form.

The crisis in education is, however, not a factor which can be dealt with independently. It appears to be the reflection of the general unsettlement of norms following on Independence achieved by the unique means of breaking down respect for law and constituted authority, and accompanied by the Partition of the country. It is also the outcome of our divided allegiance, sentimentally doing lip-service to the Gandhian ideology on the one hand, and on the other pinning a naïve Victorian faith to scientific progress and technology, unwilling to learn from recent world trends. Such problems are inevitable in a period of transition. They can be overcome only by patience and sane thinking and a restoration of the primacy of the basic human values.

K. GURU DUTT

CONNOISSEUR

Like a connoisseur
Admiring the bouquet
Of some rare wine,
I will savour this day.

I will, so to speak,
Roll its flavour round my tongue
Till my brain reels
With songs yet unsung.

The wine of this day
I will sip to the last,
Unheeding the future,
Forgetting the past.

HERBERT BLUEN

ONE WORLD—BUT HOW?

[**Dr. Alexander F. Skutch** is a practical idealist whose contributions are always thought-provoking. In this article he answers the question he raises — "One World — But How?" — by showing that the most powerful unifying force is that of our ideals, and he submits as the most likely to unite our world that of the preservation of the beauty and the fruitfulness of the earth. Let man become "the lord and not the tyrant of the earth." We agree, for such an ideal flows from the recognition of the oneness and sacredness of all life. If practised it would indeed restore harmony between man's spirit and the Universal Spirit, and our earth and everything pertaining to it would then enjoy a fertile period. — ED.]

TODAY we hear on every hand that this has become "One World," unified in many ways as never before. By some, the growing integration of the world, the increasing dependence of each part on every other part, is welcomed with rejoicing and hope; for others, it raises doubts and misgivings. That the increasing unification of all the peoples on this planet is good and desirable has been too uncritically accepted in many quarters; there are certainly things to be said for the opposite point of view. The question needs more careful analysis and cooler appraisal than it receives.

In what senses has, or can, the world become one? First and most obviously, it has become spatially and temporally unified to a high degree. Modern advances in transportation and communication are the practical equivalent of the shrinkage of the planet's diameter, the levelling of its mountain ranges, the filling of its oceans. This is certainly no unmixed blessing. Although the farthest country is now easily accessible to anyone who can afford an aeroplane ticket, the romance of travel is disappearing along with its difficulties and hardships. Wherever one goes, the airports, the hotels, the streets and the customs are becoming so similar to those at home that the instructive differences of far places are being lost. And, if rapid transportation can bring prompt relief to the sick and the distressed in remote areas, it also carries the diseases of men, animals and plants swiftly over the earth. Nor is life made more pleasant by the assurance that, before we know what is happening, we can be annihilated by a powerful country in another continent. Nearly everywhere men are burdened with heavy taxes to support huge armaments whose effectiveness in shielding them from such destruction is questionable.

From the point of view of communications, the world has become as small as it can be; since a radio message reaches the antipodes almost instantaneously, no further reduction is possible. But to be assailed daily,

and hourly if one will submit to it, with messages, in large measure unpleasant and disquieting, from every part of the earth, is a very doubtful advantage. On the other hand, when the horse and the sailing vessel were man's most rapid means of transport, valuable spiritual and practical insights, which always travel more slowly than disturbing news, none the less made their way over great distances. Even the mighty range of the Himalayas and the vast deserts of central Asia did not prevent a fruitful interchange of ideas between India and China, although until quite recently they precluded a massive invasion of one of these countries by the other. From many points of view, this is the ideal situation: a degree of isolation which prevents neighbouring communities or countries from fighting or becoming economically dependent on each other, but does not stop the interchange of their finest insights.

Secondly, the world is becoming economically ever more unified. Countries which not long ago were almost self-sufficient now depend increasingly on selling and buying abroad. This, too, is no unmitigated advantage. If it enables many people to acquire goods hitherto unavailable, it also makes their situation more precarious. If new centres of production grow up in distant lands, the price of a commodity may suddenly drop to the point where it can no longer be marketed profitably, to the great distress of those whose economy is based upon it. International trade makes of every country the potential rival of every other; when a nation engages heavily in it, its prosperity depends, not mainly on the intelligence and industry of its people and the natural wealth of its territory, but on factors beyond its control. Ideally, every country and indeed every community should be economically independent, able to produce what it needs to support its life. To receive luxuries from afar is pleasant; to be dependent on distant regions for vital necessities is perilous and disquieting.

Moreover, one of the most dangerous fallacies of our time is that there is a single economic system, such as that which has grown up in Western Europe and North America, which the whole world may with advantage adopt. It is probable that economic arrangements which are satisfactory in one country are ill suited to another whose people differ in temperament and habits and live in a different environment. And one who contemplates the manifold evils and unsolved problems which confront the dominant socio-economic systems of the present day will not, if he loves his fellow men, advocate their unlimited extension.

Thirdly, there is the political unification of the world, of which the United Nations Organization is an early step in a movement which may go much farther. A world government strong enough to keep peace among

all nations would be a blessing to mankind. On the other hand, this powerful central authority would be a potential threat to the liberties of all mankind. If, as is certainly not impossible, selfish or fanatical men seize control of the world government, it will require more than a Junius Brutus to overthrow the tyranny.

If an effective world government is established, it should be regarded as a temporary arrangement which, if it can preserve peace for a few generations until nations abolish their armaments and lose the habit of settling differences by force, should thereafter be dissolved. Meanwhile, it must be watched with the utmost vigilance by all men everywhere, lest it usurp powers which it was never intended to have and install itself too firmly ever to be dislodged. A world government is too far from the individual and his immediate community to be responsive to his wishes and needs; to have our government close to us increases our feeling of freedom and responsibility. There is much wisdom in Leopold Kohr's contention, in *The Breakdown of Nations*, that the larger countries could with advantage be divided into smaller, more manageable units, whose smaller problems would be within the grasp of human intelligence. At the same time, many of the problems confronting mankind require action on a more than national scale; but these matters should be controlled by regional or global organizations established for specific purposes and with strictly limited authority.

Fourthly, the world is becoming one in the sense that we increasingly view men of all races and colours as our brothers and equals. This attitude is far from new; it is as old as Stoicism in the West and a good deal older in the East. But modern historical and ethnological studies have placed it on a more solid empirical foundation and done much to dispel the ancient, pertinacious idea that some divisions of mankind are intrinsically superior to the rest, in the sense of being more highly endowed with intelligence, virtue, or strength, or chosen by God for a special mission. The contemplation of the sameness of all men, in origin, nature and destiny, inspires certain people with a sort of mystic exaltation; its growing recognition seems to them the most promising development in the modern world.

In some aspects, the uniformity of mankind has been exaggerated. One might, for example, contest the view that all human races belong to a single biological species. The reason why they are so classified is that all contemporary races of man freely interbreed, producing fertile progeny. But in other divisions of the animal kingdom—birds and insects, for example—individuals which differ from each other far less than Europeans and Amerindians, or Mongolians and Negroes, are placed in different species.

Some of these related species are so similar in appearance that only experts can distinguish them, yet they scarcely ever interbreed even when they mingle in the same area. The difference between birds and men, for example, is that the former have, as a rule, very strict, innately determined mating standards, while human standards are extremely flexible. Although it is probable that all mammals, and indeed all vertebrates, are descended from a single, extremely remote, ancestor, it is by no means certain that different branches of mankind are not derived from distinct, although obviously related, species of Primates; so that *Homo Sapiens* is what biologists know as a polyphyletic group.

Although to the biologist this is a problem of great interest, it lacks moral or political importance. What matters is not the stage in evolution at which another creature's ancestors began to diverge from my own, but the relations that actually exist between us. Our true brothers are those with whom we can dwell in sympathy and harmony, whether they be white or black, walk on two feet or four, or even fly through the air. It is far easier to feel brotherly toward many animals than toward men whose character and conduct are repugnant to us. From this point of view, mankind is still far from being one.

The spatio-temporal, economic and political unifications of the world, so far as they have been achieved, have already brought grave disadvantages no less than benefits; and we cannot view their increase, in the form it now takes, without disquieting thoughts. The brotherhood of all mankind, in the strict biological sense of derivation from a single sub-human ancestor, is probably a myth, and in the spiritual sense it is an aspiration far more than an accomplished fact. Is there, then, no method of bringing mankind together in a unity that will be solid, enduring and beneficent?

The most powerful unifying force that we know is our ideals. Shared ideals draw men together in closest brotherhood, despite differences in age, wealth, race, colour or language. Clashing ideals split men asunder, making enemies of brothers and strangers of neighbours. This is understandable, for our ideals are our highest and most precious possessions, the forerunners of the nobler men that we aspire to become. Without ideals, our vaunted reason hardly raises us above the other animals. They are our compensation for those beautifully integrated patterns of behaviour which they inherit and we have lost.

What ideals are sufficiently high and comprehensive to bind all men together in community of spirit and endeavour? The first that is likely to occur to us is that of universal peace. But this ideal seems to lack force; for men have yearned for peace since ancient times, yet they now make

vaster preparations for war than in any earlier epoch. Apparently the reason why the ideal of peace lacks the power to effect its own realization is that peace, in the political although not in the inner spiritual sense, is essentially a negative concept: the absence of armed strife among nations. Peace is not a positive good so much as relief from a great evil. Perhaps we should regard peace, not as a creative ideal, but as the condition necessary for the realization of our truly constructive ideals, whose nature we must now consider.

An ideal that has been growing of late is that all men everywhere should enjoy a high standard of living, by which is meant enough of the necessities of life, with a liberal margin of its luxuries. To wish others to enjoy the benefits that we have or desire is laudable; but an increase in material comforts does not automatically elevate one's spiritual tone, and in some instances it has just the opposite effect. Until we achieve closer correlation between improvement in the physical conditions of life and growth in spiritual and moral qualities, the ideal of a high standard of living for all men may appear thin and cold to the true idealist. Moreover, under the present economic system, the means for improving standards are obtained largely through competition between individuals and nations. Could we pool the world's resources and then divide them equally among all men, to achieve the high standard of living might become a true unifying endeavour; but this is obviously impracticable. Only in small, homogeneous, archaic communities did the welfare of all the individuals rise and fall together. A money economy seems to make this common sharing of benefits impossible, and the so-called communistic countries have not yet shown us how to overcome the difficulty.

Another ideal that has been gaining ground is that every boy and girl should have all the education that his innate capacity prepares him to receive. If we use the word "education" in its original sense of drawing forth and developing the excellent qualities that are latent within us, this is a worthy goal. If, on the contrary, we understand by "education" merely a technical or literary training which frequently makes the recipient disdainful of manual labour and many necessary occupations, it is a dangerous endeavour. Unfortunately, nearly everywhere education of any kind costs money, and higher education has become appallingly expensive. The means to educate one's children are often acquired in competitive economic pursuits; so that this ideal, like that of the high standard of living, is in present circumstances not truly unitive.

There remains one ideal that holds greater promise for the spiritual unification of mankind than any that we have yet considered: that of pre-

serving the beauty and fruitfulness of the planet on which we dwell and protecting the creatures that share it with us—the ideal that man become "the lord and not the tyrant of the earth." This ideal includes the conservation of natural resources but is more comprehensive. For many, conservation means simply the preservation of the natural foundations of civilization, including the fertility of the soil, the productivity of the forests, the continued flow of the rivers and the like. The importance of this endeavour cannot be exaggerated, yet the more materialistic of the conservationists fail to take cognizance of intangible values which must be recognized by our ideal. It is not merely to assure a continued supply of food, lumber, water-power, and other necessities that we wish to save the natural world from spoliation by man, but also because it is an expression of the creative energy that made us, because it is full of beauty and interest and speaks meaningfully to the contemplative mind. It is not merely because they are links in the chains on which nature's balance depends, or because they provide "sport" for the thoughtless hunter, that we wish to protect animals of many kinds, but because they are sentient beings like ourselves. Thus this ideal includes the ancient and perennially compelling ideal of *ahimsa* or harmlessness; but it is harmlessness widely applied, not only to sentient beings but to the beauty of a landscape, the purity of a river, the integrity of a forest.

This is an ideal that it is hardly possible to pursue selfishly. One may attempt to raise the standard of living of his own family or community, careless of whether his economic manipulations lower that of other families and communities. He may bend all his efforts to provide an education for his son or daughter, no matter how many other children grow up in ignorance. But when one strives, however modestly, to preserve the beauty and fruitfulness of the earth and the lives of the creatures that share it with him, he necessarily aims at benefits that are somewhat widely diffused, not only among his contemporaries but among future generations. To guard the natural world is to display a little of nature's impersonal largess.

Already this is proving a fruitful field for co-operation among nations. An example of this is the recent international effort to prevent the dumping on the high seas of waste petroleum from tankers and other ships. When seafowl heedlessly alight on oily slicks, their feathers stick together; they can no longer fly; they die of starvation and exposure—a tragic fate that each year, in consequence of man's carelessness, overtakes many thousands of beautiful sea birds. Moreover, the oily wastes are washed upon beaches, making them unfit for bathing, with consequent loss to seaside resorts.

Although this and many similar problems require action on the national and international level, it is a mistake to suppose that they can be solved by governments and organizations alone. Unless the demand for their solution comes from the people, official action will never be successful. Those who cherish this ideal must select the articles they use or consume with some regard to their provenance, refraining from things whose production involves wanton exploitation of land or sea or cruelty to living creatures. Since in the complex modern world it is difficult for the consumer to discover the primary source of all the articles he buys, education and publicity in this matter are urgently needed. Probably many of us daily use articles, innocent enough in appearance, that a conscientious person would never touch if he knew all that their production involves.

This ideal of preserving the beauty and fruitfulness of the earth should appeal to every man capable of broad vision, gratitude to the natural world that supports his life, and unselfish concern for its future prosperity. This ideal, if any, should be capable of uniting mankind in a common endeavour. It provides an excellent field for the practice of international co-operation; for one who is dedicated to it can hardly be suspected of manœuvring for selfish advantages. By working together on a global scale for the advancement of this ideal, men would develop attitudes, including mutual respect and confidence, that would help them to co-operate more closely in fields from which it is more difficult to exclude all suspicion of selfish scheming.[1]

ALEXANDER F. SKUTCH

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[1] See also the present writer's essay "A New Project for Human Happiness," in THE ARYAN PATH for January 1950.

THE FAMILY AND MENTAL HEALTH

[**Dr. Sita Ram Jayaswal** of the Lucknow University deals here with a most urgent problem, that of restoring soundness to the home. Society as a whole rests upon the home, and we need today integrated and happy homes, for "as all streams and rivers flow to rest in the ocean, so all the Orders flow to rest in the Householder."—ED.]

WE are living in an age which is full of tensions of every kind—personal, social, political, religious. Naturally individuals involved in these tensions suffer mental ill health when they reach a breaking point. It is with a view to focusing world attention on this greatest problem of the day that the World Federation of Mental Health, in co-operation with UNESCO and WHO, has organized a World Mental Health Year which began in April 1959 and will continue up to September 1960. During this period an international programme of research and enquiry and a programme of public information and education in regard to mental health has been planned. This is necessary because it affects not only individuals as such but also the nations to which they belong. The individual's behaviour in a social and national context has wider repercussions; so that mental health and world peace are interrelated. Leaders of nations suffering from emotional tensions and racial prejudices are bound to create problems leading to war. It is, therefore, necessary to concentrate upon the individual as such and see how it is that he or she becomes mentally ill.

Tensions are created when the tasks set for an individual are beyond his capacity to perform them. The rapid industrial and technological advancement in our civilization has introduced a sort of competition between man and machine. It is a race in which man often finds himself beaten by the machine of his own creation. We are living in a time which lacks faith in its ability to resolve its problems. That is why phrases like "crisis of character," "crisis of conscience," etc., have gained currency.

The incidence of mental ill health is of such vast proportions that it baffles human imagination. It is said that mental ill health is the greatest problem facing the world today. We do not have statistics pertaining to all countries of the world, but it is surmised that mentally ill patients fill more hospital beds than those suffering from cancer, heart disease and tuberculosis added together. It is also a fair assumption that for every mentally ill patient admitted to a hospital there are at least two patients living outside who are almost on the verge of such a state. It has been found that in Europe nearly two million people are in mental hospitals and in the United States of America, six million people are in hospitals on

account of mental illness. Figures in regard to European countries could also be given, but our purpose here is to concentrate upon the causes of mental illness and understand the remedies which are within the means of each individual.

The causes of mental ill health are, to begin with, related to the tensions faced by an individual. Tensions are created when there is a lack of understanding between the members of a group or when there is a lack of the feeling of "belonging." In other words, when an individual finds himself in an environment in which there is no acceptance for him and where he is not considered worth while, he begins to feel insecure, which is one of the important causes of mental illness.

The family is the most important social group; an individual has to live in it from his very birth. It is the quality of human relationships within the family that determines to a great extent the state of mental health. If there is an atmosphere of love and affection and belongingness within the family, the individual finds himself in harmony with other members of his family. But if, on the other hand, the family is a broken one, then the complications of mental illness often arise. Studies have shown that broken homes and twisted lives are responsible for much mental ill health. For example, in the United Kingdom it has been found that of 418 delinquent children no less than 45 per cent came from broken homes. A French study indicated that in Paris 66 per cent of the problem children came from broken homes. A "broken home" is a home where there is no matrimonial harmony or one of the spouses has deserted.

It has been found that mental ill health is also due to harsh, cruel, authoritarian and rejecting behaviour of parents and other members of the family. As stated earlier, each individual needs to be loved, to belong to someone and above all to feel significant. If these psychological needs are not fulfilled they create emotional stresses and conflicts, and bring the individual to a breaking point. Thus many causes of mental ill health are found in such homes and families as lack harmony and mutual understanding.

Among the social causes of mental ill health it may be pointed out that social demands have increased to a great extent. In Western societies it has been found that social class distinctions have brought many psychological stresses. New social needs have been created, and the individual is trying hard to meet them by working overtime and by spending beyond his means and even then remaining unsatisfied. There is a constant competition in social matters, based upon false values of life. The criteria of an individual's worth and social significance are based upon false ideals and

values. A man with a vast amount of money and material comfort is considered socially significant even though in his own private life he may be an utterly lonely person. We lack a proper understanding of the good life. There is also a general lack of a social philosophy that is altruistic and develops familial feeling. In other words, one of the main causes of mental ill health is the feeling of utter loneliness. The quality of human relations has sunk so low that it seems impossible to trust anyone or to be sincere. It is, therefore, evident that mental ill health is a product of the cultural crisis with which we are faced today.

At the national and international level the causes of mental ill health are created by the ideological cold war. Nations with different ideological outlooks fail to adjust to one another and to follow the policy of "live and let live." The concept of co-existence and the policy of *Panch Shila* which have recently been propounded are not practically applied in international behaviour. The result is that there is a general feeling of fear and insecurity prevailing in the world. The racial riots in Africa also reveal the mental ill health rooted in the racial policies of certain governments. We live in a world full of conflicts, prejudices and tensions.

It is not my intention to paint a gloomy and dismal picture of the situation we are in. My intention is to create an awareness of the immensity of the problem we are faced with. The problem of mental ill health is a great challenge to all people of good will working for the brotherhood of mankind. The remedies for mental ill health are within the reach of each one of us. We need to realize our real nature and the purpose of life. We need also to understand that the family is not a physical conglomeration of a few individuals but a living entity giving life and affection to the whole social organism. That is why the family is considered the bedrock of all social institutions. If the family is disintegrated, the individual is disintegrated, as also the nation to which he belongs. It is, therefore, necessary that the family remains integrated.

What we can do for the integration of the family is a moot question. It is not possible to go here into the details of the sociology of the family, but we can recall the injunctions of Manu in regard to family life. There are certain features of family life in India which are good for mental health. For example, the parent-child relationship is based upon a belief that the child-personality is a sacred trust and parents are to do their best in developing it. A child is a gift of Deity and parents have to care for him to the best of their abilities. So the early experiences of the child in an Indian family are generally conducive to good mental health. In a joint family where grandparents also live the child gets more attention and affection.

In India the family thus often provides the child with emotional warmth and care which is not possible in a country where family disintegration is taking place rapidly. Within a family there is no question of loneliness and all the members share the joys and sorrows together.

It is true that on account of industrial advancement in our country a threat to the joint family system has been created and it is quite possible that within the next twenty years the joint family may be replaced by single families. In such a case what is needed is not the physical conditions of a joint family but the familial attitude which enables a person to consider a society as a family. In other words, the individual must look upon the members of his society or community as members of his own family. The concept of family has to be enlarged so as to include not only the society in which the individual lives but also the whole world. In our country there is a well-known saying that one must consider the whole world as his own family—*vasudhaiva kutumbakam*.

This family attitude is helpful in developing good mental health. In a family we share and help the other members of the family without any selfish end in view. When the mother nourishes the child it is not with a view to getting some reward. The joy of nursing the child lies in itself. Likewise, other members of the family, when they do something for the whole family, think it is their duty to do it and make sacrifices in the interest of the family. It is, therefore, quite clear that the individual is not to think of himself only. He has to think of others and especially of those who depend upon him for emotional security and support. Owing to too much emphasis on the economic aspect of life, people have tended to relinquish such values as make them altruistic and selfless. It is within the family that higher values of life are imbibed, and we cannot afford to neglect it if we hope to promote good mental health. If we desire mental health it is necessary that we encourage such familial attitudes as enable the individual to follow the law of brotherhood and make him consider the whole world as his family.

It is implied in this that we need to have a philosophy of life which accepts human brotherhood. We need to have a system of education emphasizing these aspects of life. We also need to realize the essential unity of all religions, which bring to the forefront the real nature of man, which is divine. How these needs are to be fulfilled is a matter which must deeply concern educators, philosophers and well-wishers of mankind in general.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SIKHISM

[**Shri H. I. S. Kanwar**'s informative article on "Indo-Vietnam Links Through the Ages" appeared in THE ARYAN PATH last year. In this, he writes feelingly of the social qualities and ethical emphases of Sikhism, which is best to be understood as a broad-minded, devotional, simple-souled movement to purify Hinduism and Islam from the formalism and superstition that had encrusted them. — ED.]

THOUGH most religions accept that there is one Supreme Being, and that the governing laws of nature, creation and its propelling force remain constant, unaffected by space and time, religions disagree with one another in certain aspects. This situation is due to each keeping itself distinct from the others, and the misconception that because humans live under different climes and speak different tongues, they should keep themselves apart. This is a fallacy; for, after all, man is blessed with the same corporeal frame and consciousness. Difference in race and clime does not imply change in the law of human nature.

The assumption of certain fundamental axioms propounded in the past is essential to understand even a simple phenomenon, and doubting their authenticity would make even the first proposition insoluble. It can be imagined what fixed laws must be required to prove the authenticity of the genius of the omnipresent, all-pervading Creative Spirit. After plunging deep into the realm of spirit, experiencing its mysteries and profound meditation, ancient sages arrived at certain truths which they presented to mankind to be followed. Spiritual inquiry was based on the laws governing life of the soul. By probing into the very root of nature itself and the indestructible all-pervading spirit, the ancient propounders of religion came to understand fully the nature of their wonderful communion with the Creator and desired others to share it, without losing freedom of thought and action or blindly following their teachings.

Certain definite qualifications are essential before one can master fundamentals. In our shallow materialistic era, the case of all God-conscious sages presents a living proof. If statesmen and politicians can sometimes predict future changes in the world situation, one can also infer that those in communion with God can safely show the path and actualities of the spiritual realm governing the present and the future. This may sound strange logic, but one must concede that in the realm of holy faith there is indeed little place for the highly educated and egoistic mind; for in that realm a babe may find a seat of honour while a wise man is denied entry, achievements and cleverness are of no avail, and innocence and total sur-

render are everything!

This philosophy is demonstrated in Sikhism, whose Holy Book propounds:—

> Bow down in the lowliest spirit at His door....If thou desire to play the game of love, put thy head on the palm of thy hand, then come to my street.

The servant of God should be perfect like God Himself. To be an instrument in God's hands is the final aim, the immortal glory, of a Sikh. Only when the Sikh attains that state where nothing equals renunciation in love will the Lord accept his true "Sikh," which means "disciple." Religion is a science embracing both the spiritual and the physical universe, probing into spiritual realms and the soul's functions through the Divine Light. The path for all is one, as Guru Nanak laid down:—

> One God is the source of all Divine Life, and is the soul. If one understands the secret of the Divine Spark within, one becomes a radiant source of Divine Light....If God is one, and all souls are from Him and of the same nature, how could the way to realize Him be different?

Propounded five hundred years ago by Guru Nanak, Sikhism is a universal religion adaptable to nature's mode of life, and may be summed up thus: making the human body a living temple of the divine music of consciousness, not of instruments or voices; like the Guru, breathing the music of the spheres with every breath; filling the earthly and visible life with sound-music, and the divine and hidden with silence-music. It is nothing but a realization of Reality.

The India of Nanak's time, some time before the advent of the Reformation in the West, was steeped in casteism resulting in the perpetual slavery of the people, although the country was progressing with the rest of the world in several aspects. What Luther and Calvin did for the Reformation in Europe Guru Nanak did in India and Asia. They all worked for physical and spiritual liberty, equality and brotherhood of mankind. While Luther and Calvin enfranchised the intellect of Europe, purified its religion, and brought it liberty and self-respect, Guru Nanak diagnosed India's malady and sought to purify the people by sowing the seed of the Khalsa Brotherhood and bestowing on the people the ideal of national regeneration. Thus, the aims of Protestantism and Sikhism were more or less similar. In recognizing the equality of the sexes, having a conception of perfect socialistic brotherhood in every sphere and holding the high conception of the Khalsa commonweal, Sikhism is far ahead of our world today. Guru Nanak himself summed up the India of his time thus:—

> It is the age where the ruler is a butcher, righteousness is absent and none can see the halo of truth; preachers of Islam and Hinduism have lost their influence, and the devil and untruth rule supreme, while songs of bloodshed are sung everywhere; the Creator alone watches the situation, and being true He shall administer true justice in the end; and Nanak speaks the truth, for it is time to speak the truth.

In Nanak's time, social, political and religious institutions had been corrupted. Society needed sound re-organization, a purification of modes of worship, the expulsion of ignorance and the education of the masses in sound conceptions of right and wrong and in the highest ideal of the realization of Self. Nanak precisely met these needs of the time.

Realizing that people were finally only moved by religious motives and that without their religious emancipation there was no hope of their social regeneration, Nanak devoted seventy years of tireless preaching to the carrying of his gospel to thousands. Nanak's one-time opponents eventually became not only his life-long companions but also his sincerest disciples. Both Hindus and Muslims flocked to hear his gospel, fragrant with tolerance. Through exhorting the Hindu to make "mercy your cotton, contentment your thread, continence its knots and Truth its twists, to make the sacred thread for the soul," Nanak preached to the Muslim to make "kindness your mosque, serenity your prayer-mat and what is just and lawful, your Holy Book, modesty your circumcision, civility your fasting, to be a true Mussalman," and through the institution of a common kitchen and dining centre where meals were served to all, both Hindus and Muslims, irrespective of caste, Guru Nanak brought them together more closely. Ultimately, large numbers of both Muslims and Hindus looked to him as the only hope of salvation and gave him their allegiance, so much so that on his passing away they quarrelled over the possession of his body.

Nanak succeeded with his gospel because it was non-sectarian. Aiming at emancipation from polytheism, priestcraft, idolatry and superstition, he contributed sufficiently to national progress by giving practical effect to the high ideal of equality in race and creed, religious hopes and political rights, and by declaring that God alone was to be worshipped, truth was greater than all other sacrifices and pilgrimages, love of God better than mere religious rites, real salvation in devotion to God, and the high and the low really equal in every sphere. A firm believer in the equality of the sexes, he exhorted the women to forsake the veil and work with their menfolk in every sphere, and preached to the men thus:—

> In woman is man conceived, of woman he is born, to woman he is betrothed and married, with woman he goes through life, to woman he is

bound. Is she evil, who is the mother of kings?

He was the first in his age to raise his voice against tyranny and oppression, condemn selfishness, avarice, worldliness, unwillingness to fight the battle of life and withdrawal under the pretence of cultivating spirituality. He approved worldly activities only so far as they did not clash with justice or truth. Being practical, he preached: "Work with thy hands, walk with thy feet, but centre thy mind in meditation on the Lord."

The seed sown by Guru Nanak immediately took root and grew steadily. His successor, Angad Dev, devised the easily understood Gurumukhi script to increase literacy among the masses of the Punjab, all Sikh literature being written in it. To facilitate spiritual and temporal machinery, Amar Das, the third Guru, split the Punjab into parishes. His successor, Ram Das, erected the Golden Temple, the centre of Sikhism. Arjan Dev, the fifth Master, compiled the Holy *Granth* (Book), the Sikh Scripture, also regarded as a Guru by the Sikhs, for which he was tortured by the existing tyranny. He was succeeded by Har Gobind. Peaceful organization was achieved through the meditative silence of the seventh Guru, Har Rai, and the child-like innocence of Har Kishen. The growing Moghul tyranny forced the Hindus to seek refuge under the ninth Master, Tej Bahadur. His successor, Guru Gobind Singh, collected original religious, social and political literature in the Panjabi language, and translated the best available in India, appreciating that only the best literature could regenerate the nation.

Gobind Singh also imparted a novel tone in chivalrous and romantic poetry, intellectual and physical energy. He welded the Sikhs into the powerful Khalsa Brotherhood through education, organization and discipline, thus making sparrows into hawks. He initiated a baptism of *Amrita* (nectar of life), administered in the presence of the Holy *Granth* by five Singhs to the individual, who solemnly agrees to abide by the tenets of Sikhism. Gobind Singh fought actual battles against tyranny and oppression, even exhorting his own sons to sacrifice themselves at the altar of freedom, justice and truth.

There is a great Christian saying that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." So it was with the Sikhs, for with the increase of persecution Sikhism gained more strength. When the Sikhs sacrificed their lives in the assertion of their birthright to freedom, and their very homes and hearths were destroyed, the tyrants little realized that killing the Sikhs only added to their victory. The hearts of the masses who witnessed the orgies committed against the Sikhs sympathized with these valiant men who gladly gave their lives so that their brothers could live as self-

reliant, self-respecting and sacrificing men. It did not take long before the country was behind the brave Sikh cause and thousands rallied round the flag of Sikhism to carry on the sacrifices. The great work of nation-building and reformation of mediæval India commenced by Guru Nanak in 1469 was firmly established by 1690, and was completed in 1758, when the Sikhs became a sovereign power in the Panjab. Sikhism has come to stay, owing to the strength of the Sikhs' noble qualities of head and heart, force of character, self-sacrifice and unbounded faith in their philosophy.

Sikhism believes in God as an existing approachable Reality, that can be realized through devoted meditation, the most important fundamental being that anything visible is liable to decay and blind attachment to Creation is undesirable. Living to love God is the Sikh's prime object in life, and having human form, he should strive towards union with God through meditation amidst saints and sages:—

> For worship, two beings are necessary, one the saint and the other, God: God, who bestoweth salvation and the saint who causeth us to repeat His name.

Guru Nanak had emphasized that he did not offer salvation on mere belief in him and that the divine preacher would not plead for the impure and the dishonest.

Losing this opportunity of life, the soul might wander, how long no one knows:—

> It is difficult to obtain human birth, it cometh not again and again. As the ripe fruit of the forest, when it falleth to the ground, returneth not to the parent-branch.

Salvation and redemption are obtained by those alone in whose heart the Name dwells. Sikhism insists upon faith in God not for the performance of miracles, but as something the realization of which is possible in every-day life. It holds incessant daring and doing good to be the source of God-consciousness.

Renunciation of selfish motives such as egoism, lust, anger and covetousness, freedom from vices and a striving for love of mankind are the keynotes of Sikhism. A Sikh's daily routine should include *sewa* (unselfish service of mankind), *satsang* (association with the wise and recitation of hymns praising God) and meditation on the Lord's name, which is facilitated by continuously repeating one word, "*Wahiguru*," the highest symbol for the source of all love, truth and goodness, and considered rhythmic and natural, because the syllable "*Wahi*" is carried with each inhalation and the syllable "*Guru*" with each exhalation. In this a Sikh breathes the music of God with every breath. Through meditation alone he can achieve his

final goal of conquering *Maya* (Illusion), attaining eternal bliss, peace and communion with the Infinite.

When the Tenth Master, Gobind Singh, initiated the first Five Sikhs into baptism on Baisakhi Day at Anandpur in 1690, he declared that henceforth their names should be suffixed with "Singh" (Lion). The first step into Sikhism is to become a Sikh, while to become a "Singh" is the final stage in a Sikh's life, to deserve which he should observe all the tenets of Sikhism. That all Sikh names end with "Singh" is to indicate that they are sons of the same father (metaphorically, Guru Gobind Singh) and signifies the perfect equality amongst the Sikh brotherhood. In this spirit Guru Gobind Singh himself first baptised his Five Singhs, and then received his own baptism from them. Because of its character as a brotherhood, Sikhism has survived through the years in a world torn with war and strife.

A Singh is required to wear five symbols (the "Five K's"), the significance of each constantly reminding him of his moral obligations. The *Kesha* (hair), unshorn hair on the body and head, signifies the leading of life as nature has created it. The *Kangha* (comb) symbolizes that as a comb cleans the hair, so shall a Sikh cleanse his mind of lust, anger and covetousness, through unselfish service, association with the wise and meditation upon the Lord's name. The *Kachha* (loin-cloth) signifies that a Sikh shall have no sexual relation with any woman except his own wife, whom he should love truly. The *Kara* (iron bangle) symbolizes that a Sikh shall stand for the cause of righteousness and justice, and do good to all. The *Kirpan* (sword) signifies the Sikh's foremost duty to stand by the oppressed and is honoured as the deliverer of mankind from evil.

Sikhism does not regard its Gurus as direct incarnations of God. Guru Gobind Singh asserted: "All who call me Supreme Being shall fall into the pit of hell. Recognize me as God's servant only." It is this philosophy of Sikhism that has kept the spark of Sikhism alive to this day.

H. I. S. KANWAR

THE HUMANISM OF JANE ADDAMS

[**Miss Margaret Tims** is at present the Editor of *Peace and Freedom*, organ of the British section of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Her book on Jane Addams is to be published by Allen and Unwin this year. Readers will also remember her thoughtful reflections on "Revolution in the West" and "Towards a Peaceful Society" (THE ARYAN PATH, Vol. XXX, pp. 163 and 359, respectively). She draws a most attractive sketch of the life and ideals of Jane Addams, the centenary of whose birth falls this year. — ED.]

THE CENTENARY of the birth of Jane Addams on September 6th, 1860, is an appropriate time for reassessing the contribution of this great American humanist to the "universalist" philosophy of which she was a notable exponent.

It was in very early life that Jane Addams became aware of the existence of a greater world beyond the confines of her own immediate environment, as the eighth child of a Middle Western miller in the pioneer settlement of Cedarville, Illinois. At the age of six, she was distressed by recurrent dreams in which it seemed that

> everyone in the world was dead excepting myself, and that upon me rested the responsibility of making a wagon-wheel...and never once did I know how, although I fully realized that the affairs of the world could not be resumed until at least one wheel should be made and something started.

Her father John Addams, who came of English Quaker stock, was himself a man of outstanding character and abilities, a close friend of Abraham Lincoln and a Senator of the State assembly. Her mother had died in childbirth when Jane was two, and her father was the dominant influence in her development. In his personal life he set a standard of integrity which she was to feel, quite unjustifiably, that she herself never attained; in his capacity as a miller he fired her imagination with the symbol of "peace and bread" as the primary need — and the primary human right — for all mankind.

John Addams was never an orthodox Quaker and belonged to no church; nor was he a pacifist. In the American Civil War he had mustered the "Addams Guard" to fight for the Northern cause, and it was in this heroic tradition of the liberating army that Jane Addams was reared. That she grew up, in spite of her veneration for her father that bordered on idolatry, to reject this ideal in favour of the Christian doctrine of "non-resistant love" is a measure of her independence and originality of thought

no less than of her compassion.

Her father's death when she was twenty-one, and newly graduated from Rockford College, no doubt helped to hasten this conversion. How else could she contain her grief? She inherited a considerable private income, but wealth brought little comfort either for her personal bereavement or for her uneasy social conscience, which was quickened by a trip to Europe in 1883 and a first-hand insight into the condition of the "labouring classes" in the East End of London.

She was becoming increasingly dissatisfied with the pursuit of intellectual and social accomplishment that was expected of a young woman in her position. A second visit to Europe confirmed her conviction that this way of life was no answer to the problems of democracy in the expanding industrial society of Western Europe and America. But her vision of a better way was still only half-felt and wholly unexpressed. Then suddenly, in the ancient cathedral of Ulm in South Germany—where she saw carved on the choir-stalls the history of man's religious aspiration in early pagan, Greek and Hebrew as well as in Christian symbols—the vision was revealed in her concept of a "cathedral of humanity." To the building of such a cathedral, Jane Addams was to dedicate the whole of her adult life.

But what was this "cathedral of humanity"? From the start its blueprint was clear in her mind. It should be "capacious enough to house a fellowship of common purpose," Jane wrote that same night in her notebook, "and beautiful enough to persuade men to hold fast to the vision of human solidarity." Returning to London, she discussed her plans with the Rev. Samuel Barnett, warden of Toynbee Hall, the Whitechapel settlement which had been founded four years earlier by a group of Oxford men. Encouraged by this successful demonstration of her vision in action, she hastened home determined to spread the social-settlement movement in the United States. Thus the famous Chicago settlement, Hull House, was founded by Jane Addams in 1889.

Hull House stood in a thickly-populated, industrial area of the city, three-quarters of whose inhabitants were foreign-born. As a centre for immigrants of many races—Italians, Germans, Polish and Russian Jews, Bohemians and Irish—all of whom were welcomed on a basis of complete equality, it became for Jane Addams a microcosm for the development of the world community which she regarded as the special mission of twentieth-century man. The motive-power of Hull House was a response to human need, at all levels. Social investigations, legislation for the protection of women and juvenile workers, encouragement of trade unions... all these necessary campaigns for improving the material standards of the

under-privileged were paralleled by a high level of artistic and recreational activity: the little theatre, the art gallery and the gymnasium were as integral a part of Hull House as the surveys of health, housing and labour conditions for which it soon achieved national renown. Nor did Jane Addams omit to point out—indeed, she stressed this factor in her autobiography *Twenty Years at Hull House*—that those who worked at Hull House came to receive no less than to give; that democracy could not prosper without a contribution from all sections of society. No human being, in her philosophy, was "expendable." The settlement, she wrote,

> must be grounded in a philosophy whose foundation is on the solidarity of the human race, a philosophy which will not waver when the race happens to be represented by a drunken woman or an idiot boy.

The conclusions reached by Jane Addams in her search for what she called "a new social ethic for the industrial age" were published in *Democracy and Social Ethics* (1902). In *Newer Ideals of Peace* (1907) she discussed the new international ethic that must supersede the outworn "ideals" of militarism before humanity could progress to the next stage of evolution. The new ethic must be built on co-operation in "ministrations to primitive human needs"—as she later expressed it in *Peace and Bread in Time of War* (1922)—and must be implemented by the establishment of appropriate international institutions. The League of Nations failed to meet the post-war challenge, she considered, because it was too closely linked to the old school of diplomacy and too bound to the interests of the victorious powers at the Treaty of Versailles. The disinterested, practical assistance being provided today by the United Nations specialized agencies in health, education and agriculture comes very much nearer to her vision of international co-operation.

As a declared pacifist, Jane Addams suffered considerable isolation, ostracism and loss of influence in her own country during and immediately after the First World War. In 1915 she had presided at the International Women's Congress at The Hague, at which women from enemy and neutral countries sat down together and tabled proposals for mediation by a conference of neutral states. Later she travelled and lectured for Herbert Hoover's food-relief administration, visiting France and Germany immediately after the armistice. She was shocked by the starvation of innocent civilians, including many thousands of children, caused by the continuation of the food blockade, and her appeals for milk for German babies did not increase her popularity with some of her "patriotic" fellow countrymen. But, like Edith Cavell, she found that patriotism was not enough: the true patriot must extend his loyalty to include the whole

human race, just as in the past the individual self-interest had merged with that of the family, the tribe and the state. Describing the impulse towards human solidarity that had brought together the women at the Hague Congress, she spoke in her presidential address of these forces as

> a spiritual internationalism which surrounds and completes our national life even as our national life itself surrounds and completes our family life; they do not conflict with patriotism on one side any more than family devotion conflicts with it upon the other.

During the latter part of her life Jane Addams devoted herself primarily to the cause of peace. Many of her social innovations had been accepted, but the goal of a united world community seemed as far away as ever—and with every new technical and scientific advance the need became more urgent. She worked mainly through the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, of which she was President until ill health caused her retirement in 1929. She believed that women have a special responsibility to safeguard the future of the human race, if need be by acting as a counter-influence to the masculine drive towards mechanical invention and abstract speculation. Her concern for the future expressed itself also in a passionate sympathy with the needs and aspirations of youth; for without the co-operation of youthful energy and idealism the good society could never be realized on this earth.

And it was on this earth, in the here and now, that Jane Addams wished to realize her vision. The concept of the "cathedral of humanity" was no accidental metaphor, but a literal expression of what she believed to be not only desirable but possible in the community of men. Like her father before her, she had little regard for formal religion, and less for the supernatural. A nominal member of the Congregational Church, she presided at the World Congress of Faiths in Chicago in 1933. In her last book published in her lifetime, *The Excellent Becomes the Permanent* (1932), she came nearest to an expression of religious faith, and in these essays the Greek influence was as strong as the Christian. Our passport to immortality, she believed, was the excellence of our life on earth: and who would deny her own claim—except possibly Jane Addams herself?

Her last years were marked with honours and awards such as no other American woman had ever attained to. In 1931 she received a Nobel Peace Prize; at a dinner in her honour in 1927 a professor of politics had described her as "a great statesman without a portfolio." After her death at the age of seventy-five in May 1935, she was mourned by thousands at a national lying-in-state and tributes poured in to Hull House from Heads of State across the world. The affection of the humble people who had

been her neighbours for forty years was coupled with the esteem of the "men of power" who had ignored her policies, while admiring her principles, for almost as long. It is a measure of the universality of Jane Addams that she could speak to all conditions of men, at all levels of thought and feeling, and still be understood. In her range of intelligence and breadth of compassion, she stands comparison with Tolstoy and Schweitzer; possibly the greatest woman of her own day, she is certainly one of the great human beings of all time.

MARGARET TIMS

THE LITTLE MONKEY

We may have disliked monkeys,
not as animals, nor for shock of surprise
should one appear unexpectedly at the window,
but because they are terrifyingly the arrested part
of a huge plan where a long way back
a measured, evolutionary clock
purposely ran down, and stopped.

Yet, though we may shrink from them
because of their lowest common denominator
of human expression from the primæval,
how we felt an absolute reproach
of compassion when we saw
the little monkey who was sick unto death,
and for whose life zoological experts were battling.

The face had been beautiful when we
saw it in health, and yet a monkey's:
gently puckered, and haunted,
while the eyes held both clue and mystery,
translucent and soft
as the gold-brown iridescence in a cat's-eye stone.
But these were human. Their trapped sorrow
was a stab to conscience;
their searching for Why, and Where, and Who
an indictment against the caging of so delicate
and sensitive a creature whom nature had forsaken
on humanity's lowest rung.

The little monkey has died.
We cannot forget
its eyes of tragedy.

ODETTE TCHERNINE

WAR IN MODERN AND IN EPIC POETRY

[**Shri Samir Kanta Gupta,** familiar to our readers, in this brief essay brings out a strand of similarity in the poetic apprehension of war in ancient and modern poetry — the waste of war itself and yet the grandeur of human fortitude that may be revealed through it. Is there not a mysterious reason for the fascination of war? Indeed, it is when the bloody externals are absent that we see the naked essence of war: the conflict of the soul's will with the animal-man's. — ED.]

WAR is as old as man himself, who waged it from the moment he started his journey on earth, at first against the environment in which he was placed and, secondly, against his co-travellers, his kinsmen. The outward pitch and extent of this act of anguish may have varied with the passage of time; the Kshatriya arena of combat may have today become world-wide; yet the pith and pathos and poignancy of the doleful drama remain at bottom the same. Only the poetic consciousness that looked at it the other day has now suffered a sea-change: a Rupert Brooke can no longer echo the robustly confident sentiments of a Rudyard Kipling; with the former the world has become a vale of sighs and tears where nothing is permanent and none can withstand the ruthless forces of destruction and death:—

> And these shall pass,
> Whatever passes not, in the great hour,
> Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power
> To hold them with me through the gate of Death.

The poet is a passive dreamer here of the inescapable tragedy. But the voice of revolt soon rings aloud in the midst of this resignation and pessimism:—

> ...the boy lying dead under the olive trees
> Was too young and too silly
> To have been notable to their important eye.
> He was a better target for a kiss.

Stephen Spender gave this conquering spirit a new lift and momentum, which were further carried to a peak by the irresistible Cecil Day Lewis:—

> Who raised his hands to brand a Cain
> And bless a submarine?
> Time is up; the medicineman
> Must take his medicine.

In more modern times the poet has accepted the role of reformer: he has refused to rest contented with his vision of a tragedy, only depicting

it; he has equally felt in him the urge to hate war, seek its cause and remove it. For this death is a machination of some perverse individuals with a perverse philosophy of life, and it can be met front to front with material and moral means.

To the modern poet as well as to the modern politician war is a human malady: its roots are in the human flesh, where desire and ambition and the will to lord it over others rule. And the flesh not only rules but, ironically enough, is ruled and finally maimed by the engine of destruction it has set going. Death here, then, is palpably near and despised and looked upon as an evil intruder.

Nor did the Greeks of Homer gloat over a war. The great Achilles said with a distaste that he had only responded to duty's call and, once that task was over, would wish not to be forced into war again. Yet the Greeks, being in the midst of it, stood firmly to face a dire situation such as this:—

> War burns about the town for thee: for
> thee our slaughtered friends
> Besiege Troy in their carcasses, on whose
> heaps our high walls
> Are overlook'd by the enemies; the sad sounds
> of their falls
> Without, are echoed with the cries of wives
> and babes within.

So did the heroic ancient Indians of the *Mahabharata* on Kurukshetra:—

> Like the swirl of the ocean when it receives the Ganges was the swirl of battling hosts slaying one another. Covered with blood and undiscernible of form did the earth then become; nor might high or low [ground] be known.[1]

Whatever doubts have been cast by some critics on the historicity of these two wars, the tragic depth of the poetry will ever remain as real to readers as it appeared to the poetic perception of the ancient seers. When Vyasa uttered that inevitable phrase, "That mighty-armed [hero], the very banner of all bowmen, fell like Indra's standard uprooted, making the earth resound,"[2] or when Homer lamented over the death of Patroclus,

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[1] *Āsidgāngam ivāvarto muhūrtamudadheriva*
Sainyānām yudhyamānānām nighnatāmiretaram
Agamyarūpā pṛthivi śonitāctā tadābhavat
Samam caṣamam caiva na prajñāyata kiñcana

[2] *Sa papāta mahābāhurvasudhāmanunādayan*
Indradhvaja ivotpṛṣta ketuḥ sarvadhanuṣmatām

"With him all Greece was sunk," they touched, not merely the perfection of words but the very heart of a tragic reality. And has not Tagore said that, for Valmiki, Ayodhya with its local anecdotes is less real as the proper birthplace of the Hero than the inward realm of the poet? The Greeks, truly being realists, confronted the acute and agonizing reality of war, Death. But how?

> So falls a Poplar, that in watery ground
> Raised high the head, with stately branches crown'd.

This is the picture of Simois while passing away from the scene. Or, rather, instead of passing away completely and for ever, does he not in these words emerge from beyond the portals of oblivion more heroic and grander in stature? Death, then, it seems to Homer, does not wholly disable and disgrace man but puts a stress upon his manhood and endows him with a rare opportunity to reveal his inner greatness. The Greeks of Homer, sense-bound and worshippers of the form perfect though they were, knew the way to acquire this height of their being (Socrates' is, of course, the classic example in a more modern setting) by a sheer and clear uprightness of their invincible will, and almost a perfume surrounds them in their greatness:—

> Not hate but glory, made these chiefs contend;
> And each brave foe was in his soul a friend....

Not to escape from life and its travails, but take them with a defiance and know that death is not an individual catastrophe but the inevitable outcome of the play of a mighty universal principle to which all must submit, is the Homeric way of looking at it. Here the indomitable spirit catches almost a glimpse of immortality, tearing, as it were, a veil from the hands of Time.

In Bhishma the Indian vision points to another solution. Here ignorance is death, and in the full consciousness all is immortality, and all eternally is, and Death is another name for life in a pause after which the same drama continues with a new stress and renewed significance.

SAMIR KANTA GUPTA

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

TWO BOOKS ON MYSTICS: MUSLIM AND CHRISTIAN*

THE FIRST of these books covers a very wide field very adequately and intelligibly. The second might be said to supplement and complete it. That the mediæval Christian mystics and those of Islam have much in common is generally recognized. It could hardly be otherwise, since all real mysticism is focused on the divine, and this of course means escape from self. However, a little more detailed study of each may prove interesting and profitable.

It is noteworthy that both the Sufi mystics and those of Europe evince a rather striking kinship of thought with the Neo-Platonic philosophers of the third and fourth centuries, who in their turn were certainly influenced to no small degree by the great Christian teachers of Alexandria — notably St. Clement and Origen. This is very understandable in the case of the Christian mystics — and since some descendants of the Neo-Platonists settled in Persia it might be expected that their teaching was sometimes reflected in that of the Sufis, for although the Sufi form of Islam arose in Arabia in the twelfth century it was in Persia that it found its fulfilment.

The aim of the Sufi mystic, like that of the Christian, is the realization of the unitive life, of passing from the phenomenal to the real. This comprises three stages: purgative, illuminative and unitive. First, however, there must be repentance. This, for the Sufi, might be described as the awakening of the soul from heedlessness, and then entry on the path. Repentance means of course that the *nafs* — the lower or appetitive soul, the seat of lust and passion, which corresponds exactly with the "flesh" of the New Testament writers — must be vanquished before any progress towards union with the divine can be effected. Mortification of the *nafs*, involving eradication of self-will, will lead to the contemplative life. And the traveller on this path if he perseveres may expect to attain to perfect bliss, to the enjoyment of God (the divine), transcending time and space, to that state which in Sanskrit is known as *samadhi*. But to reach this goal the Sufis have a way of their own. They place themselves completely in the hands of a *murshid* or spiritual director, whom they follow most implicitly — though whether this is the best way is obviously open to question. A novice-master is helpful to young monks, but too absolute leadership could well prove otherwise.

The Sufi movement in Islam was beyond doubt the most significant event in the religion of the Prophet. The Sufis tended to develop into religious orders whose members are generally classed as "dervishes," and, although much might be said against the ecstatic excesses of some of these, not to mention the frauds and follies associated with certain exponents of the dervish cult, it must be admitted that much genuine religion was, and perhaps still is, to be found amongst the dervishes.

The Sufi saw God in all His works. And this not infrequently evoked in him a profound pity and sympathy for all creatures — even insects. Jal-al-'uddin Rumi was of course the Sufi theologian *par excellence*, and his great work — the *Masnavi* — is by some Moslems esteemed almost above the *Koran*. The

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* *The Mystics of Islam*. By REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON. (Quest Series. Bell and Son, Ltd., London. 178 pp. 1914.); *Master Eckhart and the Rhineland Mystics*. By JEANNE ANCELET-HUSTACHE. Translated by HILDA GRAEF. (Men of Wisdom Series. Harper Torchbooks, New York; Longmans, Green and Co., London. 191 pp. Illustrated. 1957. 6*s*.)

Sufis were indeed characterized by their very liberal attitude for the most part in matters of dogma. They did not regard the *Koran* as the only gateway to salvation; to many of them all scriptures pointed likewise to heaven and could well be but different ways to God. They made no fetish of the written word. Moreover, they did not attach much importance to merely formal or legalistic religion, with its "do's" and "dont's," which they regarded as primarily for the crowd (and Islam is extremely legalistic); for the elect there was something higher than law. Those who had attained to the higher plane had passed from the religion of law to that of Grace.

They understood, though, that to be wholly absorbed in contemplation of the divine was not alone sufficient. It is not enough to have escaped from all that is creaturely. The perfect life comprises both inward and outward aspects of the One. The Creator is manifested in His works. To abide in God, after passing away from selfhood (*fana*) is the mark of the perfect man: he passes from plurality to unity, but whilst continuing in the unitive state, he returns with God to the phenomenal world and manifests unity in plurality. Moslems, like Christians, honour a vast number of saints. These generally are recognized by their ecstasy or raptures and by their power of working miracles — no doubt the latter are largely fictitious but to their credit the Sufis usually account miracles as but of very secondary importance. It may be noted that a saint (*wali*) is not always a man — women saints (*waliyyat*) are not altogether unknown.

When we turn to the mediæval mystics of Europe it soon becomes evident that Master Eckhart is the most typical and indeed the most complete exponent of Western mysticism. But before him there were some really noteworthy German mystics and, as the author of *Master Eckhart and the Rhineland Mystics* rightly reminds us, a considerable number of these were women. If women played some part in the religious life of Islam this was far more the case with mediæval Christianity. In fact, at one time they were perhaps rather more numerous than the men. Hildegard of Bingen (1098-1179) was one of the most notable mystics, and also a physician, and her kinswoman, Elizabeth of Schönau, was scarcely less famous. Other notable thirteenth-century mystics include Christine the Admirable, Margaret of Ypres, Beatrice of Nazareth, Mechtild of Magdeburg (the first mystic to write in German), St. Mechtild of Hackeborn and St. Gertrude the Great. Master Eckhart was himself attacked as the more profound and vigorous thinkers usually are, but his critics were soon confounded, although they did not withdraw their accusations, and history has cleared his writings (he wrote much in both Latin and German) of the taint of heresy or false doctrine in the shape of quietism or pantheism. And it must be remarked that the other great mediæval mystics and especially the greatest of them — Ruysbroeck, Suso and Tauler — were his disciples and followers. These, less suspect of heterodox views than Eckhart, nevertheless re-echo his thought; Suso, for instance, thus summarized the stages of the mystic way:—

> The man who has renounced himself must be detached from created forms, formed with Christ, and be transformed into the Divinity.... Do like a young eagle that has grown up, and may your wings, that have grown strong — I mean the superior powers of your soul — soar to the height of contemplation, to the summits of a blessed and perfect life.

C. R. PARRY

Forerunners of Jesus. By LEROY WATERMAN. (Philosophical Library, New York. 156 pp. 1959.)

This is an intriguing book, but it is

unlikely that its thesis will be acceptable to Christian scholars, as it undermines the very foundation of orthodox Christian theology, or at any rate robs it of the Old Testament authority which is generally claimed for it in the Book of Isaiah, Chapters 40-55, and especially in what are known as the "Servant" passages. The author finds in the unnamed prophet of the Exile who wrote these chapters of the composite Book of Isaiah the chief "Forerunner" of Jesus of Nazareth, not in the sense of having prophesied his coming but in having evolved a religion of pure, universal, ethical monotheism far beyond any of his predecessors and subsequently understood by Jesus alone of those who came after him.

The other "Forerunner" is John the Baptist, whose importance lies, not in his announcement of the coming of one greater than himself, but in the inspiration which Jesus received from his life and death, revealing as they did the utmost courage and fearless facing of danger and death for the sake of truth and righteousness.

According to Professor Waterman, these two are the "Forerunners of Jesus," the one in having suggested to him the grand universalities of the message revealed in so much of his teaching; and the other in having put before him an example of moral courage and faithfulness even unto death. And true Christianity should take its stand on these:—

> Herein Christianity once freed from the easy-going doctrine of a salvation that costs man nothing, and moved indeed by Jesus' suffering, yet not as accomplishing thereby man's redemption but as a supreme example of what any man may be called upon to endure as a part of the price of bringing God and man together, could become the bearer of the brightest hope of man... an immortal hope that can only come about by daring to lose one's life in the world struggle for freedom, truth and righteousness.

MARGARET BARR

Upanishad Digdarshana. By DIWAN CHAND. Hindi. (Visweshwarananda Vedic Sansthan, Hoshiarpur. 204 pp. 1959. Rs. 2.75)

This book is a free Hindi rendering of the famous book in English entitled *Short Studies in the Upanishads* by Dr. Diwan Chand, a well-known professor of logic and philosophy and a former Vice-Chancellor of Agra University. A good teacher of logic and philosophy, he has been logical and scientific in his treatment of the subject; a devout lover of Vedic literature and devotee of *Brahma-Vidya,* he has very successfully upheld the dignity and serenity of the Upanishads.

He is, nevertheless, critical, not eulogistic, in his approach, and thus he has been able to weed out much trash from the real essence of the Upanishads. He does not accept as authentic more than a dozen Upanishads out of more than a hundred. He has confined the scope of this study to only nine Upanishads: *viz., Isha, Kena, Katha, Mundaka, Prashna, Taittiriya Shwetashwatara, Chhandogya* and *Brihadaranyaka.*

Dr. Diwan Chand has abjured the traditional approach and tried to provide a scientific study. He has combined in his style brevity with clarity, precision with simplicity and directness with depth. He has, at places, very appropriately, narrated interesting anecdotes and useful personal experiences to explain his point, and so made his book a real guide to students of the Upanishads, whom it will certainly help in comprehending abstract philosophical ideas.

At the very outset, in his "Introduction to the Subject" he has explained many of the fundamental concepts underlying his study of the Upanishads. A patient reading of this book would leave the reader better equipped to appreciate the Upanishads and to understand some-

thing of the *Brahma-Vidya* contained in them. To my mind it is not so much an introduction to the study of the Upanishads as texts as a useful exposition of the mysterious realm of *Brahma-Vidya* contained therein. In the last chapter he has given some very important extracts from the Vedas and the Upanishads, which have added to its importance.

Pandit Vishwanathji deserves our thanks for inspiring Dr. Diwan Chand to bring out in Hindi this useful book, which was offered first only to English-readers.

Unfortunately the production and printing does not match the merits of the book.

INDUPRAKASH PANDEY

The Transfigured Cosmos. By JON GREGERSON. (Frederick Ungar Publishing Co., New York. 111 pp. 1960. $3.50)

These four essays in Eastern Orthodox Christianity present the Russian form of Orthodoxy, and thus incidentally give the reader a view of Russia that is different from the usual view. What was the Russian religious consciousness, we are assured, is still deeply embedded in the Russian soul. The anti-religious policies of the Communist government have had the effect of purifying the corruption which undeniably existed prior to the Revolution. "Only those of genuine conviction and deep faith in the mysteries of the spirit remain within its fold." The author puts forward the view that no other people within the Christian tradition has been so absorbed by the spiritual quest as the Russians, whose "thirst for the Absolute has amounted to hardly less than a passion," and nowhere outside of India "was man so tortured by the desire to realize liberation and salvation in God." The passion for the Absolute was

> an inner compulsion, an all-consuming flame grounded in the very depths of man's inner being, a flame which was quenched only when man had realized the wholeness and peace of the sanctified state.

Many believe that the West, in her search for peace, must turn again to the now largely forgotten spiritual foundations of her culture. While modern science has given the West a view of a "transfigured cosmos," is it possible that Nature, with her love of paradox, will give Russia the role of reviver of spiritual foundations through the complementary view of "the transfigured cosmos" Russian religious thought has preserved?

IRENE R. RAY

An Introduction to Metaphysics. By MARTIN HEIDEGGER. Translated by RALPH MANHEIM. (Yale University Press, U.S.A.; Oxford University Press, London. xi+214 pp. 1959. 22*s.* 6*d.*)

It is said on the dust-cover:—

> In 1929 Heidegger was elected Husserl's successor to the Chair of Philosophy at Freiburg.... In 1945 he was removed from the Chair of Philosophy on the charge that he had served the interests of the Nazi movement.

I am therefore suspicious and uncomfortable when Heidegger is eloquent on heroic struggle to reach being by flight from the ordinary and the trivial, as also when he broods on the challenge to Germany and Europe that by devotion to being they should resist the all-encompassing materialism that threatened from America and Russia. Indeed, on p. 199 Heidegger speaks explicitly of National Socialism, of "the inner truth and greatness of this movement (namely the encounter between global technology and modern man.)"

Nor am I bewitched by the pontifical and oracular style of the author. He seems to me too ready to dismiss too

many other writers as mere scribblers. In this obstinately baffling world of ours, where pain and death and dishonour are still after all so real, I could prefer a greater humility.

Yet the book seems to me an important complement to the kinds of writing that come from the various branches of philosophical analysis. Its penetrating linguistic enquiries, not less than its arresting philosophical and poetic interpretations, are for the reinforcement, not the denigration, of metaphysical insight. With a confident Greek and German scholarship, and with poetic sensitivity as well as philosophical profundity, it wrestles above all with the question of being.

Heidegger puts his main question thus:—

> Is being a mere word and its meaning a vapour, or does what is designated by the word "being" hold within it the historical destiny of the West?

His answer in effect is that being is original and foundational reality. It is being that appears and becomes. It is being that reveals itself to be thought and known. It is being that is fundamental to values. Above all, it is being, *sein,* that articulates itself into being there, *dasein,* into things having qualities or characterizations, what the translator speaks of as "essents." But a man can know that he has being which is prior to and independent of his qualities. This is his distinction, his destiny and his world importance.

Heidegger also raises the question as to why there is being rather than nothing. But here his answer seems to me especially enigmatic and elusive. This, however, is consonant with the book as a whole. In a thousand different keys it is provocative and suggestive on questions unmistakably momentous.

The translation reads well.

M. KAYE

Hegel: An Annotated Selection. Edited by WANDA ORYNSKI. (Philosophical Library, New York. 361 pp. 1960. $4.71)

It is not difficult to discern at present a revival of interest in Hegel. Hegel's philosophy has passed through many upheavals, and true to its genius, it has provoked contradictory evaluations of its own worth. That he is obscure and unintelligible in more than one place no one can deny; that much of what is comprehensible has no lasting value no one can question. But Hegel is not dead, and there is much in the labyrinth of his thought which is truly living. Above all, he is great in his aims, in the daring recognition of every conflict in Reality and in the superb confidence with which he has essayed to bring about a final reconciliation of all conflicts. Only, he is not cognizant of the limitations of philosophical knowledge and the aspirations of the human mind. This is often the tragedy of great intellects.

Wanda Orynski has given us an annotated selection from three of Hegel's major works, *The Phenomenology of Mind, The Science of Logic* and *The Philosophy of History*. The selection is judicious, but some selections from his other important works — from his lectures on æsthetics and religions, from the *Encyclopædia of Philosophical Sciences* and from some of his very significant essays — would have made it more representative.

As it is, the writer's understanding of Hegel and the sincerity of her purpose are apparent everywhere. Especially delightful are the excerpts from *The Philosophy of History*. Hegel is primarily a philosopher of history and culture, and, subject to the limitations of his time, the sweep of his historical knowledge is truly astonishing. Hegel has shown by his work that a true philos-

opher cannot lose himself in sterile abstractions but brings to light the fullness of being and forces Reality to open its secrets to philosophical questioning.

We need not be Hegelians to admire Hegel, and it is certain that Wanda Orynski's selection will evoke in many of its readers the curiosity to know more of Hegel and to appreciate more fully the philosophical and political currents and undercurrents which have their origin in him. At a time when unreason is glorified and the absurd has become respectable in philosophy, Hegel's call to Reason assumes a new significance.

S. VAHIDUDDIN

Psychology, Morality and Education. Edited and Introduced by FERNAND VAN STEENBERGHEN. (Burns and Oates, London. ix+128 pp. 1958. 16*s*.)

This modest but important book is the outcome of discussions among some forty Catholic priests at a seminar held in Belgium. It consists of six papers, written by men whose intellectual formation is chiefly Continental and French as well as Catholic, which express a point of view on contemporary problems which is at once liberal, humane, modern and orthodox.

The first, by the Chairman of the Seminar, Professor Canon Nuttin of Louvain, on "Psychology for Priests," develops the main theme. Psychologists and sociologists have made a number of striking and valuable discoveries on the mainspring of human behaviour. They should be used by any priest or teacher who desires that his work be effective. Unfortunately, the point of view of many modern psychologists tends to make them overstress the importance of environment and of conditioning. For example, Freud and his successors assume that man is the slave of passions and motivations of which he is not even conscious: his chains were forged by himself during the clouded period of infancy. This denies the fundamental Christian faith in human dignity and freedom: it is an attack on the very thing which gives humanity to man. Furthermore, it is wrong in fact. The enlightened, educated, mature human being knows himself, is aware of his motives, is the master of his passions: he is independent of the conditioning imposed by his surroundings. The conclusion, therefore, is that a Christian humanist needs to learn, indeed must learn, all that modern psychologists have to teach, but that he must re-interpret their doctrines if he is to be helpful to his fellows. This theme or *leit-motif* is taken up and pursued, with illuminating variations, by five symposiasts who write on the nature of free activity; on the sense of sin; on priests as teachers, on psychology and vocation; on psychology and prayer.

Any Christian believer, concerned with the education of children, of adolescents or of adults will find the book exceedingly helpful and valuable. To others, the chief interest will be to find how close to modern views defenders of the perennial philosophy and of the old tradition may be. Human dignity and freedom are today heavily under attack, often by men who believe they are defending humanism. There are those who press the claims of the almighty State, regulator of all action and provider of all goods. Others dissolve individuality and personality into mere social relationships and infantile conditioning. Humanists of all kinds, scientific or literary or religious, must oppose such trends. All of them can find refreshment and support from these six careful and scholarly essays.

J. A. LAUWERYS

No Time to Kill. By EVELYN BARK. With a Foreword by H. R. H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER. (Robert Hale, Ltd., London. 192 pp. Illustrated. 1960. 18*s*.)

A charmingly written and interesting book. Interesting in two ways. Firstly, because, as H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester says in the Foreword: ". . . those who read this book will get a far better overall picture of the diversity and scope of the Red Cross than from any formal catalogue of its varied services to mankind"; and, secondly, because it is the autobiography of a talented and lovable woman who had eyes to see, ears to hear and the gift of making her scenes and characters come to life. Underlying all is her unfailing sense of humour — a humour that is never bitter or sarcastic, and which she as often as not turns against herself.

Her description of the plight of the refugees, and of Belsen when the Red Cross went in, are the more vivid and heart-rending for being told simply, as facts, without any hysteria. One is glad that after Belsen she is able to add:—

> I am inclined to believe that the crimes committed in Belsen . . . were not generally known to the German people. . . . When local Germans were conducted round the concentration camps to see for themselves the dastardly work of their compatriots, I believe many were genuinely aghast.

A book one can recommend for the insight it gives one into the work of the Red Cross over Europe, Russia and even into China; and also for its deep humanity. There is a useful index.

C. B.

The Voice of the Uninvolved. By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI. (National Book Trust India, New Delhi. 198 pp. 1960. Rs. 2.50)

The book is a collection of articles and speeches by Shri C. Rajagopalachari over a period of years on the burning topic of the grave danger from nuclear weapons to human welfare and progress and world peace. They contain a passionate and vigorous plea for a complete ban on the manufacture of nuclear weapons and, of course, on the conduct of nuclear tests. Shri Rajagopalachari has virtually exhausted all the arguments that a layman can advance in favour of such a ban. His viewpoint is indubitably the viewpoint of the Indian people and, by and large, of the Indian Government too.

The manufacture of nuclear weapons is a vital factor in the "East-West" cold war. If it develops into a hot war with nuclear bombs, its blistering effects would encompass the entire world — belligerent and non-belligerent. It is therefore that countries which are exposed to this vicarious atonement have a vital stake in ensuring that the manufacture of nuclear weapons is forthwith stopped.

Shri Rajagopalachari asserts that "the world issue now is to get the nuclear weapons outlawed altogether." Despite, however, the massiveness of the demand for it, a solution is nowhere in sight. The reason: persisting mutual distrust and fear among the bigger Powers. At many places, Shri Rajagopalachari advocates unilateral abandonment by the Western Powers — especially the United States — of nuclear weapons.

The "uninvolved" will continue to protest in Shri Rajagopalachari's words:—

> We do not wish to be poisoned and we do not want our progeny to be victims of genetic damage just because the Powers cannot trust one another and cannot settle their problems.

Their voice cannot be muffled.

C. V. H. RAO

Orage and the New Age Circle: Reminiscences and Reflections. By PAUL SELVER. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 100 pp. 1959. 13*s.* 6*d.*)

In its day the *New Age* was regarded as one of the most important of the weekly reviews, and its versatile editor, A. R. Orage, enjoyed a world-wide reputation for his comprehensive grasp of literature, politics and current affairs. As the author of this volume, Mr. Paul Selver, was a regular contributor to this periodical for several years and a close associate of Orage, his reminiscences could hardly fail to be of interest. The subtitle of his book, *Reminiscences and Reflections,* is perhaps a more accurate guide to its contents, since in writing of his experiences and of the people with whom he came into contact, Mr. Selver unwittingly tells us a great deal more about himself than he does about Orage or the contributors to the *New Age.* Again and again he gives himself away in his casual descriptions of other writers and their work — "he spoke with the affected drawl of the lesser public school"; "... the clownish incoherence of the Cantos"; "It is with mixed feelings that, after nearly half a century, I transcribe here what I so earnestly declaimed in Ezra's apartment." Indeed, one gains the impression that his reaction to other people was conditioned solely by their like or dislike of his own work, and it is somewhat disconcerting to find that actual or imagined slights still rankle and, after so many years, still influence his judgments.

HOWARD SERGEANT

Memoirs of a Renaissance Pope: The Commentaries of Pius II: An Abridgment. Translated by FLORENCE A. GRAGG. Edited, with Introduction, by LEONA C. GABEL. Illustrations selected by RUTH RUBINSTEIN. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 381 pp. Illustrated. Maps. 1960. 30*s.*)

More than anything else, the Renaissance seems to add a dimension to people. This is evident not only in Piero della Francesca's intuitive realization of perspective in the world of painting, but also in literature. In mediæval chronicles, if the chronicler mentions himself it is usually in the most unctuous and roundabout way possible. Pius II in his commentaries shows no such false humility. But his lavish egotism and self-praise somehow does not offend. It is done with the ingenuous honesty of the true Renaissance man.

He held the pallium for six years in the middle of the fifteenth century, when the New Learning and the New Art were in full flood, and such names as Cosimo de Medici and Sigismondo Malatesta numbered among the princelings of Italy. The tremendous energy and vitality with which he threw himself into politics, doing battle with and foxing the best of them, are all part of his "Renaissance ethos." It is amazing that he should have found time to record so much comment on what he experienced; he confessed that he wrote during "hours stolen from sleep." He did find time, however, to hold his embassies in the meadows, and his Signatura in a nook "by the sweet murmur of the stream," an endearing aspect of the Renaissance feeling that the Christian and classical worlds could be compatible.

This, then, is a most vivid original historical document, capably translated and efficiently presented. Today we associate the word "memoirs" with the tedious self-justification of politicians and generals; this lively expression of a splendidly many-sided if not very holy Renaissance figure deserves a better title.

M. KAYE WHITEMAN

Economic and Industrial Life and Relations. Vols. I, II and III. By M. K. GANDHI. Compiled and edited by V. B. KHER. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 202 pp., 379 pp., 269 pp., respectively. Second, enlarged edition, 1959. Rs. 3.50, Rs. 4.00, Rs. 3.00, respectively)

This second, enlarged edition of the compilation (the first was in 1957) of Gandhiji's writings on the subject is a collective "reincarnation" of several previous small compilations on the different aspects of the theme under one name. As the editor, who is to be complimented on his painstaking performance, observes in the Introduction:—

> The touchstone of all economic progress is, however, the promotion of human welfare. To the extent we are able to translate our economic policies in terms of the well-being of the masses in this country, our progress will be real. The teachings of Gandhiji can be likened to the beacon star.

And "the beacon star," indeed, are Gandhiji's views. For did not real wealth mean for him the masses' true well-being? But, alas, most of our industrialists do not pay any heed to his vision and views.

The first volume describes the goal and the path to the non-violent socialism of Gandhiji's conception; the second is devoted to the economic teachings of Gandhiji; and in the third there are his views on agrarian and industrial conditions and relations. The pith of Gandhiji's understanding of the right kind of *human* economic and industrial life and relations is summed up in his following words:—

> The rich should be taught the doctrine of stewardship and the poor that of self-help.

Will, however, the industrialists and the labourers listen to this call of Gandhiji to their respective *dharmas*?

G. M.

My Memorable Moments with Bapu. By MANUBEHN GANDHI; translated from Gujarati by ARVIND SHETH. (48 pp. 1960. 50 *naye paise*); *Character and Nation Building*. By M. K. GANDHI. (62 pp. 1959. 40 *naye paise*) (Both Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad).

The first booklet consists of a bunch of twenty-six extracts from the diary of the author, who was a constant companion of Gandhiji during the few years preceding his passing away. As Shri Jawaharlal Nehru says in his Foreword:—

> [These anecdotes] bring out in simple language simple deeds, simple gestures and simple approaches to the day-to-day problems of life, and yet they have a profound meaning as almost everything that Gandhiji did had a meaning.

The source of the rich meaningfulness and re-orienting moment of Gandhiji's life can be glimpsed from his own three booklets, *From Yeravada Mandir*, *Ashram Observances*, and *Constructive Programme, Its Meaning and Place*, which have been abridged and edited by V. G. Desai, and published under the new title *Character and Nation Building*. The latter is, indeed, a miniature laboratory for character building.

G. M.

Bapu As I Saw Him. By RAMNARAYAN CHOUDHURY. Translated from Hindi. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 274 pp. 1959. Rs. 2.50)

The writer had nearly thirty years' more or less close association with Gandhiji. As such, he had many opportunities to watch him in a variety of ways inside the Sabarmati and Sevagram *ashramas* as well as outside. This book is a plain narrative of the numerous happenings over the years, and a

brief summary of what Gandhiji said on different occasions. Towards the end there are the reminiscences of Gandhiji by the wife of the writer. Gandhiji's many-sided personality and multiple interests in the wide and far-flung field of human well-being are clearly reflected in the record. Well-known public men and institutions, Khadi, dietetics, Nature-cure, social customs, *satyagraha, ahimsa,* etc., are all covered in Shri Choudhury's chronicle.

G. M.

Folk Dance of India. By PROJESH BANERJI. (Kitabistan, Allahabad. 206 pp. Second revised and enlarged edition, 1959. Rs. 7.75)

Although [says the author in the course of an Introduction to this volume] one must necessarily place rural art in a lower scale of value, both culturally and artistically, than the more sophisticated forms which have acquired the appellation of "classic art," a more intimate acquaintance with, and a correct appreciation of, the rural arts of India will reveal the fact that in their own way they display a profundity of philosophical conception, an integrity of feeling and a standard of virile artistic expression which are in no way inferior to those found in the sophisticated forms of art and dance which have been accorded a wider notice in the art world. In some ways one may even say that the folk-dances are of an even greater significance in that they are a direct and unsophisticated expression of the innermost spirit of India.

In this informed and well-documented treatise on our national folk dances the author describes how they vary from province to province, beginning with the Deccan, where Arjuna is popularly believed to have instructed King Virata's daughter, and later Chitrangada, in this art. The part played by legend, tradition, sociological factors and natural surroundings in the development of different dance forms is exhaustively dealt with. The author points out how, for example, throughout the dances of Hawaii there recurs a swaying movement of the hips while the palms of the outstretched hands keep up a short fluttering movement, the former reflecting the gentle pushing of the palm-trees by the lazy Pacific breeze and the hand movements the ripples of the calm sea which surrounds the island.

Each section provides details of the make-up, costumes and choreography employed by the dancers with translations of the songs which accompany the performance. It is interesting to note the underlying unity as well as the variations to be found from province to province. The whole constitutes a fascinating documentary of how the mind of rural India expresses itself in "its hours of mirth" and reflects the compensations that life provides in the otherwise drab and arid existence of our villagers.

HILLA C. VAKEEL

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

[This is the second and concluding part of a lecture delivered by **Major-General S. L. Bhatia, C.I.E., M.C., M.D. (Cantab.), F.R.C.P. (London), F.R.S. (E),** at the Indian Institute of World Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, in July 1959. The first part appeared in our August issue. For reasons of space the long lecture is slightly condensed. — ED.]

MEDICINE AND ETHICS

II

THE ANCIENT GREEKS took their knowledge of medicine from Egypt, Babylon and India. Like the Hindus they believed that the knowledge of medicine was the gift of God. The greatest Greek physician was Hippocrates, who is commonly known as "the Father of Medicine." He was born in 460 B.C. at Cos off the coast of Asia Minor. He taught medicine in the medical school at Cos and also lectured and practised in Athens and other Greek cities. Hippocrates was a contemporary of Socrates, Plato, Sophocles and Herodotus. It was a brilliant period in the history of Greece. The great achievement of Hippocrates consisted in dissociating medicine from theology and magic. His teachings are contained in the *"Corpus Hippocraticum"* or Hippocratic Collection. He was the author of the famous Hippocratic Oath, with which we are particularly concerned here today.

The ideal of service to the community was deeply ingrained amongst the ancient Greeks. Their aim was to be useful and helpful to other men, to "make gentle the life of the world." There is a famous saying of Prodicus (fifth century B.C.): "That which benefits human life is God."

In the writings of Hippocrates we find this attitude depicted again and again. This is beautifully expressed in his famous saying, "Where there is love of humanity, there will be love of the [medical] profession." He had laid down the following qualifications for a student who was to take up the study of medicine:—

> First of all a natural talent is required, for when nature opposes, everything else is in vain; but when nature leads the way to what is most excellent, instruction in the Art takes place, which the student must try to appropriate to himself by reflection, becoming an early pupil in a place well adapted for instruction. He must also bring to the task a love of labour and perseverance, so that the instruction, taking root, may bring forth proper and abundant fruits.

Hippocrates prescribed a code of ethics for the medical profession which has guided us for the last twenty-five centuries. This is given in the famous Hippocratic Oath, which Gomperz calls "a monument of the highest rank in the history of civilization." The Oath is:—

> I swear by Apollo the physician and Æsculapius . . . and all the gods and goddesses, that, according to my ability and judgment, I will keep this Oath and this stipulation — to reckon him who taught me this Art equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him and relieve his necessities if required; to look upon his offspring as equal to my own brothers and to teach them this Art if they shall wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation; and that by precept, lecture, and every mode of instruction I will impart a knowledge of the Art to my own sons and those of my teachers, and to disciples bound by a stipulation and an oath of obedience to the law of medicine, but to none other. I will

follow that system of regimen, which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider to be for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous. I will give no poison to any one, if asked, or suggest any counsel; and in like manner I will not give to a woman a pessary to produce abortion. With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practise my Art. I will not cut persons suffering from stone, but will leave that to be done by men who are practitioners of this work. Into whatever house I enter I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, and will abstain from all intentional mischief and harm, especially from the seduction of females or males, free men or slaves. Whatever, in connection with my professional practice or even outside of it, I see or hear in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I will not divulge, reckoning that all such things should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and practice of the Art among men for all time! But should I trespass and violate this Oath may the reverse be my lot!

Hippocrates combined a scientific outlook with ethics and with modesty and directness of vision. One of his famous aphorisms is: "Life is short and Art is long; the occasion fleeting, experience fallacious and judgment difficult."

You must have observed that there is a good deal in common between this Oath and the oaths of initiation and of convocation or *Samavartana* of our ancient Ayurveda, and there is no doubt that the Hippocratic Oath derives from the combined wisdom of the East and the West.

Here in India we enjoy a medical heritage which is composite, a wholesome blend of the Eastern and the Western. While we are proud of Ayurveda, which is indigenous to the Indian soil, we have been fortunate in receiving the Greek contribution to medicine also, partly through direct contact with Greece through Alexander and Greek ambassadors to the courts of Ashoka and other kings, and partly through Arabian medicine, which came here with the Muslims. This Arabian medicine, as Professor Browne has said, was that body of scientific and medical doctrine which is enshrined in books written in the Arabic language, but which is for the most part Greek in its origin, though with Indian, Persian and Syrian accretions. This is what is known as the Unani system of medicine in India.

Greek Medicine underwent a profound change in Europe owing to the Renaissance in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It was a new spirit, a new desire for knowledge and progress, which urged people to observation and experimental enquiry. This was the dawn of the scientific revolution, which gained greater and greater momentum in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and in our own is progressing at a pace undreamt of before. It is this movement which gave rise to modern medicine as it is today. Modern medicine came to India owing to our contact with the Western nations, especially the British.

It is not difficult to realize that modern medicine has grown out of the old Ayurvèdic and Greek Medicine, apart from the Egyptian and the Babylonian. And so the medical ethics propounded by Charaka and Sushruta and Hippocrates can still guide us today.

During the nineteenth century the profession of medicine was organized and the code of ethics authoritatively enforced by the establishment of the General Medical Council in the U.K., which was responsible for medical registration and also looked after the standards of medical education both in U.K. and in India. Medical ethics and medical education are closely linked together. By Acts of Legislature Medical Councils were established in the different provinces of India between the years 1912 and 1917 for the purposes of medical registration and the supervision of medical education. There was no central statutory co-ordinating authority then empowered to maintain minimum standards for the whole country. After World War I, certain devel-

opments took place, and in 1933 the Indian Medical Council Act was passed. The first meeting of the Indian Medical Council constituted under the Act was held in New Delhi on March 9th and 10th, 1934, which I attended as a Founder Member. The Council was at first concerned only with undergraduate medical education, but under the revised Act of 1956 provision has been made for medical registration as well as post-graduate medical education. The various State Medical Councils as well as the Medical Council of India have framed codes of medical ethics.

Coming nearer home, we have the Mysore Medical Council here, which was constituted under the Mysore Medical Registration Act of 1931 and functions like the other State Medical Councils of India. The Mysore Medical Council has framed a code of medical ethics, which every medical practitioner in the State should study carefully. The main principles of this code are three. In his relations towards his colleagues, the medical practitioner should obey the golden rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men do to you, do ye even so to them." In his relations to his patients, their interests should be the highest consideration. In his relations to the State, to the laws of his country and his civic duties, there is no better guiding principle than the words "Render, therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" — in other words, obey all lawful authority.

The Council has also mentioned certain objectionable practices which should be avoided by medical practitioners.

It must be the endeavour of all of us who belong to the medical profession to maintain the highest standard of ethics in our professional work. May I remind you of the great compliment paid by Robert Louis Stevenson to the medical profession?

> He [the physician] is the product (such as it is) of our civilization; and when that stage of man is done with, and only remembered to be marvelled at in history, he will be thought to have shared as little as any in the defects of the period, and most notably exhibited the virtues of the race. Generosity he has, such as is possible to those who practise an Art, never to those who drive a trade; discretion, tested by a hundred secrets; tact tried in a thousand embarrassments; and what are more important, Heraclean cheerfulness and courage. So it is that he brings air and cheer into the sick room, and often enough, though not so often as he wishes, brings healing.

Pharmacy is an applied science, whose chief task is to convert crude drugs and chemical substances into suitable medicaments. It also includes the compounding and mixing of drugs into suitable combinations and a study of their chemical and pharmaceutical properties. All these functions are highly technical and require a sound scientific background on the part of the workers in this field. We need highly trained pharmacists, so that they could undertake the manufacture of drugs on a large scale, so as to make India self-sufficient in the supply of drugs. But what is still more important is that the pharmaceutical profession should be guided by the same ethical principles which guide the medical profession.

History teaches us that the two professions were one and indivisible in the old days. The physician dispensed his own prescriptions. But as the science of medicine progressed, there was a division of functions and the physician and the pharmacist gradually drifted apart. But the two professions are still interdependent and closely associated with each other; and their ultimate objective is the same, namely the relief of suffering and pain.

It is therefore imperative that, in the discharge of their duties, they should both consider the interests of the sick person paramount. The pharmacists must ensure that there are no spurious or sub-standard drugs on the market. This

was also emphasized by the Pharmaceutical Enquiry Committee, of which I had the honour to be the Chairman.

The Central Pharmaceutical Council, which was constituted in 1949, has laid down a code of ethics for the guidance of the profession of pharmacy. This should be scrupulously followed by all members of the pharmaceutical profession.

There is another aspect of the question of medical ethics, to which I should like to make a brief reference. In dealing with a sick person the physician has to consider not only the body but also the mind of the patient. The human body is not merely a machine. It is not like a steam engine. On the contrary, it is informed by a mind, a soul. Medical science thus does not consist merely of the laws of physics and chemistry as applied to living matter, whether normal or pathological, but also takes note of the mind; and it is for this reason that Psychosomatic Medicine is receiving so much attention nowadays. Medicine thus comes nearer to religion than chemistry or physics or any other science. The study of the history of science tells us that, at certain critical points, it was the medical man's insistence that body and mind, body and soul, were together and indivisible; and it was this attitude which helped to keep the humanities linked to some extent with the purely scientific outlook.

The development of ethical values and the mastery of the physical world are both necessary for the progress of mankind. The need for ethics is especially imperative in the scientific world today if we are to save this world from utter destruction by atom and hydrogen bombs. It is here that the medical man can play an important part, says Sir Walter Langdon Brown:—

> In this puzzled, frightened and unhappy age in which we find ourselves in this century, which most unfairly blames the nineteenth for all its distresses, just as children blame their parents, the medical man will have more and more to usurp the province of the priest, and try to bring mental and spiritual healing to a world, which finds the panaceas of organized religion inadequate for its needs.

This is a brief review of the important subject of medical ethics. These ethics should be impressed on the mind of the medical student in his college days, as was the case in the days of Charaka and Sushruta.

I shall now conclude by communicating to my medical brethren the advice of Charaka, which has come down to us across the centuries and which, I am sure, we shall all listen to with profound respect.

Charaka says that the supreme ideal of a medical practitioner lies in selfless devotion (*nishkama karma*) to his own profession. He can attain the highest *Dharma* by protecting his patients with tender care like his own children. But the physician who, for the sake of his livelihood, sells treatment as an article of trade, throws away heaps of gold and collects clods of mud in return for them. He, on the contrary, who devotes himself to the giving of treatment freely out of compassion for living creatures attains the highest happiness (*Moksha*), for there is no other gift in the world superior to the gift of life.

S. L. BHATIA

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A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, August 2nd, 1960

AT the beginning of this year the political situation in Africa was very clearly defined. In the North most of the Arab States had attained independence. In Algeria there was a revolt against the French. In the Southern part of the Continent — that is, in the Union of South Africa — there was the policy of *Apartheid* to combat. In the whole of Central Africa, however, apart from the disorders in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, there was nothing to imply that political progress could not be achieved by orderly means.

Therefore, when Mr. Harold Macmillan went on his visit to South Africa, he was able tranquilly to talk of "the wind of change." But to speak of the "wind of change" today would be to be guilty of an inadmissible understatement. Africa is now a political volcano.

The upheaval in the Congo has brought to light a very black aspect of the political situation in Black Africa. That is the savagery which still persists among the Black peoples. Livingstone observed that the natives of Africa had nothing to learn in regard to violence from the White man. The appalling outrages which have been committed upon civilians, especially the raping of White women, has sent a thrill of horror throughout the Western world. In India, where the people remember the gospel of non-violence, which they learnt from Mahatma Gandhi, the shock can be no less.

The conflict in Africa is upon the face of it a revolt against White political domination, but the interests which the White peoples are seeking to defend are not political but entirely economic. For instance, in the Congo it is the vast investments of foreign capital — nominally Belgian — in Katanga Province which have led to a split in the country.

It is now regarded as an economic axiom that the backward countries need capital for development purposes, and that, in providing capital for the underdeveloped countries in Asia and Africa, the Western nations are rendering a great service to humanity. The capital which the Western Nations are investing in Africa and Asia consists, however, of the surplus which they earn in their trade with the agricultural or underdeveloped countries.

The surplus of exports in the foreign

trade of the highly industrialized countries is the result of the very low prices that they pay the agricultural countries for the exports of foodstuffs and raw materials of the agricultural countries. Therefore, if the agricultural countries receive higher (or truly economic) prices for their exports of foodstuffs and raw materials, they would receive as additional payments for their exports the money which they now borrow as loans of capital. In that situation, they would be just as well off in regard to capital for development purposes, but they would not be incurring large debts or be piling up foreign investments in their countries.

Until such an economic re-adjustment is brought about between the highly industrialized countries, on the one hand, and the underdeveloped countries, on the other, the European Nations will be committed to a policy of defending their investments of capital in Africa against the claims of the natives upon the investments of foreign capital.

But behind the *façade* of the huge investments of European and American capital in South Africa, the Central African Federation, the Congo, the States of the French Community and other territories which are still under foreign domination, there lies a fact of the gravest significance. It is that these investments of capital are mainly the investments of international financiers in Europe and America.

SUNDER KABADI

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** writes admiringly of Venice in this month's leaves.—ED.]

IT IS ONLY when one returns from a holiday or from conferences that one can recollect in tranquillity all the wonders one has seen. The Berlin Conference was an event — as conferences go, richly rewarding in providing essentially worth-while contacts. But Venice was much more than that. As a city it was a revelation. I had seen it before — in 1949 when I represented UNESCO at the P.E.N. Conference — and I was enchanted. And it turned out to be remarkable for me in that I met two Tolstoyans, Professor Janko Larvin and Professor Milan Marcovitch. This time, even more than ever, I was struck, to use Dante's phrase, *di stupor compiuto* (dumb with amazement). What struck me more than ever was the strangeness of Venice's organization as a city, for she has a constitution unique among the cities of the world.

In Venice people seem to walk on water. The canals penetrate and circulate everywhere, and mobile roadways rise and fall with the rising and falling of the sea. At the steps of every house a boat is tethered like a dog or a cow; on the barges along the quays fruit and greens and fish stalls are to be seen. The shuttered rooms — we were in a small hotel called Torino — are invaded by dancing reflections from the ripples outside, an uninterrupted play of light on walls and ceilings. Wherever you go, if you lower your eyes you see an inverted city within a sky more placid than that above you: lift them and you will see lights and flashes flitting across the *façades* of the palaces, which are no longer of marble or brick but of a magic material similar to that which dreams are made of. All is painting, a pictorial dream in this physical and metaphysical landscape, even the most solid and massive architecture, even your person of flesh and blood.

Some people consider Venice a filthy city; others speak about the contagious sadness of the city; and yet some people love it for the very taste of death which is for ever lurking near it. Perhaps it makes us all conscious of death more often. This makes us live more fully and more meaningfully, according to our temper and disposition. Venice is the city which awakens, in minds well alive, all the vital powers, forbidding them to acquiesce in the automatisms of habitual feelings and thoughts, yielding them ever new motives for amazement and exultation. So many people — Goethe and Ruskin among them — have written about Venice. I like Goethe's epigram, which someone gave me. Translated, quite inadequately, it would read:—

Tell me, how do you live? I live. And if hundreds and hundreds of years to our life could be added, the more I'd wish like today.

Melville, I'm told, thought differently. He thought the Venetians had laboured like the creatures that made the atolls of the Coral Sea, producing galleries, collonades and all the rest with greater pride but with-the same panic-like force with which these insects gave birth to their coral islands.

A city fashioned in the midst of water, on a hundred islets separated one from the other (the Fondatione Ciné is itself a lovely island — the island of St. Giorgio) by five hundred and fifty canals, cannot have the organic form of another standing on a mountain, or in a plain, or even on the banks of a lake or by the sea. In the first place material necessity and then that other necessity of a religious order which belongs to imagination led the builders of Venice to obey the dominant element of their sphere of life, refusing all pre-existing models, listening only to the town-planing precepts of the tides, of the currents, of the ebbings and flowings, of the phases of the moon, of the winds and the changing light.

But the secret of Venice is ungraspable, exactly like the waters that gave her birth, but which appear to be stagnant, and yet are never still, never the same, which attract our eyes and our hearts continually, which seem as if they should reveal to us the wherefore of life, which flee away furtive, silent, impenetrable.

I shall remember Venice not only for its outer beauty but for the inner beauty of its people. The most remarkable Venetian I met there was a tailor, Enrico Lorenzi, who is a complete artist in every sense of the word. His perfect craftsmanship, his talent for music and his never-failing optimism have been eulogized by poets like D'Annunzio and La Guardia, musicians like Toscanini and writers like Salvador de Madariaga, who calls him a character from Goldoni. It was in Venice that I met the Lavrin family, whose warmth and friendship I shall long remember, and it was there I first exchanged a few words with Milan Marcovitch, who later introduced me to his wife, Marcelle. It was in their chalet in the Savoie that my wife and I spent the most relaxing week we have known for a dozen years.

BALDOON DHINGRA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

The Tercentenary celebrations in London of the Royal Society opened on July 19th with an international gathering. It was founded in 1660 by a group of brilliant and practical-minded intellectuals, both amateur and professional, as the "invisible college," with its weekly meetings held as the outcome of a lecture by Sir Christopher Wren. The latter was noted as architect, as professor of astronomy and as doctor of medicine, and other members showed the same universal spirit of enquiry. Charles II of England himself was a keenly and actively interested patron, and the Royal Society, despite opposition on the grounds of atheism, impiety and such like, laid the foundations of much that is best in modern science — its repudiation of blind authority, its devotion to objective observation and thought and its insistence on the non-exclusiveness of knowledge. Even during the last two world wars, the Society retained its international character and would not remove its "enemy" Fellows. Small in numbers, it has included many of the greatest figures in scientific history. Independent of the Government, it has exerted a strong influence on the latter — a point brought out by the Queen at the opening ceremony, when she spoke of its great measure of responsibility "because so much of our future depends upon your abilities and foresight."

Scientists in their progress have had to throw overboard many cherished materialistic and over-simplified theories (sometimes as unwillingly as theologians have abandoned dogmas). Present research is bringing them ever nearer and nearer the domain of Occult Science, the soul of all the outer branches of physical knowledge. Many of them may still deny its existence, and here lies the real problem for the future, for the inner, causal forces are vaster and more potent than the secondary physical ones. Even would-be-objective scientists will remain dangerously one-eyed until they can relinquish the concept that there is only the world of forces and things material to be investigated by techniques and instruments equally material, while the hypothetical world of spirit does not concern them. Yet there is surely plenty of evidence of spirit-matter as one, for those who are not blind? Why should there not be reliable instruments for the investigation of the inner side of life? The European Renaissance brought about its flowering by turning back to past knowledge and wisdom. Modern science may find too that it will have to turn back to learn the meaning of the ancient sciences hidden in the old mythologies, if it is to keep itself fertile and not be destructive.

This year 1960 is World Mental Health Year and, in England and Wales, July 9th-16th was Mental Health Week. Nearly half the hospital beds in the country are allocated to patients suffering from some kind of mental disorder, but the general ideas of the public about mental illness are still coloured by the old concept of mental patients as "different" from the rest of the world. Not so long ago people went to view the lunatics at Bedlam (Bethlehem Hospital) and other madhouses, just as, today, they visit zoos to see the animals. Present-day trends are more humane, and the authorities now try to avoid,

as far as possible, segregating mental and sub-normal cases from the community. This means an increasing dependence on out-patient clinics, psychotherapeutic social clubs, rehabilitation centres, as well as the increasing use of visits to the sub-normal in their own homes and after-care of those who have been discharged from hospital. Volunteer workers are needed more than ever.

In order to break down public prejudice, there have been, during the "Week" in London, open days at some sixteen training centres for the sub-normal, as well as at a mental day-hospital and a child-guidance clinic. Later on, public talks, film shows and brains trusts, by voluntary associations, jointly with the London Country Council, will try to clarify the right approach and the effects of treatment.

Another experiment being carried out in more than one hospital also offers possibilities. Cassel Psychiatric Hospital, Ham Common, on the outskirts of London, accepts as patients (excluding certified cases) mothers who have broken down under the combined strain of family demands and deficiencies and maladjustments in themselves. But the mothers bring with them, as part of the treatment, their under-school-age children. They remain responsible for looking after the children (with help from the staff *if* the mother asks for it). Fathers are not barred either, but can visit at any time, or even stay at the week-ends. Patients generally remain for a period of one to twelve months, and the staff are certain that keeping the family relationship in this way is far more satisfactory, lasting and speedy in effecting a cure. The same technique is also used in children's wards in some ordinary hospitals where the mother is allowed to come too. This change of attitude is beginning to pervade the whole field, and greater encouragement is being given to a less rigid and more natural activity in general maternity and nursery relationships. In fact the philosophy of medicine is showing signs of a greater awareness of certain basic principles that Eastern philosophy has never lost sight of — the interdependence of all aspects of life, and, secondly, the family as the basic unit and pattern of co-ordination.

The need for the infusion of spiritual values, the cultivation of dynamic fellow feeling and the development of positive patriotism in Indian life was urged by the Vice-President, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, in the several speeches which he made during the course of his recent tour in South India. He pointed out that any interest in education which did not include the spiritual aspect was more or less unprofitable and pernicious. Declaring open a girls' hostel in Salem, he said, according to a report in *The Hindu,* that they had

> seen great intellectual countries which were well equipped in the scientific or industrial sector (but) could not be considered to have complete education if there they found a spiritual vacuum. It was true they must work hard to earn their bread which was necessary to stave off the hunger of the people. They must do their best to increase their industrial productivity and make the people lead a happy life, but more than that, it was found that it was not the military prowess or industrial prosperity, but the spirit of human individuals that was valued greatly.

Addressing the Salem Bar Association, he urged that

> there was no civilization which was not based on a philosophical background. Philosophers could not stand aloof taking no part in making the history of a nation.... Today, when they were obsessed by different thoughts and assaults by mechanized society, it was the human individual, who through a philosophical outlook, should try to preserve the sanctity and dignity of the nation. It is essential, therefore, that there must be a certain philosophical outlook, which would help them in their task to contribute towards the progress of the nation, undeterred by difficulties.

Replying to the civic address presented by the Salem Municipality, the Vice-

President referred to his interest in philosophy and said that in his own way he had devoted his life to the understanding of real truth. He then posed the question as to what was philosophy and what was truth. He said that persons possessed with thinking capacity had always searched for truth:—

> They desired that the people should be led from death to immortality, or from darkness to light. It was in that lofty pursuit that Lord Buddha attained *nirvana* and preached the great gospel to the world with a view to relieving the people of their untold sufferings. In the same way, St. Paul also wanted to attain self-realization. The ultimate answer to these religious teachers was that there was another world and it was capable of having control over time, or their action, and that world gave them spiritual comfort. It was possible to achieve that solace or *ananda* through intellectual pursuit coupled with spiritual quest, with the requisite austerity in life and discipline of mind. Only then were they transformed into enlightened people.

He quoted several verses from the *Bhagavad-Gita,* and made it clear that he was standing up not for the reforms in marriage, in methods of adoption or even in the discrimination based on caste, creed, etc., so much as for the fundamental principle of becoming world citizens. He added:—

> What was necessary today was to see that we professed and practised that universal principle. If the country was to make any kind of progress in the world, the people must base their faith on the spiritual values.

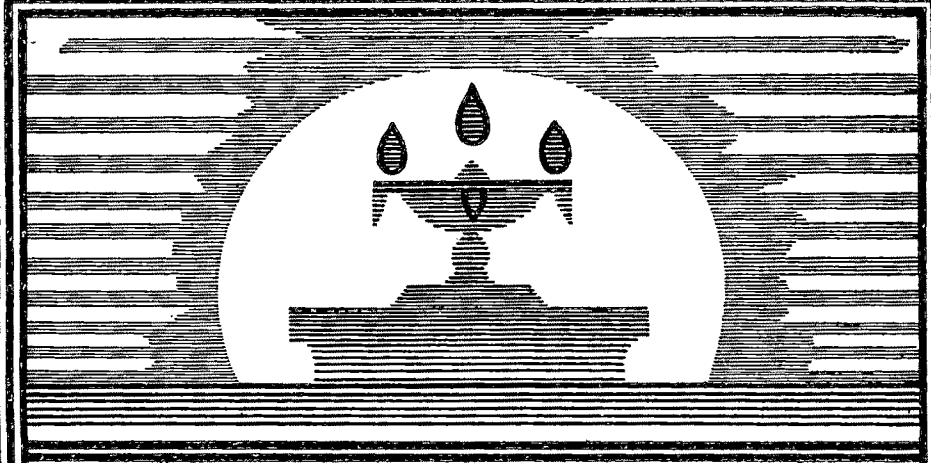
The problems facing the country were touched upon by Dr. Radhakrishnan on another recent occasion, when he was presiding over the 108th birth anniversary celebrations of the late Shri Vijayaraghavachariar in Salem. While much had been done in the country since Independence towards building up a sound administration and a stable government, he found certain things happening in different parts of the country distressing. He said:—

> What is necessary is a strong sense of patriotism. It is true we developed a negative patriotism when we wanted to get rid of foreign rule. A positive patriotism, a dynamic fellow feeling and a sense of belonging to this great country must influence us now.

He emphasized the economic aspect of the democratic ideal enshrined in the Indian Constitution and appealed to the people to face the challenge presented to them in that context if they wished to make the country a truly democratic one.

He deplored the resort to direct action and the exhibition of anger, passion and violence whenever there was a dispute or difference of opinion. *The Hindu* reports him on this point thus:—

> When they emphasized the political character in a democracy, they meant that every human being was a rational element. It must be their endeavour to act in a civilized manner in a democracy. It was their duty to understand the companions' views and methods. They must try to effect a reasonable kind of settlement. Democracy and direct action were inconsistent with each other.



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THE ARYAN PATH

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

VOL. XXXI NOVEMBER 1960 No. 11

THE ETHICS OF REVIEWING BOOKS

[**Professor A. R. Wadia,** Director of the Tata Institute of Social Sciences, Chembur, Bombay, and himself the author of several books, writes of the reviewer's place in the world of books. An exacting standard of criticism would do much to improve the quality of our literatures and Professor Wadia suggests ways of raising the standard of book-reviewing in the country.— ED.]

IT IS A TRITE OBSERVATION that there is no end to the publication of books. With the growing mass literacy even in comparatively backward countries, there is a tremendous demand for reading material and that has been met by the publication of books—good, bad and indifferent. This very heterogeneous character of publications makes it very necessary that there should be some agencies to sift the wheat from the chaff, to focus public attention on publications which are really good and to warn against publications which are trashy, unscholarly and not worth writing, still less worth publishing or reviewing. As one can see, the reviewer has become a very important part of our book trade. There will always be authors willing enough to write books and there will have to be publishers willing to publish these books. Once they are published, their quality will have to be sifted by a responsible class of reviewers. Certain newspapers and magazines have built up such a high reputation that for a book to be reviewed in their columns is itself a recognition of its worth. But this prestige should not be allowed to work to the detriment of a good author. Rarely does a book find uniformly good reviews in all journals. There will be some which will be critical, even hostile. There may be others which will be unreservedly generous in their estimates. For these reasons, it becomes all the more necessary that every decent reviewer should publish the review of a book over his own signature. Then a person may know whether the reviewer is important enough to be taken seriously, or

whether he has the requisite capacity to review a book of that particular type.

Unfortunately, in our big newspaper offices books for review come not in hundreds but in thousands. It becomes difficult for the editorial staff always to distribute the right book to the right reviewer. Unfortunately, it happens that a junior member of the staff—or a senior member of the staff—knows of a young man who would like to earn a little money by reviewing and passes on the book to him without the slightest regard to his capacities in that direction. The result is often a review which is pompous and unjust. This has happened within my knowledge in the case of a book which was reviewed in such a hostile spirit that the chief editor of the paper had himself to go out of his way to apologize for it. This raises the question whether it should not be a matter of ethics for every reviewer to have the courage to write a review over his own name. He can then praise as he likes, or criticize as he likes. For, if we know the reviewer and something about him and his academic background, it should be possible to measure the worth of his review. It may happen that a senior author, fairly well established, may suddenly find himself criticized by an unknown man in a way which is quite ungentlemanly and the latter can easily get away with it because he can always hide himself behind the veil of anonymity. If the reviewer has the courage to review over his own name, it should be possible for the author to treat the review with contempt, if it deserves contempt; or he can reply to it, if he thinks it is worth replying to.

There is much unemployment among our graduates and it is possible to earn a decent income by reviewing, provided the reviewer has the habit of reading, the ability of gauging and the art of bringing out the best in the book or condemning it if it deserves condemnation. I should like journalists to take up this question and to consider whether it should be open to a man to review a book in a hostile way when he is not qualified to deal with the subject, or when he has a personal animosity against the author. It is only from this standpoint that I venture to put forth these ideas. I am aware that the institution of anonymous reviewing is a very honoured institution in countries like England.

On the other hand I know, for example, how Dr. Radhakrishnan's *Reign of Religion in Contemporary Philosophy* was sent to my own professor, the late Professor Clement C. J. Webb, for review. At the time Dr. Radhakrishnan was comparatively unknown. But the review, coming from a philosopher with an established reputation, and in the pages of the *Times Literary Supplement,* certainly gave to the book a prestige which it richly deserved. Unfortunately, the high traditions of English newspapers have

not yet come to India. The best of our papers are comparatively inferior, and it is all the more necessary in our country to build up certain standards of professional etiquette.

A. R. WADIA

THE GENTLE COMPANY

When music rises like a prayer
Through thin and lofty cloistered air,

Soaring, it echoes, seems to flow
With other music, long ago,

And round the sacred aged stones
It blends and touches other tones.

And with the singers, row on row,
Join voices that they do not know.

Clear as a stream, and gentle, sweet,
Of holy ones with silver feet.

Softly they wait by secret stair,
To breathe their murmur through the air.

The silence echoes as they wait,
Expectant, inarticulate,

And when the music breaks and sings,
Their shuttered melody has wings.

Vibrant and warm, no longer they
Imprisoned in a world of grey,

And time and space forget their bounds,
When living music soars and sounds.

When music rises, tender, fair,
A gentle company is there.

NORMA SCULLY

RESPECT FOR THINGS

[**Professor George Bosworth Burch,** who teaches philosophy at the Tufts College, Massachusetts, U.S.A., bases his thoughtful article on the American existentialist Henry Bugbee's work, *The Inward Morning*.—ED.]

GREATNESS OF MIND is measured by the extent of our concern. Criminals prepared to kill any person who may come in their way are concerned only for themselves. Clansmen who identify themselves with their tribe regard the lives of the other members as sacred, but recognize no obligation to outsiders. Patriotic citizens will not murder a fellow citizen, but are willing to kill citizens of enemy countries. Pacifists identify themselves with all humanity, regarding it as an organic whole any harm to which is a harm to every part. Vegetarians, recognizing the dignity of consciousness and evil of pain wherever found, extend the Golden Rule to all sentient beings. And some, like the Jains or like Albert Schweitzer, go so far as to teach reverence for life as such and so for all living beings.

The ultimate extension of concern must embrace all things whatsoever. To respect all things indiscriminately, however, seems to deny both common sense and morality, to reject all evaluation, and to ignore the law to "abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good." Respect for all things is indeed impossible if we evaluate them in accordance with what kind of things they are. It is possible only if we value them because they are. The only attribute which things have in common is existence. Respect for things is respect for being.

Such respect has received literary expression in the recently published work *The Inward Morning** by the American existentialist Henry Bugbee, now Professor of Philosophy at the Montana State University. In this book emphasis on things rather than interpretations is a dominant theme. The influence of the French existentialist Gabriel Marcel, who has provided an introduction, is apparent and acknowledged. But this is existentialism with a difference. Most European existentialists are thinkers who realize the inadequacy of reason and consequent necessity of faith, either for a theoretical understanding of the world or for a practical philosophy of life, but do not have faith—hence their philosophy of despair, limitation, absurdity, disgust. In Bugbee's work the inadequacy of rational explanation is met by Zen-like acceptance of facts. The influence of his other great

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* I am indebted to the Bald Eagle Press, State College, Pennsylvania, for permission to quote from this book.

teacher, the Zen Buddhist, D. T. Suzuki, is also apparent. The meaning of things is in their being, not in their failure to be what they are not. The obscure problem how things are is lost in the clear fact that they are.

There is little or no religion in this book. The author discriminates between respect for things themselves and reverence for things as given, but he does not discuss their Source. His concern is with the things—not things as a whole (the universe) but things individually.

> I do not mean concern for "things in general." I mean, on the contrary, a concern which is concretely an experience of things in the vein of individuality (p. 218)

Whatever their source, "things exist in their own right." And, whatever their essence, they are important because they exist.

> Things are of infinite importance in existing. But, as Kant says, existing is not a character of things; it is their givenness. And since the givenness of things is what I take to be the foundation of respect for *them*, I cannot see that emphasis on things of a certain character, affords an ultimate purchase for interpreting the possibility of respect. On this point I have seemed to differ rather radically from a great deal of the thought with which I am acquainted. Thus, for example, I have been unable to follow that tradition of thinking personality to be a necessary character of anything deserving respect. (p. 155)

Here Bugbee departs from Kant as well as from Plato, and presents himself as a thoroughgoing existentialist. Kant's personalism demands respect for all things which are persons, that is, which are like ourselves. Plato's rationalism demands respect for all things which are intelligibly good, that is, which appeal to our rational faculty. Bugbee's existentialism demands respect for all things which exist. He does not require that they justify themselves to him as a rational person. It is enough that they have justified themselves to the Source of being.

> Respect for things as existing is a vision of things, a realization, which tends to clarify the inadequacy of naturalistic doctrines (including *supernaturalistic* ones), even if it does not bring with it an alternative set of doctrines (p. 130)

The existentialist has no theories. In particular, as Marcel points out in the introduction, he has no "theory of value." Our concern is to appreciate being, not to judge it.

The book is intensely personal, being a diary of the author's own experience, but at the same time truly universal, for that experience is a vision of the being which makes us all fellow beings. Such, for example, was the swamp.

> It seemed as if there were no way of not getting into the swamp. Once thoroughly in, the acknowledgment would come over you that it couldn't be otherwise, and you could abandon yourself to the swamp, water and all. How deep could the water get? It was not particularly pleasant, as I recall. I can remember the shivering cold. But there was no mistake about the gladness of being in the swamp or the immanence of the wilderness there. (p. 43)

Such, again, was a certain Chief Boatswain's Mate in battle.

> In that moment when the Chief became continuous fire, gun and plane came to seem one, so that we might as well have had the pilot aboard and the Chief might have been at the controls of the plane. In that moment I saw beyond the war. Into this transcendence the Chief carried us all. (p. 188)

But he goes on to say that he remembers the Chief best "from times that were not spectacular, which partook of the everyday concerns." Such experiences are enjoyed without being explained, like the song of a bird.

> I have seldom seen this bird; I guess I have not looked for it, for any particular source from which its song might be coming. The song is so pure, so infinitely near and far so definitive of finality in its very self — as sound to be heard — so much the very heart of anything and everything, so intimate and so utterly other; the song itself invites terminal acceptance. What more is there to be said? And what would be the point of looking for the bird which sings this song? (p. 194)

Bugbee rejects the concept of philosophy as certainty ("enthusiasm for particular little nuggets of truth, however low in carat") or as agnosticism ("explicit disavowal of the possibility of possessing explicit criteria" cloaking "implicit claim to the possession of an implicit criterion") or as criticism ("the attenuation of experienced reality which comes of ignoring concrete realization; for example in the interest of explicating our title to empirical knowledge of a world of objects"). Philosophy is rather "a distillate experience of our condition as active beings." Bugbee, like Thoreau, is never more at home than when alone in the wilderness, but he also responds to men, especially at moments when action and commitment are called for. When the waves are breaking over the destroyer's bridge is no time to speculate on whether the war conduces to the greatest happiness of the greatest number; another cup of coffee is more relevant.

Unlike empirical thinking, which is in terms of properties of things, experiential thinking is in terms of their existence, finality, individuality and universality. It calls for enjoyment rather than explanation, action rather than speculation, gladness rather than pleasure. Above all it calls

for responsible commitment, "commitment in depth." Commitment, unlike mere choice, is irrevocable, because it determines what we ourselves become. Each man has an absolute stake in life, but for each man it is different, his individual vocation, and this is determined by his commitments. Philosophers are committed to self-examination, but we are not all philosophers. It is not the unexamined life which, as Socrates said, is not worth living, but the life without vocation. Life, like reflection, does not know where it is going. The motive for acting is not a reason but an affirmation.

This rich, earthy, serious, realistic philosophy is an answer to the triviality of contemporary analytic philosophy on the one hand and the morbidity of recent existentialism on the other. Its affirmative optimistic spirit is in sharp contrast to the negative attitude of those existentialists who stress the finitude, disillusionment, and meaninglessness of existence. The critical, condemning, moralistic attitude of spectator philosophy is transcended in the authentic experience of commitment in depth based on respect for things. Our concern is limited in practice by the breadth of our experience and the depth of our ability to respond, but it is not limited in theory by the unworthiness of things. The humility which refuses to judge other persons or other things as unworthy of our concern makes possible the respect by which we are committed to them, and this in turn makes possible the insight by which we discover the union between ourselves and all things.

GEORGE BOSWORTH BURCH

THINGS eternal are better than things which are transitory.

—LATIN PROVERB

AN INDIVIDUAL RESPONSE TO THE NUCLEAR CHALLENGE

[In this thoughtful article **Yuvaraj Karan Singh,** Sadar-i-Riyasat of the Jammu and Kashmir State, rejects both the "desperate nonchalance" which ignores the possibility of imminent world disaster and the materialistic view of the universe, a view devoid of hope and inspiration. He chooses to believe with the Vedantist in a Divine purpose and spirit immanent in all creation and following from this in the indestructibility of the soul. From these beliefs comes the spiritual strength which permits him to look with equanimity on the problems of the day and to strive calmly and selflessly for world peace and international understanding. His approach is "an approach of faith, of hope, of confidence in the potentialities of the individual human being."—ED.]

THE RECENT AEROPLANE INCIDENT has dramatically illustrated the fact—if indeed reiteration of such an obvious truth was required—that despite all talk of peaceful co-existence and lessening of tensions the world still totters excruciatingly near the brink of a dreadful precipice. It was bad enough for us to feel that our future existence on this planet and that of those near and dear to us was at the mercy of a very few men in whose hands happened to be the leadership of the nuclear powers. But what is even more chilling is the realization that the foolhardiness or lack of judgment of a single person in a comparatively obscure position can set in motion a chain of events that may lead inexorably to world-wide disaster.

We tend to take for granted the good things which Fate, circumstance or our own *Karma,* however we may prefer to term it, has offered us and which we enjoy. Apart from purely material possessions these include emotional relationships with those we love and cherish, æsthetic enjoyment and intellectual activities. But with the threat of nuclear disaster hanging like a Damocles' sword over our heads, and hanging by the very slenderest of threads, all that Mankind holds dear is threatened with extinction. I am not here concerned with the remedies for this situation which have been and are being put forward by thinking people throughout the world—disarmament, world federation and the like. I propose to deal only with the limited, subjective, individual reaction to a situation fraught with the gravest danger for us all.

As I see it, the individual response can fall broadly into three categories. The first is an attitude of what might be called desperate nonchalance. The issues are so vast and so involved that many people just refuse to worry about them, on the plea that as the individual cannot in

any case *do* anything about it, it is best to ignore the whole matter and continue to live as if the problem never existed. This may seem on the face of it a reasonable and sensible attitude, but it will not stand up to closer analysis. As the issues impinge inexorably upon the individual he cannot run away from them on the plea of his insignificance. Furthermore, for anyone who has thought at all deeply about the problem, this approach does not and cannot give any abiding satisfaction.

The problem, then, has to be faced up to, and this brings us to the remaining two approaches. To my mind the crux of the matter is our view of the nature of the universe, of the human personality and of their mutual relationship. If we subscribe to a materialistic and mechanistic view of the universe—which, incidentally, need not by any means be crude or vicious, as the writings of Lord Russell so eloquently indicate—then the danger before us becomes so fantastic that, frankly, it seems to me to be almost impossible to deal with it. If we look upon the whole creation, including the comparatively insignificant race of *homo sapiens*, as merely a fortuitous conglomeration of atoms, then indeed it appears that the fortune which brought about our existence is on the wane and we should soon expect to be disintegrated into our pre-conglomerate state! Perhaps a "scientific" view of human history will teach us that this will not in fact be such a disaster after all, as the world existed long before the race came into being and will continue to do so long after it has vanished. But the fact remains that for the individual this is a view devoid of hope and inspiration.

"So it is," I can hear Lord Russell saying, "but we should not therefore allow ourselves to be led into false hopes and beliefs for which no 'scientific' evidence exists." Perhaps he is right, but the third response is one which cannot be ruled out. This is based upon what one might call a spiritual, idealistic or teleological approach to the problem of human existence or, to use a more Indian term, a Vedantic approach. According to this, the whole creation has a Divine purpose and is the manifestation of a Divine power, an ultimate Reality that is the very basis of its existence. The Divine spirit is thus immanent in all creation, and particularly so in the human race which has travelled a fair distance on the evolutionary path leading to spiritual realization. Thus we have within us a spark of the Divine, and this spark is indestructible alike by the sword and the most powerful of nuclear weapons. From these premises, two corollaries flow. Firstly, if it is part of the Divine plan that the particular speck of cosmic dust we call the world shall be destroyed by nuclear explosions, so it shall be destroyed and nothing any of us can do will

prevent it. This, may I immediately and emphatically add, does not at all mean that we should cease to strive for world peace and international understanding. So to strive to the utmost of our power and understanding is indeed our foremost duty as members of the race, but it must be a calm, selfless striving as indicated in the *Bhagavad-gita*, without laying too much stress upon the fruits of our actions. Secondly, we must be firm in the conviction that even if, despite our best efforts, such an event as a nuclear holocaust were to occur, our real Self will not be destroyed although our material bodies might be blasted to smithereens and blown to the four corners of the earth. These convictions should give us the strength, equanimity and courage to face the crucial problems that loom menacingly before us. But a real and abiding *solution* of the problems is only possible if we are able to make contact with and actively experience the true Reality which resides alike within us and within the entire creation. "There is no such thing," the materialist will shout. Perhaps not, but I prefer this hypothesis, the correctness of which has been reaffirmed by some of the greatest minds in every part of the world ever since the dawn of history, to the hopeless and enervating materialistic premise. It is an approach of faith, of hope, of confidence in the Divine potentialities of the individual human being.

YUVARAJ KARAN SINGH

NOTHING in the affairs of men is worthy of great anxiety.

— PLATO: *Republic*

HOW AUSTRALIA MAY HELP HER NEIGHBOURS

[WE have pleasure in welcoming to our pages **Mr. M. J. Knottenbelt**, of Victoria, Australia. His thoughtful essay was awarded a prize in a Junior Chambers of Commerce International Contest in 1959, though it is now being published for the first time. After his education at Oxford, Mr. Knottenbelt saw army service in India and Burma, and as a civilian worked in Java; these years gave him an interest in Asia. He has done much work in economic research, and is vitally interested in the lot of the remnant of aborigines in Australia.

Differences of technical opinion on the economic policies he suggests are possible; but there is a wholesome concern for the outside world in his approach to his own country's prosperity, a practical sense of universal brotherhood.—ED.]

SOME SIXTY YEARS AGO, the then Mr. Bryce observed:—

> For economic purposes all mankind is fast becoming one people, in which the hitherto backward nations are taking a place analogous to that which the unskilled workers have held in each one of the civilized nations.[1]

Were the late Lord Bryce now able to run his eye over this passage, with pencil poised, it is likely that, with the additional experience of two global wars behind him, he would strike out the word "civilized." He would probably prefer to convey his meaning with the term "technologically advanced," or perhaps "industrialized." It is unlikely that he would find his words at variance with events in any other respect. What was then "fast becoming" has now come about. For, amongst the peoples of this shrunken world, the rich are growing richer and the poor, more often than not, poorer.

Of the richer countries in the world, Australia, which in area is one of the largest and in population one of the smallest, lies closest to the principal concentration of poverty, *viz.*, the southern fringe of Asia, which, likewise, contains the densest concentration of people in the world.

The initial purpose of this essay is to suggest that it will be to the advantage of all, and not least to that of Australia herself, if the development of her potential is moulded on the recognition that the conditions outlined above are those which dominate. Either her economic development is designed to help find a solution to the problem implied in those condi-

[1] Quoted in J. A. HOBSON: *Imperialism: A Study* (1902), p. 355.

tions, or it is directed towards other goals and touches on this problem only incidentally. Here more ultimate values come into play, which cannot be ignored if discussion of what is "best" is to be meaningful. Economic policies can be evaluated only in terms of the goals set by society. Each generation must needs apply itself to working out these aims afresh. Failure to do so inevitably leads to effort frittering itself away in the pursuit of aims selected in the past to meet conditions which mostly will have ceased to be. Australia being a political democracy, situated in an area where democracy is but a very tender shoot, the quality of the breath of life which she blows into the word "democracy" may greatly influence the destinies of many peoples other than her own. If this be so, then a definition of democracy which might merit serious consideration is "that frame of mind by virtue of which a people chooses to be collectively fortunate rather than nationally formidable."[2]

This point may warrant a more explicit statement. The argument of this article refers to the potential of this country. The basic issue, it is now suggested, is whether we take "this country" to read "this Nation State" or "this area, called the Commonwealth of Australia." Our whole tradition inclines us towards the first interpretation. Common sense strongly favours the second. Following the former will render it virtually inescapable to accept the major premise that Australia must make herself nationally more formidable. In this connection it has been pointed out that "Man in the community is at least half civilized, but the State is still primitive, essentially a huge beast of prey."[3] But if we follow our second interpretation, it prepares the way to that higher level of economic integration, cutting across national frontiers, which is the prerequisite to making peoples collectively more fortunate. This view has served as mainspring to the painfully slow economic integration of Western Europe. The well-being of the peoples cupped between the Indian and Pacific oceans clearly demands the emergence of a similar attitude.

While in some respects the problems here are assuredly far more complex than those encountered in Europe, in other ways they may well be found to be surprisingly more simple. But one thing is quite certain: until such time as an initiative is taken in examining these problems in this light, no progress will be made in solving them. Here is a field wide open to the exercise of leadership. For some four hundred and fifty years the relationship between Europe and Asia has been coloured by the clear-cut

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[2] From T. VEBLEN: *Essays in Our Changing Order* (New York. 1934), p. 364.

[3] From S. RADHAKRISHNAN: *Eastern Religions and Western Thought* (London. 1939), p. 17.

technological superiority of European peoples, coupled with a moral influence of highly dubious worth. Australia has reaped a rich material inheritance from this relationship, for, as Hobson has remarked: "The exploitation of other portions of the world, through military plunder, unequal trade and forced labour, has been the one great indispensable condition in the growth of European Capitalism."[4] If now Australia acknowledges the challenge with which history and geography confront her, and, facing it with moral and technological capacity in equal parts, accepts the mantle of leadership for which she is so eminently fitted, then she may with greater confidence look forward to the time when her Asian neighbours may say: "For centuries we paid tribute, and on the whole received little in return but a few charitable handouts, and Western medicine to raise the spectre of Malthus amongst us, and ideas which have torn us asunder, like Communism, sprung from the Christian faith.[5] But with Australia it has been otherwise. That which we have contributed to her development, she has chosen to regard not as a forfeit, but rather as a loan, a loan which has, meanwhile, been amply repaid."

It may be noted that between now and the close of this century, world population is expected to jump from under 3,000,000,000 to over 5,500,000,000. Present annual increase is around 47,000,000 at a rate which is itself increasing. According to a recent U. N. survey, about 73% of mankind is at present undernourished, and to set this to rights would require an increase of 25% in food production.[6]

Broadly speaking, the dictates of machine technology—large-scale production based on intensive utilization of equipment—have not been applied to agriculture as they have to manufacturing. Because Australia is a high-wage country, and because her agriculture has traditionally been oriented to the high-cost markets of the older industrial communities, it has hitherto been regarded as more or less axiomatic that she can never produce cheap food for Asia on the scale which is required. Yet the question is well worth asking whether, in the present age, when rockets reach towards the moon, production in agriculture is not organized on a ludicrously small scale as compared with what would be required if technology

[4] Quoted in K. M. PANIKKAR: *Asia and Western Dominance* (1953), p. 484.

[5] "Like Christianity and Islam, Communism is a faith and an image of society in history which has deep roots in eschatological Judaism. Looked at in the long view of history, the present events in China may represent not so much the contact of the Chinese with Marx, as their contact with Moses." — K. BOULDING: *The Image* (The University of Michigan Press. 1956), p. 147.

[6] Figures from Dr. DAVID WARREN: "A Scientist's View of Tomorrow's World," in the *C. A. E. Bulletin* (Melbourne, March 1959).

were to be given its head:

> Economic progress [G. C. Allen wrote some years ago] springs less from the detailed improvements effected in the methods of established industries than from massive innovations which lead to the creation of new ones. In other words, the rise in material wealth depends not so much upon steady progress in turning out familiar things (although of course that is important enough) as upon the discovery of new ways of producing things, and upon finding new things to produce.[7]

With these points in mind, let us now consider what might be the outcome if Australia's capacity for food production were to be subjected to searching scrutiny.

Farms in the richest dairying district in Victoria average 60 cows to 90 acres; it is doubtful whether this is any more than ten times the size of farms in the Middle Ages. Yet one might reasonably assert that in every branch of the economy which has really set the pace in development, production units now are likely to be nearer to one thousand times the size of their mediæval counterparts. If now it is conceded that in agriculture also a greatly increased scale of operations could bring about a commensurate reduction in costs, then, if reducing costs really *is* important, the factors standing in the path of larger-scale production may reasonably be called upon to explain why they should continue to exist. For, on the face of it, it would seem that not only dairy products, but also, on a yet larger scale, meat and wheat, rice and soya, not to mention such more suitable cereals as have yet to be evolved by agricultural science, could be raised throughout Australia in paddocks measured by hundreds of square miles. A new industry, the agricultural contractors, based on the larger population centres, could carry out all seasonal and discontinuous tasks, with machines of a size as yet undreamt of, worked in round-the-clock shifts by highly skilled crews in air-conditioned cabins. Or perhaps these machines, as also the heavy aircraft spreading fertilizer, or making rain, would be controlled by radio. Indeed the aircraft might be able to lift the machines by sections, so that, for instance, within a day of closing down on a job in the Kimberleys, they could start up on the next in the Riverina; or be flown, once or twice a year, across the Tasman Sea, if New Zealand also is prepared to carry through the necessary structural reorganization of her agriculture. Almost certainly the contractors would require to schedule their operations quite six months ahead, which should become practicable once the information obtained during the International

[7] From "Economic Progress — Retrospect and Prospect," in *The Economic Journal*, Vol. 60, p. 463.

Geophysical Year, and from rockets in the skies, makes weather forecasting accurate.

Can such a proposal lay claim to common sense? Of all groups in the community, is not that of the Captains of Industry one whose common sense is most manifestly above reproach? Assuredly this is the case, and it is therefore not unexpected—though not, for that reason, any the less welcome—that the chairman of a leading company wrote, under the title "Productivity, Progress and Peace": "To establish this mutually beneficial trade we must help these [under-privileged] countries to abolish hunger so that they can make full use of their resources."[8] For of course he was aware that, as at present organized, Australian agriculture does not remotely approach the low-cost level which would enable it to market, at a profit, food for the Asian masses. From the fact that he nevertheless included this observation in his article, it is reasonable to infer that he also was thinking in terms of what Allen has called "massive innovations."

The Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was born of vigour and yet besmirched by narrow self-seeking. Perhaps the historians of the year 2060 may point to the agricultural revolution of the late twentieth century as having conferred no less a benefit upon mankind, and far more favourably in terms of human cost. To them it may seem most fitting that this surge in human welfare should have originated in a young and fearless land.

M. J. KNOTTENBELT

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[8] Sir MILES THOMAS in the *Review* (Institute of Public Affairs, Victoria. April–June 1959), p. 63.

WHAT USE IS ZEN?

[**Miss P. T. N. Kennett** is a Member of Council of the Buddhist Society, London, and lectures and takes classes in Zen Buddhism. She is also a musician and has composed an oratorio based on *The Light of Asia*. Her lively article centres upon a basic philosophical truth — that experiences are not to be liked or disliked but seen in their reality and understood. When they are truly understood, the simplest events are significant and satisfying.—ED.]

SO MANY PEOPLE these days take up a religion out of curiosity to see if "it is right for them" that I decided this article should deal with the subject that is at the back of the minds of all of us when we look at something new; that is, what use will it be to me? This is how most of us start off and, if we are intelligent and discerning, we rapidly discover the true meaning of that little word "me" and deal with it accordingly. We must, however, start from a selfish basis because human beings are selfish in their undisciplined state and all too few realize that discipline is synonymous with freedom. The fact that we are all on the "me" side is no stigma whilst we are unaware of anything higher; it is quite natural.

Zen will teach you how to get rid of self and find that freedom which is enlightenment. It teaches the truth in a blinding flash when we are least expecting it and that realization is the moment of truth. It teaches the meaning of all things, whether grave or gay. It teaches the meaning of the cold tears, the real ones (not the easily flowing, emotional ones which we all experience), that are wrung from the heart slowly like drops of blood and without which no creature can truly say that he has ever been unhappy or truly knows the meaning of the word, just as much as it will teach you the joy that passes the bounds of the gates of paradise. For Zen is experience in all its forms. The Zen Master is as likely to burst into tears as he is into laughter. The difference between him and us is that he understands the meaning of both and realizes that joy and sorrow are one; for experience is as continuous as is the flowing river of life with which it is synonymous — what we call the opposites are merely the different facets which it shows by turns, never seen in the same light, but, fundamentally, all one. Life is the kaleidoscope: Zen the true understanding of the patterns that it forms.

Zen will not remove the bitterness or unhappiness of the tears: the Zen Master can grieve. The only thing is that he will do so wholeheartedly and single-mindedly, fully understanding and, therefore, accepting it, whereas most people only scratch the surface of grief or, for that matter,

joy. They think solely in terms of emotion or sensation. The breeze that ruffles their hair is, to them, a sensation and not an idea. These people go about their daily life with blinkers over their minds' eyes, seeing everything with their physical eyes and nothing with their hearts. Both sensation and idea are essential to make up an integral whole which will achieve full understanding. People such as this are worse than cabbages; at least the cabbage is being wholeheartedly a cabbage. Death for such people is the zenith of sensation which they either crave or dread solely because it is the zenith. Zen teaches how truly to die just as much as it teaches how truly to live. It will remove neither the pain nor the happiness of either, but it will remove the lie which most of us live daily both to ourselves and to our fellow men.

Most of you who read this will have heard of the *koan*: the nonsensical question posed by the Master to which is given a nonsensical answer by the pupil. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," says Gray's line. How well the Zen Masters understand this! Most people live in ignorance and never notice the necessity for anything more. It is well the *koan* is framed in nonsensical terms and appears to them as nonsense. The mere contemplation of its true meaning is frightening, to say the least, to all except the few who are strong enough to face the ultimate reality, the understanding of the riddle of life and death; and, when they have faced it and understood it, are ready to laugh, not as the world laughs, but with the ear-splitting belly laugh which shakes the rocks, the mountains and the foundations of the earth, the laughter which the world calls ill-bred because it judges by its own narrow, man-made standards and not by those which are the corner-stone of the universe, and is, therefore, afraid of anyone who is true enough to himself to fly in the face of its accepted standards.

The *koan* explains the splendid courage of the Samurai, the great Japanese warriors, who, prior to going into battle, went to the Zen monastery. These were men who would sit at the feet of the Zen Master a few hours before the battle, their war accoutrements outside the door, ready when the interview was over to go forth and terrify the enemy. Such a warrior knew no fear; he had already solved the *koan* and accepted the solution; he was dead already, for he had faced death and accepted it; so how could he feel fear? No enemy could stand against him morally or physically. The enemy was still alive and, as such, subject to the fear of death; even when he managed to kill, the courage and lofty philosophy of the dead Samurai made his triumph an empty, echoing mockery, an embarrassing act on the part of the enemy since there was nothing more he could do. To a race

with a lowly philosophy this method of training would mean a sheer brutalizing of men; hence the danger of wrong motives when undertaking it; but the Samurai made it pure and, dare I say it, sacred. What warriors! What courage! What a philosophy! These men understood the meaning of the word courage in a way that only the greatest Westerners have found by accident. We have no teaching in the West to equal it.

This is just one of the outward and visible results of Zen teaching, but there are many more. Acceptance of truth is the key, with an accent on the word "acceptance," for truth can be pretty terrifying at times, that is, if we know what truth is. Few of us are willing to face the unpleasant fact that most of our misfortunes are of our own making, especially if we are young; we pay lip-service to the Buddhist doctrine of Karma and then get restive when our *karma* is not what we would like it to be. The big trouble here is that youth is immortal, as, indeed, it must and should be. One day something happens and we are immortal no longer. The reality of this slaps us in the face, and it is then that we begin to learn the meaning of acceptance, true acceptance; acceptance first of the transiency of mortal life, perhaps because we have very nearly died during an illness or merely because we realize we are getting old. How many of us, I wonder, are willing to accept this simple, fundamental truth, that we *are* growing old? Yet it is not until we have accepted it that we can come to the realization that there is *no* decay and death.

"When one is young," says the Zen Master, "trees are trees and mountains are mountains. Then one learns a little and trees are no longer trees and mountains are no longer mountains. Then comes wisdom and trees are once again trees and mountains are once again mountains." Anyone who has faced the calm, penetrating stare of a young child knows this to be true. The tragedy is that the child is enlightened but does not know it and, with our modern civilization, we carefully educate it out of that happy state.

We ourselves are all enlightened and, unlike the child, know it; what is strange, however, is that we do not accept the fact! Once again the accent is on acceptance and that Zen can teach us by shocking us into it through a flash of intuitive understanding which would not have been possible if we had not worked at our *koan*. "Man stands in his own shadow and wonders why it is dark." Would you be willing to turn round? Search within your heart and see. If you are truly seeking truth, then Zen is for you, but you must not mind if some of the things you discover are unpleasant. You will not be flooded with light when you turn round; no trumpets will sound to herald the arrival of a new saint; but you will *know* in a way in which

you have never known before. The light will flow from you in an incessant stream; you will be so balanced as to be a whole human being, perfectly poised in all things, perfectly centred, neither good nor bad, with darkness and light so blended that they will be one and you will be you: the "you" that you were meant to be. You will be the world, the wind or a dusky, golden and smoky sunset. You will be all the sorrows and all the pain that is in the world; all the joy and all the pleasure. You will be all living creatures; *you will be the universe.* This is the use of Zen. If this is what you seek, follow its teaching; but, if you seek wealth or any form of self-aggrandizement or personal gain, leave Zen alone. This is a solemn warning; for Zen is an edged tool that can destroy as surely as it can create and there is nothing more dangerous than wrong or impure motives. But if you seek it for pure reasons so that you may benefit all, yourself included, then work at it; work until your brain reels and is numb; until there is within you a red-hot ball of iron searing your heart, brain, mind; and, at the moment when the self can hold out no longer, when something must crack, the blinding flash will come, so blinding, so awful and yet so simple that you will laugh, madly, gaily, truly, for you will be enlightened, and you will *know* that impostor "self" for what it really is. You will probably, then, after your greatest moment, do something like emptying the dustbin or feeding the cat; for you will know the meaning of that too.

P. T. N. KENNETT

A PAINTING

A master-hand reveals
With delicate zest
Delightful nuances
By us unguessed.

The truth which lies behind
Beauty we see
Is crystallized herein
Immortally.

HERBERT BLUEN

FIVE VOICES ON POETIC DRAMA

[**Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar,** who has contributed often to our pages, writes this time of poetic drama in the context of what some outstanding critics have had to say of its subtle power to penetrate into man's inner life to give us "a vision of man in his intensest moments, thereby enlarging our understanding and filling us with the stern joy of living and striving." He feels that, like the minstrel of old, the writer of today can through this potent medium reawaken humanity to the innermost truth of things.— ED.]

DRAMA at one time—for a long time—meant only poetic drama. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides; Bhasa, Kalidasa, Bhavabhuti; Corneille and Racine, Calderon and Lope de Vega; Goethe and Schiller—poets all, though they were dramatists also. The marriage of literary and dramatic values seemed to be a natural phenomenon. But by and by a divorce came about, and the theatre went one way, and poetry another way. Congreve, Sheridan and Goldsmith wrote prose comedies. The blank-verse plays of the Romantics—notably, Byron and Shelley—were not at home in the theatre. Beddoes's two plays—especially his *Death's Jest-Book*—had a distinctly Elizabethan cast, but could not thrive in the nineteenth-century theatre. The Victorians—Browning, Tennyson and even Arnold after a fashion—wrote verse dramas, too, but hardly hoped to set the Thames on fire. Gilbert and Sullivan enjoyed a great vogue with their operas, but they were operas, not serious dramas. Later, poets like Stephen Phillips, Gordon Bottomley and Lascelles Abercrombie made more determined attempts to storm the theatre, but success failed to arrive. Yeats was more fortunate, but even he could not quite accomplish a revolution in taste. In India, Sri Aurobindo wrote blank-verse plays like *Perseus the Deliverer, Vasavadatta* and *Rodogune,* but these too, like Beddoes's efforts, were rather Elizabethan in cast and articulation. Tagore rendered several of his Bengali plays into English, and some of them—for example, *Chitra* and *The Post Office*—had a haunting poetic quality; not the logic of careful plotting, but the music of ideas and symbols was the "soul" of this drama. Yet, by and large, only prose drama seemed to rule the stage. Shaw, Galsworthy, Granville-Barker, Somerset Maugham, Noel Coward, J. B. Priestley, Terence Rattigan, Emlyn Williams—prose dramatists all! Even Eugene O'Neill was obliged to turn the poetry of the *Oresteia* into the prose of his *Mourning Becomes Electra.* Poetic drama: could no modern poet, however gifted; however resourceful, pluck the heart out of its mystery? Was poetic drama a dead *genre*?

What is poetic drama? What is the function of poetry in the theatre? Poets and playwrights, critics and producers, have during the last few decades turned these questions inside out, seeking a clue to the mystery. Abercrombie said in 1912 that in poetic drama "the characters themselves *are* poetry, and were poetry before they began to speak poetry." This is more or less begging the question. As tragic lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe *are* poetry, but not when Bottom and his friends try to present the tragedy before Theseus and Hippolyta. Abercrombie, however, proceeded to declare that whereas prose "concentrates its imitation on the outermost reality," poetry concentrates on "the innermost...the core"; in other words, the spiritual reality as against the ordinary surface appearance. Trafficking with the essences, poetic drama by its very nature should intoxicate sense, mind and emotion, "bringing them into a unity of triumphant and delighted self-consciousness," inducing in us, "in the deepest sense, the joy of life."

It is clear Abercrombie was not interested in the technical aspects of the problem, *e.g.*, whether blank verse or verse of some other kind should be used in modern poetic drama, whether any choice "poetic diction" had to be evolved, whether the chorus still had a place in drama, and so on. As a playwright he must have tackled these problems, no doubt; in his lecture, however, he confined himself to the stuff of poetic drama, not its technical articulation. Gordon Bottomley, speaking twenty-two years later, laid almost equal stress on content and technique. Drama—even poetic drama—is written *about* men and actions, but *with* words; and Bottomley said simply that "in poetic drama at its supreme moments words are themselves a form of action." What exactly does this mean? In a manner of speaking, of course, words are both character and action. A bundle of words has created Hamlet for us; and Hamlet's words are now action, now inaction. Bottomley, however, continued:—

> The poetic drama is, indeed, not so much a representation of a theme as a meditation upon it or a distillation from it; its business is far less the simulation of life than the evocation and isolation for our delight of the elements of beauty and spiritual illumination in the perhaps terrible and always serious theme chosen....

This is, certainly, far more to the point and purpose. Not a mere imitation or mimicry of life—surface life, that is—but rather an interpretation and criticism of life; not a lifelikeness but a picture that projects the inner soul-quality, the lines of suffering, the glow of beauty, the contours of nobility. As regards the technical problem of language, Bottomley rightly felt that

> if poetry is to regain its right of entry to the theatre it must learn again to base itself upon contemporary speech-rhythms (though not necessarily contemporary speech-usages) — upon, that is, contemporary sound, and not the look of a printed page or even a bygone usage of sound.

In other words, Bottomley saw clearly the futility of trying to write modern poetic drama in terms of Elizabethan blank verse.

Writing three years later, Harley Granville-Barker had many shrewd things to say about the rôle of poetry in drama. The poetic is not the same thing as formal poetry in verse. Prose drama could now and then rise to poetic heights, *e.g.*, Maurya's speech in Synge's *Riders to the Sea*. There are poetic moments in Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea* and *Rosmersholm*. And Maeterlinck's plays are often soaked in poetry. "It was no paradox," said Granville-Barker, "but a matter of direct significance, that when the revival of poetic drama did come, it came, seemingly, in prose." What matters is the way characters and situations are apprehended and presented. After quoting Maeterlinck's famous remark, "It is in the soul that things happen," Granville-Barker succinctly declared: "And here, at once, is the secret of dramatic poetry, and of all great drama." In this matter, he was at one with Bottomley and Abercrombie; poetic drama (all great drama) turns inward, explores man's inner or spiritual life, and gives us a vision of man in his intensest moments, thereby enlarging our understanding and filling us with the stern joy of living and striving. As regards the technical problem of articulation, Granville-Barker went further than Bottomley. Language is fourfold, *viz.*, speech, action, character (in the person of the actor), and use of the background; and the wise dramatist would deploy all these to produce the desired effect. Turning more concretely to the problem of verbal expression in poetic drama, Granville-Barker remarked:—

> We need a language, then, capable of expressing thought and emotion combined, and, at times, emotion almost divorced from thought. It is plain that a merely rational vocabulary and syntax will not suffice.

Words need a connotative richness and relevance if they are successfully to communicate emotion or convey the eddies or calm in the unseen waters of the spirit. "The theatre," Granville-Barker concluded, "if it is to survive, needs poets. And plays only defy mortality when they deal—as poetry in its essence does—with the things that are immortal."

Abercrombie and Bottomley were poets and dramatists who nevertheless failed in poetic drama. Granville-Barker was no poet. When T. S. Eliot lectured on "Poetry and Drama" in 1950, he spoke as one who had ap-

parently succeeded in giving poetic drama a new lease of life. He thus spoke as one who had, as it were, plucked the heart out of the mystery. The points he made in his lecture were neat and convincing enough: poetry in drama should justify itself dramatically; the effect of "style" should be unconscious; the dialogue should be in natural verse, and rise to poetry only when the dramatic situation demanded it; Shakespearean echoes should be studiously avoided, and blank verse had lost its flexibility for dramatic purposes; poetic drama should not enter into overt competition with prose drama. After a candid account of his own experiments, he ended with a remarkable credo:—

> I have before my eyes a kind of mirage of the perfection of verse drama, which would be a design of human action and of words, such as to present at once the two aspects of dramatic and of musical order.... To go as far in this direction as it is possible to go, without losing that contact with the ordinary everyday world with which drama must come to terms, seems to me the proper aim of dramatic poetry. For it is ultimately the function of art, in imposing a credible order upon contemporary reality, to bring us to a condition of serenity, stillness, and reconciliation; and then leave us, as Virgil left Dante, to proceed toward a region where that guide can avail us no further.

"A kind of mirage": does it mean that it is a hopeless striving? All art, no doubt, is a hopeless striving for a perfection that must for ever be unattainable. Is poetic drama under present conditions far more "a kind of mirage" than other forms of art? Only under present conditions, or was it always so? But we need not pause to answer these questions!

Eliot is obviously preoccupied with the technical problem of forging the right verse instrument for poetic drama, though he is by no means inattentive to the content. The "fable," however seemingly contemporaneous, should have its links with tradition and have a timeless quality. Eliot has accordingly tried to relate all his plays (except the first, which is about Becket's martyrdom, and hence packed with a universal significance) to one or another of the Greek tragedies, *viz.*, the *Eumenides*, the *Alcestis*, the *Ion* or *Œdipus Coloneus*. But the impression that his later plays and his lecture leave on the mind is that Eliot is almost afraid of poetry in drama; he respects poetry so much that he does not like to be a party to its possible vulgarization through association with the vulgar means of drama; and hence he is anxious to raise all sorts of barricades against such possible devaluation of poetry, and especially poetry in drama. On the other hand, no one in our time has done more to raise the prestige of the poet or to bring poetry back to the theatre.

In an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* for February 1955, Mr. Archibald MacLeish, the American poet and playwright, joined issue with Eliot on one or two points. Whereas Eliot would like drama to produce the illusion of the *actual*, MacLeish feels that poetry (and poetry in drama) could, and should, produce the illusion of the *real*:—

> The illusion of the real is the illusion, whether in the novel or on the stage, not that this is the *actual* man, true to life, but that this is the man *himself*: not that this action is an action *like* life but that this action *is* life—what life really is....The illusion of the real is indeed the principal business of poetry. It is to know our own reality as living, feeling beings that poetry is written and that poetry is read.

He had said much the same thing long ago in his "Ars Poetica":—

> A poem should not mean
> But be.

Mere introspective poetry, valid enough in its own sphere, is one thing; dramatic poetry, which calls for the power to imitate, to evoke, an action is quite another thing.

> Until it [poetry] can people the stage again with actions which are at once poetry *and* drama [MacLeish affirms], poetic drama will not exist....The poet as playwright must so manage his actions and his language as to produce the illusion that the world of his play is a world in which reality may itself appear as the God may come to the bridge in one of the ancient Nōh plays of Japan.

Eliot is apologetic about the introduction of the chorus in his first play and of the Furies in his second. But why should he be? Even a modern audience could take these and other forms of the unprosaic simply because, when properly and poetically presented, they too are *real*, quintessentially real.

Five voices have spoken on poetic drama. Differences in emphasis apart, a tone of common earnestness binds them together, and it is not difficult to orchestrate the voices and induce a harmony. The divorce of poetry from the stage has been a major loss to art, to culture, and we deplore the loss more and more, as the advance of technology has created new mass media of communication—the cinema, the radio and television—which are profoundly influencing the life-ways and thought-currents of the people. The poet should make a determined bid to speak to the people, taking full advantage of these new media. Like the great minstrels of old, the poets of today should try to reach the minds and hearts of the millions, to awaken as it were the soul of humanity by harking back to the inner-

most truth of things, stressing over and over again the timeless in the context of our own times, releasing forces that strive for greater human understanding, further aspiration, more heroic efforts and richer fulfilment. Poetry in drama could again become the most potent means of effecting in prosaic humanity a revolution in understanding, giving it new eyes, new ears, keener sensibilities, acuter perceptions; linking it up with the figures of myth and legend on the one hand and the future evolved supermen on the other. When the intensity of poetic feeling is wedded to the feeling of paramount urgency to render that feeling articulate, the right language and rhythm—right for our time and for all time—would also emerge, as is seen in the best work of Eliot and Christopher Fry. Great poetry and great poetic drama not merely take us to the threshold of the emotions and passions, but take us through them and beyond them, and the journey and the travail is both a soiling and a purification, a tribulation and an emancipation. We need poets still, and poets who are also playwrights were never more sorely needed than now, because, to conclude in Gordon Bottomley's words,

> We need to meditate apart
> From the imitation of something seen —
> To ask of deeds that once have been
> What they were destined to come to mean
> In the spirit of those who suffered and did,
> And in our spirits in which are hid
> The same dim forces, which all inherit....
>
> Poetry wills that you shall hear
> The implications of all fear,
> All terror and joy, that shall express
> In earnest grievous life no less
> Than our inmost essence of loveliness.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

RADHA—A MYSTICAL FANTASY

HERE I AM, Radha the wretched, crying in solitude, unable to bear the anguish of my soul. Come unto me, O Krishna, the Beloved of my heart. I desire naught but Thee on earth or in heaven. For Thee have I left home and kith and kin and even lost my good name. With the fire in my heart I have chased Thee all these years in vain. Dost Thou too, O my Beloved, hate me, as these men are who take Thy name?

Thou knowest that I have pursued Thee through many a shrine and temple, through many a pilgrim centre and sacred hill, through assemblies of learned scholars and *maths* of orange-robed *sanyasins*, through many a hall resounding with sacred song and *bhajan* and through long interminable processions of gods and saints borne on the shoulders of men with drums beating and devotees dancing in ecstasy. But, alas! nowhere could I catch more than a faint glimpse of Thy elusive form. And day after day I have turned back—and wept. Dost Thou not abide in these?

Some call me foolish, others say I am wicked. Some even think I am quite mad. Let them say what they please. Thou knowest my heart. And there is ever a voice within which tells me that I am right. But right or wrong, I have no choice. Thou art the Highest known to me, and I follow Thee. I know nothing higher than Krishna. Does not the poet say, *Kṛshnāt param kimapi tattvamaham na jāne*? Krishna is *my* Highest too. He is the highest I know in beauty and love, the highest in goodness and truth. My love for Him is, therefore, absolute. It knows not law or limit. It is above every law known to man.

I am footsore and tired. But the fire still rages in my heart. Oh, where shall I turn? Where shall I find Thee, O Beloved of my heart? I have done with the world. And painful to me is the company of men and women. But I cannot give up my quest of Thee. Thou knowest that I have given myself up to Thee, my Lord and Master. Come unto me, O Beloved, or I die.

Far from the haunts of men I have come to this wild forest today. The night is dark. But I am not afraid. The fire in my heart will scare away every prowling beast and each creeping thing. I will now lean on the bare trunk of this tree and wait for my Beloved. Here is my tryst, my place of assignation. If he does not come let me drop down here and die. I will not step an inch from this spot—But oh! What light is this behind my back? What touch is this of a flower on my cheek? It is He! It is He! I know it is He. I will not turn round and see, lest He should vanish again. O my heart, rise up and receive Him. Thou knowest He is my Friend, my Lover, my Bridegroom, my Husband, my own Self. Lord of my body, mind and spirit, take me to Thy bosom, possess me wholly, make me Thine own. I am Thine own. I have ever been Thine own.

Now my end has come. I am Radha no longer. I am Krishna Himself.

D. S. SARMA

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"TALKS ON THE GITA"*

VINOBA BHAVE is today acclaimed in India as a spiritual leader akin to Gandhi and his success in securing voluntary contributions of land for redistribution amongst the poor and needy has brought hope to those who seek a creative solution of the conflict between capitalism and communism. But the talks contained in this volume were given nearly thirty years ago by a little-known devotee of *Satyagraha* to his fellow prisoners in Dhulia Jail, Bombay. Out of the teaching so persuasively presented here and so faithfully practised has grown the inspired social revolutionary of recent years. Vinoba is, indeed, the *Gita* in action. "The *Gita* is my life's breath," he declared in 1932, and, like Gandhi, he called it his "Mother." Yet, unlike Gandhi, he is an erudite Sanskrit scholar and student of philosophy who has succeeded in reconciling his passionate interest in the science of the spiritual life with his love of his fellow creatures and his concern for their social as well as their spiritual well-being. In these talks we see how deeply human his spiritual insight has always been. The *Gita* has had countless interpreters and too often, perhaps, has withered in the contentious hands of scholastic *pundits*. Here it retains all its pristine freshness and universal relevance. Vinoba strongly rejects the view that the spiritual life is meant only for ascetics. For him the *Gita* is "a scripture intended for ordinary men, living their daily lives in the world." It is for the whole world. It

> teaches us how, by keeping our lives pure, we can attain equilibrium and peace of mind. ... [It] comes to your help wherever you are doing something. But it is not content with leaving you just there; it takes you by the hand and leads you right to the goal.

The goal is *yoga* or union with the divine principle, through which is found liberation from the illusory ego and its enslaving ignorance and attachment. *Yoga* is not only the goal but the means, and, as the means, it has three aspects or modalities, named *karma-yoga*, *bhakti-yoga* and *jnana-yoga*, work, love, knowledge, a trinity in unity. It is with these three means to union, and what each implies in theory and in practice, that Vinoba is concerned throughout these talks.

In his interpretation of *karma-yoga*, as presented in the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Chapters of the *Gita*, he gives an unusual meaning to the word *vikarma*. This word occurs in the 17th verse of the Fourth Chapter, in which Krishna declares that his devotee needs to understand the nature of action, *karma*, of wrong action, *vikarma*, and of inaction, *akarma*. Vinoba surprisingly translates *vikarma* as meaning "the action performed for educating the mind." *Karma*, he says, means the doing of our own particular work; *vikarma* is the inward action performed to support the outward action.

> When *karma* and *vikarma* become one, the mind and heart are purified and cleansed, the cravings we have acquired weaken, passions are stilled, feelings of difference vanish and then the state of *akarma* is reached.

That such subtle inward action is necessary for the purification of the gross outer action, the *Gita* certainly teaches. But Vinoba, so far as I know,

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* *Talks on the Gita*. By ACHARYA VINOBA BHAVE. Introduction by JAYAPRAKASH NARAYAN. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 268 pp. 1960. 16s.)

is the first to attach this meaning to the word *vikarma,* and he does so repeatedly. Indeed *vikarma* and *sadhana* mean for him the same thing and he includes in it devotion, meditation, analysis, and discrimination between the Self and non-self, all of which he describes as methods of *vikarma* and each of which he carefully studies. His approach to the whole problem of liberation, as presented in the *Gita,* is refreshingly free from scholastic controversy. For him, for example, there is no rivalry between doing and knowing, acting and not-acting. Each is necessary to the other, though they blend differently in different people. The state of inaction, *akarma,* which is essential to liberation, is, he says, of two kinds.

> In one, you feel, though you work day and night, that you are not working at all; in the other, though you work not at all, you work unceasingly.... Though the names of *karma-yoga* and *sannyasa* are different, the truth at the heart of both is the same.

In short, true action is rooted in renunciation, and true renunciation is not only a supreme act, but releases the creative power within us.

Amongst the errors to be renounced is the identification of the *jiva,* the soul, with the body. For it is by ceasing to attach ourselves to the body that we discover our identity with the Supreme Self. Yet when Vinoba describes the body as a mere "machine," he does less than justice to its organic mystery, and when he declares that "we should train ourselves to belittle the body and exalt the spirit," he is lapsing momentarily into the dualism which the whole teaching of the *Gita* and his own interpretation of it are meant to resolve. To give over the whole of life to the spirit is not to belittle any part of it. Whether it be gross or subtle, all that exists belongs to the spirit and can become wholly expressive of it. In Vinoba's own words, "Every part of life should be filled to overflowing with *karma, bhakti* and *jnana.* This is called *purushottama-yoga.*" This is the *yoga* which he freely and wisely expounds, chapter by chapter, in these talks, often with happy and homely illustrations from life or legend, and always with a warm sense of human values, of human needs and difficulties, social and personal, and of service as the key to salvation.

> The Lord to serve, I the servant and Creation the means. Where is the talk of possession now? Life has no care any more.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

The Religious Foundations of Internationalism: A Study in International Relations Through the Ages. By NORMAN BENTWICH. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 303 pp. Second edition. 1959. 21*s.*)

The author held the Weizmann Chair of the International Law of Peace in the Hebrew University in Jerusalem from its inauguration in 1932 until his retirement. To a course of lectures first written in 1932 Professor Bentwich has now added an Epilogue covering the intervening years, and it speaks for the nobility of his concept as well as for the soundness of his attitude and exposition that the contents of this challenging book are as fresh and relevant to the survival of mankind today as they were twenty-five years ago.

National and international life must be based on law and justice which must spring from a morality informed by religious belief and practice. The author supports his thesis with examples taken from world history in a survey spanning over three thousand years of the principal religions of the globe. That he writes as a Jew determines his vision and his objective; it also enables him to survey the teaching of Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucian-

ism and Shintoism on Peace and War as they affect the individual and the society, with sympathy and understanding. From his religious standpoint, he examines the effect of nationalism, on the issues of peace and war among nations and in the nascent international community. He is rightly critical of modern materialism and insists on the religious foundation of national and, above all, international morality. The teachings of the Hebrew prophets on the unity of mankind and the necessity of social justice for peace among men of all creeds and colours form the starting point for his fascinating survey which serves to show and to stress the need for mutual tolerance and co-operation between nations of different faiths and of no religion in a common effort to establish peace and justice on earth. The author evaluates the attempts at unification from antiquity to our own day with its League of Nations and the United Nations Organization and its various agencies, and assesses the effect of recent wars and the growth and challenge of communism to the historical faiths of mankind.

The historical treatment enables the author to highlight the importance of freedom of conscience and belief (or no belief) for the success of true internationalism, which alone can eliminate war as a means of national policy. It also serves to illustrate the need for a common morality to regulate national and international behaviour and supports the author's plea for full implementation of the Bill of Human Rights as the charter of mankind. The Epilogue is relevant to our contemporary situation in the context of human rights and the dignity of the human individual. It is at the same time a contribution to the problem of religion and nationalism.

This is a thoughtful and thought-provoking book. We hope it will be widely read and will stimulate its readers into individual action on behalf of one mankind living in peace and justice.

E. I. J. ROSENTHAL

Ethics since 1900. By MARY WARNOCK. (Oxford University Press, London. 207 pp. 1960. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

It is a sad fact, the modern dominance of the herd instinct among intellectuals, especially in English universities. Philosophy, as Father Coplestone has put it, has become the charwoman of science. Teachers of philosophy have concentrated on the outside, turning their backs on the inside of life. Mrs. Warnock is a pleasant person pursuing academic success whilst aware that there is a big world outside, but she is on the inside of the border of this academic trifling.

People vaunt their faith in conferences, negotiation, and the like, yet ignore the basic fact that contracts are valid only by virtue of the moral obligation to keep them. All morality depends ultimately on the moral experience. Scepticize this and the ultimate result is the collapse of civilized life. This truth is ineluctable. There is at the base of our life this experience of goodness which is absolute, although people at various stages of development have correspondingly various apprehensions of it. This is ignored in *Ethics since 1900.*

Moore comes in for scant appreciation: "The name Naturalist Fallacy, it is true, we have all learned from Moore; but I should be inclined to say that we had learned little else." Mrs. Warnock does not see anything funny in writing, "At first there seemed to be a kind of triumph in the discovery that language could do anything at all except be used to convey information." She says that everyone agrees that happiness is the thing to be aimed at: this in a book on ethics! Discussing two recent writers

on ethics, she writes, "Hare's book *seems* to have more relevance to ethics than Urmson's article, because Hare himself incidentally lets fall some views about morals, which Urmson does not."

R. F. RATTRAY

Nietzsche: Unpublished Letters. Translated and edited by KURT F. LEIDECKER. (Philosophical Library, New York. 156 pp. 1959)

Friedrich Nietzsche is one of the most controversial figures of modern times. His influence has not been all for the good. It must be now freely conceded that much of the evil is born of misunderstanding. His name has been associated with German nationalism, militarism and racialism. His vision of the superman and his idea of the will to power may easily lend themselves to an unjust overemphasis and misinterpretation. Nietzsche is above all a philosopher of culture. His violent reaction against some aspects of Christian ethics is to be understood in the context of his penetrating analysis of culture. His diagnosis of the cultural ailments of the West and his deep insight into the psychological roots of human evaluation and moral assessment is superb. Hence any publication which gives new glimpses of the tender moments of his life and forces us to see his personality in a new perspective is most welcome.

It was as lately as 1937 that some scholars made the sensational discovery that his letters and unpublished material had been tampered with by his sister. With the publication of this material a new and more favourable picture of Nietzsche has emerged. We are grateful to Dr. Kurt F. Leidecker for making accessible unpublished letters to the English-speaking world. His introduction is sympathetic and informative. To translate Nietzsche is no easy task. Every word carries the imprint of his volcanic genius. But Dr. Leidecker has taken great pains to prepare a faithful English version and no serious student of Nietzsche can ignore it.

S. VAHIDUDDIN

The Unity of Body and Mind. By LOTHAR BICKEL. Edited and translated by W. BERNARD. (Philosophical Library, New York. 167 pp. 1959. $3.75)

This is a translation of *Innen und Aussen* by Lothar Bickel, who was a medical man but retained a passion for philosophy and was in this influenced by the thought of Spinoza and Constantin Brunner. It offers a solution of the intractable problem of the mind-body relationship with its philosophical as well as psychological implications. The view offered is that "body and mind are one and the same thing, the mind being the inner consciousness of the one life process, the 'Within' to the 'Without,' the body's inner nature and consciousness of itself." All things and their qualitative differences are reducible to quantitative differences of velocity of the one Motion which is basic to all existence and all change. Nothing but motion is to be found in us. *We* are physical-chemical, vegetative-animal, I-conscious and instinctual-unconscious, and social historical events.

Though I very much admire this view, I feel that it fails to explain how anything can be "inward" — inward to what? Similarly what about the changes wrought by death? I suppose the author does not believe in an after-life. And lastly, what spiritual values can we attach to Universal Motion, what worship can it arouse? After all, it was not without reason that Spinoza was termed an atheist. The author would have done well to anticipate these queries and make his mind known about them.

A. K. JIANDANI

Mudrā: A Study of Symbolic Gestures in Japanese Buddhist Sculpture. By E. DALE SAUNDERS. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd., London. xxiii+296 pp. Pictorial Index. xxvi Plates. 110 Text Figures. 4 Diagrams. 1960. 52*s.* 6*d.*)

Those acquainted with the Jatakas will recall that once Sakyamuni in one of his many incarnations, long before his final birth as Gautama Siddhartha, wished to communicate with a woman whom he considered taking for wife. Not knowing, however, whether she was married or not, he resolved to ask her by a gesture of his hand. For, he said to himself, if she is educated she will understand and answer me. So he raised his closed fist, and the woman responded by showing him her empty hand. This incident from the Jatakas is by no means the earliest instance of the use of the language of gesture in India: the Bodhisattva in the present case was practising a long-established and well-known usage.

It is therefore natural for the uninitiated in the West to assume that when the Buddha came to be sculptured in human form, first in Gandhara and then in Mathura, he was attributed symbolically meaningful gestures. But that was not the case. The *mudra* of the earliest Buddhist statues of Gandhara bore no precise iconographical meaning, as these were executed by men inspired by the anthropomorphic ideals of the Greeks and Romans; the image-makers had the Hellenistic Apollo the Orator in mind. However, in the course of time the traditional Indian symbols came to play a very important rôle in Buddhist iconography — not only in Gandhara but wherever Buddha's message spread.

The author has discussed succinctly and lucidly the history and symbolism of various *mudras* and has given a pictorial index to help the general reader in identifying the gestures. His survey is most admirable, and though his thesis deals with Japanese sculpture only, it will be found helpful for understanding Buddhist statues elsewhere and for appreciating choreographic gestures in many of the Asian countries. In the long run the iconographic *mudras* and the choreographic gestures are, if not the same, closely related. The Bollingen Foundation is to be congratulated for sponsoring this book: it is eminently readable and beautifully produced. It is, however, to be regretted that the high price will prevent its diffusion among those in Asia who are most likely to appreciate this scholarly work by a member of the teaching staff of the University of Pennsylvania.

SUDHIN GHOSE

With My Own Eyes: A Life of Jesus. By Bo GIERTZ (Bishop of Gothenburg). Translated from the Swedish by MAURICE MICHAEL. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 237 pp. 1960. 18*s.*)

This book is a Life of Jesus set out as a novel. It is vividly written and the background is realistically presented. Regrettably, the terse account of the sufferings of Jesus given in the Gospels as of him "whom ye slew and hanged on a tree" (*Acts,* V: 30) is expanded into horrible details, pitiless and pointless. Not the sad story of the Cross (or Tree) but the glad story of the Empty Tomb should be the basis of a Faith to appeal to modern seekers. While some of the orthodox may relish these details, the more kindly disposed must be repulsed by cruelty piled on cruelty. And enemies of the Faith will find good "cause to blaspheme." Modern scholarship is not always respected: the Aramaic exclamation "why hast thou forsaken me" is more accurately "how hast thou fulfilled thyself in me." Jesus

and his Essene disciples (away from their families rather than with them, as in the orthodox Jewish Passover celebration) would not partake of the paschal lamb but of the simple vegetarian meal described by Philo and Josephus.

But the novel, as such, stands well, and the merit of it from a literary point of view cannot be doubted.

E. V. HAYES

William Hazlitt. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. (Published for The British Council and the National Book League by Longmans, Green and Company, London. 38 pp. Frontispiece. 1960. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Although his style was occasionally stilted, Hazlitt was a master of English prose; and Mr. Priestley wishes that young writers of today with clumsy styles would study him more. He feels justly that Hazlitt was more essayist than critic and that most of his pieces were "scattered parts of some gigantic unplanned autobiography." Hazlitt was an egotist. He was fascinated by his own mental processes and glimpsed perhaps subconsciously many facets of himself in other people. He was a friend of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Lamb, and in his essay entitled "My First Acquaintance With Poets" he gave a moving account of his first meeting with Coleridge, whose conversation stimulated him immensely.

Mr. Priestley believes that Hazlitt owed his subsequent facility of composition to the period "when he was a painter who despaired of his painting, a metaphysician who could not find the right words for his ideas."

Hazlitt made two unfortunate marriages and became hopelessly infatuated with Sarah Walker, his landlady's daughter — "a sly minx" Mr. Priestley calls her. He suffered poverty, ill-health and calumny. He quarrelled with his friends. Yet, despite his many tribulations, he experienced those golden moments of happiness vouchsafed to the few. Perhaps that was why he was able to say as he lay dying, "Well, I have had a happy life."

Mr. Priestley addresses himself chiefly to the young in this interesting and appreciative appraisal of a great essayist.

HERBERT BLUEN

Oriental Essays: Portraits of Seven Scholars. By A. J. ARBERRY. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 261 pp. 1960. 28*s.*)

The story begins in the 17th century, when chairs of Arabic were set up in Cambridge and Oxford. Simon Ockley was the first to seek to build a bridge between East and West. Sir William Jones was the second, studying the literature of the East in India and hoping thereby to bring fresh life to the literature of the West. The third was Edward William Lane, the lexicographer and author of *The Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians,* based on a long residence in Egypt. Lane was deeply religious and never began his day's work without the Arab dedication "In the Name of God." The fourth portrait is of Edward Henry Palmer, who studied Arabic, Persian and Urdu in Cambridge and was murdered in Sinai, while on Government business in 1882.

The fifth is Edward Granville Browne, who went to Persia and steeped himself in the life and thought of the Persians. He became professor of Arabic in Cambridge in 1902. His greatest contribution to Persian studies was his four-volume *Literary History of Persia,* containing many beautiful translations of Persian poems, and of him it was written, "if he ranks among the greatest Orientalists it is because he was . . . the

greatest humanist who has ever devoted himself to studying the life, thought, and literature of the East."

The last of the scholars of the past is Reynold Alleyne Nicholson, a Cambridge scholar who made Sufism the centre of his studies. He wrote some exquisite translations of Persian and Arabic poems, and also edited Arabic and Persian texts, including the great *Mathnavī* of Jalālu'ddīn Rūmī. Nicholson gave of his time and knowledge most generously to others, including myself. I could always be sure of his wise counsel on my own work, given personally or by correspondence, and I enjoyed the hospitality of his wife and himself on many happy Sunday afternoons at Cambridge. The author writes of him that he was himself conscious "of the reality of mystical experience . . . it was obvious from all his actions and writings that he walked with God."

The last portrait is of the author himself, "The Disciple," which tells of early difficulties courageously and triumphantly overcome. After a brilliant scholastic career at Cambridge and work in Egypt, at the India Office and in London, he achieved the goal of his ambition as Professor of Arabic at Cambridge. He has followed his predecessors in this book by giving himself unstintingly to the work of making Oriental literature known to the West and in addition to substantial work on catalogues and editions — and not least in throwing new light on Omar Khayyām — he has given us some lovely translations of Persian and Arabic poems.

This book has been written for the general public and should be greatly enjoyed by all who read it, and among those will be some Orientalists as well.

MARGARET SMITH

Evening Talks with Sri Aurobindo. First Series. Recorded by A. B. PURANI. (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 325 pp. 1959. Rs. 8.00)

Sri Aurobindo the author of the philosophical treatise *The Life Divine* and the epic *Savitri* and numerous other works in prose and verse is an austere figure, a profound thinker; a great poet and, above all, a saint and a Yogi. But during his years of retirement at Pondicherry, to the many intimate *sadhaks* of his Ashram, Sri Aurobindo was the friend, the companion, the dear Master. Between 1923 and 1926, and again between 1938 and 1950, these friends had opportunities of meeting him in the evenings and holding discourse on matters serious and not so serious. Shri Purani has here brought together some of these talks as he had recorded them from time to time. Like the "Letters" of Sri Aurobindo, his talks too have an easy naturalness, the tone of friendliness, the sparkle of conversation, the radiance of humour. The range of the talks is indicated by the subjects under which they are grouped in this volume: "On Books and Letters," "On Medicine," "On Art," "On Poetry," and "On Beauty." The two opening chapters describe the circumstances under which Shri Purani happened to find himself one of the charmed circle at Pondicherry, and how the "Evening Talks" came to be started, given up on Sri Aurobindo's complete retirement in 1926, and resumed again twelve years later. Although Shri Purani does not vouch for the utter accuracy of the words he has put into the Master's mouth, there is no doubt that the recordings are substantially faithful.

In these pages there is rich and varied fare — wisdom's steady glow, knowledge's plenty, learning's long reaches of understanding, wit's incisiveness, humour's leaping lights. On one occasion we find Sri Aurobindo expounding the meaning of the Gayatri *mantra*:—

It means: "We choose the Supreme Light of the divine Sun; we aspire that it may impel our minds."

The Sun is the symbol of the divine Light that is coming down and Gayatri gives expression to the aspiration asking that divine Light to come down and give impulsion to all the activities of the mind....

This was in 1925: how much the Gayatri meant to Sri Aurobindo can now be gauged by reading his immense poem, *Savitri,* which is in a sense an epic amplification of the name and nature and hidden power of the hoariest and holiest of Vedic mantras.

But, of course, in a book like this, any page throws up unexpected pearls, some large, some small, but pearls, pearls, all of them. Sri Aurobindo can laugh, he can crack a joke, he can give a neat repartee; again, he is always just, always wise, always to the point. Shaw's *St. Joan,* Bridges's poetry, the *Vishnu Purana,* Coueism, Spengler, Ouspensky, Tagore's *Urvashi,* Morris's *Earthly Paradise,* Toru Dutt's poems, Kalidasa, the historicity of Krishna, Surrealists, Communism, Nazism, are among the hundreds of topics that flit through these pages, receiving in the process Sri Aurobindo's engaging attention. When a disciple refers to a doctor who says that he can conquer death by taking a certain medicine, Sri Aurobindo says: "With apologies to our friend, the doctor, I must say that it is more likely to kill you sooner." When somebody asks Sri Aurobindo if he knows Hebrew (as stated in a biography), he gently retorts: "Why not say I know Amharic and other African languages?" But one must stop quoting. There is much here that is interesting, for one or another reason; much that is wise and inspiring; no dull page at all. The book is to be warmly welcomed because it reveals a little known, but very lovable, facet of the Master. We shall look forward to the publication of the Second Series.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Francisco Romero on Problems of Philosophy. By MARJORIE S. HARRIS. (Philosophical Library, New York. vii+115 pp. 1960. $3.75)

This book is an able exposition of the views of a leading thinker of South America — Francisco Romero. Romero does not believe in system-making, but prefers to explore the problems of philosophy. He analyzes the nature of man and finds that the minimal man is an intentional being. There are four planes of being — physicality, life, intentional psyche and spirit; each of the first three supports and fosters the plane which succeeds it.

Romero is remarkable for his clear statement of the view that man is both spirit and a natural being. There are thus two components to his being — a psycho-physical component with intentionality as the organizing principle and a human component in whom spirit is the organizing principle. The former aspect makes him an "individual" and the latter makes him a "person." The characteristics of spirit are objectivity, universality, freedom and absolute transcendence. Persons motivated by spirit work for spiritual values. "The cosmic drama consists in the very laborious adjustment of two orders — the temporal and the atemporal." Culture is constituted by the products of man's activity and the goal of all culture is to establish the sovereignty of spirit. The function of philosophy is a rethinking of culture:—

...the human spirit which in great part has created culture, spontaneously and even unconsciously, turns above it to comprehend it and judge it, to discover its source, to make clear its ends and to estimate its meaning.

Marjorie Harris has produced an eminently readable and stimulating book.

D. GURUMURTI

THE KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL BULLETIN
NUMBER X

NUMBER X of the *Keats-Shelley Memorial Bulletin* commemorates the centenary of Leigh Hunt's death on August 28th, 1859, at the age of seventy-five. A contemporary and friend of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Hazlitt, Lamb and Moore, he outlived them all. As editor of *The Examiner*, he attacked the Prince Regent, describing him as "a fat Adonis of fifty," and this, and other, "misdemeanours" landed him in jail for two years. But he turned even prison life into a holiday, continued to edit *The Examiner*, read and wrote much, played the piano and grew a garden in his prison yard. On his release he threw himself into literary work of all kinds, excelling especially in light, bright prose. His critical essays show both his wide reading and admirable catholicity of temper. His prose has neither Lamb's magic nor Hazlitt's gusto, but it has an easy naturalness of its own, and has the engaging fluency of the best journalism. The present volume includes appraisals of both the man and the writer, and helps us to see him in relation to some of his greater contemporaries, notably Byron and Shelley. Louis Landré, while not ignoring Hunt's weaknesses of character, also lays stress on his courage, his liberalism, his kindliness and open-heartedness, and his uncanny flair for sensing genius and beauty in others. Carl Woodring writes an absorbing note on the "Hunt Trials" which excited violent passions and brought Lord Brougham himself into the fray as defence counsel; but we are finally informed that, perhaps, "the innermost secrets will never be known." Doris Langley Moore, writing on "New Light on Certain Old Scandals," has tried to show that Byron was no villain and Shelley no saint, but "each was the greatest man the other ever knew"; in any case, Hunt himself played a rather ignoble part after Shelley's death and again after Byron's. For the rest, J. C. Trewin thinks that Hunt, with all his limitations, was "the first true dramatic critic," while Clarence DeWitt Thorpe, who discusses Hunt's long poem "The Nymphs," considers it "one of the most fortunate attempts in English poetry to catch and restore for a time something of the spirit and charm of the old mythology." There are also three reproductions of portraits of Hunt, made by Samuel Laurence, Thomas Wageman and J. Hayter. The editor, Dorothy Hewlett, has accomplished a delicate and difficult task with tact and understanding.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

A LETTER FROM LONDON

September 28th, 1960

WHEN Mr. Khrushchev expressed his intention of attending the session of the United Nations, commentators in the Western Press declared that he would have to sit in solitary glory, as none of the heads of the Western Governments would attend. Although President Eisenhower kept aloof from the Soviet leader, and General de Gaulle remained in Paris, the presence of the British Prime Minister and the rally of the heads of the Communist States and Neutralist States set Mr. Khrushchev in an appropriate galaxy.

Whether the Soviet leader aspired to stage a summit meeting in the United Nations or outside, he has certainly achieved nothing of the kind. Indeed, his appearance at the United Nations has been an empty and hollow demonstration.

The situation is brilliantly described by James Morris in *The Guardian*. Cabling from New York on Sunday, September 25th, he says:—

> These are hard times for the hopeful pragmatists. We came to Manhattan last week all innocent optimism, looking for the best in everyone: magnanimity from the Americans, a fresh start from the Russians, gay good sense from the new Africans, tolerant hospitality from old New York, that city of a hundred tongues.
>
> We hoped to see great men peace-making, to respond to the call of noble oratory, to feel ourselves in the warm creative womb of history. And what have we found instead? Only a parade of second-bests, a clash of mediocrities, foolish men strutting and squabbling, arid old quarrels pettily maintained, a city rancid with bigotry, a half-hearted spokesman for the Western world, a boor gesticulating for the East.

If there has been any benefit from the journey of Mr. Khrushchev to New York, it must be sought in the mere assemblage of so many heads of states, unburdened by the necessity of dealing with a particular problem in which their own interests were directly in conflict. The presence of Pandit Nehru stands out as a notable fact. Only Mr. Khrushchev could have served as a magnet to draw him away from his onerous duties in New Delhi to New York, and there can be no question that he has had very valuable exchanges of views with some of the important heads of governments.

If Mr. Khrushchev sought to fill in the emptiness of his appearance at the United Nations by his proposal for a three-man commission to replace the Secretary-General, he has only aggravated his failure. The purpose is to make the office of the Secretary-General representative of (1) the Western Powers, (2) the Communist Powers and (3) the Neutralist States. However the Secretary-Generalship is not a representative institution but an executive office. The Secretary-General is bound to act within the instructions given to him by the Security Council or the General Assembly. If he fails to carry out his instructions, he is liable to censure or dismissal by those bodies.

The Russian proposal has had a very depressing effect upon people in Britain who were firmly of the opinion that an accommodation between the Soviet Union and the Western Powers is practicable. Indeed, the threat of Mr. Khrushchev to resume the Cold War, if his proposal regarding the Secretary-Generalship is rejected, has badly shaken his position in the eyes of people who have hitherto had considerable sympathy for him.

Those are not, however, the only reactions. There is also to be discerned, among close students of the international situation, a strain of anxiety that the relations between the Western Powers and the Soviet Union are pregnant with more dangerous possibilities

than had hitherto been foreseen, and that Western statesmanship is quite unequal to the creation of a genuine understanding with Mr. Khrushchev. Everyone, of course, realizes that the task is one of extreme difficulty, because of the absence of genuine good-will in the Russian attitude.

I have already heard some criticisms of Pandit Nehru's policy of Neutralism in the light of what has been happening in New York. It is attacked as a purely negative policy. What is required, it is suggested, is a positive policy for peace. Although the Indian Prime Minister has, in fact, described his policy as such, it is not so recognized in the West.

The complexities of the political situation in the Congo have not destroyed the interest of the British public. Perhaps no minor international problem has aroused and maintained for so long a time such wide-spread interest in this country. This is probably due in some measure to the fact that the problem is in the hands of the United Nations.

The difficulties which have arisen in the Congo since the attainment of independence are similar to those India faced in 1947. The partition of British India led to a tragedy which was beyond all comparison with the violence and bloodshed in the Congo. The situation in the Congo today is analogous with the situation in British India before the Congress agreed to partition. There is no reason yet to despair of the establishment of a single state — whether federal in form or not — in the Congo.

SUNDER KABADI

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** writes this month of two interesting figures that truly belong to Paris — a writer of light, delicious plays, M. André Roussin, and a serious abstract artist, M. George Mathieu.—ED.]

I FIND André Roussin's plays lighthearted and delicious. There is nothing bitter or mordant about them. Perhaps that is why *La Petite Hutte* (The Little Hut) broke all local records for a consecutive engagement: it ran for six years. And now Roussin has produced *Les Glorieuses* in verse. To this he has added a curtain-raiser, *Une femme qui dit la Verité* (A Woman who Speaks the Truth).

The main play — so Roussin announces — was written in rhyme to please himself and in the hope that a boulevard comedy in verse would prove as welcome as a boulevard comedy in epigrams.

The verse is gay, audacious and filled with surprising and amusing turns of words and phrases with the spectators anxiously waiting to find out how the dramatist will terminate each alexandrine. Others before him have tried similar experiments, but Roussin spoofs the classic style, giving it a modern setting and a regulation boulevard plot — just as Shaw spoofed the Elizabethan dramatists in *The Admirable Bashville.*

The hero of the play is Carruche, a successful manufacturer of triangular comedies and he and his friends speak their daily lines in verse. His wife, who is wearied of this stick-in-the-mud husband, leaves him for a lover who might be a character out of Proust.

When the wife deserts the home the dramatist is comforted by his mother and his little son. He sits down to write — having removed his jacket and rolled up his sleeve — and begins writing a

comedy satirizing his wife's absurd flight. The play, as one can believe, is a success; but his wife's love affair is not so comic. She returns to find her husband has fallen in love with a young actress. When the young actress visits the playwright with her young fiancé the author realizes he is too old for her, and, with mellow humour, resigns himself to accepting the apologies of his restored mate.

George Mathieu's paintings are now on view at the Galerie Internationale. Most people believe he is France's best abstract painter. Mathieu has always given his paintings bizarre historical titles, usually allusions to battles or little-known eighth-century bishops. This sort of light-heartedness one has come to expect from the Paris *avant-garde*, but it appears that the historical titles in this exhibition have a real bearing on the subject, or rather the spirit, of the works themselves.

Some of Europe's greatest paintings have depicted historical scenes. The successful painters were Rubens, Velasquez, El Greco, Uccello. In them we feel the absorbing contrast between the moment of history and eternity, between the individual and the mass of humanity.

Mathieu is a public painter. His work commemorates historical events, and he frequently paints in public, preferably in some historic site and surrounded by reporters and television cameras. The presence of the public, he says, stimulates him. For in a crowd he cannot afford to ruin a canvas. When there is an audience he rises to the occasion. He believes in a kind of æsthetic aristocracy. His favourite form of government — so he told a magazine editor — would be absolute, and he stressed the word "absolute," monarchy.

BALDOON DHINGRA

Rather that heart which burns in thee,
Ask, not to amuse, but to set free;
Be passionate hopes not ill resign'd
For quite, and a fearless mind.
And though fate grudge to thee and me
The poet's rapt security,
Yet they, believe me, who await
No gifts from chance, have conquer'd fate

—MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

[THIS fine paper on an important subject was prepared specially by **Professor Robert Rein'l** for the Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore, and discussed at a meeting on January 28th, 1958. We publish here the first part.—ED.]

THE VALUE OF WORDS AND TERMS

I

THERE ARE positive and negative ways to consider the relation of values to terms. (1) If cognition has value, so have the terms that make it possible. But (2) the realization of cognitive value would have obstacles, one being the confusion of valuation with significance: for example, we find an idea satisfying and we think therefore that it is well formed. This would be a danger to the realization of cognition only if there were such a thing as danger, and there would be a danger only if there were a threatened value. We shall take up first the question of the value of cognition and then consider the appearances of value that stand in the way of cognition.

A *word* is a symbol taken apart from its significance, as when one says "the mere word": it is the common form of many sounds or shapes. A *term* is a word having a certain significance. The same word may have different meanings, and thus be different terms, and the same meaning may be expressed by different words. If terms are of value, it is mainly because they convey meanings that are of value. If a term has intrinsic as opposed to instrumental value, then the instrument, as instrument, is valued for itself and not for what it provides. Mere words, on the other hand, may have intrinsic value and sometimes through this a value instrumental to cognition. Their musical properties, which can be appreciated for their own sake, may also facilitate a grasp of meaning, just as marching in step lightens the soldier's burden. But æsthetic value contributes to meaning only when it is appropriate, when, as for Longinus, it is the very light of our thoughts.

There are two fundamentally different kinds of symbolism. In one, the symbol is a device for bringing to mind something of a much more complex character than that of the symbol itself. The character of the word "dog" is relatively simple, the character of the animal relatively complex. It is true of most terms that they have a vast significance whose boundary is not precisely determined. The other type of symbol has the reverse function; it is one of many things that point back to something relatively simple. It is this type that Plato had in mind when he said that the many beautiful things remind us of the one beauty. The same relationship holds between the tokens of a word — the indefinitely numerous sounds and shapes that express it — and the unity we have in mind when we say that the word is one.

A discussion of types of value requires a general conception of value. If one wishes to arrive at this, one cannot do so by ascending to a property that all the conceptions share, for according to some theorists value is simple and indefinable.[1] Yet there is something external to the conception that is

[1] See in particular G. E. MOORE, *Principia Ethica* (Cambridge University Press, New York, 1948).

invariably associated with it. This is valuation. Some important differences in value theory can be expressed in terms of valuation. Value will be defined indirectly, or operationally, in terms of valuation; valuation will be defined in terms of choice.

That A is superior to B means that anyone who understands or is acquainted with both A and B, selects A, or at least desires or considers himself obligated to select A.[2] Thus we state the most general conditions required for the conception of choice between alternatives. No particular quality is ascribed to A nor is it assumed that the choice of A leads to any sort of personal satisfaction.

In terms of these conditions we may draw a distinction between two fundamentally different conceptions of value. Either (1) the cognition of A by itself determines the choice — to know it is to value it — or (2) the cognition of A determines the choice only because A stands in a certain relation, for example to pleasure or conscience. The first conception would usually be called *non-naturalistic*, the second *naturalistic*. According to the first, we may take choice as independent of an external cause;[3] according to the second, choice may be conceived as a result of conditioning. The non-naturalistic view has something in common with the traditional concept of *final cause*, since it does not consider any event prior to the cognition of A as the cause of its preference; neither is the preference considered to be a matter of chance, for it is taken to be implied by the cognition. The non-naturalistic view is subject to two interpretations. It is either *formalistic* or *utilitarian*. According to the formalistic interpretation, value cannot be produced but only expressed. The act, if you like, is an imitation of recognized value. In Kant, for example, what a man ought to do is to express the good will, the only thing intrinsically good. The will ideally possible for him is the proper object of respect.[4] Thus neither the action itself, considered as something that is accomplished within nature, nor its consequences are of supreme importance, but only what the act expresses. The utilitarian interpretation on the other hand looks to the production of good. The naturalistic position (2), however, where it is some relation in which A stands that determines the choice, so that value does not lie in the object itself — but only in the object as desired, or as object of interest — is a position that seems to be consistent only with a utilitarian interpretation.[5] Thus the concept of choice varies among the interpretations. One may give it a meaning that is compatible with causal determinism, or one may conceive it in terms of a cognition that is taken neither as causally related to external conditions nor as a chance occurrence. The latter has much in common with Kant's idea of freedom, which fits neither the concept of determinism nor of indeterminism.

So far we have suggested certain

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[2] We do not take up the troublesome question of how acquaintance is to be determined, but the suggested technique for determining value scale is similar to J. S. Mill's for determining the quality of pleasure. However, pleasure is no part of the conception of value, nor is a distinction made between quality and quantity.

[3] So for Kant would be an action that is determined by respect for law: "The direct determination of the will by the law and the consciousness of this determination is respect ...."—IMMANUEL KANT, *Foundations of the Metaphysics of Morals*, trs. by L. W. BECK (The University of Chicago Press, 1950), p. 62.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 97.

[5] Utilitarians, those who define good in terms of the consequences of acts, are found in both basic types.

general interpretations of value. But there are different areas in which these interpretations may be applied, for example the æsthetic and the moral. Cognition is a third area.[6] In all these areas we behave as if values were at stake; we engage in logical as well as in æsthetic and moral criticism.

We turn now to cognitive value. To assert that terms have value is to assume that cognition is either instrumental to the attainment of intrinsic value or is itself of intrinsic value. (*Cognition* is to be used in the very general sense of the consciousness of an object either in itself or in its relations. "Object" is not limited to the static, but may include process; and it may be either phenomenal or noumenal or either indirectly or directly apprehended). One who denies that cognition is a requirement of value must be prepared to say either (a) that cognition is not essential to the realization of value or (b) that there is no such fact as value.

Suppose that (a) is the case. Then the achievement of value does not imply the consciousness of anything; if it did, consciousness would be instrumental. A value achieved in the absence of consciousness,[7] if not a theoretically impossible conception, is far removed from the ordinary view of value with which inquiry must begin. We may not feel that we understand value, but we seek awareness of it. Even the person who thinks of value in a most irrational way, as pure indulgence of the feelings, would surely not exclude consciousness from feeling. The would-be suicide who thinks of death as annihilation is hard put to explain the sense in which absence of consciousness is preferable to pain. One wishes to escape from pain, but to escape into nothing is to remove the very condition that gives meaning to the escape.[8] Thus it is difficult to eliminate cognition as having instrumental value, and if it has instrumental value it is conceivable that it also has intrinsic value, for there are many things, such as health, that people value not only as means but also intrinsically.

The second alternative has attracted much attention of late in the ethical doctrines of the logical positivists. We shall consider A. J. Ayer, who holds that value sentences are without factual meaning, hence neither true nor false. The fact that people behave as if values were at stake, including the fact that Professor Ayer behaves as if he valued scientific understanding, does not prove that there are values. It should be noted that Professor Ayer limits his criticism to sentences containing normative ethical symbols — right, wrong, good, evil, etc. — because he believes that only these express our "existing ethical notions."[9] Thus he dispenses with utilitarians and subjectivists, who in his estimation reduce ethics to psychology. But his is a serious challenge. If he is correct, there can be no cognitive investigation of value, for there are no facts to lay hold of.

The crux of Professor Ayer's criticism lies in his theory of meaning. He takes value statements as normative *in intent,* but he finds no fact corresponding to the normative. Rightness and wrongness are not properties of acts in the way that swiftness and slowness are. If a term has meaning, some empiri-

[6] See ALBUREY CASTELL, *An Elementary Ethics* (New York, Prentice Hall, Inc., 1954), p. 148.

[7] The role of consciousness is not assumed to be that of the consciousness of value. One might be consciousness of a value without being consciousness of it *as* a value.

[8] This is closely related to Kant's statement of the contradiction present in the concept of suicide.

[9] A. J. AYER : *Language, Truth and Logic* (Dover Publications, Inc., New York, 1946), p. 105.

cal test of the truth of the sentence in which it occurs should be conceivable. There are tests for liking or disliking certain acts or their consequences, but there are no similar tests for their rightness or wrongness. Thus, on the basis of the verification theory of meaning, the factual significance of value statements is denied.

But what supports the theory of meaning is a problem. If the theory has its basis in the definition of the conditions of factual meaning, it cannot according to Professor Ayer's view be a statement of fact, because no definitions are statements of fact. That the criterion of meaning has application — and there is no question of this — does not establish it as the only criterion. There seems to be neither an *a priori* nor an empirical method for deciding on the criterion. *A priori* methods, if they tell us nothing about the actual world but only about logical possibilities, cannot determine what does or does not have meaning to actual minds, but only what *can* have meaning to a possible mind. On the other hand, empirical procedures for deciding between criteria involve the concept of the useful, and the useful in turn involves either the relation between means and consequences *only* or the relation between means and *valuable* consequences. If Professor Ayer were to take the second interpretation, his procedure for excluding values would be a procedure that includes values for the sake of excluding them. If he took the first interpretation, then either the selection of the consequences that determine the utility is a necessarily determined selection — a difficult position to maintain empirically — or a selection is made that merely expresses a preference. Since Professor Ayer dos not appeal to values, it seems that he should find no more reason for his own denial of value facts than for someone else's affirmation of them. The positivistic denial of value facts is only a moralist's bugaboo. The denial is not established; of course, on the other hand, neither is the affirmation established by the failure of the denial. But this leaves open the investigation of value, including the values of words and terms.[10]

There is a conception of value that Professor Ayer has overlooked. It is that value lies not in feeling or satisfaction, but solely in the object of cognition. Then the very attempt he has made to transcend value in his thinking could be regarded as an approach to value differently conceived. His work might be regarded as not so much a denial of values as something in support of their transvaluation. Yet it is easy to see that Professor Ayer would reject this view, for it too is in conflict with his theory of meaning. That right evaluation is the consequence of the cognition of value, is the essence of the intuitionist position, and intuitionism in any form Professor Ayer rejects. The argument against intuition is the classic one: that in a conflict between intuitions, intuition does not disclose which, if any, is the genuine intuition.[11] The case against intuition is not, however, so easily closed.

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[10] It would be surprising if the investigation of value had to begin by establishing the existence of value, just as surprising as if the theory of knowledge were to begin with a demonstration of the existence of knowledge. Presumably the existence of value cannot be established until we know *what* value is; but what it is, is the object of the inquiry. This situation will not trouble one who has a sense of dialectic and who recognizes that the object of search is known first only negatively as not this, not that.

For criticism of positivistic ethics similar in intent but different in structure, see NATHANIEL LAWRENCE: "A Note on Value Statements," *The Journal of Philosophy*, Vol. 48, No. 20, September 27, 1951.

[11] AYER, *op cit.*, p. 106.

Those who have held seriously an intuitionist theory of cognition have been quite willing to admit that intuition does not provide demonstrative knowledge, if this means that intuitive knowledge can be imparted on a non-intuitive basis, *i.e.*, in terms of external grounds. The intuitionist's view is that knowledge in the most complete sense of the term is immediate, not discursive. It is not a collection of parts, but simple — at least in the sense of an organic whole. It is what the practical understanding, which makes use of signs, aims at but never actually attains. What can be tested is not intuitive knowledge, but a claim to intuitive knowledge, such as what one remembers to have known directly. Even if, as Bergson believed, intuition has consequences for discursive thought, the testing of these consequences is only in a specious sense a testing of the intuition, for an intuition cannot have false consequences. The relation between intuition and its consequences is similar to the relation (in Kant's ethical theory) of the good will to the consequences of action. Just as the moral worth of an action lies not in its consequences but in the will, so intuitive truth is not supposed to lie in any tests, but in the cognition itself; and just as Kant holds that the consequences for happiness, even though secondary, cannot be disregarded, so an intuitionist theory may insist on the consequences of intuition for discursive thought. Bergson compared the relationship of the intuitive and discursive sides of thought to that between the simple creative impulse to literary composition — which is indeed something deeply embedded in an acquaintance with literature — and the words that express it. The impulse is said to "break up into words."[12] Just so, intuition may be regarded as breaking up into discursive thought. If one believes that truth, like murder, will out, then from the point of view of discursive thought what is claimed as an intuition should stand up under all tests. But it is the claim that is tested, not the intuition. There is a distinction between what is *from* intuition and what is *in accord with* intuition (again as in Kant's conception of duty). Perhaps the status of what is intuited begins to look suspiciously like the status of the hypothesis that, despite all the efforts we make to disprove it, remains consistent with experience. Yet there is this basic difference. The hypothesis, if true, is true in relation to an experience external to it. The intuition, on the other hand, may overflow into the varieties of experience, but its truth does not lie in its relationships.[13] In terms of what it is not, it has a certain similarity to the One of Plotinus.

Intuition is an elusive subject in all the areas of philosophy. Its demands run counter to those of the ordinary practical or utilitarian understanding. It was necessary to introduce it in order to make room for non-naturalistic as well as naturalistic theories of value.

Our original question concerned the possibility of conceiving the value of words and terms by means of the value of cognition. Now we shall consider valuation as an obstacle to cognition.

There are two sources of bias in the clarification of ideas: one is incapacity, or lack of the power of discrimination; the other, prejudice arising from a lack

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[12] HENRI BERGSON: *Creative Evolution*, trs. by A. MITCHELL (Henry Holt and Co., New York, 1911), p. 240.

[13] An intuitionist theory that conceives of the possibility of the vindication of truth is in need of certain metaphysical assumptions. The following are suggested as possibilities: (1) There is an infinite time, so that it may be said of any error that it will be unmasked. (2) There is a process in which all but intuition disappears, although this may be again followed by a process in which there is an accretion of errors.

of critical investigation of apparent values. Conceptions of these sources can be clarified in relation to the idea of definition.

Every useful definition involves a reduction to terms already known. If these terms are complex, they are definable; only the simple is indefinable. The person who grasps clearly a complex meaning must be aware of its constituents. Distortion occurs when there is either oversimplification or overcomplication. When one is vaguely aware of the complexity of an idea, one may treat it as simple; also one may complicate an idea by adding to it attitudes and associations.[14] Sometimes what stands in the way of analysis is the feeling of familiarity, which is strengthened by the absence of practical difficulty in the application of a word. An application that does not involve frustration is usually taken as having positive value. Thus the fact that one does not feel the need for analysis does not imply that one has arrived at a clear understanding of terms. Uncritical evaluation may be the cause of not arriving at the full meaning, hence a source of distortion. Lack of capacity, on the other hand, does not involve the overlooking of the constituents of a meaning, for the constituents are not available. If one person perceives a meaning in its fullness, and another is incapable of this, then the two do not really have in mind the same meaning, nor do they employ the same terms. Similar considerations hold for groups.

ROBERT REIN'L

(To be concluded)

DELIGHT is to him who against the proud gods and commodores of this world ever stands forth his own inexorable self. Delight is to him whose strong arms yet support him when the ship of this base, treacherous world has gone down beneath him. Delight is to him whom all the waves of the billows of the seas of the boisterous mob can never shake from the sure Keel of the Ages.

— HERMAN MELVILLE

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[14] The latter, G. E. Moore finds in the confusion of *good* with *the good*. *Good* is a simple quality; *the good* is anything that possesses this quality. Because good things are pleasant, pleasure is sometimes confused with goodness itself.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

D. L. Howard, author of the recent book *The English Prisons,* writes in *The Times Educational Supplement* (September 23rd, 1960) of the value of group discussion tried out on twenty-two "A stream" boys in their third year at Granbrook County Secondary Boys' School, Kent.

The experiment was based on the recognition that, as pupils become more psychologically and physically mature, they need a special guidance to feel their way towards the fundamental moral principles on which human happiness and satisfaction must rest. For too often, to the adolescent, such principles, and the topics that involve them, seem bound up with adult authority, which is either accepted without thought, or which arouses opposition. Mr. Howard, feeling that the right attitude could be more easily induced by the impact of contemporaries, divided the boys into groups of seven or eight for a double period once a week (though it might be more difficult with a larger class). They were "told simply to discuss any matters which seemed important to them in their daily lives" without any of the ritual of formal debate. The master kept in the background for the first session, noting, however, that all the boys were being brought into the discussion. Later on, he intervened only when talk had become gossip in any group. Then "a provocative remark addressed to the right boy" brought them back to fruitful subjects. There was naturally much heated argument, with differing viewpoints, but eventually "the more sensational attitudes adopted by belligerent members on, for example, sexual promiscuity were rectified quickly by others" and in the final outcome the majority had worked towards a sound moral attitude far more effectively under the pressure of opinion than if the moral principles had merely been presented by the teacher. Indeed, when the teacher curbed himself patiently, he found that, sooner or later, the desired viewpoint was expressed by one of the boys.

The result of this freedom, after a term's experience, showed itself in a greater unity in the class. The master himself gained more insight into the boys' characters, while the boys themselves increasingly came, in a quite natural way, to ask for advice on questions of behaviour, or relationships, and on broad moral problems. While the orthodox discipline on other lessons was not harmed by the experiment, Mr. Howard found the boys' sympathy with him increased, as also their recognition of the problems of parents and others with whom they occasionally came into conflict. The freedom to use their own speech and slang at these discussions did not harm their speech at more conventional lessons, and, in the formal debates held at the end of the term, eliminated much of the previous pretentiousness.

What would these boys make, one wonders, of such a subject as the Eastern conception of the moral law of Karma, which complements the Western Christian doctrine that we must reap what we sow? The latter might well seem unrealistic to them by itself, but, if it were recognized as actual law, could have far-reaching implications even for everyday subjects such as those discussed by the boys — "courtesies to adults,

teenage dress, hire purchase, apprenticeship" or staying out late without letting one's parents know.

"The science of land health," a phrase coined by the late Aldo Leopold, the American ecologist-naturalist, is used by Lady Eve Balfour, of the Soil Association, London, as the theme for a significant survey in *The British Vegetarian* (September-October 1960). She compares the orthodox with the organic theory about pests and diseases in crops and livestock. The orthodox theory claims these have always existed, before modern agricultural techniques were evolved, and that spraying policy, despite certain disadvantages, prevents heavy losses from these causes. The organic theory agrees that "pests and diseases" have always existed, but as part of a biological pattern of "food-chains"; the very strife between the various "layers of life" makes a balance of creation-destruction that ensures the survival of the whole. Only "when a species is threatened with really destructive damage, interdependence has become imbalance." Modern agricultural techniques actually engender and increase such imbalance, which only long-term organic methods will restore. There is evidence that 40 sprayings a year are now commonly necessary in orchards to control pests, where formerly two or three were enough; further, the use of sprays as deterrents actually induces immunity in the pests, though it may save one season's crop. She cites cases where cotton, orange and banana crops, formerly damaged by pests, have, after a change to compost methods, given greater yields, without needing spray control. Other cases in Europe are mentioned where organic plots produce healthy crops in the midst of virus-and-pest-ridden holdings, and where livestock is free from deficiency and other diseases, even in areas where disease is epidemic.

In Aldo Leopold's illuminating words:—

> Land ... is not merely soil; it is a fountain of energy flowing through a circuit of soils, plants and animals. Food chains are the living channels which conduct energy upward; death and decay return it to the soil.

This circuit of energy cannot be investigated by chemical means, the basis of most agricultural science. "Something chemically the same may be very different as a conductor of living energy." Orthodox agricultural science is thus accused, (1) of turning a blind eye to the complexities of the biological balance; (2) of attempting to make it fit preconceived, oversimplified and therefore sterile patterns; and (3) of trying to remedy symptoms without considering causes, because good intentions are marred by the arrogance of partial knowledge. There are, she writes, signs of the change of thought that must precede change of action. Pioneer work by the Soil Association and others in this field must be welcomed by all who view the universe, with its dynamic interdependence of function throughout, as a living, intelligent whole.

The high price we have to pay for modern civilization is to be reckoned not only in our increasing dependence on the use of machines but also in the noisiness of the environment in which we are forced to live with the machines. The heavy physical and mental strain of this often leads to progressive deafness, nervous disorders, etc. Scientific research on the subject has revealed that apart from mental discomforts and health hazards excessive noise has deleterious effects on efficiency. A recent number of the *Journal of Scientific and Industrial Research*, brought out by the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research, New Delhi, has a valuable article surveying the traffic noise in Indian cities.

Governments of all advanced countries have taken adequate measures to check

this noise nuisance and in a number of countries abatement is being authorized by legislation. The noise in the cities of New York, Berlin, Tokyo and London has been measured and it is refreshing to note that the National Physical Laboratory of India has made a similar traffic noise survey in the cities of Bombay and Delhi. The report published in the *Journal of Scientific and Industrial Research* discusses the subject of annoyance values of various levels of noise. According to a summary of the report, published in newspapers:—

> The daytime street noise level in Delhi and Bombay is, by and large, excessively high. In Delhi, the noisiest place is Daryaganj and in Bombay, it is Bhendi Bazar. It has been found that the maximum noise recorded is over 90 phons and the minimum is seldom below 60 phons. The noise of an average motor horn is about 100 to 115 phons. For work requiring mental concentration, a noise level below 60 phons is considered desirable while any figure above 80 phons is objectionable. For sleep, the level must be considerably below 60 phons.

As there has been a rapid growth in the size and activities of Indian cities in recent years, it is only natural that noise levels have gone up to uncomfortable levels in several of them. In addition to the noise due to traffic, the radios turned on full blast in many houses and the blaring loudspeaker systems employed at social functions are other common sources of disturbing noise in many areas. When one remembers that continuous exposure to noise, even of low intensity, is believed to lead not simply to nervous annoyance or deafness but to stomach ulcer, cancer and diseases of the heart, one feels that the urgent need for effective steps to limit environmental noise cannot be overemphasized. It is hoped that the authorities will soon initiate measures to lower noise levels and relieve living and working in urban areas from their pressure.

A tendency towards fragmentation seems to be characteristic of the countries which attained independence in the wave of resurgent nationalism now evident in Asia and Africa. Immature pride in separate languages and blind loyalty to the parish pump play a prominent part in the drift towards separatism in India. Vice-President Dr. S. Radhakrishnan was naturally referring to this sad state of affairs while unveiling a statue of Mahatma Gandhi recently in Amritsar during the Gandhi Jayanti Week.

It is appropriate that thoughts of unity and integration should dominate the week celebrating the birth of Gandhiji, who always saw as a nation this Indian conglomeration of races, castes and tribes. The Vice-President, according to a report in the *Hindustan Times*, said:—

> The Ram Rajya of Gandhiji's dream could be established only when the evils in our society, evils which were merely projections of our own thoughts, were removed. We change the social order only to the extent to which we change ourselves.

Urging the need for a cleansing of public life in the country at all levels, Dr. Radhakrishnan pointed out how Mahatma Gandhi had placed before the country the ancient law of renunciation, and added:—

> Unfortunately, after the attainment of independence, love of power, personal ascendency, caste and communal feelings, provincial jealousies, political expediency and partisanship seem to be on the increase. In some parts of the country even administration suffers from group politics. Our provincial attachments, which supersede even party allegiances, remind us of primitive feuds. Each one of us will have to look within himself and rid himself of the torments of greed and ambition, false pride and group feeling. We have to build from within. We must train our masses, who have a heart of gold, who feel for the country, but who want to be taught and led. What is needed are a few intelligent and sincere workers. They can make the whole nation to act intelligently and democracy can be evolved out of mobocracy.

It is surprising that in a circular issued recently, the Delhi Administration has suggested to its five thousand employees that they get themselves "sterilized": According to a report in the *Statesman* (New Delhi),

> The Delhi Administration has promised extra casual leave for six days, free operation and medical attendance to those getting themselves sterilized. This facility has also been extended to all industrial workers in Delhi territory. Some of the employees interpret the circular as a directive and propose to seek a clarification.

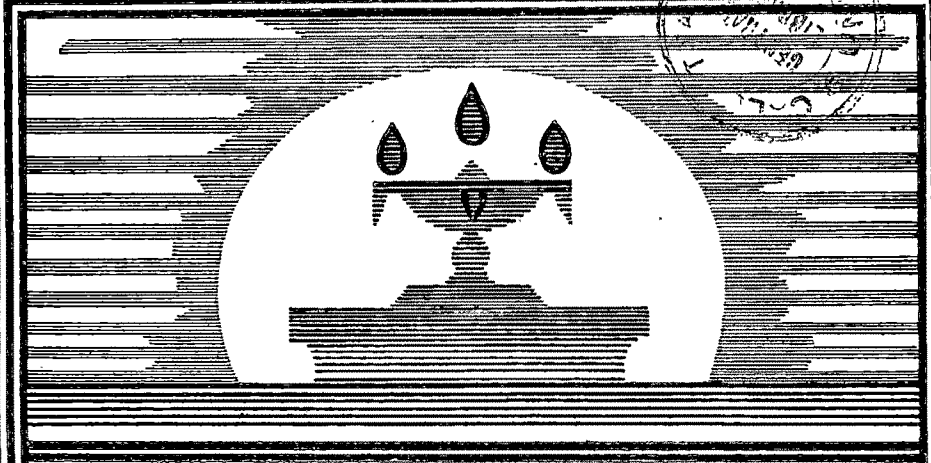
Nothing seems to be more revolting than the extent of the campaign now being carried on in this country in favour of artificial birth control. Among the several arguments put forward for this unholy campaign are that the country is overpopulated and that there will not be enough food to go round if the birth rate continues to rise at the present rate.

Admittedly it would be a very good thing if our population was so limited that each one had sufficient food, accommodation, education and employment; but if one were to suggest the achievement of this desirable end by destroying the infant population or the aged and the infirm, one would surely be regarded as a monster. But how is the current drive for "family planning," which includes contraception and sterilization, any more moral? The report adds:—

> The Delhi Administration proposes to introduce an extensive programme for birth control and family planning in the Union Territory. Schemes envisaging an expenditure of Rs. 13 lakhs have been drawn up for this purpose for inclusion in the third Plan. These schemes include the setting up of a mobile surgical unit, provision of surgical facilities in hospitals, setting up of six new family-planning clinics and augmentation of the staff of surgical department of Hindu Rao and Victoria Zenana hospitals.
>
> The mobile surgical unit to be set up at a cost of Rs. 2.72 lakhs will carry out vasectomy on people who volunteer themselves for sterilization. This unit will function at primary health centres and in hospitals in the rural as well as urban areas. In addition to this mobile unit, the surgical departments of Hindu Rao and Victoria Zenana hospitals will also be augmented at a cost of Rs. 2 lakhs to undertake this operation.

Sterilization facilities now available in a few hospitals are proposed to be extended to other hospitals in Delhi and it is further reported that in addition to these measures the Union Home Ministry, to encourage family planning, has issued instructions to all the Government Departments and State Governments to allow six days' leave to those employees who undergo this operation.

It needs no argument to prove that contraception, and more so sterilization, are unjustified and artificial recourses, while there is a perfectly harmless and natural means of achieving the same object — continence. Where there is a choice of means, preference must be given to the least damaging and the least in conflict with natural law. It is a pity that in the current drive for family planning, the authorities seem to overlook an unnatural and therefore evil means, however good their intentions. Does this not sound strangely inconsistent with the Directive Principles of our Constitution, in which moral principles are enshrined? In the case of family planning, expediency is allowed to overrule morality.



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THE ARYAN PATH

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

VOL. XXXI DECEMBER 1960 No. 12

FIDDLING IN A ROME ON FIRE

[**Mr. Mikhail Naimy,** the mystical story-teller, is well known to readers of THE ARYAN PATH and members of the Indian Institute of World Culture. In this Guest-Editorial he writes with a characteristic intense simplicity: if we desire peace, let us "fan up those passions of the heart that make for peace among men." — ED.]

UNNERVED to the point of hysteria by constant threats of a war of annihilation, the peoples of the present world are clamouring for peace. Heretofore peace in the human dictionaries meant a breathing spell between two wars. Such spells were usually secured by verbose pacts solemnly signed by leaders of warring camps after much wrangling, bickering and underhand work, to be just as solemnly renounced a few years later.

The war of the future, however, shall carry away all the living; so say those who claim to know. There shall be none left to want a breathing spell. Either peace, or death—there is no other alternative. Since mankind prefers to live, it is with one voice crying for peace. Who would say that the cry was not most natural, healthy, sincere and deserving of a prompt response?

Yet the ears of those who should be the first to hear, and who alone can act, seem to be most sluggish, if not deaf. They are stuffed with the rubbish of the diplomacy of pre-atomic days which cannot think of peace except in terms of breathing spells to be caught and encaged in long-winded treaties drawn up at international conferences after endless bouts of clever forensics and torrents of pharisaic philanthropy. In other words, they approach the problem of *permanent* peace exactly as their predecessors approached the problem of breathing spells between wars which were not wars of annihilation. With the world dancing on a volcano they would sit at one conference after another and pour out cascades of beautiful

oratory in praise of peace, manœuvring all the while for a questionable advantage to one side and a sure disadvantage to the other.

Where do the leaders of the world look for permanent peace? Exactly where their predecessors looked and failed. And that is the tragedy. They seem to believe that disarmament and demobilization, partial or total, would chase away for ever the spectre of war, provided the details of the procedure were carefully worked out and embodied in an appropriate treaty. But so far they have not been able to agree on the details. And how can they agree when each side accuses the other of insincerity and bad faith? But disagreements in the past did not mean the total ruin of mankind; whereas not to agree on peace today is sure to spell the final doom of the human race.

It is a great pity, indeed, that Man, who has found the key into the heart of the atom, has not yet found the key into his own heart. For in the human heart alone is the solution of the riddle of war and peace. In that uncanny pomegranate stocked with all manner of passions, are to be found, side by side, the seeds of war and the seeds of peace. To have war you need but fan the passions of hatred, jealousy, distrust, envy and greed for power and wealth. To have peace you need but tap the incalculably rich deposits of human love, compassion, trust, sympathy, together with the sense of fairness and human dignity.

If mankind be truly desirous of having permanent peace, let it pool to that end its immense resources of propaganda. In the final analysis wars are made by words much more than by arms and soldiers. Arms, even the most deadly, and soldiers, even the most courageous, are impotent without words. It is the magic of words that stirs up and fans human passions. Instead of controlling arms, control the radio, the press, the screen, the pulpit, the legislative rostrum and all the other agencies capable of influencing human hearts and minds. Let such agencies fan up those passions of the heart that make for peace among men. Let them refrain from stirring up the ugly sediments that make for war. It is as easy to bless as to curse. A poisoned word is more deadly than a poisoned shaft.

That, in my judgment, is the road to the peace we all crave. To seek other roads by endless cunning and manœuvring is to fiddle in a Rome on fire.

MIKHAIL NAIMY

THE BEGGAR MOTHER

[**Mr. Ernest V. Hayes** wrote in our June issue a thoughtful article on "Doldrums in Religion." Of this lightly-worded but moving story he writes: "The story is based on an actual incident of my young days, the only imaginative touch being the old biddy's sight of her son at the end."—ED.]

I DID NOT GO TO IRELAND very often in the days of my more active and youthful life. On each occasion of a visit, something happened more than the mere visit. I went twice for a holiday and twice on a lecture-tour. I paid my own fare from Liverpool to Dublin on these two occasions and spent three or four days in the Irish city and in Belfast. I cannot say those responsible for receiving me (after I had paid my own fare) were very radiant; perhaps I should have put myself up at a hotel and paid for my own hospitality. For it is curious, the reverses you get in travelling, upsetting all the legends of this and that you may have inherited, which fall sadly to pieces in your actual experiences, though it would be surely unwise to take a few contacts of your own as representing the genius of the whole country. But I formed several links with the ordinary people met in the streets and other public places, and these friends took a liking to me, without knowing me at all, or anything of my oratory. In fact, they claimed me—"You're Irish yourself, surely"—which was a great honour.

Maternally, I derive from the Isle, and my mother might have been known as "Rose of Tralee," had the song been written during her lifetime. She died when I was three, and while I cannot say I remember her in the clumsy way we remember through the brain, I loved her, and I met with her in dreams, though I could not have told you what she looked like when I woke up. So when I was in Dublin, it was not Blackrock at Brighton I was reminded of, but Tralee was in my mind, though I was not able to go there. One day, perhaps, I may die there—and that should be a great pleasure to me, and, for all I know to the contrary, to one or two others.

On the first occasion I was in Dublin—the very first day, in fact—I went in to look over a large church. When I came out, there was an old woman crouched on the steps. She and her clothes, no doubt, had seen better days. I supposed her to be in her late seventies, but old Irish women look older than they are, and when they reach the age you thought they were they look no older. My mother would have been in her late seventies, had she long survived the birth of me; I think my mother must have been as pretty in her young days as this old woman had been, now

crouching on the church steps. She looked at me. Others had passed her, going into the church or coming out, and she hadn't seemed to take any notice of them. But she asked me straightway for alms. And she straightway received more than I think she had expected from one person. For I am talking of the days before the War, when sixpence was sixpence and not a decimal point of a sixpence as in these inflated times. This old woman called blessings on me and promised to say "heaps of prayers" for me. Though I do not know, even now, how many prayers go to a heap, I found a letter for me at the house where I was lodged, containing good news. For it cannot be denied that the best news a man can get is financial news—but, alas! often too rare. In the evening I went back to the church for the old woman who might be Mother. She was there, and she said she was waiting for me. A hard-faced sceptic—who would not have tested sixpence on her, in any case—would have suggested that she was on the lookout, and would have said the same pleasing words to any soft-hearted person. Never mind. I gave her another sixpence. And she called me "Son." You may not believe me, but there was another letter next morning, and it enclosed a nice cheque from a very kind-hearted Editor. Whether she had finished one heap and started on another—at sixpence a heap—I could not be sure.

I went along to the same church that morning, and she was truly waiting for me; you could see it in her face. I took her to a little café kind of place for a meal; kind of "Once you dine here, you'll never dine anywhere else"; not lacking in nourishment, if you can get what I mean, but a little short of consideration. So we talked. She had the second sight, and she described my mother. The name was right, and I could not verify the details of her features and colouring. It sounded very much like a feminine edition of myself, if that does not seem too Irish.

"It was from Tralee she came, to marry a gay English soldier—no, he was a Scot, for he had the kilts on, but he was born in London. That hadn't spoiled him at all, and he looked a fine feller as ever a silly gal could go to the end of the world with. There were three of 'em, three men. Colour Sergeants they were and comrades but not otherwise related. But the three gals were sisters and a fine weddin' they had altogether. An' in this city too, at the Cathedral. And then she went round a good bit of the world with him, and if she threw a heavy brass candlestick at him when she once lost her temper, she never let him down in the way that is done these days...."

And I knew by that time that she was not describing my mother but the grandmother, who had put grandfather into a hospital to receive a

few stitches—only two or three—and that sad mishap had not diminished his love for her one iota. I did not set her right, for the point was a small one. For who knows how much the grandparents can be in a son, having by-passed the parents?

The old woman passed a hand over her forehead and then her eyes as if the second sight worried her a little. For I had no doubt she saw, and if a fastidious person were to complain that she was not seeing very accurately, neither do we for the most part with the first sight. The old woman was grieved that I was not to be in Dublin for a long time. That could be explained on material grounds. But she said to me: "I've always wanted to meet my son."

"Did you lose a son?" I asked her.

She clutched at herself, where the maternal fountains are. "Yes," she said—and no more. But her glance for me was motherly, for all her years and her neglect.

There had been a great rain for some hours, but in the evening—for we were together all that day—the sunset was gold tumbling among the undischarged clouds. I had to leave her for an evening lecture engagement. Where would she sleep? Had she a room of some sort? And I called her Mother because I wanted her to have confidence in me. There was a lodging-house she could go to, if she had the money. I could do no better than give her the money—and a bit over. As we sat in the café, she tapped her ten fingers on the table between us. "Playing the piano?" I queried.

"I used to," she said. "In the old days. Quite fine at it I was. An' the tears will start in me eyes when I think of it."

"I wish you were staying here," she said at parting. "I could clean up your room for you if you had one. For it's a lot youse doin' for me, surely."

"Can I see you tomorrow?" I asked her. "I shall be going up to Belfast in the afternoon." I thought I could cash the cheque that had been sent to me and so help her a little more. For if her heap of prayers had brought it (unexpected though hoped for) it was clear that she ought to have a small return to encourage her in other heaps that she might feel inclined to make.

"You could meet me here, for they all know me," she said. "But it's scared I am of the morror, not knowing. Ask 'em here if you don't see me."

"I went to the café the next morning and I had money on me. She was not there. She had collapsed in the street the previous night. Heart. But her eyes had looked out and lit up at a vision none else could see and her

face had become radiant. "I can see my son. It's money he has for me after all this long time. An' I'm never to want agen...." And so she passed.

E. V. HAYES

THE FLOWERING MOMENT

SOME people suddenly become conscious of a wonderful sense of happiness. This has happened to me from time to time. Such an experience seldom comes when sought but at odd moments when I may be engaged in some humdrum task. It is all the more beautiful for the contrast. One of my most frequent experiences of this nature is the feeling that there is a mysterious unseen presence in the room with me. There is a strange fragrance, a sense of physical and spiritual well-being which is almost impossible to describe. All my cares disappear and pleasure as the world knows it seems comparatively futile. At such times I often feel impelled to write a poem. Why are such experiences only vouchsafed to some people? Well, if we do not believe in miracles they will never happen to us. To have such experience a strict code of self-discipline is necessary. If we give way to our weaknesses of character we shall be less sensitively attuned. That is why sick people sometimes seem radiantly happy. The world's temptations no longer have any power over them and they are able to "tune in" to the unseen world around them.

Many people fear solitude. Yet it is often during moments of solitude that the saint, the mystic, the poet and the philosopher achieve the pinnacle of inspiration. That is why early morning and late at night are most conducive to meditation and creative work. The wheels of the workaday world are stilled and silence becomes more eloquent than music.

Some people have used drugs in an effort to achieve a receptive and hypersensitive state of mind conducive to the ecstasy of the mystics. I do not entirely condemn this method, but I do not think such artificial stimulation is wise.

We still know very little about our minds. Psychology, psychiatry and psychical research are in their infancy. The mind is the "radio set" through which the soul operates. The more we discover about our minds the more we realize what marvellous instruments they are. Telepathy is already an established fact. We may be on the verge of more exciting discoveries than telepathy which will shed a light upon the intriguing darkness at present shrouding some of our most magical moments.

As Hamlet says, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

HERBERT BLUEN

THE GREAT GURU ARYA-ASANGA

[THIS ESSAY written in a deep traditional feeling is from the pen of **The Rt. Rev. Friedrich V. Lustig,** *in ecclesia* Acharya Ananda Maitreya, High Priest and Buddhist Vicar for Estonia, Deputy Sangharaja for Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. In exile from his native country, he resides at the Shwedagon Pagoda in Rangoon and remains the assistant, secretary and disciple of the exiled Buddhist Archbishop of Latvia, The Most Rev. Karlis A. M. Tennisons.

Madame Blavatsky, with her profound and special knowledge, remarks in her *Theosophical Glossary* that there were two Aryasanghas (as the name is often rendered) — the founder of the first Yogācāra school and a later Buddhist writer.—ED.]

IN THE LONG HISTORY of India the great Guru Arya-Asanga has a place of honour. Regarded as founder of the Vijnānavāda or Yogācāra school of Buddhism, he presented the Dharma in the most splendid manner. He united vast knowledge and spiritual power with a strong desire to save those sentient beings who were still involved in the circle of rebirths and re-dyings. He had a noble countenance, and was a perfect *Yogin* and seer of the Beyond.

The celebrated Guru Arya-Asanga was born in the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian Era in the Purushapura Kingdom of Northern India in the city known today as Peshawar. The father of Arya-Asanga was a royal Brahmana of the Kaushika family. And his mother was a very pious Buddhist lady. Her name was Prasannashila, and by birth she had been of the Brahmana caste.

Before her marriage, Prasannashila often used to say to herself: "I, being a woman, am incapable of preaching the Buddhist Law. But, if I give birth to sons, I will make of them propagators of the Dharma."

Her first son she named Asanga, *i.e.*, "One not in bondage to anything." Arya-Asanga is called in Tibetan Hphags-pa Thogs-med, *i.e.*, "The Noble Unhindered." The second son of Prasannashila was Vasubandhu, which means "a kinsman of wealth." In Tibetan his name is Dbyig-gnen. Vasubandhu, who may be regarded as one of the greatest among the great Gurus who lived after Our Lord Buddha Gautama Shākyamuni, became the twentieth Patriarch of Buddhism.

Prasannashila performed many rites in order to secure for her sons an acute intellectual faculty.

Asanga was endowed with the innate character of a Bodhisattva. He was distinguished for unselfishness, purity, love of equality and peace, and

many other virtues. As a young man, Asanga was ordained a priest in the Sarvāstivādah school of Buddhism. His younger brother Vasubandhu also became a member of the Sangha. But he travelled to Kashmir and studied there Abhidharma (the Buddhist metaphysics) under the Buddhist High Priest Sanghabhadra, author of many philosophical works.

As a *bhikshu*, Arya-Asanga assiduously practised meditation, without even the slightest diversion or distraction, but he found no satisfaction in the doctrine of *Nairatmya* (in Pali *Anatta*) and Nirvāṇa according to the Hinayāna school of Buddhism. He comprehended well that the transcendental existence of the empirical Ego must be rejected, but he found it rather difficult to accept the materialistic concept of the elements of the Hinayanists.

In extreme mental anguish, Arya-Asanga was about to commit suicide. But at the critical moment, so says the old tradition, Arhat Pindola (the first of the group of sixteen Arhats telepathically propagating Buddhism), who was then in Purvavideha (the Eastern Continent), having perceived this, came to Arya-Asanga and comforted him. Arya-Asanga decided to continue his study of the Buddhist meditation and took up his abode in a cave at Kukkutapādaparvata or "Cock's Foot Mountain" in Magadha, the site where the Venerable Mahā-Kashyapa, the first Patriarch of Buddhism, entered into the Nirvānic state. Here the illustrious Asanga resolved to seek the assistance of the glorious Bodhisattva Maitreya, the Coming Buddha. Now for three years, with fervour and humility, Arya-Asanga made his propitiation, but as he failed to notice the slightest sign of success, he was deeply saddened.

The subsequent events in Asanga's life are described as follows by the famous Tibetan historian Bu-ston (born-in C. E. 1288 at Thophug, near Tashi Lhumpo, Tibet) in his *History of Buddhism in India and Tibet*:—

> Having gone out, he [the great Guru Arya-Asanga] saw an old man who was making needles out of a pole of iron by rubbing it with a piece of cotton. "How have the needles been produced?" asked he. The old man replied:
>
> If a man possessed of moral strength
> Wishes to accomplish something,
> He never meets with failure,
> However difficult the work may be.
> If he does not lose his patience,
> He can break mountains with the palm of his hand.
>
> Accordingly, Asanga continued his propitiation for another six years, and thus spent altogether nine years in his meditation. Then he went out

and saw how a rock was slowly destroyed by drops of water and by the wings of birds that always touched it in their flight. But, after he had practised *sadhana* for twelve years and saw no sign of success he became full of violent sorrow and went out again. As he was about to go away, he observed a dog; the lower part of its body was eaten by worms, but the upper part was still free and it was barking and biting. Asanga became full of commiseration and, considering that if he were to remove the worms, the latter would perish, he became resolved to cut flesh from his own body and take off the worms by attracting them with it. Thereupon, he proceeded to the town called Achinta and, having pledged his mendicant's staff, obtained a golden knife. With this he cut off some flesh from his body. Then, thinking that if he took off the worms with his hand they would nevertheless die, he shut his eyes and was about to take them off with his tongue. At that moment the dog disappeared, and he beheld Maitreya (the Future Buddha), full of radiance. And thus did he address Him: "O my Father, my Unique Refuge, I have exerted myself in a hundred different ways. But nevertheless no result was to be seen. Wherefore have the rain-clouds and the might of the Ocean come only now when, tormented by excruciating pain, I am no longer thirsting? With such effects have I tried to propitiate Thee, but not even a sign did appear. Scant is therefore Thy compassion"—in such a manner did he reproach Lord Maitreya. The Glorious One replied.

> Though the King of the Gods sends down rain,
> A bad seed is unable to grow;
> Though the Buddhas may appear in this world
> He who is unworthy cannot partake of the bliss.

I was here from the very beginning, but thou couldst not see me, owing to thy own obscurations. Now, as great Compassion has become originated in thee, thou hast become purified and canst now behold Me....

The Buddhist legends relate how thereupon Arya-Asanga rose up to the Tushita Realm and listened there to the exposition by the glorious Bodhisattva Arya Maitreya of the mysterious Mahāyāna Texts and how he became fully enlightened. What Asanga could not understand formerly now became fully intelligible to him.

All the important points clarified by Bodhisattva Maitreya are embodied in five celebrated works of the great Guru Arya-Asanga. Since elucidation is supposed to have come directly from Maitreya, the Tibetan Buddhists often call these works of Arya-Asanga the "Five Works of Maitreya."

These famous five treatises are:—(1) The *Mahāyāna Sūtrālamkara-Tika* (in Tibetan briefly *Mdo-sde-rgyan*); (2) The *Madhyānta-Vibhanga* (in

Tibetan *Dbus-mthah-rnam-hbyed*); (3) The *Dharma-Dharmata-Vibhanga* (in Tibetan *Chos-dang-chos-nyid-rnam-hbyed*); (4) The *Abhisamayalamkara* (in Tibetan *Mngon-rtogs-rgyan*); and (5) The *Uttaratantra* (in Tibetan *Rgyud-bla-ma*).

There is precision in these works and conceptual clarity, such as may please a Buddhist scholiast or an academician. But Arya-Asanga was not only a deep philosopher. He was also a Sanskrit poet of outstanding merit.

Says Arya-Asanga in his *Uttaratantra* :—

As, in summer time, the clouds,
The cause of an abundant harvest,
Discharge, without any effort,
Their torrents of water upon the earth,—
In a like way, from the clouds of Compassion
The rain of the waters of the Lord's Highest Doctrine
Is the cause of the harvest of virtue with sentient beings,
And descends without any searching thought.

It is also said that the great Guru Arya-Asanga heard from Bodhisattva Arya Maitreya the grand *Yogāchārya-Bhūmi-Shāstra,* in five sections, or 45,000 *shlokas*. The famous Buddhist High Priest Hsuan-chuang, the Tripitaka-Master of the Tang Dynasty, translated the above *Shāstra* into Chinese in the years 646 and 647 of the Christian Era. This very precious *Shāstra* contains a description of the Buddhist Yoga, and of the various lofty stages one successively attains through it. Actually seventeen grades of Yoga practising are described. The *Yogāchārya-Bhūmi-Shāstra* is included in the Peking *Tripitaka* under No. 1210.

Also important for the understanding of Arya-Asanga's philosophy is his work entitled *Mahāyāna-Samparigraha Shāstra,* in three volumes, translated from Sanskrit into Chinese by the Buddhist High Priest Paramārtha in the year 563 of the Christian Era. In English the name of this work would be "The Instruction in the Comprehension of the Great Vehicle."

For the benefit of the students of the Abhidharma literature Arya-Asanga wrote the *Mahāyāna-Abhidharma-Samyukta-Saṅgāti-Shāstra,* in sixteen volumes. This *Shāstra* was translated from Sanskrit into Chinese by Hsuan-chuang (also written Hsuan Tsang).

In his work *Prakarana-Aryavāchā* the great Asanga describes the moral and practical aspects of his system. This *Shāstra,* in twenty volumes, on expounding the Holy Teaching was also translated into Chinese by Hsuan-chuang in the years 645–646 of the Christian Era.

In his *Mahāyāna-Samgraha* Arya-Asanga explains the ten qualities of

the words of Lord Buddha. This work is now available only in the Tibetan language under the name *Theg-Pa Chen-Po Bsdus-Pa.* Another treatise of the great Guru Arya-Asanga, known today only in Tibetan translation, is the *Mahāyāna-Uttara-Tantra Shāstra-Vyakhya,* known in the Tibetan tradition by the abridged title *Thogs-Hgrel,* or *Asanga-Vrtti.*

It was the illustrious Arya-Asanga who established *Yogāchāra* as a powerful school in Buddhism, with mystical and profound views on salvation.

Most of his treatises he put into writing at the Dharmankurāranya Monastery, in Magadha. Arya-Asanga converted his brother Vasubandhu, the twentieth Patriarch of Buddhism, to Mahāyāna views, but he died before the compilation by Vasubandhu of the latter's famous Mahāyāna works.

The expounder of Buddhist Idealism, Arya-Asanga, who lived in the golden age of the Gupta Empire, passed away at the age of seventy-five in the city of Rājagriha (modern Rajgir), and his disciples built there a *chaitya* in his honour.

The great Guru Arya-Asanga is regarded as one of the most active, brilliant and rightly famous of the Mahāyāna Gurus. He was not only supreme in learning and mystic realization, but was anxious to lead all sentient beings to spiritual maturity. He taught in particular how to get rid of the subtlest blemishes which even in the higher stages of the meditative process veil the pure intuition.

Says Arya-Asanga:—

> It is not the suppression of either the atom or of the elements of existence which leads to illumination, but the suppression of the wrong views concerning them.

Arya-Asanga's exposition of the Dharma represents the final phase in the development of Buddhist philosophy in India.

The purpose of many works of Arya-Asanga was to demonstrate that Mind and Matter are essentially one. According to the illustrious Guru, we live in the world of self-generated objectivization of consciousness (in Sanskrit *vijnānam*).

Consciousness was made the subject of a very careful investigation by him. He regarded all mental impressions experienced in *Samsāra* as merely objectified representations of the repository consciousness, though, of course, directly generated by the five consciousnesses, *i.e.* the consciousnesses dependent upon sight, sound, smell, taste and touch. Dependent upon mentation is for him the sixth consciousness, which Arya-Asanga calls *Citta-Vijnānam.* Then there is for him *Mano-Vijnānam,* or the seventh consciousness, which is *Manas* in the sense of "thinking of." This seventh *vijnānam* implies both self-consciousness and subconsciousness, for it acts

during the possession of full normal consciousness and also during sleep. But mind without any differentiation, as the only reality, is called by Asanga "Store-consciousness," *Alaya-Vijnānam*, or the repository consciousness. This eighth *vijnānam* is the absolute, for it is beyond the reach of thought. The belief in the *Atman* and in the external world is mere illusion.

From the twofold seed stored in the *Alaya-Vijnānam* spring up *Samsāra* and *Nirvāna*.

All impressions, irrespective of whether they belong to the mental or the physical sphere, rely on *bijas*, or "seeds," habitual images that were obtained through the instrumentality of the seven *vijnānas* and the mental properties (fifty-one in number). All habits and inclinations are invariably caused by *bijas*. The objective world is created by impressions of some new *bijas* on the *Alaya-Vijnānam* by present experiences or tendencies (*samskāras*).

The objects contained in the *Alaya-Vijnānam* are crystallized in the ego-concept through the seventh *vijnānam*. One could compare the first six *vijnānas*, which ceaselessly perform the sensory functions, to so many gate-keepers posted on the physical eye, ear, etc., that transmit their reports all the time to the secretary (the seventh consciousness—*Mano-vijnānam*), who, in his turn, submits them to the Lord, the *Alaya-Vijnānam*. But the secretary receives orders from the Lord too.

To Arya-Asanga *Prajnā* is the supreme reality. It is the Buddhist wisdom which cancels whatever is mere illusion or mental representation with no real background. But one can face the Absolute only when mind and its operations of all kinds and of every intensity have completely been controlled.

Highly interesting is Arya-Asanga's view of Nirvāṇa. Says the celebrated Guru:—

> The Nirvāṇa which is realized in the Tathāgatas is not a product of karmic forces, *saṃskāra*, nor something different: though they abide in the *nirvāṇic* condition, still they can make their emanations appear in order to benefit sentient beings.

The sense of directness which the gospel of Arya-Asanga carries with it could not but attract many followers to the Guru of distinguished virtues. One is entitled to say that Arya-Asanga's contribution to the understanding of Buddhism was truly immense.

FRIEDRICH V. LUSTIG

TWO BUDDHIST FABLES

[OUR esteemed contributor, **Dr. Sudhin N. Ghose,** renders in his flowing narrative two Buddhist fables which illustrate the doctrines that death does not abruptly cut short the sequence of moral causation and that a being's future states arise in dependence upon his present actions — Reincarnation and Karma. Both Hindu and Buddhist stories often speak of human beings metempsychosed into animals, but this may be understood otherwise than as referring to the truly human consciousness. Theosophy explains that it is certain non-physical components of the personality — *skandhas* — that thus descend to the animal kingdom according to the impresses made upon them, and, as future personalities are aggregates of such *skandhas*, moral retribution for tendencies has a secure lodgment under our skins. But the animals' speaking with human voices, etc., must be regarded as purely figurative.— ED.]

AT TIMES incidents of no great significance to the plain man furnished themes for edifying homilies or apothegms to the Buddhist preachers, as is evinced in the fables given below. In the first one, a buffalo stopped for a while before a Buddhist friar: "Perhaps, because," a rationalist would say, "his yellow robe attracted the animal's attention." And in the second one, a surly dog ran out of a house to bark at a Mendicant Brother and then slunk back to its corner when reprimanded for its irreverent behaviour.

A TALKING BUFFALO

This is what I heard once in Kashmir:

A buffalo was struggling violently as it was being led by at least a dozen people through the capital's main street; but it became calm the moment it noticed a yellow-robed friar standing near the doorway of a side alley. Then all of a sudden it broke loose and ran to him lowing most plaintively.

The friar talked to it and patted it on the back, and then withdrew, covering his face and murmuring, "How sad! My poor, poor friend!"

The animal now docilely allowed itself to be led away, while the people of the street flocked round the friar. "Holy Father!" they addressed him, "What made you say, 'How sad! My poor, poor friend!' What has happened?"

"My sons," he replied, "this is not a thing to be discussed in public. It is a matter which concerns only those who have faith. They alone will understand the import of my brief conversation with the buffalo."

They, however, pressed him for an explanation: what did he actually whisper in the ear of the animal?

"It is a long story," the friar said finally. "And you may not be able to follow it. In brief, there was once in this city a man I knew well. He was a merchant-prince of an ancient family."

"Oh yes," they all said. "He must be the man who once instituted a big *puja*—a great sacrificial ceremony. He left an immense endowment for perpetual worship in our main park. His sons are dutifully carrying on the ceremonies he started."

"Precisely," the friar continued. "That's precisely what the buffalo told me. And it added that if the sons had the slightest regard for their dead father they would immediately stop this holocaust. For this very merchant-prince has now been reborn as the sacrificial buffalo. "As a man sows," the friar kept on, with a sigh, "so shall he reap. Therefore I said, as I patted the animal, 'My friend, you started the game of lighting the sacrificial fire, now why should you complain? Go through the grill, and that is the best you can hope for at present.' Our moanings," he ended, "our groanings won't help us to rectify our past misdeeds. We shall have to face the consequences."

However that may be, the story of the talking buffalo soon spread all over the city and it eventually brought to an end the constant slaughter of animals in the capital's main park.

THE STORY OF SUKA'S DOG

This is what I have heard when the Exalted One—the Lord Buddha—was staying in Victory Grove, a suburb of the city of Sravasti:

Once a mendicant brother on his usual morning round stood hesitatingly in front of Suka's house, wondering whether he should halt for a while or simply walk on without stopping.

Suka was a miser's son and a renowned miser himself. "Yet," the mendicant brother said to himself, "no man, however mean, should be denied the privilege of giving something towards the upkeep of our brotherhood's retreat."

Suka's dog was then lying on a mattressed bed, enjoying its food served in a rich, chiselled bowl. The sight of the yellow-robed brother at the front gate put the animal in ill humour, and it ran towards him barking furiously and snarling viciously.

At this the mendicant brother told the dog, "Look, once you used to yell, 'You! You!' Now all that you can do is to yelp, 'Wow! Wow!' Is that not lesson enough?"

At this the dog became mad with rage; nevertheless it stopped barking and sulked back in a crestfallen manner to a far corner of the house. And

there it moped and fumed, refusing its toothsome food and its comfortable bed.

When Suka returned home he was distressed to find his pet in such a dejected condition. He asked what had happened, and when told about the yellow-robed mendicant's remarks his temper rose. He stormed: he did not care a cent for Buddha's Begging Brothers, the mendicants were a lot of sycophants; and he went straight to their retreat. There he insisted on an explanation, addressing our brother in an insulting way.

"Listen, son!" the mendicant brother replied gently, "If I were you I would not push this matter too far. Leave things as they are, and forget about my stopping in front of your house."

"I am not you," Suka cried. "If you were the master of the dog you would not have behaved any differently. What right have you to insult my pet in my own home? What do you know about the poor dog's past to enable you to jeer at it?"

As Suka was insistent our brother told him that his much spoiled pet was no other than his own father reborn as a dog. And that was why Suka was so much attached to it, lodged it and fed it in a luxurious manner, and did not mind making himself the laughingstock of the whole neighbourhood for its sake.

This made Suka blind with fury. "Adding insult to injury," he shrieked. "Enough of your cock-and-bull story! My father was a hard-working man, not a sycophant like you living on charity. Now that he is dead he has gone to heaven. What makes you think that my pet is my forbear reborn?"

"The dog admitted this of its own accord," the yellow-robed brother said. "You will probably recall that your hard-working father had the habit of addressing his men as 'You! You!' in an insolent way. This will explain my remarks to your dog."

"This is no proof," Suka screeched. "Can a dog talk?"

"It can," the brother replied quietly, "in its own way. At least your dog can. It did to me. Please go now and talk to it about your visit to this retreat. And ask it to reveal to you your father's hidden treasure trove. Tell it also, they alone go to heaven who merit heaven, those who ask for heaven and strive for heaven. Your father did nothing of the sort. He was a miser," he continued, "and all his life he had his eye on his treasure chest. And that is what he is doing now in his present shape. Even when he was on his deathbed he did not want you to know the whereabouts of his accumulated hoard. Well, I think his mood has changed at last. Go," he enjoined Suka, "talk to your dog, and see what happens."

Suka did as he was told, and the dog did reveal to him the hidden

treasure trove: it was buried under the flagstones of the corner where the animal was moping. However, in spite of his coming across this unexpected wealth, Suka did not feel happy. He wished he had never bothered to learn anything of the dog's past. The mere thought of being the son of a dog was most galling.

SUDHIN N. GHOSE*

THE HALF-WAY FIELD

She told me of the strange ones
in the half-way field
that lies between the high skies
and the weald.
She writes in sorrow of their grief
when their trees are felled to earth,
of their faces through the sallows —
(Where the fancy? Where the birth?)

I answer her with gentleness,
derision dare not flaunt,
for in past corridors of time
elusive memories taunt
with clouded pictures, half erased,
from firelight, air and dew,
of entities that did at times
a child's awareness haunt.

ODETTE TCHERNINE

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THE MODERN MEANING OF LOCAL HISTORY

[**Mr. E. W. Martin,** a historian and sociologist and the author of several books, writes of the new methods of studying local history in England. By linking it to the larger history of the nation and by investing facts with "poetic fire," scholars have given to this study a value it lacked before.—ED.]

HISTORY may be most satisfactorily defined as human inquiry. The methods by which this systematic inquiry is conducted have varied greatly; and the most noticeable advances in scholarship throughout many countries have arisen from certain kinds of specialization within the accepted boundaries of scientific exactitude and historical imagination. Local history has been carried forward on this wave of intellectual curiosity. It is due to an intensive study of parishes, towns and regions that general interest has been aroused and scholars forced to attend to the findings of those whose job it is to know parts so intimately that they begin to get a greater apprehension of the whole.

The approach of a scholar like Professor Arnold Toynbee, author of that monumental survey of civilizations, *A Study of History,* differs in his methods from the author of a modest parish history. One uses a telescope and the other a microscope; and it is becoming increasingly evident that both are necessary if the history of man and his environment are to be fully understood in all their immense complexity. So deep and dark is the historical forest that every kind of specialist is required to contribute his special quota to the great pool of information which is available to all students.

In Britain during the nineteenth century there was an interest in local matters which led to the constant production of monographs on all kinds of subjects. A mass of leisured inquiries dealt with ancient monuments, heraldry, folklore, the lineage of ancient families and the history of manors and churches. These inquirers were antiquarians rather than historians. In the proper sense history is a factual interpretation of human life and thought, and it can never degenerate into an imitation of life, a spurious representation of certain prized attributes, without losing its own sense of dedication and discipline.

Often these older writers were clergymen, squires or land-owners, lawyers or doctors—people of leisure and social prestige who did not desire to work very hard or dig very deeply in their analyses. They simply

prepared notes on matters that evoked their interest or to which they felt an abiding attachment; and therefore the local history of Britain remains as yet largely unwritten.

A modern historian has said:—

> Local historians have not yet succeeded in emancipating themselves completely from the tradition of the great antiquaries of the past. Valuable as their monumental works were, and are, they remain enormous collections of fact, the raw materials for history and not history itself. Many local historians go on writing in this tradition, without perceiving the fundamental questions which they should be engaged in answering.[1]

Such students did not often concentrate on the human but were content to give their time to dead facts without ever attempting to bring a disciplined imagination to bear on them. This formal study of the picturesque and the conventional could not produce good results. Too many of the nineteenth-century scholars were content to ignore the working people. Villagers, who had a folk-culture of their own and had mastered many crafts in their efforts to keep their communities and families alive, were described as quaint by those who looked upon them almost as specimens in a museum. Inquirers failed to see that the problems of local history were no less important or complex than those of national or general history. Local studies therefore had to undergo a profound change. At first this was mainly an academic matter. Universities in Britain came gradually to a recognition of the fact that the disorderly approach to local life, work and government was a serious mistake.

In 1908 a Research Fellowship in Local History was established at Reading University (where there is now also a Museum of Rural Life); in 1921 University College, London, also appointed a Reader in the same subject; and in 1930 University College of Hull set up a Committee to begin studying the area served by the College. A Staff Tutor in Local History has been employed there since 1949. The University of Leicester has the distinction of being the only English University with a Department of Local History.

Another sign of growth, even at the end of the last century, was the planning of the famous *Victoria County History*. This massive project, designed to cover every county in England, was temporarily halted during the First World War; and in 1933 the University of London took over responsibility for this venture. Up to now a dozen or so volumes have been published; and even if the work suffers a little from its over-all plan,

[1] *Local History in England*. By W. G. HOSKINS. 1959.

it does indicate that there is a responsible desire to pursue studies that demand strict scholarship and immense industry.

The modern meaning of local history involves a separation from the methods and values of the past in several ways. Firstly, local historians are now well aware that they must acquire a full knowledge of their national sources—of documents and records stored in museums and public archives—in order to interpret local material as part of a whole. The central and local government of any country is interconnected, and so all local studies have to show the widest possible knowledge of that link. Secondly, modern historians of parishes, towns or regions are not content merely to study records. They look carefully at the general lay-out of their area—studying place-names, the habits of people, the geography, geology, archæology and architecture—by walking over the land that it is their job to understand.

Probably the most important difference between antiquaries of the past and local historians of the present is that the former worked haphazardly and the latter arrange their studies methodically. Nowadays the local historian cannot be certain of capturing the interest of even a few people unless he takes the trouble to be interesting, scholarly and lucid. He must also be in a position to answer questions as to how a town or village developed or declined, what its population was in the past or what happened to people who migrated from rural areas in times of economic distress. To do any of these things in a methodical way is a major undertaking and it entails the sort of research work and kind of exact observation which the antiquaries of the past did not practise or cultivate.

What is of first importance in studying a parish, town or region is a unified approach, a method by which all people of the most diverse kinds can become aware of the substantial growth of a world culture such as that which UNESCO might be said partially to symbolize. There is a definite relation between intensive study of local cultures and the extensive study of world culture. To write a history of mankind in a detailed and impartial fashion there will have to be a continuous co-operation between the two types of history. Full illumination of the big themes of civilization can only come about in this way.

For such reasons local history can never be looked upon as an elementary study to be practised by ill-equipped amateurs. In Britain today there are many amateur students who are doing excellent work in local studies; and many adult education classes give their full attention to subjects of this kind. For all practitioners the main objective is a unity of vision.

Dr. H. P. R. Finberg, Head of the Department of Local History in the

University of Leicester, has described precisely the function of the local historian who works in a disciplined way, and has also proclaimed the aims of a new school of local history:

> The business of the local historian, then, as I see it, is to re-enact in his own mind, and to portray for his readers, the Origin, Growth, Decline and Fall of a Local Community. If this principle is accepted, it becomes possible to define with something like precision the relationship between his study and other disciplines, whether academic or non-academic.[2]

This process of re-enactment means that the specialist will have to broaden his inquiries so that he becomes capable of representing his community through its many phases. There has been a tendency in rural Britain for villages to decline in number; and thus it is necessary to record the decline and fall of some parishes. But this is not true of all. Some writers begin their studies with a bias in favour, it may be, of architecture, industry, agriculture, rural depopulation or human biography in relation to communal power and social movements. But, whatever the nature of this bias, it has to be disciplined so that the student can gain enough evidence from other specialists to give his own study a broad and general value.

In cultural life nowadays the importance of the individual scholar is still paramount. In Britain there are many industrious historians who can bring to bear on their local material a great weight of factual information. But, as in the study of world or national history, what matters most is the ability to see meaning in the lives and work of people. By attempting to see local communities in terms of their whole life, some writers are now able to get beyond the range of merely technical or economic history.

Not long ago one historian suggested that in the eighteenth century the English people had one characteristic in common: their "refusal to conform."[3] That is, they appeared to be individualists who lived out their lives in a bliss of freedom. All students of local history know this to be untrue. Studies of communities show quite plainly that the human will is often subservient to the communal will. Or, to put it in another way, the individual has to conform in order to live out his life with his neighbours. In the eighteenth century there were groups of working people who had no rights and no status, and their duty was to conform to the laws laid down by the governing class.

All history is a struggle for an approximation to impartiality. What a

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[2] *The Local Historian and His Theme.* 1952.

[3] *An Economic History of England.* By T. S. ASHTON. 1955.

scholar is in himself—what his politics, religion and intellectual range may be—is reflected in the work he does. The historians likely to interest posterity are not the compilers of accurate factual records, nor the topographers and technical specialists, but those who can manage to fuse together a mass of facts and invest them with a spark of poetic fire. The truth that glows is more easily remembered than the truth that merely glimmers. It is because there are several scholars in Britain who write in this way, who keep their eyes fixed on people and communities, that the meaning of local history has undergone so complete a revolution. It is a revolution that will bring rewards to Britain and other countries as we begin to see the emergence of more and more cultural exchange.

E. W. MARTIN

THE HILL

Climb this steep hill at noonday, and behold
The sea a mirror casting back the light,
Feel the warm wind with scent of many flowers
And hands of gossamer caress your brow
And know in sudden revelation that
All grief at last must end, obedient to
The harmony that rules the universe;
Stand here and taste the heady wine of Spring,
Acknowledgment the only payment due,
And lose yourself and all your questionings
In something greater than yourself, grow one
With wind and sea and cloud and field and flower,
The night with its great silence, and the stars,
Accept the mystery you cannot solve,
And in acceptance be revitalized.

HERBERT BLUEN

"WHO IS SYLVIA?"

[RECALLING an incident in the many-sided career of Sylvia Pankhurst, known chiefly as a protagonist in the Suffragist Movement, **Mr. R. M. Fox** pays tribute to the personal courage and resoluteness of this great woman.—ED.]

WHEN I HEARD that Sylvia Pankhurst—the English suffragette leader—had died in Addis Ababa, the capital of Abyssinia, this news opened flood-gates of memory. She had supported the Ethiopians in their struggle against Mussolini and his Fascist invaders and had run a little journal in London, for some years, backing their cause. Since 1956 she had lived in Addis Ababa where she was received with honour.

Yet what I remembered had nothing to do with this. My memory of Sylvia Pankhurst went back much further, to those days of the militant crusade to win votes for women. I recall one Sunday in Trafalgar Square, when the stone plinth was decorated with the suffrage colours and crowds gathered in front of the massive lions peacefully surveying the scene. Suddenly a roar of welcome went up and the slight figure of Sylvia Pankhurst, fair-haired, white-faced and defiant, was borne on the shoulders of her supporters to the centre of the square. She had just been released from prison, after hunger striking, and was really too weak to make her voice heard by that immense throng. But her presence was regarded as a symbol.

During those years Sylvia Pankhurst went to prison fifteen times and hunger-struck thirteen times. She was never robust and her health was permanently affected. With her implacable mother, Emmeline Pankhurst, and her sister, Christabel, she took the lead in that suffrage agitation which was ultimately victorious.

Where Sylvia struck out a line of her own was in associating herself with the lives of the lowly-paid workers in the East End of London and making a centre of Socialist thought and social activity there. She started a small journal called *The Workers' Dreadnought* and soon gathered about her a band of devoted helpers. Particularly she made an appeal to the girls and women in this factory area. Soon there were lectures, dances, meetings, and much enthusiasm for progressive ideas.

Among other projects she started a nursery where working mothers could leave their young children during the day in the care of a skilled and capable nurse. If the children needed medical attention Sylvia was able to persuade eminent doctors to give their time and services free.

In London Emmeline Pankhurst has, quite rightly, had a statue erected

in her honour. But there is no statue to Sylvia in London, though, one day, there may be one in Addis Ababa. Yet there are many strong, healthy men and women walking about now who owe their lives and health to the care which Sylvia gained for them when they were children.

Before she was drawn into the suffrage struggle Sylvia was an artist who believed in a full, free and joyous life for humanity. Because of that belief she brought famous singers and musicians to the East End and arranged concerts. She induced well-known actors, such as Miles Malleson, to come and help in her work. Dancing classes were held for the children. The Sylvia Pankhurst Movement grew like a flower amid the East End squalor. Among her colleagues and helpers in the district was George Lansbury who worked in the same field.

My association with her began during the first World War when the North London Daily Herald League, of which I was the Chairman, arranged an anti-war demonstration one Sunday morning in Finsbury Park. We had asked Sylvia Pankhurst to be one of the speakers. Another speaker was Alex Gossip, a grey-haired trade union veteran. The meeting was held at the height of the war fever and there was organized opposition from hundreds of hooligans whipped up to fury by the Jingo press.

Gossip was not allowed to speak for long. The crowd surged forward, the wooden platform toppled and soon there were struggling groups all over the ground. When things had quietened a little, the anti-war supporters joined hands and made a ring while I announced that Sylvia Pankhurst would speak from the ground. She did to such effect that cheers were raised and this attracted the hostile elements again.

A park ranger in uniform came through and advised us to close the meeting for, he said, our lives were not safe. No doubt he exaggerated the danger though we certainly risked a bad beating. Sylvia Pankhurst told him that she had made arrangements to speak at the meeting and, as far as she was concerned, the arrangements still held.

The meeting went on with gathering enthusiasm and growing hostility. When it came to a close the crowd pressed round, forcing the speaker and the knot of supporters towards the main park gates. The pressure was great but Sylvia suddenly announced that she wanted to go in the opposite direction. I was holding a literature box, which I had grabbed early in the struggle and I used this as a wedge to open a way through the dense mass. We made slow progress.

"Get the women out and we can bash the men!" urged an angry voice. Had it not been broad daylight I do not think even this element of chivalry would have been present. But, using the wooden box as a

knife, I made a narrow passage way and we came through unharmed. We saw hundreds of scowling faces before we reached the edge of the crowd. If one had struck out others would have followed. But no one would make a start.

Sylvia was as resolute in face of the mob spirit as she had been in the prison cell during the suffrage days. I pick out this incident not because it was exceptional but because I was associated with it and so was well able to judge of her indomitable spirit. This was a gift which Sylvia Pankhurst possessed and passed on to the world.

R. M. Fox

THERE may be found [in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky and in the written remarks by the Adepts who sent her] the doctrine that by this time in our evolution the egos now in human bodies have been through every sort of experience and both sexes....

If my next birth shall be in the body-female, it is a matter of indifference. It is of record that an ego did very well in the body called Helena P. Blavatsky; and contrariwise, another did well in a body-male called Shankarachariah.

W. Q. JUDGE in 1892

THE HAPPY MORALIST

[**Shri B. Natesan** presents an attractive picture of the cheerful, firm, civilized philosophy of life of Robert Louis Stevenson, with plentiful quotations. Stevenson has often been supposed to lack serious depth; unjustly, as a reader of his short story "Markheim" or his essays must surely feel. There is subtle understanding in the passages Shri Natesan quotes on the traps of asceticism gone wrong and on the dangers of letting "our idea of morality centre on forbidden acts."—ED.]

EXCEPT Shakespeare and Bacon and, of course, the Bible, Robert Louis Stevenson is perhaps the most quotable author in English. After assiduously playing the sedulous ape to many writers—the phrase is his—he cultivated a style of his own—clear, nervous and packed smooth with sensuous beauty and literary allusiveness which charmed his friends and made him the darling of the men of letters of his time. There was the strong, unmistakable Scottish strain in his temperament so evident in the grim humour and homely style of *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island,* but it was beautifully blended with the grace of culture and sensibility born of intimate contact with life in France—a contact which expressed itself in the neatness and precision of the words he handled with such consummate felicity in *Verginibus Puerisque.* There was always something heart-warming and genial in what he said, and he said it in a way that was altogether captivating and precious; precious like Pater's. Extravagant praise from friends and critics, however, had its inevitable reaction, and then, strangely enough, the very exquisiteness of his style was thought to exceed the demands of his matter.

Stevenson began to write these papers with a definite end: he was to state the beliefs of youth as opposed to the contentions of age, to go over all the field where the two differ and produce a volume of pleadings which one might call *Life at Twenty-five.* And he was fitted for the task. He was a boy at heart; for all through life he was filled with the spirit of youth and adventure, and the world was to him, as it should be to all young men, "a brave gymnasium, full of sea-bathing, and horse exercise, and bracing, manly virtues." There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, he said, and, although we dwell on a small planet, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible like the stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. Life is to be judged not by its achievements only. "For to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive and the true success is to labour."

But no man can be twenty-five for ever. Many things changed, and he

with them. And so we see him changing with the changing years, now preaching high ambition and the strenuous life, and anon yearning for a share of the idler's knowledge of life at large and the Art of Living. In a characteristic passage he says that to be overwise is to ossify; and the scruple-monger ends by standing still.

> Now the man who has his heart on his sleeve, and a good whirling weathercock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running towards anything better than wild fire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end. (*Æs Triplex*)

In "Ordered South" he expresses the view that

> they are not perhaps the most fortunate who survive a long series of such impoverishments [death of those dear and near] till their own life and influence narrow gradually into a meagre limit of their own spirits, and death, when he comes at last, can destroy them at one blow.

A slightly greater age teaches him a slightly different wisdom. And he hastens to add that a man who fancies himself dying will get cold comfort from the very youthful view expressed in this essay:—

> He, as a living man, has some to help, some to love, some to correct; it may be, some to punish. These duties cling, not upon humanity, but upon the man himself....To die at such an age has, for all but the entirely base, something of the air of a betrayal. A man does not only reflect upon what he might have done in a future that is never to be his; but, beholding himself so early a deserter from the fight, he eats his heart for the good he might have done already. To have been so useless and now to lose all hope of being useful any more — there it is that death and memory assail him. And even if mankind shall go on founding heroic cities, practising heroic virtues, rising steadily from strength to strength, even if his work shall be fulfilled, his friends consoled, his wife remarried to a better than he, how shall this alter, in one jot, his estimation of a career which was his only business in this world, which was so fitfully pursued, and which is now so ineffectually to end?

This is yet another milestone in the life of one who was so constantly on the brink of death.

In "Crabbed Youth and Old Age," R. L. S. himself clinched the question with characteristic accent on the wisdom of youth:—

> When an old gentleman waggles his head and says: "Ah, so I thought when I was your age," it is not thought an answer, if the young man retorts: "My Venerable Sir, so I shall most probably think when I am

yours." And yet the one is as good as the other, pass for pass, tit for tat, a Roland for an Oliver.

No wonder that Stevenson persisted in thinking that "to hold the same views at forty as we held at twenty is to have been stupefied for a score of years, and take rank, not as a prophet, but as an unteachable brat."

The true wisdom, therefore, is to be seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances:—

> To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honourable youth, and to settle when the time arrives into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbour.

This is not all. After his exhortation that life to be worth while must be "dashingly used" and "cheerfully hazarded" he does not fail to observe the beauty of that other life of which he writes so tenderly:—

> To sit still and contemplate,— to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are — is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness?

Stevenson knew that the span of life is brief and uncertain: all the more reason to fill it with purpose and joy. To be deeply interested in the accidents of our existence, "to enjoy keenly the mixed texture of human experience, rather leads a man to disregard precautions and risk his neck against a straw." As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so "it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact." He has no patience with the prophets of gloom and the grievance-mongers. He would give anything for the sight of a cheerful face. And, unlike some who only preach the gospel of work and cheer but are a plague to themselves and those around them, he accepted his condition with grace and rejoiced in the adventure of living. Forced to leave the shores of his own land, racked by an incurable malady that deprived him of the use of his right arm, he wandered over sea and land in search of health, settled down among strangers in faraway Samoa, made friends with the islanders and worked on cheerfully to the end, racing against time. Is there not something brave and magnificent in such a life?

Stevenson had something of the artist's eye for colour and the poet's instinct for the music of words, but he was at heart a lay preacher. His essays are not seldom sermons leavened with wholesome counsels on the

art of living. He says little of the mysteries and profundities of the life beyond. He was largely concerned with what the Greeks called the good life, life made happy by reason and goodwill and the spirit of adventure and kinship with the world that make for the joy of living and fulfilment. He was content to minister to the things that are human nature's daily food, seldom soaring into the regions of mortification and inexorable duties. He held that pleasures are more beneficial than duties—and he was no Epicure either. The Kingdom of Heaven is of the childlike, he said,

> of those who are easy to please, who love and give pleasure.... Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality, they are the perfect duties. It was the moral man, the Pharisee whom Christ could not away with. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.

It is probable, said Stevenson, that nearly all who think of conduct at all, think of it too much; it is certain we all think too much of sin.

> To make our idea of morality centre on forbidden acts is to defile the imagination and to introduce into our judgments of our fellow men a secret element of gusto. If a thing is wrong for us, we should not dwell upon the thought of it; or we shall soon dwell upon it with inverted pleasure.

And then, a person with

> a mortified appetite is never a wise companion, in so far as he has had to mortify an appetite, he will still be the worse man; and of such an one a great deal of cheerfulness will be required in judging life, and a great deal of humility in judging others.

As in nature so in life, people are impressed only by the picturesque or the bizarre and are insensible to what Wordsworth called the Unassuming Commonplace of Nature—the beauty of the green turf below and the starry sky above. Familiarity dulls the edge of wonder. We need a clap of thunder to rouse our interest in things. Insensible to the beauty and pathos of life around us, we demand something bold and spectacular in our hero. Stevenson saw that evidences of patience and courage and nobility and sacrifice and all the manly virtues are plentiful in small things as in great. They lie scattered about our feet—like flowers—in our tender dealings at home and in the grasp of friendly hands in need. What we lack is the seeing eye and the understanding mind and the gift of enduring astonishment. For the task before us, which is to co-endure with

our existence, is one of microscopic fineness, and the heroism required is that of patience.

> To be honest, to be kind — to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation — above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself — here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.
>
> B. NATESAN

THE "HIGHER PATIENCE" alluded to also requires a care. It is the fine line between pride and humility. Both are extremes and mistakes; oscillations from one to the other are only a trifle better. How shall we be proud when we are so small? How dare we be humble when we are so great? In both we blaspheme. But there is that firm spot between the two which is the place "neither too high nor too low" on which Krishna told Arjuna to sit; a spot *of his own*. It is the firm place which our faith has won from the world. On it we are always to stand calmly, not overshadowed by any man however great, because each of us contains the potentialities of every other. "Not overshadowed" does not mean that we are not to show reverence to those through whom the soul speaks. It is the great soul we reverence, and not the mortal clay. We are to examine thoughtfully all that comes to us from such persons, and all that comes to us from any source wearing the aspect of truth, and try faithfully to see wherein it may be true, laying it aside, if we fail, as fruit not ripe for us yet. We are not to yield up our intuitions to any being, while we may largely doubt our judgment at all times. We are not to act without the inner asseveration, but we must not remain ignorant of the serious difficulty of separating this intuitive voice from the babble and prattle of fancy, desire, or pride. If we are just to ourselves we shall hold the balance evenly. How can we be just to any other who are not just to ourselves?

— JASPER NIEMAND

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

AUTHORSHIP AND AUTHORS*

WRITING ABOUT WRITING, or Authors on Authorship, has become almost an occupational disease. Perhaps only the jaundiced would call it so. Let us say, more genially, that the man of letters is so enamoured of his craft and of humanity that he longs to have the two meet and be friends. At the same time he enjoys his secret confidence that Mr. and Mrs. Brown and family cannot walk off with his holy of holies, no matter how many clues and mysteries he is letting them in on. Painters and composers are virtually free from this distinguished blabbery, for a very good reason: they work in a different medium. Unless they take time off from their own profession to de-code themselves, they can never harangue the simple citizen. But everyone — until television and dictaphone ruin us — can drive a pen on paper, and multitudes would "write a novel if they had time."

It may be this attitude that tempts professional authors such as André Maurois and the late Charles Morgan into hinting that the verb "to write" has two interpretations: that authorship on the higher planes is art, and all art means creation. Nothing easy or beflowered about the process. In fact, these sages hum with warnings. M. Maurois, prefacing his collected essays by a general discourse, says,

> the need to express oneself in writing springs from a maladjustment to life, or from an inner conflict... many of the finest writers have been the victims of ill health.

After this daunting start he continues with down-to-earth advice to the would-be novelist and biographer. Morgan grew serious over another sort of generality: the artist's responsibility to avoid authoritarian doctrine, to value life "in terms of Compassion, Beauty and Truth." "The duty of an artist," he declared,

> is not to impose his vision upon men but to open their eyes; not to capture men's minds or harness their opinions, but to bear witness continually, in his own work, that there is such a thing as singleness of mind or purity of heart....

Now these indubitably fine sentiments were uttered in public gatherings that required much eloquence and persuasion on the lecturer's part. Morgan was preaching against commitment by creative writers to the ideological and political demands of a *régime*. (This, by the way, was before *Dr. Zhivago*.) But let us admit that he *was* preaching; that he made the cause of intellectual and spiritual freedom something to generate heat and call for banners. Yet he was sincere; no less sincere than is M. Maurois who affirms when discussing the novel,

> ...the choice of a subject is... linked with the secret desires of the writer, and this explains how it is that the greatest novelists never cease, under a variety of masks, from writing the same book.

Here is the opposite tendency: while Morgan has allowed his argument to rise up gaseously, Maurois has contracted *his* into a rigid pellet and bound it with a thong. Each in its own line is as near the aimed-for truth as you can come with generalizations; hence my diffi-

* *The Art of Writing*. By ANDRE MAUROIS. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. (The Bodley Head, London. 320 pp. 1960. 18s.); *The Writer and His World: Lectures and Essays*. By CHARLES MORGAN. (Macmillan and Company, Ltd., London. 219 pp. 1960. 21s.)

dence about Authors on Authorship.

Authors on *authors* can give us something far more valuable. The man with personal experience of the aims and subtleties in creative writing can go a good way down into the minds of his fellow professionals, besides unscrewing the surface-cover of their technical achievement to examine the complex machinery it conceals. Morgan's posthumous collection contains only a few studies of specific works, and they are the best in his bundle. (Trollope's maligned *Autobiography* has rarely found so cunning a defender.) Maurois, apart from his opening gambit — which, like most prologues, was an afterthought — devotes himself to individual writers. Here, then, we expect a wealth of luminous criticism. Unhappily, the curse of our age too often intervenes; an age — to go no further into questions of discord and disintegration — wherein economics tend to dictate the quality of output, and artistic liberty is in financial chains. If that is too portentous in the present context, we may compromise by noticing its penumbra in M. Maurois's work. Frequently he puts forth a graceful biographical story (especially when he turns aside from Frenchmen); saleable, suave and coloured with simplified sentiment.

We have, in fact, too many reminders of the Maurois whose best-selling *Ariel* came near to destroying Shelley for our century. Some scraps of Goethe are pegged down here in an episode entitled "Destiny, Two Women and a Carriage;" while another giant, Tolstoy, undergoes a meagre nibbling to small purpose. Even his compatriot Proust, in a more serious interpretative essay, is faintly infected by a *sweetening* bacillus.

However, the same angle of approach can lead to lucency in the studies of Stendhal, Balzac and Flaubert. Maurois is moved here by a writer's sympathy with the passionate beliefs these masters held. Discussing Turgenev, too, he slips into the vital, *sappy* analysis of a writer's personality that his dutiful prologue could not catch. Turgenev, as a serene, unvaunting craftsman, is worshipped for his style and artistry in Charles Morgan's delicate handling of *First Love*. Morgan, of course, will have his moral tincture, in this case surely justified when he sums up Turgenev as "a great artist and a gentle man of whom there is need in this restive, bitter and opinionated world."

It is the critic's focusing on a single author that can give us what for *that* author is the truth. Maurois's "secret desires of the writer" becomes a genuine observation when he analyzes Stendhal's ideas in terms of the types of character he chose: the man (or woman) Stendhal would have liked to be; the woman he would have liked to love. When Flaubert — the subject of Maurois's most rewarding study — said *"Madame Bovary, c'est moi,"* the case was more complex, since Flaubert was the greater artist. In him were Emma Bovary's romantic dreams, allied to the bitter perception of their hollowness. The resolution of these conflicting visions was not in terms of argument but of art. He disposed of every theory, generality and counsel save the one and ultimate, or elementary: "Free yourself more and more, when you write, from everything which is not pure art. Keep your eye upon the model; nothing else matters." That, again, would not have served for Tolstoy or Dickens; but it gave us *Bovary*. Every writer, as both Morgan and Maurois recognize *au fond,* may admire another author's generalship, but can only, and *must* only, use his own.

SYLVA NORMAN

India Today. By FRANK MORAES. (The Macmillan Company, New York. 248 pp. 1960. 10*s*. 6*d*.)

Both in America and in Europe there is a strong and growing demand for knowledge about India, and this book is an attempt to exploit the market for books about the great Republic in South-East Asia. But this book will not help people in the West to understand the problems of India; it will only give them a cursory knowledge of what they are. Anything like a comprehensive and clear exposition of the situation in India would require not merely a larger volume but a series of very large volumes. But the situation in India could be elucidated for the benefit of foreigners in a volume of 250 pages, if the author examined it from a personal standpoint and presented a personal view.

What Mr. Moraes has done with competence is to condense into this book the superficial knowledge upon which many journalists and politicians often base their opinions. His references to the demand for Linguistic States are an example. He says in one place:—

> Aside from the linguistic agitation which demands separate states or provinces on a linguistic basis, caste poses the most potent divisive threat to India.

There is no reason why linguistic states should be a divisive factor, and they are certainly not causing national disunity in India. They are an imperative necessity, and the fact that the administration in Andhra is carried on in Telugu and that in Gujarat in Gujarati is no reason why Hindi should not become the *lingua franca* of India. In Europe today six nations, speaking five languages, are forming a single state without a common language.

Mr. Moraes's view of the problem of linguistic states is the pattern of his approach to every other problem. As a journalist he is content to follow the course of public opinion and never aspires to do his own thinking and to give a lead to public opinion. This book is, therefore, a faithful reproduction of his journalism.

The style of the author only adds to the obscurity of the subject-matter. Here is a specimen:—

> In so far as India represents a palimpsest, with layers of disparate cultures ranging from the primitive to the modern, it reflects the myriad reaches of the Hindu mind which embraces the aboriginal in the jungle and the urban sophisticate who is often an impressive synthesis of East and West.

Discussing the prospect of the withdrawal of Mr. Nehru from the leadership of the nation, we are treated to the following:—

> In the untoward event of sudden death, the likelihood is that the administration with the gravitational pull of the conservative religious and social elements who are biding their time might swing to the extreme right, but in that event the pendulum pull to the extreme left would not be long delayed.

People in Europe and America who read this book with industry will certainly acquire a picture of the situation in India, but it will be a confusing and depressing one. It may, however, serve to persuade the more active and enterprising minds to investigate the major problems and search for prospective solutions, for only pessimists would conclude that India is driving up a dead-end lane.

Mr. Moraes has shown a correct understanding of the scope of his task, for his book is comprehensive. But he has attempted to do in less than 250 pages what cannot be accomplished in that space. It would have been better if he had not tried to dive into the depths of the Hindu religion to explain the difficulties of today and had limited himself to merely stating the facts of India's problems today.

SURENDRA KUMAR

The Method of Zen. By EUGEN HERRIGEL. Edited by HERMANN TAUSEND. Translated from the German by R. F. C. HULL. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. 102 pp. 1960. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This little book is a masterpiece. Professor Herrigel is the first person to present in reasonably simple language, understandable from the Western point of view, the inner mysteries of Zen. It is said that Zen is inexpressible in words; however, anyone who has the slightest knowledge of the subject, and even those who have not, cannot fail to see, underlying the form of words, the true meaning expressed of the inexpressible; for Zen is a paradox which, though the physical eye may comprehend the written or spoken word thereof, it is the perception by the heart of the inner meaning which must, in the end, do the true comprehending. Professor Herrigel has made this form of comprehension possible. Two quotations from a book full of such gems must suffice here.

> ... enlightenment consists in a pure vision of the same truths with which the work of meditation begins. The insights that prompted the retreat from the world return again in abstract form, devoid of all admixture of emotion, thus sanctioning the original experience of the Buddha which started him on the way to enlightenment. Is not this result explained by the fact that the theme for meditation becomes, as it were, a fixed idea?
>
> The *unio mystica* in Zen therefore means home-coming, restoration of an original state now lost.

There is no more clear description of Zen in print. Not only does Professor Herrigel describe Zen enlightenment, he goes on, in the chapter on higher stages of meditation, to tell how to achieve this most desirable end. This does not mean that everyone who reads this book will become enlightened, but it does mean that we have an understandable treatise that will certainly lead us in the desired direction.

PEGGY T. N. KENNETT

The Prophets of Israel. By C. Ross MILLEY. (Philosophical Library, New York. 143 pp. 1959. $3.75)

This book is a new presentation of a subject that has been already thoroughly dug into by hundreds of modern Biblical scholars throughout the nineteenth century and in our own time.

The basic characteristic of this approach is to distinguish in the Bible stages of development: from a primitive religion centralizing around a local desert Deity by the name of Yahweh, the ancient Israelites are seen gradually developing into a monotheistic and highly ethical faith. While the earlier Prophets like Elijah and Elisha are occupied in a war against the local Canaanite Gods in order to establish the exclusive reign of Yahweh, the great Prophets from the eighth century B.C. and onward are mainly aiming at the purification of the religion from the stress on cult and ceremony into a more refined religion, where that which really matters is the ethical way of life. The various Prophets, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Micha, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Deutero-Isaiah, are described as stages in the development of the ethical monotheism of ancient Israel.

Since there was hardly any new discovery that our author attempted to bring (he frankly admits that he has no claim to write anything "startling new" and one may omit the "startling" as well), we could have expected a different organization of the material, but even here there is nothing new. This is, of course, no denigration of the book; in such a subject as this we hardly expect "new" discoveries. In India this book will do much good — as the field of Biblical scholarship is extremely limited in India, where most

knowledge of the Bible is derived from missionaries, ministers and priests, most of whom have a rather Orthodox and fundamental point of view in matters concerning Biblical scholarship.

ELISHA NATTIV

Hindu Gods and Hidden Mysteries. By GOVIND KRISHNA PILLAI. (Kitab Mahal, Allahabad. 126 pp. 1960. Rs. 4.00; 7*s.* 6*d.*; $1.00)

This book contains interesting information about the conceptions represented by such gods as Shiva, Kali, Agni, Indra, Varuna and Vishnu. In order to get this information, however, the reader must approach the book with patience and forbearance, for it is neither well written nor well produced. It forms one of a series written under the slogan "India Without Misrepresentation." The present work takes ancestor-worship as the starting point of religious thought, and seeks to show that idols and idol-worship followed from there. In clinging uncritically to this widely held explanation of the beginning of religious thought, the author ignores an important factor in human psychology that has come to be regarded as a more fundamental explanation of man's spiritual development. This is the inherent human ideal of infinite power, an ideal which constantly leads man on to struggle to transcend the limitations of the senses, and which is thus the real germ of religion and the real explanation of both ancestor-worship and the personification of the powers of nature.

A word to the publishers of this book is called for. The printed word has a sacredness of its own. To print typographical errors and spelling mistakes that could be rectified in a moment by reference to a dictionary should therefore be regarded as sacrilege.

IRENE R. RAY

The Art of Spiritual Healing. By JOEL S. GOLDSMITH. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 190 pp. 1960. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

This book, like its predecessor *The Infinite Way,* is the outcome of an experience which the author had in 1928, an experience which has changed the course of his subsequent life. In his introductory chapter he writes:—

> While in meditation with one who was truly illumined, the Spirit descended upon me and I was lifted out of what we might call "this world." After that the things of this world no longer attracted me, and from then on my whole life was lived in my inner being with the Bible, with metaphysical and mystical writings, and in the company of those on the spiritual path. All the rest of my life dropped away. Those two hours changed the entire course of my life because when I had received the illumination that took me out of the business world and into the spiritual healing ministry, which has resulted in a continuity of unfoldment from that moment to this.

The last thing I should like to do, whilst reviewing Mr. Goldsmith's book, would be to belittle in any way the experience which suddenly came to him and which has changed so much for him. So far as a reviewer can tell it possessed the characteristics of a genuine mystical experience, but does such a moment of illumination necessarily equip one for writing a book on *The Art of Spiritual Healing*? According to the publisher's blurb: "This book contains an exposition of the principles of healing as well as a manual of practice." In other words, this book is supposed to teach the reader something about the principles and the practice of spiritual healing and it must be examined and judged as such.

All that I can say is that, having

read this work, I know no more about the practice of spiritual healing, the methods it employs, its successes and its failures than I did when I first opened its covers. I am not even sure that the author of the book has himself acted as a vehicle for spiritual healing. I assume that he has, for in the penultimate chapter of his book he writes:—

> And so it is that in the beginning of our spiritual healing work, we would be very much discouraged if we were expected to achieve 100 per cent success. Despite the fact that we are not outwardly manifesting that degree of success in demonstration, we do know the goal.... The goal is the attainment of that mind which was in Christ Jesus.

In other words, this book is not really a book about spiritual healing. Like its predecessor *The Infinite Way* it deals with the attainment of a higher state of being and with all that this may bring with it — including a better state of mental and bodily health. I must look elsewhere for information about the "laying on of hands" and about healing following prayer.

KENNETH WALKER

Deepanjali. By INDIRA DEVI and DILIP KUMAR ROY. Hindi and English. (Allies Book Stall, Poona. 192 pp. 1960. Rs. 3.50)

In the Foreword we are told that this book, containing 167 Hindi *bhajans* and 33 English translations, is the fourth collection of Indira Devi's devotional songs, which have been rightly compared with Mira's songs.

> Both possess the ring and cadence of the same melody. The difference between the two personalities is but a difference of lilt and joy of the same consciousness — from age to age one only evolves into a richer manifestation through the other.

In these words Srimati Anirvan has very correctly described Indira Devi's songs and her complete dedication to Krishna. Mira used to consider herself an incarnation of Lalita, a *sakhi* (friend) of Radha, who was the greatest devotee of Krishna. Therefore it is not at all out of place that Indira Devi, equally deeply in love with Krishna, should be considered by Shri Dilip Kumar Roy "in contact with Mira singing." In such rapturous moods, almost in trance, she dictates the songs with tears in her eyes, which speak the pure message of Mira's world-oblivious love for Krishna. It is the purest devotion of an inspired soul and complete dedication that is manifested in the *bhajans* of Indira Devi. It is true that nobody can say whence arises this mystic longing, this overwhelming aspiration to self-surrender; but one can see it in Indira Devi and in her songs. Her whole personality is surcharged with Love for love's sake — *ahetuk prem* — which knows only love and wants nothing in reward, not even *moksha,* salvation. She considers human bodies or moulds as the *pradips* (clay lamps). She holds that we do not count till we make our lives into lamps to manifest the Lord's Light.

Therefore such a personality as has been reflected in these songs fulfils in great measure the "overwhelming necessity to men of pure love for the Lord." She could easily be termed a Mira of the modern age. There is not a single line in the whole book which does not reflect her deep love for and devotion to the Lord Krishna. Her approach and expression exactly resembles that of Mira's, who was a great mystic lover of Krishna.

As regards the Hindi transcription, I feel that some care ought to have been taken to avoid simple spelling mistakes. The orthography should not have been forced to accord with the

metre and the tune of the *bhajans*. Such adjustments can be made extempore in actual singing.

INDUPRAKASH PANDEY

The Forms of Things Unknown: Essays towards an Æsthetic Philosophy. By HERBERT READ. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 248 pp. Illustrated. 1960. 25*s*.)

A German poet whose obscurity of writing raised considerable controversy among his compatriots was one day approached by a delegation of undergraduates. What did the young fellows want? They congratulated the poet on his eminence and declared themselves fortunate in being born in an era which appreciated the work of the master, and finally begged him to explain the meaning of certain passages of his poetry. The poet meditated for a while as he weighed the tomes of his *Gesammelte Werke* and then announced:—

> I am not quite sure of the meaning myself. But [he exhorted them] as lovers of literature you should continue to discuss among yourselves the questions you have now raised. And, maybe, some of you will prepare doctoral dissertations on my poetry and thus aid posterity to discover the true import of my abstruser passages.

This happened many decades ago, and the poet in question is now wellnigh forgotten. Only specialists in German literature bother about him today. However that may be, this anecdote comes to the mind of the present reviewer whenever he sees a collection of fashionable junk, conveniently labelled "Modern Art" to befuddle the beholder. Some of these specimens are, according to Jung, attempts of schizophrenics to express themselves, and are certainly symptomatic of our era. The present volume consists of a number of essays in which Sir Herbert Read has made a bold attempt to elucidate not only what is obscure but also what is naïve, repellent, or repulsive in "Modern Art." These essays are by no means shining examples of lucidity; they are not easy to read and are as indigestible as German Knödels, some of them being reprints of addresses delivered to the Eranos gatherings (held under Teutonic auspices) on Lago Maggiore. All the same, it is a book of good intentions. It contains many pithy aphorisms — at times contradictory — which may be useful to those who write on "Modern Art." Sir Herbert has been fighting against Philistinism and indifference to art for many years, and he is considered an authority, though one may not always agree with him. The book is well produced for its price, and this has been possible thanks, it seems, to the generosity of the Bollingen Foundation in New York.

SUDHIN GHOSE

Life's Long Journey. By KENNETH WALKER. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. xiii+191 pp. 1960. 21*s*.)

Common Sense can agree with the author that Natural Selection is only one factor in evolution. The main evolutionary route from humble organisms to man winds through a bewildering array of plants and animals. The book interestingly describes numerous explanations of evolution. These, by their variety, emphasize the pervasive belief that evolution has occurred. The variations responsible are *produced* before they are *selected*.

Life, the author maintains, though a prime factor in evolution, eludes full comprehension. He affirms, however, a panvitalism that suggests panpsychism. Life is latent even in the apparently inanimate objects of the "living and intelligent universe." He

expressly takes *mind* to be "co-extensive with life." This involves a mind in each cell of the human body. The associated "glimmers of consciousness" make each member of the multitude a "self." The author soothes protest by abandoning any claim to be "a unified and integrated whole."

Because Nature "equipped" man essentially "for action" he is now "primarily a *maker* and a *doer*." Since "mechanical explanations" are "congenial to the human mind," Science, the author systematically maintains, has imposed mechanical versions upon life. This mechanistic burden must be dropped before Homo Faber can become Homo Sapiens.

A. R. Wallace hypothetically presumed in man a "spiritual essence" he had "not derived from his animal progenitors." Such a "working hypothesis," the author thinks, may help to order a "welter of unrelated facts." To evolve further man must transcend his "personality" or "ego" to reach something "both above and beyond it." To religion, in the wide sense, that "affects the whole man and not merely his reason," he must turn for help. Gurdjieff's Fourth Way along knowledge and being presents an alternative.

JOSHUA C. GREGORY

Freud and Dewey on the Nature of Man. By MORTON LEVITT. (Philosophical Library, New York. 180 pp. 1960. $3.75)

Freud and Dewey are two modern thinkers who have influenced the life and thought of many a man almost all over the world. It cannot be claimed that their influence has been always beneficial. None the less, Freud in the realm of mind and Dewey in that of education and learning by man, occupy supreme positions today. They are studied by all students of psychology and education everywhere. It was, therefore, a pleasure to go through this comparative study of two intellectual giants of the present century. Dr. Levitt has admirably succeeded in showing similarities in apparently contradictory personalities. One is impressed indeed by the wide range of congruence between Freud and Dewey. Dr. Laurence K. Frank has increased the value of this book by his concise and cogent comments. While recommending this publication to readers interested in the nature of man, it is to be borne in mind that in India we have a different conception in regard to the nature of man. The study of the Vedanta may prove fruitful to those who deny the divine nature of man. It is hoped that Dr. Levitt may some day feel inclined to study the nature of man as described by Oriental thinkers.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

Varied Rhythms. By YUVRAJ KARAN SINGH. (Asia Publishing House, Bombay. 102 pp. 1960. Rs. 8.00)

This is a miscellany of verse and prose, of short and long (and of light and heavy) articles. The longest (occupying about forty pages) is an account of a visit to the Soviet Union ("a great country and a great people"), and it is interesting and informative enough; but how much can one see in the course of a quick conducted tour? Khrushchev is quoted as saying: "Communism is a great idea.... Its essence is material goods...." That is at once the defence and the defect of Communism. Man cannot live without bread; but shall man live by bread

alone? Anyhow, no definitive conclusions or appraisals can emerge from a few days' aerial jaunt to so distant, strange and extensive a country as Russia. Some of the other items, again — the formal addresses, for example — are not of much consequence; there is a voice but no personality behind them. But essays like "A Visit to Leh," "The Glory of Amarnath" and "On Travelling by Train" have a more intimate quality, while the essay on Sri Aurobindo manages to say much in little space. Of the verse pieces, some attempt rhyme and metre, while others avoid these shackles. The ideas are right and appropriate enough, but the lightning compulsion of poetic utterance is wanting. Altogether, it is a promising first "sheaf" from which the reader may gauge, to quote Dr. S Radhakrishnan (who contributes the Foreword), the author's "versatility of mind, wide learning and insight into the meaning of things and the mind of events." The price must be deemed excessive for a book of this size.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

A Matter of Death and Life: An Essay in Autobiography. By MICHAEL ADAM. (Ark Press, Marazion, Cornwall. 50 pp. 1959. 15*s*.)

In this slim but elegantly got-up book, Michael Adam explores temperamentally the "first and last" problem, the problem of Life and Death. The first of the epigraphs — "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone" — gives, perhaps, the clue to Mr. Adam's labyrinthine meanderings. The whole paradox of terrestrial existence lies in this: living is really growing — growing or decaying — growing *and* decaying — growing, decaying, and finally dying. All things pass and change. All things grow and die. On the other hand, except the seed fall into the ground and die, it abides alone; there can be no plant, no tree; no flowers, no fruit. Death is the necessary prelude to life; and life is the unavoidable prologue to death. Mr. Adam's speculations follow a seemingly zig-zag course, but the drift is not very much in doubt:—

I talk of death because I am not dead enough....

What rises will fall. The breath that fills the bubble is what bursts it....

Now my attention turned inward.... The world had failed me. It was in the nature of things to fail. The way out was inward.

The deeper I sought the emptier I grew until *I* was not to be found....

I cannot know the truth, but there are moments when the lie is not.... And this is the truth for us now: to see the lie.

I have ached after Eternity; now time is enough, and the dark and the bright daylong is time enough.

When we do not want after anything, we want for nothing. All things are ours.

Make no demands, and all will be given unto you: and the moment, the present, the existence, is all; regrets plans, hopes, all are vain. Mr. Adam's meditations have an eclectic quality and his philosophy of existence is simple, easy and honest enough — not quite "easy," perhaps, but certainly simple and honest. The numerous drawings by Ben Shahn serve to heighten the significance of the book's current of ideas. It is a refreshing book because it will provoke the reader to think for himself about these problems and forge solutions of his own.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

[This fine paper on an important subject was prepared specially by **Professor Robert Rein'l** for the Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore, and discussed at a meeting on January 28th, 1958. The first part appeared last month; the second and concluding part appears below.—ED.]

THE VALUE OF WORDS AND TERMS

II

IF incapacity is fundamental, for example a basic limitation such as Kant conceived for the human understanding, then there can be no practical concern for overcoming it — one does not overcome the impossible. However, if there are gradations of capacity, then those of less can look to those of greater capacity, provided they are convinced of the others' greatness. But inattention is the central problem. The capacity is there but not used. Where then may inattention be suspected?

Whenever one comes upon unquestioned assumptions or undefined terms it is always possible that valuation may have produced distortions of meaning. It is impossible to catalogue all the sources of distortion. Yet one can arrive at a very general classification by noting the possibility of diverging tendencies within the general outlook of scientific method.

Those interested not only in the special sciences but in the scientific outlook as applied to all fields of human interests are frequently classified as naturalists. An interesting feature of their position is that, once assumed, it appears all-encompassing and therefore self-sustaining. It is assumed that any meaningful investigation makes naturalistic assumptions, those embedded in scientific method. Thus if it is called upon to defend itself it must appeal to the assumptions that define it. This is brought out very clearly in a criticism of transcendentalism by Ernest Nagel. He says that knowledge cannot without confusion be identified with "intuitive insight"; claims to knowledge "must be capable of being tested" and the testing

> must be capable of being conducted by eventual reference to such evidence as counts in the responsible conduct of everyday affairs as well as of systematic inquiry in the sciences. Naturalists [he adds] are not engaged in question-begging when, through the use of the logic of scientific intelligence, they judge non-naturalistic accounts of the order of things to be unfounded.[15]

When the naturalist insists on the requirement of testability of meaning and truth, he does not think that he is involved in question-begging, because he does not believe that he has neglected any reasonable alternative. But one can ask him on this point whether he has really reached bedrock or whether the principle appears to him as basic because of the influence of what he prizes.

A naturalist should not be willing

[15] ERNEST NAGEL: "Naturalism Reconsidered," The Presidential Address to the American Philosophical Association, Eastern Division, 1954. From *Proceedings and Addresses of the American Philosophical Association*, 1954.

to say that he has reached an absolute foundation; such a position would require an intuitive basis, which he would reject as a source of knowledge. Also it would be difficult for him to say that he has reached the limit of his capacities when he conceives of dogmatism as the only alternative to the requirement of testability; for he regards all limits with suspicion. He would not like to hold that the principle of testability is only a stipulation; for it is conceived as a principle of actual and not of merely possible inquiry. Yet if he knows it as a principle of actual inquiry, it would require testing, and this presumably according to the very principle that is being tested, since no alternative form of knowledge is considered. The only remaining interpretation of the status of the principle appears to be that it and perhaps others are simply taken without question or, if questioned, are justified in terms of themselves. The sense of legitimacy of this procedure may be sustained by the values with which it is in agreement.

It is a persistent theme in naturalism that all definitions and assertions are capable of revision. Inquiry is a succession of problems. There is no judgment of fact — except possibly the mere report of the occurrence of a sense datum — that is capable of complete verification; and there is no empirical meaning that is capable of complete clarification. In specific cases we try our best to verify and clarify, but there comes a time when we have to say that what we have done is adequate for the purpose at hand. If we should then question the purpose, we should consider it in the light of further consequences, for this is a demand of general principle of testing. The spectre of futility that hovers over the process of an infinite regress of verification is cut short by the recognition that somewhere we must stop. Of course this does not tell us where we must stop — any more than the idea that some terms are indefinable tells us which terms are indefinable — but it lends plausibility to the limit we actually assume in specific cases in a way that resembles the comfort we find in statistics even though they do not govern the particular case. The tendency towards a limit is balanced by the opposing tendency towards revision. Both tendencies are reflected in the determination of particular meanings. At times we point out that a halt in the process of clarification and verification is only temporary; at other times we emphasize that analysis has a purpose and cannot proceed without limit. If both tendencies are not only characteristic of a disposition that is valued, but are sustained by it, this disposition will also act indirectly in the determination of particular meanings; in short, it will function as a regulative principle.

Such a disposition is found in the adventurous spirit. This spirit does not wish to be bound; yet it imposes upon itself a task or limit. It involves a tension between limitation and the unlimited. To one who lacks it, the same process may appear either boring or tragic. But the naturalist is an adventurer. Take away from him the possibility of further inquiry and he is in misery. He does not agree with Aristotle that there is contemplation as well as learning. The spirit of adventure is contentious. The adventurer plays a game against either others or himself. In the latter case he tries to outstrip himself. There is no adventure unless the problems are new and the self is challenged. The values associated with adventure are essentially biological; one is engaged in an ever-renewed struggle.

If the values that sustain the naturalistic position centre upon the spirit of adventure, then the naturalistic disposition is suffused with what the

Bhagavad-Gita calls *rajas,*[16] one of the three qualities or strands (*gunas*) that pervade existence. This suggests that the other two qualities, *sattva* and *tamas,* have corresponding theoretical positions.

Naturalism, as well as the disposition associated with it, is capable of deformation in either of two directions. One may emphasize the arbitrary element in naturalistic method, which corresponds to power. This is the tyrannical or dogmatic element in human thought. It contains a kind of blindness to the existence of other minds: not their denial — for all self-absorption involves the not-self as a foil — but a complete lack of respect for them. On the other hand, the competitive spirit (*rajas*), as distinguished from the *tamasic,* at least recognizes the threat involved — morally as well as materially — in the existence of another self, and, although its interest in the other is primarily selfish, it is not incapable of recognizing virtue in the other — human feeling here reaches the level of sportsmanship.[17] But the blindness and callousness of the tyrannical disposition is closely related to the quality of *tamas,* which is born of ignorance (*ajnana*).[18] In *tamas* there is lack of illumination (no faith in the achievement of understanding), consequently inactivity and heedlessness (because there is no resistance to overcome) and delusion (because one confronts the world with mere fantasy).[19] The naturalistic position is capable of a contrary modification. If there is such a thing as non-arbitrary completeness, thought may move in this direction. It would be the opposite of delusion because the completeness would be in the nature of *what* is thought. This modification is akin to the quality of *sattva,* which is characterized by peacefulness, lucidity, knowledge, and joy.[20]

The fact that *rajas* can have an important rôle to play in the regulation of meanings suggests that *sattva* and *tamas* have similar rôles. The man of *sattva,* at least the man who tends in this direction, is continually sustained by the faith that his mind is approaching completeness of understanding. But it is difficult to see how completeness of understanding can be interpreted except in intuitive or non-discursive terms, for all discursive understanding involves a symbolic process. The rôle that *sattva* can play in the regulation of meanings is an indirect one, for should the intuition be achieved the terms could be abandoned. The basis of the distortion that lies in the *sattvic* disposition is either a premature sense of completeness or a confusion of knowledge with the bliss that accompanies it. The man of *tamas,* on the other hand, believes that he finds whatever meaning he wishes, for he subjects himself to no principle[21] and is carried on the winds of feeling. The depth of his dissolution is the loss of all discrimination (the loss of all).[22] Because he has not subjected himself to mental discipline, all that is left to this thought — as he approaches the limit of his tendency — is words, not

[16] The fact that every "limit" is swallowed up in the process is one explanation of "attachment to action."

[17] The other individual is at least respected as a *thing* — in the sense in which any fact may be respected — if not as a *person.*

[18] *Bhagavad-Gita,* 14 : 8.

[19] *Ibid.,* 14 : 13. Refer this and what follows to WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, trs. (The United Lodge of Theosophists, Los Angeles. 1920).

[20] *Ibid.,* 14 : 6.

[21] *Ibid.,* 16 : 16 (*anekacittavibhrāntā mohajālasamāvṛtāh*).

[22] *Ibid.,* 2 : 63 (*buddhināśāt praṇaśyati*).

terms, only sounds and shapes, clear perhaps in themselves, but without significance.

It has been possible, in this brief space, only to suggest an area of investigation, namely the relationship between the *gunas* and the apparent achievement of meaning. In the case of *sattva* the function of language appears to be one not of elaboration or analysis, but of a turning of the mind back in the direction of what is simple. It was this that Plato conceived to be the function of *dialectic*. The goal entails a dispensing with the need for symbols. *Tamas*, on the other hand, ends by dispensing with meaning, retaining only the symbols. *Rajas* finds an instrumental value in terms, but no ultimate intrinsic value either in understanding or enjoyment. *Sattva* alone approaches intrinsic value in knowledge (cognition); approaches, that is, because it contains an inherent source of bias. One can become attached to the bliss that accompanies knowledge, and in this case knowledge is no longer grasped in its purity. An individual can be concerned with knowledge itself or with knowing. Granted, if he knows, he is involved in the knowing, but knowledge is not his possession. Knowledge is not the possession of knowledge any more than a coat is the possession of a coat. Knowledge as possessed is knowledge surrounded by an atmosphere of personality. Unless knowledge can be chosen for its own sake and not for its consequence, bliss, there is no intrinsic value in knowledge. If there is no intrinsic value in knowledge, there is no way ever of being free from the possibility of distorting dispositions. To free oneself from the possibility of distortion is to transcend the *gunas*. This is the ultimate basis found in the *Bhagavad-Gita* for the assessment of the value of words and terms. A similar basis is found in Plato's *Republic*. The philosopher who has attained to the highest knowledge has transcended justice and the other virtues[23] (wisdom, courage, and temperance, which are related to reason, spirit and appetite). He does not desire to return to the "cave" and govern men,[24] but in returning he demonstrates the transcendence of bliss.

ROBERT REIN'L

A LETTER FROM LONDON

October 25th, 1960

IF THERE WERE any pretensions after the Scarborough Conference that the Labour Party was still a single party, they have been scattered to the winds by the challenge which Mr. Harold Wilson has thrown down to the leadership of Mr. Gaitskell. Whatever may be the result of the ballot in the Parliamentary Labour Party, the party as a whole is irretrievably split. If Mr. Gaitskell is re-elected, Mr. Wilson and his supporters would constitute a different party. If Mr. Wilson is elected, Mr. Gaitskell would lead an independent group.

The position taken up by Mr. Gaitskell is that the decision of the Scarborough Conference on Defence does not represent the view of the majority of the party, and that it is his duty as the leader to seek a reversal of that decision at the next conference. Obviously, if the next conference confirms the decision of the Scarborough Con-

[23] *The Republic*, 6 : m.p. 503.
[24] *Ibid.*, 7 : m.p. 520.

ference, Mr. Gaitskell would have not merely to give up the leadership but also to quit the party.

But even if the decision of the Scarborough Conference on Defence represented the views of the majority of the party, the Labour Members of the House of Commons cannot abandon the official policy of the party, because it is upon the basis of that policy that they were returned to Parliament. Moreover, abandonment of the official policy would be contrary to the established principle that Members of the House of Commons are responsible only to the electors who returned them to Parliament, and are not subject to dictation from a party machine or caucus.

During the General Election in 1945 Sir (then Mr.) Winston Churchill declared that a Labour Government would take its policy from the Labour Party Conference or the Labour Executive and not be subject to the control of the House of Commons. Earl (then Mr.) Attlee at once categorically repudiated the suggestion and explained that Labour Members of Parliament were responsible only to the electors.

The issue raised by Mr. Wilson is, however, even more fundamental. It is whether Members of Parliament should abandon their convictions on a matter of vital national importance at the dictation of a political organization. What he is trying to do is to compel the parliamentary Labour Party to adopt the decision of the Scarborough Conference on Defence upon the ground that it is the only means by which the unity of the party could be preserved. Mr. Gaitskell struck a hammer blow at the speciousness of the argument of Mr. Wilson in a speech at a tea party in a Cardiff hotel.

Mr. Gaitskell is at the moment an heroic figure in politics. He is fighting for an elementary principle and firmly established canon of British public life. That is that Members of Parliament must be loyal to their convictions and not change their opinions on grounds of political expediency.

The present conflict within the Labour Party was inevitable. There has always been a section of the party which has stood for the imposition of a majority decision at an annual conference upon the parliamentary Labour Party regardless of the fact that a Member of the House of Commons is responsible only to the electors who sent him there.

It is an interesting coincidence that, while an issue of principle divides the Labour Party, there should also be a controversy raging in regard to the preservation of an independent Press. The closure of the *News Chronicle* and the *Star,* following upon the disappearance of the *Empire News,* has given a great shock to the public. Every one now recognizes that the further contraction of the Press would create a most unhealthy state of affairs. No one has, however, so far come forward with a solution of the problem.

The basic weakness of a newspaper lies in its dependence upon advertising. The only way in which that can be eliminated is the raising of the prices of newspapers. Such a solution is rejected by *The Times* in a short leader this morning. It says:—

> Newspaper sales would come down with a severe bump if "economic prices" became the rule. More newspapers would close.

What that comment means is that newspapers which, like *The Times,* are doing well upon the present basis do not want a change. If, in fact, the public would not buy newspapers at "economic prices," then smaller circulations would represent the true value set by the public on their newspapers. There is, however, no reason whatever to suppose that there would be a "severe bump" in newspaper sales, if the price of a "popular newspaper" was

raised from two and a half pence to, say, fourpence.

The reason why newspapers are collapsing is that nearly all of them follow a single pattern and that there is no originality of thought or individuality of character in the newspapers. It is journalists who make newspapers, and there are not many journalists with original ideas on the British Press today. For at least half a century imitation of American newspapers has been the dominant gospel in Fleet Street.

SUNDER KABADI

A LEAF FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** writes interestingly of his share in the preparations for the Tagore Centenary.—ED.]

I HAVE BEEN up to the ears, as they say, in trying to take charge of all arrangements for the production of *Chitra* in a new French version prepared by George Fradier. The Director will be Sylvain Dhomme; the actress, the winner of last year's Prix de la Critique 1960, Reine Courtois; the theatre, UNESCO's Great Hall; and the occasion, the Tagore Centenary Celebration. The date will be November 16th, when Unesco's General Conference will have barely started and when Dr. S. Radhakrishnan will address the large gathering on the personality of the Poet.* The Vice-President's speech will start the evening and *Chitra* will try to synthesize Oriental and Western techniques, which will, I hope, augur well for the new Centre d'Echanges Culturels Orient-Occident (founded by the Congress for Cultural Freedom) which I direct and under whose auspices the play is being produced. It is planned that many UNESCO Delegations — from France, Germany, Ceylon, Poland, the United Arab Republic, Japan and India — will give a reception at the end of the play. It will be a wonderful opportunity for representatives from over ninety countries to hear, some for the first time, the name of Rabindranath Tagore and to consider him as one of them. For no one in modern times more deserves to be universally acknowledged as poet, painter, philosopher, educationist, than Rabindranath Tagore.

Chitra is pure poetry and much else. Cocteau once said that poetry is only numbers, algebra, geometry, operations and proofs, only neither the figures nor the proofs are seen. A long work may not be long. A small work may be great. *Chitra* is a great work. This *soiree* is expected to be well attended by world celebrities. Naturally, I am hoping with all my heart the function will be a success.

I have spent much time in trying to edit a special number of *Two Cities*, a bilingual (French-English) review, wholly devoted to Tagore. The number includes articles from Dr. Radhakrishnan, Romain Rolland, Humayun Kabir, Buddhadeva Bose, Amiya Chakravarty, Sudhin Ghose, Jean Paulhan, Jeannine Auboyer, and others. The full text of *Chitra* in its French adaptation will also be printed. In addition to the play, there will be several excerpts from the Poet's writings. The Director of the review, Jean Fanchette, a young poet from Ile Maurice, has gone to a good deal of expense to make this number possible. I am sure Tagore's work will now interest a new generation of peo-

* Shri Dhingra wrote in the middle of October.—ED.

ple. The older generation know the Poet, the young hardly at all and those who do think of him as a pure mystic, use the word in the pejorative sense and think his work has little application today. Few know Tagore as an educationist, leader, revolutionary and universalist. This Tagore number of 120 pages, to be published on November 14th, will be available to anyone who chooses to buy it for the relatively small sum of two and a half new francs.

BALDOON DHINGRA

CORRESPONDENCE

MISS MANNIN AND INDIA

I HAVE RECEIVED a cutting from the May issue of THE ARYAN PATH, with a review by Mr. Dennis Gray Stoll of my volume of autobiography *Brief Voices*. I am very distressed that he should make so extraordinary an assertion as that my visit to India in 1949 left me "cold and unfruitful." I am distressed because India was my first love in the East and is likely to be my last. It is true that India made "no spiritual impact" on me, as I wrote in *Brief Voices,* but it can hardly have been said to have been "unfruitful," since it produced two books, *Jungle Journey,* a travel book of the Indian journey, and a novel with an Indian background, *At Sundown the Tiger.* . . . The former was translated into Norwegian, the latter into German and Italian. The novel, also, was published in America, where its success was sufficient to warrant its appearance later as a paperback.

That India produced both these books is stated in *Brief Voices.*

In *Jungle Journey* I wrote:—

> She [India] is the Himalaya, and the primæval forests; she is the proud courage of the Pathans, and the humble courage of the Gonds; she is palms that lean against the sunset, and the smell of jasmine and tuberoses, boys with eyes like gazelles, and peasant women who carry themselves like queens; she is the Golden Temple of the Sikhs, and the white dream of the Taj Mahal. All this and more. She is impassiveness and resignation and the continual reaffirmation of belief in eternity. She is Mahabalipuram and the temples under the sea. She is the ever-present possibility of the moment of truth, of meeting the tiger face to face.

I am so very sorry that your reviewer mentions the two books I got out of my visit to Burma, some years later, but not these two books produced by my visit to India.

It may interest you to know that in my forthcoming book about Japan, *The Flowery Sword,* I have written this of India:—

> "Why did you fly Air India?" I was asked that, too. But I happen to like India, Indians and Indian food — which is vegetarian. So I returned to India after ten years, and though I had been to Burma in the meantime this seemed, curiously, the real return to the East. Japan is as far East as you can go, but it does not feel like the East, because the East is more than a matter of latitude; it is a condition.

I very much hope that you can correct the wrong impression given by your reviewer's notice of *Brief Voices* by publishing this letter . . . for love of India.

E. MANNIN

I AM SORRY, indeed, that my review has caused Miss Mannin distress. It is, as I think most readers would agree, a warmly appreciative one, full of admiration for her work. My remark that her visit to India was "cold and unfruitful" was inspired by Miss Mannin's own account of her Indian journey in *Brief Voices,* and not by an assessment of her *Jungle Journey* and *At Sundown the Tiger*. However, since she herself wishes to introduce these books into the case, may I say that they bear out rather than contradict what I wrote? In her *Jungle Journey* she reveals:—

> Chiefly I went to India, as I began this book by saying, because imagination was stirred by a single word — *jungle*. I went to renew and extend acquaintance with the East — and a big part of the extension was the satisfaction of setting foot in primeval forests.

Not only was there "no spiritual impact," as Miss Mannin herself admits, but a definitely primordial one.

Miss Mannin regrets that I mentioned her two recent Burmese books *Land of the Crested Lion* and *The Living Lotus*. I must, however, remain unrepentant of the compliment I paid her, for these two books show a sensitive awareness of the culture and spiritual life of the Burmese people, and no one hopes more than I do that she will one day serve India as well and as deeply.

I should like to make it quite clear that in my review I had no intention of reflecting on Miss Mannin's liking for Indian friends or Indian food. This is a purely personal matter on which I would not dream of commenting. The fact that she prefers to travel Air India rather than BOAC on her way to Japan does not affect the case at the level on which I was reviewing her autobiography. I was writing of the journey that the novelist makes within, and in India Miss Mannin has not travelled that road as far as she has in Burma — or so in all sincerity it seems to me. It will give me and her many readers great joy if this correspondence stimulates her to publish another novel on India, especially since her last *At Sundown the Tiger* was written more than ten years ago.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

The word "spiritual" has suffered the ups and downs that most words of any importance have undergone, so that, at times, it has been almost synonymous with "weak," "superstitious," "unreal," or else it has been equated with an emotionally charged state.

It is interesting, therefore, to note the signs of upgrading once more. Not only is it associated with the growing interest in religion and religions, but it is increasingly used as a desirable objective or qualification in matters often considered worldly and commercial.

The international Frankfurt Book Fair, West Germany, held last September, was viewed by a B.B.C. speaker as "a commodity market dealing in futures; literary futures." (*The Listener,* October 20th, 1960). It was attended by 680 German publishing firms, 223 British, and just under 1,000 from other countries. At it are fixed publishing, translation, paper-back rights etc., foreign editions of art books, or the formation of international publishing groups for some extra-expensive venture. But, at its inaugural ceremony, M. Maurice Bourdel, President of the French Association of Publishers, gave a deeper significance to it as a reflection of a modern world without frontiers which believed that it was the thought which remained decisive — the most effective weapon in the struggle for *rapprochement* and understanding among the nations.

One could not help being impressed by the very character of the presentation, by its wide scope and significance in the world today. Where else could one find such a manifestation of spirituality, where the desire for spiritual interpretation was so profound.

Their profession must, of course, obey certain economic imperatives, and it would be pointless to minimize or neglect them, yet their first duty was to promote the intellectual and spiritual values of our time. It was their task to make works of art and scientific and technological discoveries known and to press back — a little further each day — the barriers which might retard their publication and dissemination.

The human genius could not be the exclusive property of any particular nation. No country had the right to claim such for itself alone, for it was an integral part of a universal heritage. Human culture was too precious a wealth for the understanding as well as for the well-being of every living person, and they must make every effort to give it as great a radius of action as possible....

The intellectual equilibrium of the world, declared M. Bourdel, depended as much on the book trade as on the thinkers, the scholars, the writers and creative artists. What they succeeded in disseminating would become the safest guarantee of the evolution of thousands of millions of human beings (*The Bookseller,* October 1st, 1960).

The same note was also struck by Mr. M. Cohen, the President of the International Organization of Booksellers' Associations.

The Annual Lecture of the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association was given on October 11th, 1960, at University College, London, by Lady Mander (R. Glyn Grylls), with Lord Abinger in the Chair. The speaker used a

neat wit and ample factual ammunition from various sources to puncture "The Shelley Myths," whether sentimental, derogatory or built up by far from disinterested friends. She reminded her listeners, with a twinkle, as she paid tribute to her authorities, that to quote from one person is plagiarism, to quote from several is — research.

The myths referred to Shelley's work and reputation, and to his character. Claims that his work had (1) been neglected and (2) been slashed by the critics were mutually cancelling. In fact, the amount of publicity Shelley received during his short seven years of writing would have satisfied most modern writers. As for the criticism itself, what was critical was well layered between such terms as "gifted" and "genius." The second type of myth portrayed him as impracticable in character, but Arnold's over well-known label of "ineffectual angel" and Maurois's image of "Ariel" were both distorted, since Shelley had a most practical and knowledgeable grasp of scientific experiment. Even the internal evidence of his poems (extracts from which were read) shows it. Only in the original sense of angel as "messenger" could Shelley be termed such, and the speaker hoped she had cleared away some of the clouds round his memory. The best way, however, was for people to go to his writings themselves.

To safeguard the physical and mental well-being of the American people against the ill effects of untested drugs foisted on a gullible public by the manufacturers, the *Saturday Review* for November 5th, 1960, has published the recommendations of the National Academy of Sciences regarding the policies and procedures of the Food and Drug Administration, for urgent inclusion in the law of the land.

The proposals are considered an extremely tough set of reform demands put forward by an independent body of qualified and top-rank scientists. Yet they appear to have failed to evoke the desired reaction on the politicians and State legislatures because the report did not bring out clearly and forcibly the real meaning, which is not in the lines but between them.

American specialists in antibiotic therapy strongly condemn the use of fixed combinations of antibiotics as "shot-gun" treatments which are opposed to "medicine's traditionally precise diagnostic practice." According to them, the use of a drug, though not showing adverse reactions, might, if its action is ineffective, jeopardize the recovery of a sick person.

It is little realized by a majority of people that many common proprietory drugs (patent medicines) contain potentially dangerous ingredients which can cause serious conditions such as cardiac weakness, jaundice, vertigo, mental disorders, coronary heart attack, mesenteric thrombosis, cerebral hæmorrhage and even death. When they are made available for public use with very little or no really effective testing, serious disturbances are bound to result in the public health of the nation.

Hence it is hoped that the concern voiced by the *Saturday Review* and the campaign undertaken by it will not only result in bringing about stringent measures for the control of drug marketing in America, but also prove an eye-opener to other countries and nations who are adopting such modern developments without due regard and consideration for the ensuing after-effects and adverse reactions.
